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INDEX TO VOLUME XVII.

MARCH, 1903—AUGUST, 1903

PART I.—INDEX OF TEXT.

	PAGE		PAGE
Abruzzi, Duke of the. "On the Polar Star".....	607	Butterfly, The (Poem). Virginia Woodward	
Académie Goncourt (Chronicle).....	12	Cloud	476
Elurophobia, or "Cat-Fear" (Chronicle).....	331	Cahan, Abraham. Review of "The Grey Wig".....	256
Age of Romance (Chronicle).....	459	"Captain, The." Churchill Williams.....	191
Alexander, King (Chronicle).....	553	"Captain of the Grey-Horse Troop." Hamlin Garland	101
American Edition of Petronius. Harry Thurston Peck	86	Caricature, History of the Nineteenth Century.	
"American Notes." Article by Arthur Bartlett Maurice	130	Part I.....	38
American Undergraduate Journalism. L. G. Price	69	Part II.....	159
Assassins of Fiction (Chronicle).....	123	Part III.....	260
Atelier in Fiction, The (Chronicle).....	116	Part IV.....	353
Atherton, Gertrude. The Novel and the Short Story	36	Part V.....	477
Authors, Successful, 1895-1902 (Table).....	221	Part VI.....	578
"Autobiography of a Thief." Hutchins Hapgood	514	Carlyle, Alexander. "Mrs. Carlyle's Letters"....	400
Avatar of the Epigram, The. William S. Walsh	303	"Carlyle (Mrs.), Letters." Edited by Alexander Carlyle	400
Bachelor, Irving. "Darrel of the Blessed Isles" 405		Castle, Egerton and Agnes. "The Star Dreamer" 189	
Bædeker and the Modern Guide Book. Charles Harris	495	Casus Idoli (Poem). Edna St. John.....	349
Banks, Nancy Huston. "Round Anvil Rock".....	518	Centenary of Bulwer-Lytton. Lewis Melville... 463	
"Barbarian Invasions of Italy." Pasquale Villari	402	"Chameleon, The." James Weber Linn.....	188
Barker, Elsa. The Guerdon of Desire (Poem)....	503	" " (Chronicle)	346
" " The Murderer (Poem).....	22	Chesterton, G. K. "Robert Browning".....	601
Barrés, Maurice, Sketch of (Chronicle).....	333	" " Strain on (Chronicle).....	335
Bell, James Joy (Chronicle).....	223	" " Thackeray	150
Best Selling Books for Eight Years, 1895-1902 (Table)	220	Chicago Honours Literature (Chronicle).....	450
Best Short Stories (Chronicle).....	209	"Children of the Frost." Jack London.....	83
Betts, Lillian W. "Story of an East Side Family" 515		"Circle, The." Katherine Cecil Thurston.....	192
Blount, Paul (Chronicle).....	447	Cloud, Virginia Woodward. The Butterfly (Poem)	476
Bohemian Club Hospitality (Chronicle).....	224	" " " Paying the Piper (Poem)	252
Book and Magazine Illustrations.....	651	" " " Review of "In the Guardianship of God"	616
Bookman's Letter-Box.....	311, 418	Coin of Rhodes (Poem). Alice Lena Cole.....	226
Bookman's Table, The.....	95	Colbron, Grace Isabel. Review of "The Spirit of the Ghetto".....	97
Book Mart, The.....	102, 197, 315, 426, 536, 654	" " " Review of "The Woman Who Toils".....	187
Books of the Moment.....	82, 187, 253, 400, 507, 601	Colby, Frank Moore. The Diffidence of Print... 501	
Books Received	102	" " " Drama of the Month... 195, 306	
Books, The Best Selling... 112, 208, 328, 438, 550, 662		" " " Review of Mr. Chesterton's "Browning"	601
Books, Best Selling for Eight Years (Table)....	220	Cole, Alice Lena. A Coin of Rhodes (Poem)....	226
Books, Great Sales of Successful Books of 1902..	17	Colton, Arthur. "Tioba".....	259
"Browning, Robert." G. K. Chesterton.....	601	Comic Opera: Past and Present. Lewis M. Isaacs	
Bruce, H. Addington. Human Side of Darwin... 367			226, 370
"Bulgent" (Chronicle).....	20	Concerning Poe in France (Chronicle).....	19
Bulwer-Lytton, The Centenary of. Lewis Melville	463	"Conjuror's House." Stewart Edward White... 257	
" " Dramatisations of. Paul Wiltach	471		
Burton, Richard. Defence of "Darrel".....	534		

	PAGE		PAGE
"Contemporary France." Gabriel Hanotaux....	507	Famous Novels and their Contemporary Critics.	
Cooper, Frederic Taber. History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature.		Arthur Bartlett Maurice.....	23, 130, 280, 466
Part I.....	38	Farrar, Dean, Sketch of (Chronicle).....	340
Part II.....	159	"Filigree Ball" (Chronicle).....	218
Part III.....	260	Flynt, Josiah. Review of "The Autobiography of a Thief".....	514
Part IV.....	353	" " as Ruderick Clowd (Chronicle)...	219
Part V.....	477	Font in the Forest, The (Poem). Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.....	596
Part VI.....	578	Ford, James L. Easy Lessons in Fiction....	278, 576
" " " Ouida—An Estimate.....	153	" " " Few Remarks on (Chronicle)...	567
" " " Review of "Philosophy Four"	613	Ford, Mary K. Two Women Novelists.....	350
" " " Review of "Pigs in Clover"	509	"Fort Birkett." Edward W. Townsend.....	615
" " " Review of "The Story of an East Side Family"	515	French Journalism (Chronicle).....	450
Crawford (F. Marion) Interviewed (Chronicle)...	7	Fuller, Margaret, The Real (Chronicle).....	564
Curtis, William Eleroy, Luck of (Chronicle)....	552	" " Annie Nathan Meyer.....	596
		Future of the Drama. Brander Matthews.....	31
Danby, Frank. "Pigs in Clover".....	509	Gaige, Roscoe Crosby. Urbs Devoratrix (Poem)	279
" " (Chronicle)	442	Gale, Zona. The Little Hand (Poem).....	66
"Dante and the Animal Kingdom." Richard Thayer Holbrook	82	" " Psalm (Poem).....	392
"Darrel of the Blessed Isles." Irving Bacheller..	405	Garland, Hamlin. "The Captain of the Grey-Horse Troop".....	101
" " " Defence of. Richard Burton....	534	Garnett, Edward. Review of "Tolstoy as Man and Artist".....	95
Darwin, Human Side of. H. Addington Bruce..	367	Good Thing: "Push it Along" (Chronicle)....	128
Dated from Odessa (Chronicle).....	124	Gordon, Charles. "The Old Bailey and Newgate"	99
Daughter of Accra Queens, A. A. J. Dawson....	141	"Gordon Keith." Thomas Nelson Page.....	513
David Harum's Widow (Chronicle).....	3	Great Sales of Successful Books of 1902 (Chronicle)	17
Dawson, A. J. A Daughter of Accra Queens....	141	"Grey Wig, The." I. Zangwill.....	256
De Casseres, Benjamin. Emerson the Individualist	300	Guerdon of Desire, The (Poem). Elsa Barker....	503
Defence of "Darrel." Richard Burton.....	534	Hancock, Ernest L. Labouchère and London "Truth"	407
Denison, Lindsay. Stewart Edward White....	308	Hanotaux, Gabriel. "Contemporary France"....	507
Diffidence of Print, The. Frank Moore Colby...	501	" " Sketch of (Chronicle).....	329
Dobson, Austin. "Samuel Richardson".....	98	Hanscom, Beatrice. The Road to Fame To-day (Poem)	377
Dowd, Franklin. Life and New Life.....	236	Hapgood, Hutchins. "The Autobiography of a Thief"	514
Down at the Cabbage Patch (Chronicle).....	211	" " "The Spirit of the Ghetto"	97
Doyle, Arthur Conan. J. E. Hodder Williams..	647	Harris, Charles. Baedeker and the Modern Guide Book	495
Drama, Future of the. Brander Matthews.....	31	Harte, Bret, Biography of (Chronicle).....	453
Drama of the Month. F. M. Colby.....	195, 306	" " In Glasgow (Chronicle).....	12
Dramatisations of Bulwer. Paul Wiltach.....	471	" " Proposed Monument to (Chronicle)	556
Du Bois, Beattie. The Vigil of Venus (Poem)..	138	Harter, Eugene Wendell. Some Old Love Letters	193
Du Chaillu, Paul, Sketch of (Chronicle).....	456	"Hawthorne" (Chronicle).....	336
Duke of the Abruzzi. "On the Polar Star"....	607	Henley, William Ernest, Sketch of (Chronicle)..	565
Dwight, Dr. Timothy. "Memories of Yale Life and Men".....	604	Hewitt (Abram S.) as a Public Speaker (Chronicle)	19
		History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature.	
Easy Lessons in Fiction. James L. Ford..	278, 576	Part I.....	38
Edward (King) in Paris (Chronicle).....	448	Part II.....	159
Egbert, James C., Jr. Review of "Barbarian Invasions of Italy".....	402	Part III.....	260
Egregious English (Chronicle).....	14	Part IV.....	353
Elucidations of Horace.....	393	Part V.....	477
Emerson, Ralph Waldo. W. P. Trent.....	421	Part VI.....	578
" " " (Chronicle)	223	Arthur Bartlett Maurice and Frederic Taber Cooper.	
" " " and Lord Beaconsfield (Chronicle)	455	Holbrook, Richard Thayer. "Dante and the Animal Kingdom"...	82
" " " The Individualist. Benjamin De Casseres....	300	" " " Gaston Paris.....	237
" " " Southern Critic on (Chronicle)	335	Horace, Elucidations of.....	393
Emerson's Eulogists (Chronicle).....	454	"House on the Hudson." Frances Powell.....	519
European and American Opinion on the French Press (Chronicle).....	450	" " " (Chronicle)	347
Evolution (Poem). H. Arthur Powell.....	533	Hovey, Carl. Review of "Children of the Frost"	83
		" " Review of "The Traitors".....	258
		Hope, Anthony, Impressions of (Chronicle).....	119
		Hughes, Rupert, Sketch of (Chronicle).....	130

INDEX

V

	PAGE		PAGE
Human Side of Darwin. H Addington Bruce....	367	Maurice, Arthur Bartlett. Review of "Journal of Arthur Stirling"	84
Hutson, Charles Woodward. Not Inspired (Poem) 92		" " " Review of "Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires"	609
Hyne, Cutcliffe, Sketch of (Chronicle).....	558	Melville, Lewis. Centenary of Bulwer-Lytton....	463
Illustrated Edition of the Authors.....	251	"Memories of Yale Life and Men." Timothy Dwight.....	604
Impressions of Anthony Hope (Chronicle).....	119	Merejkowski, Dmitri. "Tolstoy as Man and Artist"	95
Impressions of the Junior Editor (Chronicle)....	447	Merington, Marguerite. Review of "A Lad of the O'Friels"	404
In Arcady. Hamilton Wright Mabie.. 397, 503, 572		Merriman, Henry Seton. "The Vultures".....	101
Inevitable Word, The (Poem). Meredith Nicholson	571	Meyer, Annie Nathan. Among the February Magazines	20
"In the Guardianship of God." Flora Annie Steele	616	" " " The Real Margaret Fuller	596
Isaacs, Lewis M. Comic Opera: Past and Present	226, 370	" " " Two Men.....	498
"Journal of Arthur Stirling".....	84	Mills, W. Jay. Review of "Round Anvil Rock"	518
Journal of the Navy League of the United States (Chronicle)	128	Mirbeau, Octave. "Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires"	609
Kenton, Edna. Sketch of her book (Chronicle)..	117	" " Sketch of (Chronicle).....	555
Labouchère and London "Truth." Ernest L. Hancock	407	Montesquiou, Comte de (Chronicle).....	7
"Lad of the O'Friels." Seumas MacManus.....	404	Moss, Mary. Review of "Lady Rose's Daughter"	254
"Lady Rose's Daughter." Mrs. Humphry Ward	254	" " A Tenderfoot in Grub Street.....	93
"Last Days of Pompeii." Article by Arthur Bartlett Maurice.....	466	Murderer, The (Poem). Elsa Barker.....	22
Le Citoyen Gille (Chronicle).....	330	My Love (Poem). Alison M. Lederer.....	506
Lederer, Alison M. My Love (Poem).....	506	Nason, Frank L. Sketch of (Chronicle).....	215
Lee, Sidney, Sketch of (Chronicle).....	129	New Leaf (Chronicle).....	329
Legouvé, Ernest, Sketch of (Chronicle).....	211	Nicholson, Meredith. The Inevitable Word (Poem).	571
"Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires." Octave Mirbeau	609	" " " "The Main Chance"....	617
Life and New Life. Franklin Dowd.....	236	" " Sketch of (Chronicle)..	567
Limitations of the Author (Chronicle).....	114	Not Inspired (Poem). Charles Woodward Hutson	92
Linn, James Weber. "The Chameleon".....	188	Novel and the Short Story, The. Gertrude Atherton	36
" " " Sketch of (Chronicle)....	346	Novel About Denis Kearney (Chronicle).....	114
Litchfield, Grace Denio. Tangle-Town.....	619	Novel Notes	101
Literary Biographies in General (Chronicle)....	453	"Old Bailey and Newgate, The." Charles Gordon	99
Literary Chicago (Chronicle).....	450	Old Corner Book-Store (Chronicle).....	453
Little Hand, The (Poem). Zona Gale.....	66	On a Portrait of "R. L. S." the Invalid (Poem). Arthur Stringer.....	420
London, Jack. "Children of the Frost".....	83	"On Satan's Mount." Sketch of (Chronicle)....	115
" " The Shadow and the Flash.....	410	"On the Polar Star." Duke of the Abruzzi.....	607
" " Sketch of (Chronicle).....	562	Oppenheim, E. Phillips. "The Traitors".....	258
"Looking Ahead" Novels (Chronicle).....	114	" " " Sketch of His Books (Chronicle)	558
Lyall, Edna, Sketch of (Chronicle).....	113	O'Rell, Max (Chronicle).....	447
Lytton, Lady (Chronicle).....	441	Osborne, Duffield. Review of "Tioba".....	259
Mabie, Hamilton Wright. In Arcady ..397, 503, 572		Ouida: An Estimate. Frederic Taber Cooper.....	153
McCutcheon, George Barr. "The Sherrods" (Serial)	283, 379, 520, 634	Overton, Gwendolen, Sketch of (Chronicle).....	554
MacManus, Seumas. "A Lad of the O'Friels"....	404	Page, Thomas Nelson. "Gordon Keith".....	513
Magazines and Manuscripts (Chronicle).....	3, 225	Paris. How it Amuses Itself (Chronicle).....	460
Magazines for February. Annie Nathan Meyer..	20	Paris, Gaston. Richard Thayer Holbrook.....	237
"Main Chance, The." Meredith Nicholson.....	617	" " Sketch of (Chronicle).....	210
Marsh, Edward Clark. Review of "The Captain"	191	Paying the Piper (Poem). Virginia Woodward Cloud	252
"Martin Chuzzlewit." Article by Arthur Bartlett Maurice	130	Peck, Harry Thurston. Review of "The Chameleon"	188
Matthews, Brander. Future of the Drama.....	31	" " " Review of "Contemporary France"	507
Maurice, Arthur Bartlett. Famous Novels and Their Contemporary Critics,	23, 130, 280, 466	" " " Review of "Darrel of the Blessed Isles".....	405
" " " History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature. Part I.	38	" " " Review of "Petronius: the Cena Trimalchionis"	86
Part II.....	159	Peixotto, Irma M. Washington's Private Account Book	66
Part III.....	260	Pelton, Mrs. Mabel Shippie Clarke, Sketch of (Chronicle)	219
Part IV.....	353		
Part V.....	477		
Part VI.....	578		

	PAGE		PAGE
"Petronius: the Cena Trimalchionis." William E. Waters	86	Tenderfoot in Grub Street, A. Mary Moss.....	93
"Phillips, Dr." (Chronicle).....	444	Thackeray. G. K. Chesterton.....	150
"Philosophy Four." Owen Wister.....	613	Thackeray and the Prize Ring (Chronicle).....	7
Pier, Arthur Stanwood. "The Triumph".....	517	Their Quest. Brand Whitlock.....	240
"Pigs in Clover." Frank Danby.....	509	Thurston, Katherine Cecil. "The Circle".....	192
Poe (Edgar Allan) on Cryptography (Chronicle) ..	4	Tiara of Saitaphernes (Chronicle).....	338
Powell, Frances. "The House on the Hudson"...	519	"Tioba." Arthur Colton.....	259
Powell, H. Arthur. Evolution (Poem).....	533	Tolstoy (Count) and Edouard Rod. Albert Schinz	645
Price, L. G. American Undergraduate Journalism	69	"Tolstoy as Man and Artist." Dmitri Merej-	
"Princeton Tiger" (Chronicle).....	217	kowski	95
Psalm (Poem). Zona Gale.....	392	Tompkins, Elizabeth Knight. Review of "Mrs.	
Pyke, Rafford. Review of "The House on the		Carlyle's Letters".....	400
Hudson"	519	Townsend, Edward W. "Fort Birkett".....	615
Question of Editors and Personal "Puffs" (Chron-		" " " " "A Summer in New	
icle)	3	York"	615
Question of Title (Chronicle).....	19	"Traitors, The." E. Phillips Oppenheim.....	258
Quiller-Couch, A. T. Review of "Truth".....	253	Trent, W. P. Ralph Waldo Emerson.....	421
Readers' Guide to Books Received,		"Trent's Trust" (Chronicle).....	557
197, 315, 426, 536, 654		"Triumph, The." Arthur Stanwood Pier.....	517
Real Margaret Fuller, The. Annie Nathan Meyer	596	Trollope Landmark, A (Chronicle).....	329
Rejected Manuscripts (Chronicle).....	341	"Truth." Emile Zola.....	253
Road to Fame To-day, The (Poem). Beatrice		Two Men. Annie Nathan Meyer.....	498
Hanscom	377	Two Omissions (Chronicle).....	7
Roosevelt (President), Jacob Riis and Mr. Dunne		Two Women Novelists. Mary K. Ford.....	350
(Chronicle)	3	"Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Illustrated). Article by	
Rostand an Academician (Chronicle).....	458	A. B. Maurice.....	23
"Round Anvil Rock." Nancy Huston Banks....	518	Unsolved Mystery (Chronicle).....	347
Sainte-Beuve (Chronicle).....	460	Urbs Devoratrix (Poem). Roscoe Crosby Gaige..	279
St. John, Edna. Casus Idoli (Poem).....	349	"Vanity Fair." Article by Arthur Bartlett Mau-	
"Samuel Richardson." Austin Dobson.....	98	rice	280
Schinz, Albert. Count Tolstoy and Edouard Rod	645	Van Vorst, Marie and Mrs. John. "The Woman	
Sea in Fiction (Chronicle).....	559	Who Toils".....	187
"Second Stain, The" (Chronicle).....	341	Vielé, Herman Knickerbocker. Review of "A	
Shadow and the Flash, The. Jack London.....	410	Summer in	
Sherlock Cartoon (Chronicle).....	333	New York"...	615
Sherlock Holmes (Chronicle).....	341	" " " " "Review of "Fort	
" " " " "Return of (Chronicle).....	551	Birkett"	615
"Sherrada, The"(Serial). George Barr McCut-		" " " " "Review of "Gor-	
cheon ..	283, 379, 520, 634	don Keith"...	513
" " " (Chronicle)	209	" " " " "Review of "The	
Simmons, Eleanor B. Review of "The Circle"...	192	Star Dreamer" 189	
" " " " "Review of "The Main		" " " " "The Font in the	
Chance"	617	Forest (Poem) 596	
"Some Old Love Letters." Eugene Wendell Har-		Vigil of Venus, The (Poem). Bessie du Bois....	138
ter	193	Villari, Pasquale. "Barbarian Invasions of Italy" 402	
Spingarn, J. E. Review of "Dante and the Ani-		Vorse, Albert White. Review of "On the Polar	
mal Kingdom".....	82	Star"	607
"Spirit of the Ghetto." Hutchins Hapgood.....	97	"Vultures, The." Henry Seton Merriman.....	101
"Star Dreamer, The." Agnes and Egerton Cas-		Waddington, Madame. Sketch of Her Book	
tle	189	(Chronicle)	457
Steele, Flora Annie. "In the Guardianship of		Walsh, William S. The Avatar of the Epigram..	303
God"	616	Ward, Mrs. Humphry. "Lady Rose's Daughter" 254	
Stockton Memorial Sketch (Chronicle).....	448	Washington's Private Account Book. Irma M.	
Stoddard, Richard Henry (Chronicle).....	568	Peixotto	66
"Story of an East Side Family, The." Lillian W.		Wasson, George S., Sketch of (Chronicle).....	127
Betts	515	Waters William E. "Petronius: the Cena Tri-	
Stringer, Arthur. On a Portrait of "R. L. S." the		malchionis"	86
Invalid (Poem).....	420	"Wee Macgregor" (Chronicle).....	223
" " " " "When Closing Swinburne		Wesley, John, Sketch of (Chronicle).....	568
(Poem)	159	"What Manner of Man?" (Chronicle).....	117
Successful Authors, 1895-1902. Table.....	221	When Closing Swinburne (Poem). Arthur String-	
"Summer in New York, A." Edward W. Town-		er	159
send	615	White, Stewart Edward. "Conjuror's House"...	257
"Tale of Two Cities." Article by Arthur Bart-		" " " " "Lindsay Denison....	308
lett Maurice.....	130	Whitlock, Brand. Their Quest.....	240
Tangle-Town. Grace Denio Litchfield.....	619	Williams, Churchill. "The Captain".....	191
Taylor, M. Imlay, Sketch of (Chronicle).....	215	" " " " "Review of "Conjuror's	
		House"	257

	PAGE		PAGE
Williams, Churchill. Review of "The Triumph".....	517	"Woman Who Toils, The." Marie and Mrs. John Van Vorst.....	187
Williams, J. E. Hodder. Arthur Conan Doyle.....	647	Wood, John Seymour. Review of "Memories of Yale Life and Men".....	604
"1910. Wilson—That's All" (Chronicle).....	217	Woodberry (Prof.). "Hawthorne" (Chronicle).....	336
Wilstach, Paul. Dramatisations of Bulwer.....	471	Zangwill, I. "The Grey Wig".....	256
" " Review of "The Old Bailey and Newgate".....	99	Zola, Emile. "Truth".....	253
Wister, Owen. "Philosophy Four".....	613		

PART II.—INDEX OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Abruzzi, Duke of the.....	607	Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Room in which he was Married.....	338
Académie Goncourt.....	12	Farrar, Dean Frederick William.....	340
Acquiring Historical Accuracy. Sketch.....	562	Fate of the Spring Poet. Cartoon.....	121
Alexander, King.....	552	Fight between Heenan and Sayers. Caricature....	6
Bell, James Joy.....	223	Flynt (Josiah) as Seen by Caricaturist Walker....	222
Ben-Hur Tree.....	557	Fornaro, C. de, Cartoon by.....	120
Bohemian Club of San Francisco.....	225	Frankau, Mrs. Julia.....	444
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett.....	603	Fraserians, The.....	151
Bulwer, Edward (Lord Lytton).....	345, 347, 440	Fuller, Margaret.....	564
" " " " Home of.....	346, 462		
Caricatures of Nineteenth Century:		Gillray, James, Caricature by.....	2
Part I. Napoleonic Era.....	2, 38-61	Hadley, President, of Yale.....	125
" II. 1815-1848.....	160-186	Hanotaux, M. Gabriel.....	329
" III. 1848-1861.....	261-276	"Harvard Crimson," Fac-simile of.....	74
" IV. American Civil War.....	354-366	" " Editorial offices of.....	75
" V. Appomattox Through the French Commune.....	479-495	Haskell, Ernest. Sketch of James McNeill Whistler.....	566
" VI. 1871-1884.....	579-594	Henley, William Ernest.....	565
Caricatures of Parisian Chansonnières.....	460	Horace, Elucidations of. Drawings.....	393-396
Carlyle, Jane Welsh.....	340	Hotel Cocumella at Sorrento.....	10
Carnegie, Andrew, Caricature of.....	120	Howells, William Dean.....	342
" Library Site of, at Stratford-on-Avon.....	455	Hughes, Rupert.....	130
Castle, Egerton.....	126	Hyne, Cutcliffe.....	558
Castle of Zenda.....	119		
Charterhouse in Thackeray's Time.....	117	Jackson, Mrs. Margaret Doyle.....	127
Christian Passing Through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.....	446	"Johnny Series." From "The Cornell Widow".....	81
Chretien, M. Jules.....	567	Keller, Helen.....	348
"Columbia Spectator," Fac-simile of.....	71	Kenton, Edna.....	118
" " Editors of.....	77	Knebworth House, Stevenage, Hertfordshire.....	462
"Cornell Daily Sun," Fac-simile of.....	71		
" " Editors of.....	76	Labouchère, Henry, M.P.....	343
"Cornell Widow." "The Johnny Series".....	81	Lavignac, Alexandre Jean Albert.....	211
Crawford, F. Marion.....	9	Léandre, Caricatures by.....	460
Cruikshank, George. Illustration from Drawing by.....	446	Lecocq, Charles Alexandre. Caricature.....	233
Curtis, William Eleroy.....	552	Lee, Sidney.....	129
		Legouvé, Ernest.....	211
"Daily Princetonian," Fac-simile of.....	72	Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires.....	610
" " Editors of.....	80	Linn, James Weber.....	118
Danby, Frank.....	444	Literary Event in Chicago. Caricature.....	451
Detective Library.....	312	London, Jack.....	563
Dickens, Charles.....	132	Lyall, Edna. Home in Eastbourne.....	113
" " Caricature of.....	137	Lytton, Lady (Rosina).....	442
Don Quixote, Adventure of. Caricature.....	219	Lytton, Late Earl of. "Owen Meredith".....	443
Dramatic Success of the Year at the Comédie Française.....	610		
Du Chaillu, Paul.....	456	McCutcheon, Cartoon by.....	334
Duke of the Abruzzi.....	607	McCutcheon, George Barr.....	209
Dwight, Dr. Timothy.....	605	"Meredith, Owen." Late Earl of Lytton.....	443
		Mirbeau, Octave.....	556
Elucidations of Horace. Drawings.....	393-396	Mitchell, Dr. Weir.....	216
Emerson, Ralph Waldo.....	332-335	Montesquiou (Comte) Fézennac. Caricature.....	8
" " " Fac-simile of Letter Written by Emerson to Mr. Duykinck.....	331		
		Napoleon in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Caricature.....	2
		Nason, Frank L.....	215

	PAGE		PAGE
Offenbach	228	Thackeray. Reynolds's Statuette of.....	116
" Caricature of.....	227	" at the Heenan-Sayers Fight. Carica- ture	6
Old Corner Book-Store.....	455	Thackeray's House in Paris.....	150
Older, Mrs. Fremont.....	114	Thurston, Katherine C.....	15
Oppenheim, E. Phillips.....	558	Tiara of Saitaphernes.....	339
O'Rell, Max.....	445	Tilton, Dwight.....	115
"Ouida" (Louise de la Ramée).....	128	Townsend, Edward W.....	556
Overton, Gwendolen.....	555	Trollope, Anthony, Home of (Wealdstone Farm- house)	330
Paris, Gaston.....	210	Twain, Mark, Caricature of.....	449
"Pennsylvanian, The," Editors of.....	79	Vazeille, Mrs.....	568
Ralph, Julian.....	13	View of Bay of Naples from the Hotel Cocumella ..	11
Riley, James Whitcomb, Caricature of.....	348	Von Suppé, Franz.....	375
Rosina (Lady Lytton).....	442	Waddington, Madame.....	457
Rostand, M. Edmond.....	553	Walker, Ryan, Caricature by	222, 251, 348, 562
" " " Reception in the French Academy	554	Wasson, George S.....	127
Rostand, Madame.....	554	Wealdstone Farmhouse.....	330
Sainte-Beuve in his Costume as an Academician ..	461	Wesley, John.....	569
Sherlock Holmes. Cartoons.....	334	" Mrs. John.....	568
Site of Carnegie Library at Stratford-on-Avon..	455	Whistler, James McNeill. Sketch by Ernest Has- kell	566
Smith, F. Hopkinson.....	16	White (Stewart Edward), Breaking through the Brush	309
" " " Caricatures of.....	251	" " " Crossing the Plains..	310
Stoddard, Richard Henry.....	458, 459	Wiggs (Mrs.) of the Cabbage Patch. Illustra- tions	212-213
Stowe, Harriet Beecher.....	25, 29	"1910. Wilson—That's All".....	217
Stratford-on-Avon	455	Winslow Mansion (Home of Emerson's Bride)..	338
Strauss, Johann.....	373	Woodberry, George Edward.....	337
Sullivan, Sir Arthur.....	374	Woodcote, where Bulwer-Lytton Resided after his Marriage	346
"Tale of Two Cities." Caricature.....	137	"Yale News," Fac-simile of.....	70, 78
Tavistock House, where Dickens wrote "A Tale of Two Cities".....	135	" " Editors of.....	73
Taylor, M. Imlay.....	214		

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THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH

NAPOLEON IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH. FROM JAMES GILLRAY'S CARICATURE.

"The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature." Part I. The Napoleonic Era.

(For full description of this cartoon see page 63.)

FEB 7 1903

MARCH, 1903.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN should be addressed to "The Editors of THE BOOKMAN." Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.

One of the neatest and cleverest characterisations of a literary success that we have heard in a long time was that of Gertrude Atherton, who, in a recent casual conversation, referred to *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* as "David Harum's Widow."

■

An amusing blunder which we found in the *London Academy* a few weeks ago seemed somehow very much out of place in that usually careful weekly. It occurred in a review of Jacob Riis's *The Battle With the Slum*. A fine portrait of Jacob Riis forms the frontispiece," wrote the critic, "and we note a curious resemblance to Mr. Dunne, the creator of Mr. Dooley." As Mr. Dunne and Mr. Riis do not look at all alike, this line very naturally caught our attention. Taking up the volume, we find that the caption of the frontispiece reads "A Valiant Battler with the Slum." The portrait is one of Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States.

■

It was only the other day that she told us all about it and, with just a little mingled hesitation and defiance, asked our advice. Then, the barriers down, she rattled on somewhat nervously in a strain that proved to us that it was not, after all, our advice that she wanted, or, at any rate, had ever thought of following, but our unqualified approbation. It was not by any means, she confided, the first thing that she had written, but her lack of success in finding acceptance formerly she attributed to the fact that she had proffered her work in

the "wrong way," by which we found she meant the regular way. "I simply sent it in to the magazines, just as all outsiders do; and it came back, just as all outsiders' work comes back." This time she was going to act very differently. She had decided to send it to, let us say, the *Century*. She had once met Mr. Gilder, or was it Mr. Johnson or Mr. Buell, of an evening. She had told him that she adored literature and herself cherished literary aspirations. She wanted to do a little something in the line of George Meredith or Thomas Hardy. The aforesaid Mr. Gilder, or Mr. Johnson, or Mr. Buell had said: "Oh," or "Indeed," or that he was very glad to hear it. Whatever it was that he said, she considered it most significant. Did not we think likewise? So she was going to write him a nice long letter in which she would recall their meeting and his remark, and tell him diffusively all about her manuscript and her literary work. "You know you really must have a personal pull to begin with. Without it the magazines will not pay any attention to your work."

■

While we did not give her exactly that hearty approbation which she expected, we refrained from attempting any wholesome advice simply because we knew that it would do absolutely no good. If hers were an individual case, what she said and what she thought would have but little interest and significance. But there are thousands of literary beginners in the country to-day who are thinking and saying exactly the same thing. Constantly we are being asked about that "pull"

**On Magazines
and Manuscripts.**

which is needed at the start. It is a very convenient term in a way. It has charitably covered and excused away a great deal of incapacity. "No; —'s magazine didn't accept my story. They only take things from people who have a 'pull.' It's no use sending them anything unless you have." So we suppose that we are not polite to everybody when we say frankly and flatly that this much discussed "pull" does not exist, and that if the persons who talk about it would consider the matter sensibly, they would see that it never could exist, and for very obvious reasons. While we do not wish to disparage the benignity and amiability of all editors, it is not wrong to point out that an editor will naturally think of himself and his own reputation first of all. If he were to accept your manuscript because you have a "pull," or be influenced in any material way by the so-called "pull," he might be doing you a little temporary good, but he would be doing himself irreparable harm, and would probably very soon cease to be an editor. He is in most cases responsible to the firm which owns the magazine and which pays him, and above and beyond them, always to the people who buy and read it. We are not trying to point out that he would be dishonest; simply that he would be a fool. And since human nature is human nature, you cannot seriously expect such self-sacrifice.

Yet, having said this much, we are going to contradict it, or, at least qualify it by saying that there is one kind of a "pull" which is always effective and which is at the disposal of every person who is willing to make use of it. That is simply a carefully prepared manuscript submitted with the proper courtesy and consideration. For instance, on the first page of this magazine there appears every month a notice requesting that all manuscripts be sent "To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN" and not to either of the editors personally. This is more than a mere formality, and yet by the contributors to this and probably all other magazines it is a request that is continually being ignored, perhaps because of a belief that a manuscript addressed personally and marked "personal" will receive more prompt and favourable consideration. It should be obvious that this is just the reverse of the

truth. Probably in all magazine offices manuscripts are received in much the same way. When sent properly they are opened. The title, the name and address of the sender and the date of receipt are entered in a book kept for that purpose and the manuscript placed in a box, or drawer, or a set of pigeonholes. Soon those manuscripts which for some reason or other are seen at once to be "not available" are sorted out and returned, and the remainder held for final decision. Of course, occasionally, manuscripts are lost through carelessness or indifference in magazine offices, but when they are sent in "the regular way" the percentage is, we think, very small. On the other hand when they are sent personally the loss is undoubtedly much greater, and we cannot honestly say that the sufferers are entitled to much sympathy. A magazine editor goes away on a trip for business or pleasure, and when these "personal" letters, which have naturally been forwarded, overtake him, what is he to do with them? He is perhaps on his summer vacation, and perhaps finds himself in Paris. The morning after *La Savoie* has arrived in Havre with the American mail he walks round to 7 Rue Scribe or to 31 Boulevard Haussmann. A bundle of innocent-looking envelopes is given him. He opens them. Out of the first drops "Sonnets from the Sanskrit;" from the second, "The Cake Walkers' Christmas;" from the third, "Did Bacon Write Shakespeare?" and so on. Oh! the joy of going about Europe with a bushel or two of these, with the consciousness of the curses of the senders in far away America hanging over him, and the thoughts of the New York Custom House looming up in front! Is it entirely his crime if one of these manuscripts should slip out of his dressing-case when he is making a quick change? No; in fact, if he were indeed the vicious, vindictive, cold-blooded creature that many paint him, he would probably take the whole bundle, and —

An interesting chapter in the life of Edgar Allan Poe, which seems to have been forgotten by most people, although it is curiously illustrative of one important side of his genius, is that which showed his great

Edgar Allan Poe
on
Cryptography.

power in the matter of unravelling and deciphering secret writings. In "The Gold Bug," he gave a singularly lucid description of the method of translating a cipher message. At first sight the cipher in "The Gold Bug," with its mingling of letters, figures and symbols, appears bafflingly formidable; but after Poe has started us on the scent by pointing out to us that which should have been at once perfectly obvious, we are ready and eager to carry out the reading of the message for ourselves. But Poe was not only able to invent and analyse systems of secret writing; he stood ready to decipher those which others would submit to him. He even went so far as to assert, in a Philadelphia weekly paper on which he was employed, that no cipher could be sent to him that he would not be able to resolve. This challenge excited a lively interest among the readers of the paper, and letters were sent to him from all parts of the country. In many cases the writers were not strictly scrupulous in observing the conditions of the challenge. Foreign languages were used. Words and sentences were run together without interval. Several alphabets were employed in the same cipher. And yet out of, perhaps, one hundred ciphers received there was but one which Poe did not succeed immediately in solving, and that one was proved to be an imposition, a jargon of random characters having no meaning whatever.

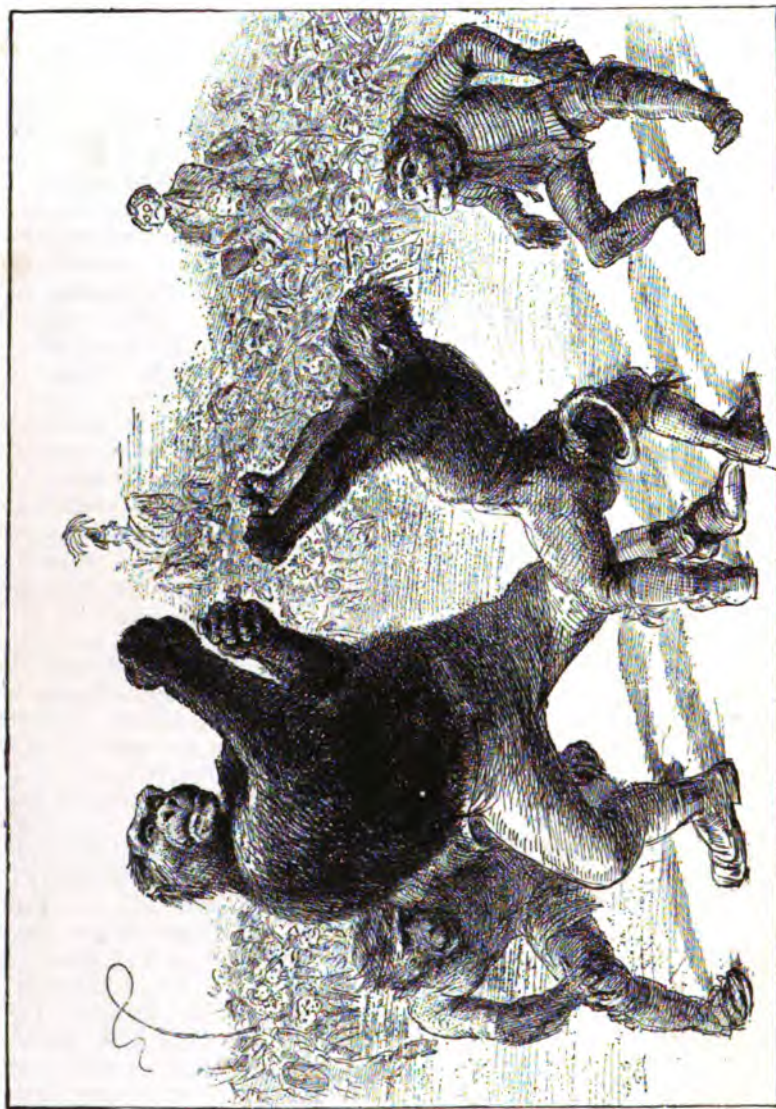
■

But the world is full of suspicious and distrustful people (those persons for instance who inquire darkly whether we do not ourselves compose the letters which are answered in the Letter-Box); and by the public at large, Poe's feat was looked upon in the light of a gigantic humbug. Some averred that the mysterious characters were inserted for the purpose of giving an odd look and thereby advertising the paper. Others fancied that Poe not only solved the ciphers, but put them together for solution. In fact, very few, with the exception of those who had written the ciphers, really believed in the authenticity of the answers. And it was with the hope of dispelling these ideas of deception that Poe afterward wrote his papers on "Secret Writing" in the pages of *Graham's Magazine*. The first method

of cryptography which Poe attacked and riddled was that of the *scytalæ* of the Spartans, long considered impossible of solution. The *scytalæ* were two wooden cylinders, precisely similar in all respects. The general of an army, starting on an expedition, received one of these cylinders, while the other remained in Sparta. To communicate, a narrow strip of parchment was so wrapped round the *scytala* that the edges of the skin fitted accurately each to each. The writing was then inscribed longitudinally, and the letter unrolled and dispatched. The general addressed had only to wrap the second cylinder in the strip to read the message. But as Poe pointed out, certain solution was easy enough. The strip intercepted, let there be prepared a cone of great length. Let the strip be rolled on the cone near the base, edge to edge; then still keeping edge to edge, and holding the parchment close to the cone, let it be slipped gradually toward the apex. In this way some of the letters whose connection is intended will come together at that point of the cone where its diameter equals that of the *scytala* on which the cipher was written; a similar cylinder can be obtained and the message read.

■

One of the principal means of devising a cipher, as Poe pointed out, is to take as the key some phrase or name or title containing just the number of letters of the alphabet, and then for "a" to use the first letter of the phrase, for "b" the second, for "e" the fifth, etc. For instance, if we were to propound the cipher: "RM EEHMEERRIEOKIRCEEHTOETOE TFCIEOFEEORTH" in *THE BOOKMAN*, all our astute readers (and that of course means them all), after a brief, superficial study, would discover that we were at our old tricks again, that we had taken as a key "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," a title which happens to contain just twenty-six letters, and would glibly read our cipher: "If you decipher this you are a real Sherlockian." But the cryptograms in which Poe delighted were not of this simple nature, and in his second challenge to readers, through the pages of *Graham's Magazine*, he invited ciphers of which the key-phrase might be in English, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin,



THE FIGHT BETWEEN HEENAN AND SAYERS. THE FIGURE OF THACKERAY LOOMS UP AT THE RINGSIDE.

or Greek, or in any of the dialects of these languages. Although there were but few responses to this challenge, the complex and intricate nature of these responses, and the swift and unerring manner in which Poe solved them, served to bear out in no doubtful way Poe's contention that undecipherable cryptogram had never yet been found.

■

In the article on William Harrison Ainsworth in the February number we omitted giving credit to the Lippincott Company, who are the American publishers of the Windsor edition. For the portrait of Mr. James L. Ford in the January number, credit should be given to Miss Ben Yusuf.

■

The subject of the accompanying curious bit of Thackerayana is the famous fight between Tom Sayers and Heenan, the "Benicia Boy," in 1858. Some of the newspaper accounts of the battle reported Thackeray as having been present with a number of his literary friends and members of both Houses of Parliament. But this Thackeray denied. "If so," he wrote in the *Roundabout Paper* "On Some Late Great Victories," "I must have walked to the station in my sleep, paid three guineas in a profound state of mental abstraction, and returned to bed unconscious, for I certainly woke there about the time that history relates that the fight was over. I do not know whose colours I wore—the Benician's or those of the Irish champion—which, indeed, no somnambulist is bound to recollect." Despite this denial, Thackeray's literary predilections for making use of the language and figures of the prize ring were such that the artist could not allow the chance to escape. Paul du Chaillu had just returned from Africa, and his book on gorillas was being much talked about. Hence the appearance presented by Heenan and Sayers and their seconds in the ring.

■

It was unfortunate for Count Robert de Montesquiou that the "bright young men" on the New York *Sun* saw in him such excellent material for their wittiest and most di-

verting "copy." Montesquiou is a man of about forty, coming of a really good family in France, and possessed of ample means, whose sole interest in life is the pursuit of those finer and more delicate shades of literary and artistic criticism which the modern Frenchman is forever pursuing. Actually he is no mean critic, a volume of his writings in this field having been taken seriously on the other side by some of the least tolerant of modern men of letters. If his mind has a fault, it is the fault of preciosity, amateurishness, over-cultivation, call it what you will—*décadence* even. With him comes his friend, Gabriel de Yturri, a Spaniard, with similar tastes and similar "preciosities." These two have come here seriously to deliver a series of *conférences* on topics entirely out of tune with modern American life and manners. It is inevitable that Montesquiou should be laughed at and derided here. The American spirit is all against him, and perhaps rightly so. But the newspaper "gems" that have appeared from time to time concerning the poor gentleman's plush waistcoats, his *trois mousquetaires* hat, and his orchid shirt collar, are, of course, simply emanations of the Park Row spirit. His vogue in society thus far has been more or less pronounced, but amounts to little more than the idle curiosity which Americans are prone to show for the latest "novelty" from the other side. The Count understands America not in the least, and it is idle to suppose that he will long be taken seriously here.

■

"I could not write at all, if I did not delight in such employment," said Mr. F. Marlon Crawford interviewed. on Crawford, when being interviewed the other day by Mr. Charles Hall Garrett for THE BOOKMAN. "I know of no one who has written many books who would willingly lay down his or her pen. After twenty years of continuous writing it has become second nature to me. I should be unhappy if I stopped. Can you name a well-known writer of romance who is not in harness, or has not died in harness? The writing of a novel is as absorbing to the author as the painting of a picture to a painter or the modelling of a statue to a sculptor, and in criticism

should be considered in the same light. So you see I do not believe in a novel being written with what is called 'a purpose.' The main aim of the novel is to amuse, and the best way to win the reader's sympathy is to draw some character he would like to be—or it would be good for him to be. Does any artist think of any admonishing, or revolutionising, effect of his work when he is painting, or a sculptor when modelling? Neither should a novelist. That would be preaching and necessarily narrowing to the poetical scope of every endeavour. Of course many great novels have, incidentally, served a purpose, but it has been

only secondary, the writer in no way restricting his liberty, or confining himself to pointing a moral.

"Novel writing is much like picture painting," he continued. "That there be correct proportion and distribution, there must be, as in a picture, foreground, middle distance and background, to present a harmonious whole. Nor is this accomplished by commencing without a definite idea and plan, and allowing a novel to develop itself as you write. Some novelists' first work has been done in this way; but it is nothing but luck if the result is satisfactory. The more you





MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD. FROM HIS LATEST PORTRAIT.

write, the more you realise that good work can only be done by thorough previous planning. I think out my whole story and every detail before putting my pen to paper; so after starting it is not difficult. I had *Cecilia* in my mind, planning it, for two years, while it took me but a few months to put it down. If I were asked how long it takes me to write a novel, I would include all such hours of construction. My first outlining is done on one large sheet of paper; this is

seeing of what you have been dreaming, and seeing in your mind's eye for a long time takes shape and come into real existence. It is as much of a pleasure as seeing the likeness of a friend develop before you on a canvas. Yet, you may get to dislike it on account of its not being a good likeness. It is so in writing. You are soon disappointed with what you have done and worked over so long.

"No, my characters are not creatures



THE HOTEL COCUMELLA, AT SORRENTO.

Once a monastery, and now a pension, well known to tourists to this part of Italy. Here Mr. Crawford lived with his family for many years. And in the visitors' book is still to be read, in his minute, clear-cut handwriting, a cordial endorsement to the effect that nowhere else in Europe could be found a similar combination of comfort, courtesy and economy, and that he left only because he was about to enter his own villa in the immediate neighbourhood.

the construction stage. I write over my words and make serious changes, one incident suggesting another, so when I have done with that sheet, the original plan is hardly recognisable. This is the real labour, when you study, argue the value and form the important relations of different parts of the story to one another; after which the flesh must be put on the skeleton, and you must take care not to create a hunchback or a cripple. The rest is an actual pleasure, the pleasure of

of invention. It would be as impossible for me to 'invent' a character as for one who had not seen an elephant to draw one. They are evolved out of the brain, in so far as they may be composite, the combined characteristics of many individuals, the result of varied observation. I never knew of one who invented a character. All writers are indebted to people about them, or personages of history. In many cases characters in novels are, largely, portraits of people; with which,"

he added parenthetically, "they may, or may not be, pleased; you run that risk. Some persons suggest a story. The foundation of all fiction is real, and is only an attempt to present real life to the reader from a point of view. Essential to good handling is knowledge of the locality, its environments and atmosphere, in which you place your story. I always write of one which I know; having what may be called a visual memory, I never forget a place I have once visited,

Crisis. It is of historical and permanent interest, and I know continues to have large sales, and I am sure will continue to sell for those reasons, while novels quite properly dealing with topics of the times, valuable as literature and important in their way, gradually drop off and cease to sell. It is the novel's subject that is responsible for its length of life. A novel with great human interest may at the outset, as *Ben-Hur*, have hardly any sale, but sooner or later it will be



VIEW OF THE BAY OF NAPLES FROM THE HOTEL COCUMELLA.

I can recall it pictorially, and years afterward am as familiar with it as if it were but yesterday I was last there. But it is not necessary in romance that you be accurate in your description; though it is in historical work. In fiction it matters little if a house is on one side of a road or the other.

✱

"A novel's lease of life depends upon its human interest; it is bettered if its subject is of permanent interest, and if it is historical, but paramount is its human interest—that which appeals to the manhood or womanhood of you. Let me prove this by citing Mr. Churchill's

unearthed and recognised. I remember, in 1882, finding on my uncle's table a copy of *Ben-Hur*. It had been out for some time, but had not been talked about. I opened it at the chariot race, and read it with absorbing interest; then I turned to the first chapter and read the book through. Probably five hundred persons besides myself read it at that time and appreciated it; they told their friends, and to-day *Ben-Hur* sells steadily. That is a typical case. Before its enormous sale in the United States, and before General Wallace realised the importance of his work, *Ben-Hur* was published abroad in cut-up editions. He took very little interest in its sale; it was the book

with him; and it was not until those mangled editions had been selling for some time that he awoke to the advantage it would be to him to protect himself. I was in Constantinople when he was Minister to Turkey, and learned to know him well, a most delightful and interesting man, and a great student. He was at that time collecting material and making studies for the *Prince of India*. His way, also, is thorough preparedness with all the material in hand, and the

years of age, and picturesque in appearance and in personality. He wore his hair long, he affected velvet coats and soft hats, and his conversation was full of vivid phrases and weird swear-words that struck strangely on English ears. His numerous stories were humorous and extravagant, and he enjoyed nothing better than to get hold of half-a-dozen good story-tellers and then "swap lies." But almost before his many fascinations had time to tell, his duties called him to Glas-



After six years of wandering and litigation, the Académie Goncourt has become a legalised institution. The first meeting was held January 11th, when this picture was taken. Seated in the centre is J. K. Huysmans. To his left is Léon Hennique, and to his right J. Rosny. Behind, standing beginning on the right, are Léon Daudet, Lucien Décaves, Paul Margueritte, M. Géffroy and E. Bourges.

story minutely thought out and planned before beginning."

A writer in a recent number of the *London Literary World*

**Bret Harte
in Glasgow.**

gave an interesting sketch of the late Bret Harte in 1880, when he went to London on his way to take up his duties as American consul at Glasgow. He was the guest for some months of various literary and artistic folk living in or around the metropolis, and was a great favourite in the highest Bohemian circles. He was at that time about forty

years of age, and picturesque in appearance and in personality. He described how he arrived in the dreary greyness and dirt and how uninviting and cold his rooms looked, so that he left his keys for his landlady to unpack, and betook himself to an hotel for dinner. When he came back he found his landlady standing on the doorstep with arms akimbo, and she said, "I've unpacked yer kists, and *whaur's yer Bible?*"

It was a miserable mistake to send a joyous, freedom-loving man like Bret Harte to a narrow-minded, money-mak-



JULIAN RALPH. DIED JANUARY 20, 1903.

ing place like Glasgow, where humour and beauty are alike regarded as wicked. He hated the town and he hated his duties, and he always slipped off to London and Paris whenever he could. He had left his wife in America with his sister. But the real Bret Harte never appeared in London again; both person and appearance changed: he put it down himself to two accidents that happened to him—first, he met Oscar Wilde, and immediately went and had his hair cut; and, secondly, in showing a friend how to pull the trigger of a gun with his toe he shot himself in the mouth and, though not seriously injured, the lips never had the old mobility which had given such charm to his story-telling and his smile. After five years of Glasgow, Bret Harte settled in the north of London with his friends, the Van de Welds, and though he sometimes appeared at the Academy private view or like places, he dropped out of the old gay circle in which he had shone for those brief few months, and gradually retired more and more into private life. Then came his death last year at the age of sixty-three, then the news that he had left but some three hundred pounds, and finally a paragraph stating that Mme. Van de Weld had erected a tombstone to his memory in Frimley Churchyard.

The war started by Mr. T. W. H. Crosland with *The Unspeakable Scot* goes merrily on, Briton is soundly belabouring Briton; and

when to *The Egregious English* are added the *Irrational Irish* and the *Wicked Welsh*, the British Islands will all be a gorgeous literary Donnybrook Fair. And perhaps after all these books have been written and read and abused, we shall learn that Mr. T. W. H. Crosland has been the author of them all, for if you will look at the picture of him that was printed in *THE BOOKMAN* a few months ago, you will decide that nothing he could perpetrate in the way of a literary hoax would surprise you. For, as some one very fittingly but inelegantly expressed it, he looks "like an old bird." "Angus McNeill," the name which on the title-page is given as that of the author of *The Egregious English*, is too obviously Caledonian to command absolute

confidence. To be sure, there is a Major Angus John McNeill, whose name is to be found in the English *Who's Who*, but we do not suspect him. The "Angus" in this case has a little too much local colour. We believe that his existence is as purely mythical and hypothetical as that of Alphonse and Gaston, and in reading *The Egregious English* we find ourselves continually studying some passage in the hope of catching a resemblance to some other passage in *The Unspeakable Scot*.

The Englishman as you see him in *The Egregious English* is not a nice man; in fact, he is almost but not quite so objectionable as the Scotchman who was depicted in *The Unspeakable Scot*. At the very beginning, Angus McNeill assures you that it is the Englishman's instinct to take himself for the head and front of the universe; but Max O'Rell told us the same thing a good many years ago, and many others said it long before Max O'Rell. In fact, the Englishman himself will not strenuously deny the impeachment, and so there is no libel in that; only Angus McNeill starts out vigorously to prove that the idea is entirely a false one. In many cases it is the *tu quoque* method that he adopts toward Mr. Crosland. The latter asserted that the Scotchman was a drunkard; Angus calls back that the Englishman is a "soak," and that even if the man north of the Tweed does like his "wee drap" once in a while, he likes it with discrimination; whereas the Englishman spends his days and nights guzzling the vilest of liquors for the pure sake of guzzling. It is a very pretty little set of epithets that these gentlemen fling at each other across the border. If the Scotchman is a trifle penurious, argues Angus McNeill, very well, there is a fine dignity in thrift. The Englishman is, on the other hand, ostentatiously and vulgarly prodigal. His prodigality springs in nowise from any generous impulses, but from the love of display and from that corruption which the spirit of speculation has instilled in his mind. The English Army, as Mr. McNeill points out, was tried in the war in South Africa, and was found to be rotten and inefficient; the Navy, he is convinced, is in much the same way. The

Englishman's cloak of religious sanctity is all humbug and hypocrisy; his method of education does not educate. When he is not a barbarian, he is a Philistine; and instead of being the "first chop" he is, as a matter of fact, in the racial scale somewhat below the "Conch nigger."

It is in a way a tribute to Mr. Kipling that Angus McNeill in his desire "to get back at" Mr. Crosland for the latter's chapter about Robert Burns, whom he summed up as "an incontinent yokel" with a taste for metricism, should single out the author of "Mandalay" as his

chief point of attack. But in this, Angus McNeill has not been nearly so clever as was Mr. Crosland. Mr. Crosland made out a very shrewd case against Burns, although it was not one that could in any way change our opinions, or, indeed, that was intended to do so. The gist of Angus McNeill's yowl is that Mr. Kipling is neither "a scholar nor a gentleman." He refers to "Tommy Atkins" as being in Kipling's "usual vulgar manner." Tested by sales and the amount of dust he has managed to kick up, Mr. Kipling should be a poet of parts. But Angus McNeill assures us that he has already



KATHERINE G. THURSTON. AUTHOR OF "THE CIRCLE."

outlived his reputation. Most of his poems are already forgotten. It is doubtful if the next generation will know anything about him, and if it does it will be only as the author of three pieces—"The Recessional," "The Envoi," appended to "Life's Handicap," and "Mandalay." All the rest is about as dead and forgotten as "the costersongs of yesterday." He has not even made a cult;

nobody quotes him, nobody believes in him as a poetical master, nobody wants to hear any more of him. His imitators have all gone back to the imitation of better men. If a copy of verses have a flavour of Kipling about it nowadays, editors drop it as they would drop a hot coal. "So much for the poet of empire, the poet of the people, the metrical patron of Thomas Atkins, Esquire."



Thomas Atkins Esq.
May 1903

In these days, when the number of copies of a popular novel sold is surpassed in magnificence only by the manner in which information on the subject is imparted to the general public, it is not at all strange that readers occasionally become a trifle puzzled. So many conflicting statements appear in print, some of them from totally unreliable sources. There is one book which we have in mind of which we have seen the sale estimated in various places all the way from eighteen thousand to three hundred and twenty thousand copies. With the idea of getting a little, at least authoritative, light on the subject, we sent out about the beginning of February to all those publishing houses who have had one or more books on THE BOOKMAN lists during the last year a letter in the following form:

Great Sales.

MESSRS.

GENTLEMEN: Will you kindly let us have your latest advertised figures for the sales of the following books:

.....
.....
.....

We should like to discuss the sale of books at the present day in the Chronicle and Comment of THE BOOKMAN.

Very truly yours,
THE EDITORS OF "THE BOOKMAN."

✂

JANUARY 29, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: Replying to your favour of the 28th, we would say that the latest advertised figure on the sale of *Andrey* is 170,000 copies.

Very truly yours,
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.

JANUARY 29, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: Answering your inquiry of the 28th inst., we give you herewith our latest figures for the following books:

The House with the Green Shutters, 21,858
The Hound of the Baskervilles, 83,558
The Two Vanrevels, 80,154

Yours very truly,
McCLURE, PHILLIPS & Co.

JANUARY 29, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: Replying to your note of yesterday, asking for the latest advertised figures for the sale of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, we have not announced any figures except such as are contained in the enclosed slip.* Our reasons for not making public the total sale from time to time have been, (1) the sale, while it has been rather extraordinary, has not yet approached the great figures of *Richard Carvel*, *David Harum*, et al; (2) the sale is so continuous that any figures made public one week would be considerably surpassed before the news got well out, and (3) we have had a kind of sentiment against "working" the public, and making them buy *Mrs. Wiggs* because it is "a big seller." The book itself is too delicate in its motive to be handled in that way—at least, so it seems to some of us.

We do not mind the announcement that the sales of *Mrs. Wiggs* have considerably exceeded two hundred thousand, and are going merrily on. We will give you that much toward the figures—as a guarantee of good faith, and for publication or not as you please.

Sincerely,
WM. W. ELLSWORTH, Secretary.

JANUARY 29, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: We are advertising the 94th thousand of *The Leopard's Spots*.

Very sincerely yours,
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co.

* *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* is reported as the best-selling book in the United States during the month of December last, and it is a satisfaction to know that it has been bought for itself and for the good there is in it, and not because it has been announced to be in any extraordinary edition, although it has really surpassed in sale any book ever before issued by its publishers. Issued in October, 1901, the sale by Christmas of that year had reached 5555 copies; in December, 1902, on several days the daily output equalled those figures, and the sale between December 1st and December 24th was 62,900. In the first three days of 1903 (when trade is normally at its lowest ebb) 6000 copies of *Mrs. Wiggs* were sold. It goes on like an endless chain. One gets half a dozen copies to send to friends, and the friends buy more copies to send to other friends. As *Mrs. Wiggs* says: "Seems like good things don't b'long to me till I pass 'em on to somebody else."

JANUARY 29, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: In answer to yours of the 28th instant, we beg to enclose a clipping about *The Eternal City* which we sent out to the newspapers. (Clipping.—Hall Caine's *The Eternal City*, published by D. Appleton and Company, has reached a sale of 325,000 copies.) We have sold 40,000 copies of *Donovan Pasha*.

Yours truly,

D. APPLETON & COMPANY.

JANUARY 31, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: In reply to your letter of the 27th, in which you request the advertised figures for the sale of certain of our publications, we regret, at least in this instance, to say that for nearly two years we have neither advertised nor given out for publication the figures of the sales of any of our books.

As you probably know, we are credited with having rather large ideas of what the sale of a successful novel should be, and, admitting this, we are perfectly willing to say that in *Lazarre*, *The Mississippi Bubble*, *Hearts Courageous* and *The Fifth String*, these being the books you ask about, we have been in no way disappointed.

In regard to *An Old Sweetheart of Mine*. We understand that it is to-day the best-selling book of verse in the country. We expected a large demand, and prepared for it accordingly, but the *Sweetheart's* popularity was so great that the supply was wholly inadequate. We are glad of this opportunity to apologise to Mr. Riley's many admirers who were disappointed at the holiday time.

Regretting that we cannot give you the definite information asked for, we are,

Yours very truly,

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY.

JANUARY 31, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: Replying to your letter of January 28th, the total editions of *If I Were King* will run about 40,000 copies. I am just getting the last edition of 5000 off the press now, and have already sold about one-quarter of it.

Trusting this information will be sufficient for your purpose, I am,

Very truly yours,

R. H. RUSSELL.

JANUARY 30, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: I have your letter of inquiry

with reference to the sale of Ralph Connor's books, and below you will find the totals up to the present. These figures are somewhat approximate, as the books are made not only in New York, but also in Chicago, Toronto and London.

With thanks for giving us the opportunity of supplying this information, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY.

The Man from Glengarry, . . . 150,000

Glengarry School Days, . . . 80,000

JANUARY 29, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: In reply to your inquiry of January 28th, I beg to advise you that our latest advertised figures of *The Lady Paramount*, by Henry Harland, are 55,000. The companion volume, *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box*, published two years previously, is in its 85th thousand.

Yours truly,

JOHN LANE.

FEBRUARY 6, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: We regret that owing to the writer's absence from the city no reply has been sent to your inquiry of January 28th. We beg to say that we are now printing the 70th thousand of *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son*, and have so few copies remaining of the last edition (and these going so rapidly) that by the time your article gets into print, the actual sale will be considerably over 60,000.

Very truly yours,

SMALL, MAYNARD & Co.

FEBRUARY 3, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: In reply to your recent inquiry, we beg to say that our last advertised figures for the sales of the following books are:

The Crisis, 405,000

Dorothy Vernon, 125,000

The Conqueror, 70,000

The Virginian, 190,000

Cecilia, 65,000

Yours very truly,

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

The following is the gist of the reply from Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Cavalier, 100th 1000

Lives of the Haunted, . . . 80th 1000

Ruling Passion, . . .	70th 1000
Ranson's Folly, . . .	50th 1000
Oliver Horn, . . .	70th 1000
Captain Macklin, . . .	70th 1000

The letter of the Messrs. Harper is withheld from publication at their request.

The following letter we consider of interest :

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
18 PLACE TOLOZAN,

LYONS, JANUARY 24, 1903.

EDITOR BOOKMAN :

I have just read in your ever-interesting magazine an article on Edgar A. Poe, in which the writer speaks of the editions of Poe in several foreign languages, but makes no mention of Poe in France. The immortal author of "The Raven" is better known in this country than any other American poet. The translation of his stories *Histoires Extraordinaires* by the poet Charles Baudelaire, is very popular here among all true lovers of the highest school of literature. It is illustrated by a number of exquisite etchings, done in the highest art of artistic France. An edition de luxe, bound by Meunier, is offered in this city for twelve hundred francs. The more common paper edition, two large volumes, for fifty francs, is also a work of high art, with fine and appropriate etchings, but little less desirable than the twelve hundred francs edition, if we omit the binding. Editions are also sold for two francs a volume. None of Poe's poems are known in France. In fact, but very few of our poets are known in this country.

Yours truly,

JOHN C. COVERT,
U. S. Consul, Lyons, France.

Among all the comments called forth by the death of Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, we have observed none that contains any adequate recognition of his gifts as a public speaker. Mr. Hewitt would have disclaimed the title of orator, and, indeed, he was not an orator in the popular acceptance of that word. There was no touch of conscious rhetoric in what he said. He never dreamed of dazzling or overwhelming or astonishing an audi-

ence. Yet he was, nevertheless, under certain conditions one of the best public speakers whom we have ever listened to. If he had a theme that was very close to his heart and a body of intelligent men as hearers, he could display a power such as is rarely to be found. His great gift was the gift of persuasiveness. His strength was the strength of reason. His charm was the charm of lucidity and simplicity combined. And late in life he attained the art, if art it was, of infusing into what he said a flavour of personality—something that brought you into intimate sympathy with the man himself. When he retired from the mayoralty of New York, and was defeated in his second campaign for the same office, he delivered an address to a meeting of his supporters which was one of the most effective and truly eloquent utterances conceivable. Purely conversational in tone, almost colloquial, it affected his hearers to a degree that is indescribable. Dignity, conviction of right, sincerity, and an unuttered element of pathos were all there, and no one who heard it can forget the impression which was made. Of course, the occasion was one of local interest; and in point of fact, the best of Mr. Hewitt's public utterances dealt with municipal rather than with national themes; and this is why, no doubt, so little has been written of him as a speaker. Had he but developed this gift more fully in the years when he was a party leader, his name would now be far more widely known, and perhaps his own career might have been different in its ultimate development.

We have a small grievance against the musical critics. Why

A Question
of Title.

don't they decide upon some consistent forms under which they may speak of the artists of the operatic stage? The simplest way would be to give to each singer the courtesy prefix required by his or her nationality, as, for example: Signor Mancinelli, M. Plançon, Mlle. Calvé, and Frl. Ternina. But this would lead to awkwardness, for "Mrs. Eames" and "Mrs. Melba" would scarcely do, especially the latter; and we think that the French rule of describing every woman artist as "Ma-

dame" is desirable. But what we really wonder at is the latest dodge of giving the men the prefix "Mr.," and then using no definite system at all with regard to the women. We don't suppose that many of the critical fraternity will pay any attention to what we say; but there is Mr. Huneker, who is, we are sure, open to reasonable expostulation. We make a personal appeal to him to tell us why, if he writes (as he always does) "Miss Ternina," he should not write "Miss Calvé" and "Mrs. Gadski"; and if he gives us "Mme. Adams," why not "M. de Reszke." Somehow or other, "Miss Ternina" gets on our nerves and spoils our pleasure in even the best critique.



We are not in favour of the promiscuous coinage of new words. A new word, to justify its existence, must be one that is actually needed. That is, it must express either an idea which no other word alone can now express, or it must embody a slight *nuance* which differentiates it from

other words which it resembles. To Mr. G. P. Burgin we owe the creation of a new vocable which satisfies the last condition, and which, therefore, we hail with gratitude and admiration. This is the adjective "bulgent." It stands to our mind as essentially distinct from either the existing participle "bulging" or the existing adjective "bulgy." When a person crams something shapeless, huge and incongruous into his pocket, the pocket may then be accurately described as "bulging." For example, if you purchase a porterhouse steak at your butcher's and you carry the raw mass of meat wrapped in brown paper and thrust into the pocket of your spring overcoat, then it is proper to say that your pocket is "bulging." If you do such a thing as this often, your pocket will have, even when empty, a sort of outward slant and flabby droop, which can be best described as "bulgy." But if on some chance occasion you crowd into your pocket a number of neat little packages, such as jewel-cases or *bonbonnières*, then the receptacle is more delicately to be spoken of as "bulgent." We beg Mr. G. P. Burgin to accept our thanks.



AMONG THE FEBRUARY MAGAZINES

There is such a wealth of interesting material in the magazines that it is impossible to do justice even to the most essential features in a mere bird's-eye view. We may as well begin with our old friend *Harper's Monthly*, in which we can especially commend an article on Pearlline, which is one of the best that has appeared on that popular subject, an illustrated tale of travel by the Totem Pole Route, showing it to be the last place to send a nervous person or one

suffering from D. T., and an account of the Oneida Community, revealing quite another phase from that which appears in *Scribner's*. Besides, there is a fantastic romance of a reduced gas bill, showing imagination of a high order, and some delightful examples of the eternal juvenile, of which it is difficult to decide which is the most winning, the brother and sister who await their Malta Vita, the roguish youngster holding up the dollar watch, the dear little tot whc

sits up in bed to take her Shredded Wheat Biscuit, or the little girl who is cured while she sleeps.

Everybody's has an appreciative article on Van Camp's Pork and Beans, handled in quite a new manner, illustrated by a picturesque landscape of the Dutch school, and a peculiarly ingenious offer of what appears on first sight to be a Free Watch, but which on consideration proves to be a Free Catalogue of Watches, which you will admit is not quite the same thing. There is also a paper in which the reader is admonished, "Be Beautiful!" by one lady who sells a hair destroyer, and by another who recommends a hair restorer, and a lady-or-the-tiger-ish story ending, "If you are not cured, let the druggist send the bill to me," in which as to the final outcome both the reader and the druggist are left somewhat in the dark. Then we have the inimitable "His Master's Voice," which I hope the Talking Machine Company will never be tempted to change, and an offer of a piano with a Whole Year's Free Trial, which must make the exploiters of a certain mattress fairly green with envy.

A new appeal for Swift's Hams adorns the cover of *Scribner's*, together with a man in great agony of mind suspended from a huge coffee cup—the initiated have already spelled Postum! On other pages a lady in ball dress struggles with a giant lobster who tries to carry off her salad cream, an impossibly attractive cook is using Aluminum cooking utensils, a man bending over a wash tub might be termed an infringement on Women's Rights, and we deem the Fairbanks Company guilty of *lèse majesté* with their cut of the Heads of the Nations most absurdly decked out in rakish lathers of white soap. The editor of *Scribner's* is peculiarly lavish to his readers, giving them, besides all this interesting and valuable matter (the variety of which can only be hinted at), a number of original illustrated jokes.

In our new friend, *The World's Work*, there is an effective page on Shawknit, a most impressive picture with a popular Southern hotel seen in the distance against Corot-esque clouds, a dusky woman, who does not particularly attract us toward Tahiti, and a flippant young woman seated *à la* Geraldine the Stubborn

on a can of Lowney's Cocoa. We must not fail to call attention to the interesting series of articles on "It's the hair and not the hat," "It's the hat and not the dress," "It's the feet and not the face," "It's the figure and not the feet," "It's the complexion and not the figure," and so on. The article on the Chickering Piano was written evidently by a believer in programme-music, and the illustration accompanying the announcement of a certain book determines us—short of a breach-of-promise suit—to choose neither woman.

McClure's really gives us a great deal at very little outlay. There is a new and original study of Gold Medal Flour, an interesting description of the process of cutting glass, of a comb that dyes the locks as it passes through, a decidedly decorative notice of the Oceanic Steamship Company, and the announcement of a competition by the makers of the Regal Shoe. Wool Soap has a new little girl starring for it, but she does not lay such siege to our hearts (and backs) as the pathetic little twins with which Wool Soap first made its bow before the public.

The Century contains some very artistic work on Hot Air Pumps, Pearl-line Girls, Fountain Pens, and noticeably the Tar Soap Lady. The cover is decorated with a delightful colour scheme by the Royal Baking Powder artist, and just inside a fascinating maid opens a can of Libbey's Corned-beef Hash. I am sorry to say that the Father and Mother of Our Country honour the backs of some playing-cards (cannot the ladies of the W. C. T. U. switch off from the canteen on to this?), and the popular author of *Hand Sapolio* offers yet another story.

The Critic, as behooves it, is more distinctly literary in tone, with accounts of Rare and Curious Books, Artistic Stationery and Desk Ornaments, and Cards from Authors' Agencies, Bureaus for Correcting MSS., and those "untiring people who daily supply one with the thinking of one's critics."

I apologise for neglecting so many features of the magazines with which we are all familiar: "Instruction at Home," "Tooth Washes," "Naphtha Launches," "Lamp Chimneys," "Shingle Stains," "Artistic Mantels," "Model Homes on Easy Payment," our old friends the canned soups, and the placid, united fam-

ilies seated about various pianolas, angeluses, graphophones, *et al.*

On the whole, one arises from a reading of the magazines distinctly encouraged. It is a literature full of promise—brave, exultant. It might well be prescribed by physicians for patients recovering from the grippe, when one always looks on life through blue spectacles. Why, there is magic in turning over these pages. "The ills that human flesh is heir to"—it is evident that to Hamlet was denied the advantages of a course in magazine reading. In the bright annals of magazine literature there *are* no ills (at least, none that cannot be cured by ME). Here do we not learn that "Deafness can be relieved and prevented," "Pimples may easily be removed," "Intemperance cured by your wife without your knowing it," "Stammering is cured by correspondence," "The fat may easily become thin," and "The thin as easily become fat," "Cancer is cured without the knife," "Rheumatism without medicine," "Stomach troubles "without opiates or cathartics," "Blindness "by absorption," "Consumptives in the last stages of the disease need no longer worry about the future"?

Sirs, believe me, 'tis a good, kind world. Not only this little matter of no

incurable disease, but beauty, health, success, may all be secured by "My system," and here's my "phiz" with my new way of wearing my beard to prove it, and a letter from my best patient from Oklahoma to conquer your last wavering doubt. Positions of trust secured on payment of a postage stamp, six per cent. bearing gilt-edged bonds for the asking, butchers' bills are effete remnants of an unscientifically fed age, gas bills will grow less, and a perfect substitute for coal has been found; while one cannot purchase an article from a couch to a cottage without putting money into one's pocket, so one's wife can easily master the science of growing rich.

Who can deny that the magazines are the most potent champions of romanticism left us to-day? Believe it all? Why, there is a horse smilingly pacing by the side of an automobile, so it would be foolish to strain at gnats. Delightful, transcendently beautiful world of magazine literature! say I, in which the plumbing never leaks, the hard-wood floors never lose their polish, in which the telephone rings not, and the automobile puffs not, neither does it smell. Commend me to it for an hour or two of pure, unadulterated joy!

Annie Nathan Meyer.



THE MURDERER

To them that murder Love, of no avail
 Shall be the penance of a thousand years!
 At every midnight to my soul appears
 Upon the sea of sleep a spectral sail;
 I see the moonlight wavering and pale
 On the remembered face of him that steers,
 Deep graven with the ghosts of many tears—
 The hopelessness of them that love and fail.

And when in the dawn-twilight cold and grey
 I wake, despair and emptiness are mine.
 Though I implore, the vision will not stay;
 But on the purple dim horizon line
 There lies a deeper shadow for a sign
 That in the night a soul has passed that way.

Elsa Barker.

FAMOUS NOVELS AND THEIR CONTEMPORARY CRITICS

I. "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

Ten or twelve years after the world first made the acquaintance of Uncle Tom and Topsy and little Eva and St. Clair and "Miss Feely," at a time when the clouds hanging over the nation were blackest, President Lincoln met Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe for the first time. "So this is the little woman," he said, "who brought on this big war." For though the question of slavery was the question which had agitated and divided the nation since the early years of the nineteenth century, it had been a question for statesmen and politicians to discuss and for newspapers to wrangle about. It was *Uncle Tom's Cabin* that carried it into the very homes of the people, rousing those in the North to indignation and stirring the South to resentment. As to whether it was an accurate and conservative description of the existing conditions in the slave-holding States, "a triumph of reality;" or, on the other hand, "a monstrous distortion inspired by Abolitionist fanaticism, and designed to excite sectional discord," it is not easy to say. By few if any of those who read it as it appeared serially in the *National Era*, or when it was first published in book form, was it judged with any degree of dispassion. To some of them it seemed "infamous," to others "inspired." Consequently, there has probably never been another book which calls out so many diverse opinions. Those who discussed it in print were in no mood to do so with restraint and judgment. The novel, the piece of literary work, was lost sight of in the cause it championed, and each critic found in it the reason for an article designed to set forth the writer's own personal beliefs and prejudices. Hence, in the matter of its contemporary criticism, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* occupies a unique place among the famous works of fiction.

The *National Era*, in which the novel appeared serially, had been established in Washington in 1847. Its editor was Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, a prominent Abolitionist, and the *Era* became the recog-

nised organ of the anti-slavery party in the national capital. Several times the *Era* passed through the ordeal of mob violence. Dr. Bailey wrote to Mrs. Stowe, asking her to write a story for the paper which should aim to further the cause with which they both were so much in sympathy. The result was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which began in 1851. It was originally intended by Mrs. Stowe that the story should run through three or four numbers; instead, it ran through about fifty, and when, in 1852, it was brought out in book form by a Boston publishing house, its fame was secure.

I.

To readers of a later generation the opinions of a book's enemies must, of course, be more interesting than those of its friends. So we shall begin with some extracts from the press of the Southern States. The following is from the *Southern Literary Messenger* for June, 1853. The *Messenger*, published in Richmond, was probably the leading literary periodical of the South. The review from which we quote was provoked by the publication of *The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Apropos to *The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Mrs. Stowe protrudes herself again upon our notice, and though we have no predilections for the disgusting office of castigating such offences as hers and rebuking the incendiary publications of a woman, yet the character of the present attack and the bad emanations which she and her books have both won render a prompt notice of the present encyclopedia of slander even more necessary than any reply to her previous fiction. Her second appearance on the stage of civil dissension and social polemics is much changed from what it was at the time when her first revelations were given to the world. She was then an obscure Yankee schoolmistress, eaten up with fanaticism, festering with the malignant virus of abolitionism, self-sanctified by the virtues of a Pharisaic religion devoted to the assertion of women's rights, and an enthusiastic believer

in many neoteric heresies, but she was comparatively harmless as being almost entirely unknown. She has now by a rapid ascent and by a single dash risen to unequaled celebrity and notoriety, and at the present moment she can give currency to her treacherous doctrines and her big budget of scandal by the prestige of unprecedented success. That success has been attained less by the imaginary merits of the fiction, though these obtained unmeasured commendation, than by the inherent vices of the work. Its unblushing falsehood was its chief passport to popular acceptance, but however acquired, she has certainly won a brilliant vantage ground for the repetition of her assault upon the South. Is she not now hailed as the great prophetess of the wretched by the multitudes of the earth?

. . . The Southern States of the Union and the institution of slavery are proposed as the scapegoat for the sins and the expiation for the miseries of all humanity. Mrs. Stowe is worshipped as the chosen messenger of heaven to whom the revelation of this new and easy atonement has been committed, and who has been entrusted with the sole gate to salvation. The Pharisees of Northern abolition are taught a pleasant escape from the consciousness of their own iniquities and domestic disorders by magnifying the supposed guilt of their neighbours and concentrating their whole attention upon the only scene in which they do not more zealously participate. . . . Before touching the Key, however, we have a preliminary remark to introduce which may seem foreign to our immediate subject, but is most intimately combined with it as explaining and perpetuating the agitation which Mrs. Stowe has been able to excite. It is a horrible thought that a woman should write or a lady read such productions as those by which a celebrity has been acquired. Are scenes of license and impurity, and ideas of loathesome depravity and habitual prostitution to be made the cherished topics of the female pen, and the familiar staple of domestic consideration for promiscuous conversation? Is the mind of woman to be tainted, seduced, contaminated, and her heart disenchanted of its native purity of sentiment by the unblushing perusal, the free discussion and the frequent imitation of such thinly veiled pictures of corruption? Can a lady of stainless mind read such works without a blush of confusion, or a man think of their being habitually read by ladies without shame and repugnance? It is sufficiently disgraceful that a woman should be the instrument of disseminating the vile stream of contagion, but it is intolerable

that Southern women should defile themselves by bringing the putrid waters to their lips. If they will drink of them in secret, let them repent in secret, and not make vices unknown to the ears of the pure and upright of their sex the subject of daily thought and conversation. Grant that every accusation brought by Mrs. Stowe is perfectly true, that every vice alleged occurs as she has represented, the pollution of such literature to the mind and heart of woman is not less but, perhaps, even more to be apprehended. It may accord with the gross fancies and coarse nature of a Cincinnati schoolmistress to revel over the imagination or the reality of corruptions with which she is much more conversant than the majority of Southern gentlemen, but the license of a ribald tongue must be excluded from the sanctity of the domestic hearth. If Mrs. Stowe will chronicle or imagine the incidents of debauchery, let us hope that women, and especially Southern women, will not be found poring over her pages.

St. Louis in 1852 was a city divided in its allegiance. The *St. Louis Western Journal and Civilian*, in an article which conceded that "with all its faults" *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was no ordinary book, said in part:

Most Southern readers, and it is to be hoped very many of their Northern countrymen, will be painfully impressed with her neglect—a neglect not confined to her, but general to the class of writers to which she belongs—of truthfulness in her details. Even the license allowed the historical novelist is exceeded here, and that in a work aimed at an institution existing in a large portion of the Union, and where very little license is allowable. Exaggeration pervades the whole; characters, uncommon anywhere, in any state of society, however Christian or refined are held up as types of a race long held in a state of mental and moral degradation. The literature of the Abolition Society is at last aspiring to something above mere handbills and tracts.

From the *Weekly Picayune*, New Orleans, August 30th, 1852:

It is stated in Eastern papers that an experienced writer in Boston is engaged in dramatising the abolition novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and that it is about to be produced upon the stage in that city. The gross misrepresentations of the South which have been propagated so extensively through the press with the lau-

dations of editors, politicians and pious fanatics of the pulpit, are to be presented in tableaux, and the lies they contain acted by living libellers before crowds of deluded spectators. The stage is to be employed in depicting to the people of the North the whole body of the people of the South as living in a state of profligacy, cruelty and crime, tyrants who fear not God and cruelly oppress their fellow-creatures, and the drama is thus enlisted among the promoters of sectional hatred, a teacher and preacher of national discord, whose end inevitably would be the disruption of the Union. How long is it supposed that political harmony can subsist after the alienation, the feeling, shall have been fully established which this organised system of misrepresentation and insult on one side and the natural instincts of resentment and retaliation on the other must create? What better materials can be found for mutual hatred and perpetual warfare? How long would men consent to live together on such terms; and from a severed Union what else can follow but open and unappeasable hostilities? The tendency of all the anti-slavery demonstrations in the North, abolition novels, abolition lectures, pictorial abolitionism, and now the abuse of the stage to the purpose of calumny and insult in aid of abolitionism, is to create a more intense international enmity than could ever rage between nations of different languages and institutions. There are no feuds so deadly as those of disunited families, no enemy so re-

morseless as brothers who have once torn asunder all the ties and charities of kindred blood. It is with a shudder that all these consequences which the folly and cupidity of the times will not see that we read of the popularity at the North of such books as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and the attempts to give it a more effective form by presenting it on the stage, fixing it with all the arts of scenery on

the memory of thousands who do not read as a true picture of life and morals at the South, bringing up a new generation with the ineradicable idea that there is in one-half the territory of the United States a people to whom the monstrous inhumanities and shameless corruptions described with so much deplorable art by this authoress are familiar and welcome as their daily food. The success of the attempt must be a dreadful calamity, the source of innumerable horrors to both sections and both races, and even if it should not



H. B. Stowe

prove to be successful, the attempt itself is a great crime, meriting universal abhorrence. It is deplorable that a woman should be the chief instrument in this labour of mischief. We know nothing of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe except from her book, but there is enough in that to give her an odious notoriety. She has too much mind not to comprehend the wicked injustice and dangerous consequences of the distorted picture she has drawn of slave life and Southern morals. She knows that a picture of Northern society, in which the Polly Bodines, the Ann Hoags and John W. Websters

portrayed as true representatives of the principles and habits of New York or Massachusetts would be as correct in material facts as her story of planting life in the South, and she would no doubt feel an inexpressible disgust for the yellow-bound literature which should circulate such abominations. But her own task has been not a particle more honourable; nay, her work ought to be ranked below those in its moral purpose, and herself rebuked with sterner severity because she has degraded to her unseemly and mischievous labours the powers which might have been usefully and gracefully devoted to delicate and womanly compositions. The secret of this voluntary debasement is, we fear, to be found in a calculation of profit most greedily masculine, in the misusing of her thoughts for the sake of gain. The dollars with which she has been enabled to make herself rich, to buy that snug country-place, and seat herself down for a life of luxurious leisure, had more attractions for her than the love of truth or the natural feminine instincts for peace. Hence, she dipped her pen in the bitterest gall of malevolence, and has written one of the most abominable libels which the age has produced, full of all manner of calumnies and uncharitableness, and provocative of mischief beyond her power to check if she would. Such a desecration of woman's nature is a sorry and a rare sight even in this age of feminine aspirations to rivalry with man in all his harshest of traits and all his most unamiable pursuits.

From the Southern Press:

Mrs. Stowe may have seen during her residence in Cincinnati, in the arrival and departure of emigrants and in the trade and navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi, more families separated forever; she must know that from that single city more husbands, brothers, sons and fathers have gone voluntarily, as she calls it, from wives, mothers and children, and in pursuit of trade met with untimely death by fevers and cholera on the river or in the wilderness, leaving their families to suffer from want, their children to perish from neglect, than probably all who have been separated by the slave trade. Why don't she write a romance against emigration and navigation and commerce? They are all permitted by our laws. But Mrs. Stowe complains that slavery gives to one man the power over another to do these things. Well, does not freedom, as she calls it? Cannot the landlord of Cincinnati turn out a family from his dwelling if

unable to pay the rent? Cannot those who have food and raiment refuse them to such as are unable to buy? And does not Mrs. Stowe herself virtually do these very things? Suppose a poor man were to present himself to her and say: "Madam, I am a poor man with a large family, and we are destitute. And unless you prevent it, I shall be compelled to-morrow to hire myself as a hand on a flat-boat for New Orleans, and, besides exposing myself to the cholera and yellow fever, leave my wife in delicate health, my oldest daughter to the dangers of a large city without a protector, and my young ones to the diseases that depopulate the infancy of this place every summer. Now I have read your novel, and I understand that you have already received a large fortune by the copyright of it. Now we are equals, except that I have none of your education, and that is not my fault. Yet somehow or other the laws of this free-soil State allow you to keep thousands of dollars in bank which you do not need, whilst I, for the want of a small part of it, am doomed to separation from all I hold dear." We doubt whether Mrs. Stowe would recognise the cogency of this argument.

From the Southern Quarterly Review, January, 1853:

To disprove slanders thus impudently uttered and obstinately persevered in is impossible unless those who are to judge the question had some little insight into the facts of the case, and could know something of our habits and our laws, thus being enabled to judge of the respective worth of the testimony brought before them. So far from this being the case in the present question, not only is our cause prejudged, but our very accusers assume to be our judges. They make the assertion, they swear to its truth, they pronounce sentence, and then at once judge, jury, witness and plaintiff, they set up the most lamentable wailing over the horrible creations of their own fancy. To those who are determined to credit such assertions in spite of all testimony, no argument can be of avail. To such as are willing to hear both sides we have endeavoured to invalidate Mrs. Stowe's testimony by proving that so far from being well acquainted with our habits and manners she has probably never set foot in our country, and is ignorant alike of our manners, feelings and even habits of language. She makes her Southern ladies and gentlemen talk rather vulgar Yankee-English. Her Louisiana negroes all talk "Kentuck."

II.

In taking up the subject of Uncle Tom's appreciation in the Northern States, it is curious to note the small impression the book apparently made in the office of the *Liberator* of Boston. The *Liberator* was professedly the organ of the New England Abolitionists. In its columns its editor, William Lloyd Garrison, had been thundering out his weekly diatribe against the slaveholding States. A great part of the paper was given over to clippings inimical to the South, designed to rouse Northern indignation and to inflame Southern resentment. Yet in the *Liberator*, the review of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which appeared in the issue for March 26th, 1852, was not only unenthusiastic, it was actually unsympathetic. Mrs. Stowe and her book were damned with faint praise and roundly scored for what the reviewer called "her objectionable sentiments respecting African colonization."

The Boston *Morning Post* expressed itself in another tone:

Since *Jane Eyre* no book has had so sudden and so great a success on this side of the Atlantic as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Everybody has read it, is reading it, or is about to read it, and certainly it is one of the most remarkable literary productions of the time, an evident result of some of the highest attributes of the novel writer.

As all the world knows, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* purports to be a picture of slavery as it now exists in the Southern States. It is an attempt to present the accidental and inevitable evils of slavery side by side with the practical advantages of the system in its paternal care of a long-depressed, if not actually inferior, race. It paints both slaveholder and slave, and no one can doubt the intention of the author to deal justly with both, nothing extenuating and setting down naught in malice. The incidents are stated to be drawn from the personal experiences of the writer or her most immediate friends, and we believe it is universally admitted that as a mere story the book is of intense interest. . . . But brilliant as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is as a literary work, it is yet more creditable to the author in another point of view. It appears that, unlike most women, and very many men, Mrs. Stowe has the high ability of looking on both sides of one question. With feelings and principles equally opposed

to slavery for its inevitable evils as well as its accidental abuses, she is yet able to paint the slaveholder as he lives and moves with no touch of bigotry or fanaticism. More than this, Mrs. Stowe has fairly presented the various arguments in favour of slavery and the various feelings which exist in the mind of the South in reference to this terrible evil, and indeed were it not for the incidental remarks in the book, one would be rather puzzled to say from the dialogue alone what were Mrs. Stowe's real sentiments. Both sides are presented with heart, soul and strength.

A severe tone of Northern disfavour runs through the review of the New York *Courier and Inquirer* for October 21st, 1852:

It is not only untrue, but it is untruthful. It conveys erroneous impressions, it introduces false conclusions. It is not, as it purports to be, a picture of slavery as it is. All the two hundred thousand Englishmen, and no small number of the one hundred thousand Americans, who now have it in their hands are duped men. It is not one individual alone against whom Mrs. Stowe has borne false witness, she has slandered hundreds of thousands of her own countrymen. She has done it by attaching to them, as slaveholders, in the eyes of the world, the guilt of the abuses of an institution of which they are absolutely guiltless.

The New York *Evening Post* of June 16th, 1852, in an editorial entitled "We Must Judge by What we are Compelled to See," said in part:

The *Southern Press* of yesterday, which we remark is principally filled with extracts from the Boston *Commonwealth* in denunciation of slavery, and thus makes itself an accomplice in the circulation of abolition sentiments in the South, complains, in a notice of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, that the work is a caricature of slavery. "It selects," says the *Southern Press*, "the most odious features of slavery, the escape and pursuit of fugitive slaves, the sale and separation of domestic slaves," etc. We might say in behalf of the book, to which the *Southern Press* devotes its leading article, a column in length, that it is a mistake to affirm that the worst features of slavery only are selected in the portraiture given by the author. On the contrary, she sets before her readers a picture, honourable not to the institution but to many who live under it, of a planter's

family, the slaves of which are treated with exemplary kindness and unvarying humanity, a kindness not merely good-natured and well-meaning, but judicious and painstaking.

III.

From the criticisms which we reprint below some small idea may be had of the excitement which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* created in England; an excitement which in a minor degree was shared by all the Continental nations. A very short time after the book originally appeared in this country, it had been translated all over Europe. In French it became *La Case de l'Oncle Tom*; in German, *Onkel Tom's Hütte*; in Danish, *Onkel Tomas*; in Dutch, *De Negerhut*; in Flemish, *De hut van Onkel Tom*; in Hungarian, *Tamá's Batya*; in Italian, *La Capanna dello Zio Tommaso*; in Polish, *Chata Wujá Tomassa*; in Portuguese, *A Cabana do Pai Thomaz*; in Spanish, *La Cabaña del Tío Tom*; in Russian, *Khizhina dyadi Toma*; in Swedish, *Onkel Tom's Stuga*. Thirty years later, at a garden party given in honour of Mrs. Stowe, to commemorate her seventieth birthday, Oliver Wendell Holmes referred to these foreign editions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the following lines:

If every tongue that speaks her praise,
For whom I shape my tinkling phrase,
Were summoned to the table,
The vocal chorus that would meet,
Of mingled accents, harsh or sweet,
From every land and tribe, would beat
The polyglots of Babel.

Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,
High Dutchman and Low Dutchman too,
The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,
Arab, Armenian and Manchoo,
Would shout, "We know the lady!"

The scope of the interest in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in England may be gauged by the appended rather brief quotations from some of the more important reviews.

The following is from the London *Times* of September 1st, 1852:

Twenty thousand copies of this book, according to its title page, are circulating among

the American people, but three times as many thousands more have probably issued from the American press since the title page was written. Already, according to the *Boston Traveller*, the authoress has received from her publishers the sum of \$10,300 as her copyright premium on three months' sale of the work—we believe the largest sum of money ever received by any author, either American or European, from the sales of a single book in so short a period of time. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is at every railway bookstore in England, and in every third traveller's hand. The book is a decided hit. It takes its place with *Pickwick*, with *Louis Napoleon*, with the mendicant who suddenly discovers himself heir to twenty thousand pounds a year, and in fact with every man whose good fortune it has been to fall asleep Nobody and to awake in the morning an institution in the land. It is impossible not to feel respect for *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Here follows an analysis of the plot of the book. The *Times* points out the fatal mistake it considers Mrs. Stowe to have made in painting her negroes, mulattoes and quadroons in the very whitest white.

The gravest fault of the book has, however, to be mentioned. Its object is to abolish slavery. Its effect will be to render slavery more difficult than ever of abolishment. Its very popularity constitutes its greatest difficulty. It will keep ill blood at boiling-point, and irritate instead of pacifying those whose proceedings Mrs. Stowe is anxious to influence on behalf of humanity. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was not required to convince the haters of slavery of the abomination of the institution. Of all books it is the least calculated to weigh with those whose prejudices in favour of slavery have yet to be overcome, and whose interests are involved in the perpetuation of the system. If slavery is to cease in America, and if the people of the United States who fought and bled for their liberty and nobly won it are to remove the disgrace that attaches to them for forging chains for others which they will not tolerate on their own limbs, the work of enfranchisement must be a movement not forced upon slave owners, but voluntarily undertaken, accepted and carried out by the whole community. . . . The writer of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and similar well-disposed authors, have yet to learn that to excite the passions of their readers in favour of their

philanthropic schemes is the very worst mode of getting rid of a difficulty which, whoever may be to blame for its existence, is part and parcel of the whole social organisation, of a large proportion of the States, and cannot be forcibly removed without instant anarchy and

achieve a work far nobler than that of winning her own political independence. The civilisation of Africa hangs largely upon her wisdom. A quarter of the world may be Christianised by the act which enables America to perform the first of Christian duties. We have said that



Annist Beecher Howe
1896

all its accompanying mischief. . . . The refuge afforded by Liberia for the gradual reception of the civilised slaves of the United States, we hold to be the most promising element in the question, upon the tranquil settlement of which the happiness and political existence of the United States depend. It will enable America to save herself and to

the process of liberation is going on, and that we are convinced the South, in its own interests, will not be laggard in the labour. Liberia and similar spots on the earth's surface proffer aid to the South which cannot be rejected with safety. That the aid may be accepted with alacrity and good heart, let us have no more *Uncle Tom's Cabins* engendering ill

will, keeping up bad blood and rendering well-disposed, humane, but critically placed men their own enemies and the stumbling-blocks to civilisation and to the spread of glad tidings from heaven.

A writer in the *Literary World* brought against Mrs. Stowe the charge of plagiarism, pointing out and proving that the weakest part of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had been borrowed from Mrs. Sherwood, and that little Eva was unquestionably nothing more than an adaptation of the little Henry of the English lady.

The London *Christian Observer* published a long article in its October, 1852, number, in which, after much moralising, it smugly concludes:

On the whole we venture to hope that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is destined to achieve a great work in the world. We are by no means among the number who despair of great and good things among our trans-Atlantic relations. . . . Good English blood runs in the veins of a large proportion of the population; and this will at length force its way to their hearts.

The *Prospective Review* of London, in an article published in its number for November, 1852, finds the prominent excellence of the book to be its moderation.

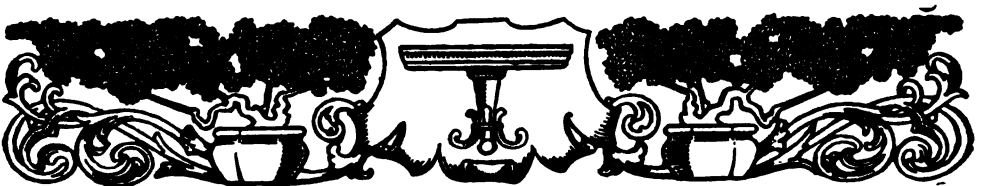
From some previous experience in works of a similar tendency, from a knowledge of the exciting nature of the subject, and in some degree, too, if we may venture to say so, from the sex of the authoress, we had prepared ourselves for a dash of impassioned advocacy, for horrors heaped upon horrors, fiends in human shape gibbering on every page, the constant surging of the lash, the frequent hiss of the branding iron, and influenced by a natural dislike to more horrors than must perforce be encountered in daily life, and the consciousness that our personal indignation against slavery

needed no such stirring up, we had resolved to rank ourselves among the few who had not read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. We need hardly say how agreeably we were disappointed when at last we were induced to take up the book.

Blackwood's Magazine, in a review printed in October, 1853, appraises *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as unquestionably a remarkable book.

Upon the whole we are not surprised at its prodigious success even as a mere literary performance, but whether it will have any direct effect upon the dreadful institution at which it is aimed may be regarded as problematical. Of one thing we are persuaded, that its author, as she has displayed in this work undoubted genius, in some respects of a higher order than any American predecessor or contemporary, is also a woman of unaffected and profound piety, and an ardent friend of the unhappy black. Every word in her pages issues glistening and warm from the mint of woman's love and sympathy, refined and purified by Christianity. We never saw in any other work so many and such sudden irresistible appeals to the reader's heart, appeals which, moreover, only a wife and a mother could make. Mrs. Stowe is unquestionably a woman of genius. . . . It is evident that the writings of one English author at least of the present day have made a deep impression on Mrs. Stowe. This is Mr. Dickens, with whom indeed she has much in common, but he must not attribute it to mere gallantry if we express our opinion that there are parts of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* which he can never surpass, which he never has surpassed. . . . It occurs to us that had Mr. Dickens passed his life among the same scenes as Mrs. Stowe, making allowance for certain special circumstances affecting the latter, he would have produced a work very similar in both its faults and excellencies to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.



THE FUTURE OF THE DRAMA

I.

When we stand upon the portal of a new century a glance back may serve to reassure us for a gaze forward; although we must acknowledge that in the nineteenth century, as indeed in the eighteenth also, the drama did not pass through a splendid period of expansion such as made glorious its history in the seventeenth century. We are forced to remark that in the course of the last two hundred years the drama had lost its literary supremacy, partly as a result of its own enfeeblement, and partly in consequence of the overwhelming competition of prose-fiction, which was able to perform in the nineteenth century even more than it had promised in the eighteenth.

But we are encouraged to note that a score of years before the century drew to an end the novel was beginning to show signs of slackening energy, while the play was apparently again gathering strength for a sharper rivalry. In German and in English, in Italian and in Spanish, young writers of ardent ambition were mastering the methods of the theatre and were recognising in the drama the form in which they could best express themselves and in which they could body forth most satisfactorily their own vision of life, with its trials, its ironies, and its problems. Even in French, in which language the drama had flourished most abundantly during the middle of the century only to languish a little toward the end, the final years were to be illumined by the triumphs of a young poet, possessed of a delightful fantasy and initiated into every secret of stagecraft. And afar in the Scandinavian land, which seems so remote to most of us, there still towered the stern figure of the powerful playwright whose stimulating influence had been felt in the dramatic literature of every modern language.

Thus we catch a glimpse of one of the most striking characteristics of the modern theatre—its extraordinary cosmopolitanism which made possible the performance of *Cyrano de Bergerac* and of the *Doll's House* in every quarter of the globe. Not only can we find French and German plays acted frequently in New

York, but we are glad to record that the English-speaking stage was again exporting its products, and that Mr. Bronson Howard's *Saratoga* was performed in Berlin, Mr. Gillette's *Secret Service* in Paris, and Mr. Pinero's *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* in Rome. Even more noteworthy is the fact that the playgoers of New York had been permitted to see an English play, *Hamlet*, acted by a French company, a German play, *Magda*, acted by an Italian company, and a Russian play, the *Power of Darkness*, acted by a German company.

An educated man to-day is more than a native of his own country: he is also a citizen of the world, just as the educated man was in the Middle Ages when all Europe was governed by the Church of Rome and by the Holy Roman Empire, and when all men of learning wrote in Latin and studied the same Roman law. The spread of instruction, the ability to understand other languages than the native tongue, and the intelligent curiosity of the more cultivated public, have brought about a unity in modern literature like that which was visible in medieval literature before the Renaissance came and before the population of Europe was segregated into separate peoples, hostile and intolerant. We have not let go the idea of nationality, and indeed we cherish it unceasingly; but we are not now afraid to see the idea of cosmopolitanism grafted on it.

In the Middle Ages the drama was almost the same everywhere; and a French mystery was always very like an English mystery, just as an Italian sacred representation was very similar to a Spanish sacramental act. So at the beginning of the twentieth century the forms of the drama are almost identical throughout the civilised world. In structure there is little difference nowadays between an English play and a Spanish—far less than there was when John Webster and Lope de Vega were almost simultaneously putting upon the stage the pitiful story of the sad Duchess of Malfi. There is a flavour of the soil about the *Doll's House*, about *Magda*, and about the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray*; the first is unmistakably Scandinavian, the second is indubitably Teutonic, and the third is frankly Brit-

ish; but in form there is little to distinguish them from one another—just as there is nothing in the structure of any one of them to differentiate it from *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, or from the *Frou-frou*, written in French during the same half century.

II.

The cosmopolitanism of our civilisation at the beginning of the twentieth century, the eagerness of artists of every nationality to profit by what they can learn from their fellow-craftsmen in other capitals, the widespread international borrowing—these are not the sole causes of the similarity of structure observable in the pieces of the chief living playwrights of to-day. There is another reason to be detected by extending our glance into the past history of the drama and piercing beyond the Middle Ages into antiquity. If we do this we cannot fail to see that this likeness of the English play and the German play to the French play is due in part to the fact that in all the modern languages the drama has reached an advanced period of its evolution, when it has definitely specialised itself and when it has been able to disentangle itself from the other and non-dramatic elements with which it was perforce commingled in the more primitive periods.

The history of the drama is the long record of the effort of the dramatist to get hold of the essentially dramatic and to cast out everything else. The essence of the drama is a representation of a human will exerting itself against an opposing force; and the playwright has ever been seeking the means of presenting his conflict without admixture of anything else. The tragedy of the Greeks, elaborated out of rustic song and dance, retained to the end the evidences of its origin, not only in the lyrics of the chorus but in their vocal music and in their sculpturesque attitudes. The drama of the Elizabethans, descended directly from the mysteries and moralities of the Middle Ages, was often prosily didactic, one character being permitted to discourse at undue length, in much the same fashion as the mediæval expositor, and another being allowed to deliver a bravura passage, lyric or rhetorical, not unlike the tenor solo of Italian opera, fre-

quently delightful in itself but always undramatic.

The stage of the Elizabethan theatre was sometimes in the course of a single play made to serve as a pulpit for a sermon, a platform for a lecture, and a singing-gallery for a ballad; and it would be easy enough to single out scores of passages, even in Shakespeare, which exist for their own sake and which are not integral to the play wherein they are embedded. But Shakespeare could when he chose anticipate the more modern swiftness and singleness of purpose; and sometimes when he was inspired by his theme, as in *Macbeth* and *Othello*, he put all his strength in the depicting of the central struggle which was at the heart of his play. He excluded all accidental and adventitious superfluities, of which the most of his fellow-playwrights never thought of depriving themselves. There is also to be remarked in the Elizabethan plays generally a narrative freedom which is epic rather than dramatic. So in the plays written under Louis XIV. there is to be observed, more especially in Corneille's tragedies, an oratorical tendency, a proneness to formal argument, which is equally aside from the truly dramatic.

But this confusion is not peculiar to the drama and it is to be studied in all the other arts also. As M. Émile Faguet has put it clearly, "literatures always begin with works in which the various species are either fused or confused, depending on the genius of the authors; they always continue with works in which the distinction of species is observed; and they always end with works which embrace only the half or the quarter or the tenth of a single species." In other words, there is always increasing differentiation; there is an advance from the heterogeneous to the homogeneous; and M. Faguet gives as a typical example the simplification of Greek comedy. He asserts that the lyrical-burlesque of Aristophanes was more or less a medley of every possible species—"true comedy, farce, pantomime, *opéra-bouffe*, ballet, fairy spectacle, political satire, literary satire;" and yet, in the course of less than a century, little by little, whatever did not belong strictly to pure comedy was eliminated. The chorus was cast aside, taking with it the opera, the ballet, the fairy

spectacle: and with the departure of the parabasis personal satire went also, taking eloquence with it. So the lyrical burlesque of Aristophanes was slowly simplified into the comic drama of Menander, which is but "the witty and delicate depicting of average manners." Latin comedy followed Greek comedy slavishly; but French comedy, although it inherited the classic traditions, still further differentiated itself into sub-species, Molière, for example, showing how pure comedy could sustain itself without the aid of farce.

The simplification of the primitive play, which was carelessly comprehensive in its scope, has been the result of a steadily increasing artistic sense. It is due chiefly to the growth of a critical temper which is no longer content to enjoy unthinkingly and which is educating itself to find pleasure in the purity of type. This more delicate appreciation of æsthetic propriety is likely to be gratified only in the higher efforts of the dramatist, in those plays which plainly aspire to be judged also as literature. We need not look for anything of the sort in the more boisterous popular pieces which make no pretence to literary merit. In sensational melodrama, for example, we are none of us shocked by the commingling of farce and tragedy; and in operetta we are not even surprised by the admixture of lyric sentimentality and horse-play fun-making. But the more literary a play may be, the more elevated its quality, the more carefully we expect it to avoid incongruity and to conform to the type of its species.

It seems now as though the unliterary plays, like melodramas and operettas, would always owe some portion of their popularity to sheer spectacle, to extraneous allurements devised to tickle the ears or to glut the eyes of the unthinking populace. But it is evident also that the critical spirit of the more cultivated playgoers is now inclined to resent the inclusion in the literary drama of anything foreign to the main theme, whether this extraneous matter is didactic or lyric, rhetorical or oratorical. They prefer that the stage should not be a platform or a pulpit. In Athens under Pericles, and in London under Elizabeth, the poets who wrote plays were addressing audiences which had not read the newspapers and which

might welcome instruction nowadays needless. The impatient playgoers of our own time can see no reason why they also should not profit by the invention of printing; and they are quick to resent any digression from the straight path of the plot. They are frankly annoyed when the author ventures to halt the action that he may deliver a sermon, an oration, or a lecture, that he may declaim a descriptive report or an editorial article. They have not come to the theatre to be instructed, but to be delighted by the specific pleasure that only the theatre can give.

III.

This elimination from our latter-day stage-plays of all the non-dramatic elements which are so abundant in the earlier periods of the drama has been accompanied, and indeed greatly aided, by certain striking changes in the physical conditions of performance, and, more especially, in the shape and size and circumstances of the theatre itself. The modern playhouse is as unlike as possible, not only to the spacious Theatre of Dionysus in Athens, with its many thousand spectators seated along the curving hillside, but also to the Globe Theatre and its contemporary rivals in London and in Madrid, which were only unroofed courtyards.

The plays of Sophocles were performed outdoors, where the wind from the Ægean Sea might flutter the robes of the actors; and the plays of Shakespeare and of Calderon were performed in buildings open to the sky, so that a sudden rain-storm might interfere sadly with the telling of the tale. The English and the Spanish playwrights were like the Greek in that they all had to depend on the daylight. The pieces of Molière were performed by candle-light in a weather-tight hall and on a stage decked with the actual scenery, which had been lacking in London and Madrid, as well as in Athens: and this is one reason why Molière was able to perfect the outward form of the modern play. The comedies of Sheridan and of Beaumarchais were produced originally in theatres externally similar to ours of to-day, but huge in size, villainously ill-lighted with oil lamps, and having a stage the curve of which projected far beyond the proscenium arch. It was

on this space, beyond the curtain and close to the feeble footlights, that all the vital episodes of the play had to be acted, because it was only there that the expression of the actor's visage could be made visible to the spectators.

The most marked differences between our more modern playhouses at the beginning of the twentieth century and their predecessors a hundred years ago are due to the improvement in the methods of lighting, gas giving a far better light than oil, and the later electricity having many advantages over gas. As a result of the newer means of illumination the actor can now stand on whatever part of the stage it is best for him to place himself, and he is no longer forced to come down to the centre of the footlights so that his features may be in the full glare of the "focus" (as it used to be termed). The footlights themselves are of less importance, since there are now "border-lights" and "bunch-lights," and since the whole stage can be flooded with a sudden glare or instantly plunged in darkness at the turn of a handle or two. The space that used to curve out into the auditorium has been cut back to the curtain; and the proscenium opening has now assumed the form of a picture-frame, within which the curtain rises and falls and before which no actor has any occasion to advance.

This change is much more momentous than it may seem at first sight—indeed, it is probable that its influence will be far-reaching. Only in the score or two years since the proscenium has become a picture-frame have all the audience been seated in front of the performers. Until then the acting had always taken place in a space more or less surrounded by the spectators and in closest proximity to them. In Greece the chorus and the three actors played their parts in the orchestra, around which the citizens sat in tiers that rose high on the sides of the hill. In England in the Middle Ages the performers may have presented the major portion of their mystery on the separate pageants, but not a little of the action was represented in the neutral ground around and between the pageants, and therefore in the midst of the assembled sight-seers; and in England, again, under Elizabeth, the stage was but a bare platform thrust out into the yard, with some of the spectators sitting along the

edges of it and with the most of them standing on three sides. In France after the *Cid* of Corneille and until after the *Semiramis* of Voltaire a portion of the audience was also accommodated with seats on the stage. And in the eighteenth century, as we have seen, the stage curved forward into the auditorium far beyond the stage-boxes, the spectators in these being able to see the actors only in profile.

But in the eighteenth century the stage had been so far withdrawn that the use of the curtain became general to mark the division into acts. The absence of a curtain had forced Sophocles and Shakespeare to end their pieces by withdrawing all the characters from the view of the spectators; and even Molière and Voltaire, perhaps in deference to the presence of those who sat on the stage, always marked the end of an act by a general exit of the performers. Not until the nineteenth century was well advanced did the dramatic poets begin to avail themselves of the advantages of "discovering" one or more characters in sight as the curtain rose, and of dropping it at the end of the act upon several characters grouped picturesquely.

The modern playhouse differs from its predecessors of past ages in the power to illuminate every part of the stage. Sometimes we are inclined to suppose that gorgeous spectacle, elaborate scenery and ingenuity of mechanical effects are characteristics of our latter-day theatres only; but when we consider the records we soon find that this is not the fact. The late M. Nutter, archivist of the Opéra in Paris (than whom there was no higher authority), once assured me that there was no spectacular device in which the Italians of the Renaissance had not anticipated the utmost endeavour of the moderns. Leonardo and his followers foresaw all that could be done in this direction; and they invented many a marvel for the royal processions and for the court-ballets with which their princes liked to amuse themselves. It was in Italy that Inigo Jones learned the secrets of the wonders he was wont to display in the beautiful masques for which Ben Jonson found fit words.

IV.

The Italian scene-painters and their apt pupils in France and in England

could accomplish all that is within the reach of the most liberal of modern managers—excepting only the ability to show the result of their labours properly illuminated. The power of directing at will whatever light may be desired confers an advantage upon the modern stage-manager denied to his predecessors; and it is certain to impress its mark upon the drama of the next half century—just as every other changing circumstance of the theatre in the past has necessarily registered itself in the history of the dramatic literature that followed it. What will hereafter be shown on the stage within the picture-frame is likely to be increasingly pictorial and plastic.

The dramatist will profit by his ability to reach the soul through the eye as well as through the ear. He will be tempted to let gesture supplement speech, or even on occasion to let it serve as a substitute. In real life the action precedes the word; and it is sometimes so significant that the explanatory phrase which follows is not always needed. Lessing had seized this truth, which Diderot had half suggested; and he urged that the playwright should leave much to the player, since there were many effects which the actor could produce better than the poet. Herbert Spencer has remarked upon "the force with which simple ideas are communicated by signs;" and he noted that it was far more expressive to point to the door or to place the fingers on the lips than to say "Leave the room" or "Keep silent." The more accomplished the playwright chances to be, the more often he will have simple ideas to communicate forcibly; and the more frequently will he speak to the eye rather than to the ear.

In the ill-lighted theatres of old, the dramatic poet had to take care that his plot was made clear in words as well as in deeds; and he was tempted often to let his rhetoric run away with him. But in the well-lighted modern houses he can, if he chooses, let actions speak louder than words. Being able to reach the playgoers through their visual as well as their auditory sense, he sometimes plans to let a self-betraying movement do its work without any needless verbal elucidation. He recognises that there are moments in life when a silence may be more eloquent than the silver sentences of any soliloquy. He is well

aware that a sudden pause, a piercing glance, an abrupt change of expression, may convey to the spectator what is passing in the minds of the characters more directly than the most brilliant dialogue. He has noted not only that emotion is often inarticulate when it is keenest, but also that a mental struggle at the very crisis of the story can often be made intelligible by visible acts; and he knows that the spectators are far more interested in what is done on the stage than in what is said.

At first sight it may seem to some as though this utilisation of the picture-frame must result in making the drama in the immediate future even less literary than it is to-day. This will surely appear to be the case to those who are accustomed to consider the drama as though it was merely one of the divisions of literature—or, indeed, as though it was a department of poetry. But the drama, although it has often a literary element of prime importance, does not lie wholly within the boundaries of literature; and it has always exercised its privilege of profiting by all the other arts, pictorial and plastic, epic, lyrical and musical. Above all, the drama is what it is because of its specifically dramatic qualities; and these qualities can be exhibited wholly without rhetorical assistance, as every one will admit who has had the good fortune to see the *Enfant Prodigue*. In fact, many a noble drama—*Hamlet*, for one—has a pantomime for its skeleton, and calls on literature only to furnish its flesh and blood.

The dramaturgic art being distinct from the poetic, it can on occasion achieve results impossible to the lyric poet or the epic. Indeed, its ability to do this is the sole reason for its existence. What need of it would there be if it was no more than the echo of another art? As Lessing asked with his customary directness: "Why undergo the painful toil of the dramatic form? Why build a theatre, disguise men and women in costumes, task their memories, pack all the population in a playhouse, if my work, when acted, can produce only a few of the effects which could be produced by a good narrative read by each at the fireside?" And the younger Dumas pointed out how an effect made in a theatre is sometimes so unlike any produced by a good narra-

tive read at the fireside that a spectator seeking to recover, by means of the printed page, the emotion that had stirred him as he saw the piece performed, is sometimes "unable not only to find the emotion again in the written words, but even to discover the place where it was. A word, a look, a gesture, a silence, a purely atmospheric combination, had held him spellbound."

But we may go further, and insist that literature has a broader scope than is carelessly allowed it; and it is not lightly limited to mere rhetoric. It is not con-

fined to phrase-making only. Literature goes deeper than style or even than poetry. It includes invention and construction; it is concerned with the meaning and with the propriety of the thought contained. It deals with philosophy and with psychology also. Now, if we take this larger interpretation of literature, we need not fear that the drama is likely to be less literary because the stage has receded behind a picture-frame. But it is likely to be less rhetorical, less oratorical, less lyric, less epic, more purely dramatic.

Brander Matthews.

THE NOVEL AND THE SHORT STORY

There is still a curious confusion in the mind of both the Anglo-Saxon critic and author as to what constitutes a novel. People who begin their literary life as short-story writers seem to look upon this detached and delicate art as a preparation for the novel. The wise wait until they have made their reputation secure; in other words until the critics have become accustomed to approval of their work; when approval of the longer work follows as a matter of course. Both writer and critic take for granted that a work of fiction which consumes some eighty or a hundred thousand words in the making is necessarily a novel. Occasionally, the voice of an experienced reviewer is heard protesting that such a work is but a long short story, but he is unheeded; for in this country at least, it is the author who, on general principles, is approved or disapproved, not any specific output. Such a state of things is bound to last while criticism remains in what might be called the fugitive state, that is to say, while books are parcelled out to the less driven on the press, or where the official reviewer is himself too driven to read any book carefully from start to finish. In course of time we will have critics who train their minds to criticism as the artist educates himself in the art to which he was born, or to which he elects himself; but not until they are willing to observe the rigid rules laid down by Sainte Beuve will their criticism be of any help to the author. Now we read their effusions

with considerable interest, being human, but I for one am not conscious of having been helped by a single criticism on my work since I began to publish. The function of the critic is to educate, to admonish, out of a large and conscientiously acquired knowledge, unclouded by the vagaries of the creative mind, or any sort of prejudice.

Of all short-story writers ambitious to turn novelist, Bret Harte is the only one I recall who was warned by the artistic failure of his first effort and wisely refrained from a second. Even Mary Wilkins, one of the few real creators—as distinguished from the intellectually manufactured—has gone on beating out short stories, which, if turned out of the mould presented to her by nature, would have added new facets to a brilliant reputation. As it is, the present generation at least is in danger of forgetting that she is an artist. However, her permanent reputation is secure.

If born writers like Bret Harte and Mary Wilkins fail with the sustained effort, how necessarily fatal is this ambition to the manufactured author; he—it is usually she—who, having arrived at years of maturity, says to himself: I am educated, accomplished; I have seen something of the world, I have the analytical mind, a knowledge of good literature; I have observed people until I find my brain well furnished with both types and stories; experience has taught me that I am cleverer than the majority—I

will write. Add to these qualifications ambition and industry, and a first-class manufactured author will be the result, an acceptable imitation of the real thing. We have a number of such writers in American and English fiction, and we are grateful for them. Having less to say than the creators, a cooler laboratory in which to mix their essences, their work is oftener distinguished by a greater niceness and precision than that of the highly imaginative writer whose faculty often gets too hot to bother with details, which, however, become second nature in time. They never startle; and this point, so essential in Anglo-Saxon literature, added to the excessive nicety of their phrase, makes it safe at all times to praise them. If nothing is more feared by the critic than originality, it is only fair to add that nothing is more appreciated by him than a thoroughly good manner.

There is no reason why these writers should not win and hold a high place in letters—if they will cultivate wisdom and remain faithful to the short story. But no amount of cleverness, accomplishment, determination, and industry, not even an excessive knowledge of life, will manufacture a novelist. He, like the poet, is born, not made. Art will carry the short story. Here but an episode is treated, at most a small group of episodes; it is no great effort to sustain a few characters through even ten thousand words. If the story is not absorbing—and life is full of absorbing episodes for which the persistent writer's mind becomes a magnet—brilliancy of phrase and lightning strokes from the observing brain will carry it. No great amount of illusion is necessary; the intelligent reader is charmed by too many other appeals to his carefully trained appreciation. But no amount of art will carry a novel that has not sprung hot from a genuinely creative brain, that is not sustained by natural power from start to finish, whose characters do not live and breathe in a manner which makes them rather the masters of their author than the puppets, which is

not full of the unexpected complexities of life, which is not only vital with that life, but produces the impression of having once been actually a part of it, absorbed in some atmospheric flight by a creative faculty.

It is impossible for the manufactured novelist even to observe all the rules of the novel, for these never have been and never will be revealed to the mere brain. They are instinctive in certain faculties. They can neither be reduced nor summoned by the most painstaking. And without this instinctive novel-sense no illusion can be created. The manufactured novel is always the work of fiction, not life. The reader never forgets to admire the manner, to see the author behind the work. The story moves with weights, if it moves at all; the characters, elaborately analysed, charmingly written about, even in their peculiarities true to life, perhaps, are dead and green. The whole effect is like a Chinese painting, flat against the canvas.

But even if the manufactured author could substitute art for instinct, still would he fail, for nature has not given him a sufficient abundance of invention—to say nothing of imagination. Still would his work be a short story beaten out to a thread, for the mind is tractable to a certain point only. It will, if commanded long and arduously, create after a fashion, but it rebels at a heavy strain. It will labour along, but it will lose what little moss it had at starting, and show its naked sides long before it is permitted to reach its goal. Felicity of phrase, erudition, a certain newness of material, fine bits of description, will show faintly on its surface, but even the acid of the etcher refuses its aid, and when the work is finished it is not a novel, perhaps it has ceased even to be a long short story; it is merely a narrative cast in the well-known mould of fiction. And to all lovers of good fiction it is an object of genuine regret, for it represents a waste of time and brain. When advertising ceases it makes straight for the dust heap. Only the genuine in any art survives by will of the people.

Gertrude Atherton.



Extermination of the Plagues of Egypt;— Destruction of Revolutionary Crocodiles;— or— The British Hero cleansing the Mouth of Nile

NELSON DESTROYING THE FRENCH FLEET AT THE BATTLE OF THE NILE. AFTER GILRAY.
(For full description see page 59.)



HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE.

By

Frederic Taber Cooper and Arthur Bartlett Maurice

Part First.—The Napoleonic Era

NOTE.—While, as the title indicates, the object of this series of articles is to deal with “*The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature*,” and not “*The History of Caricature in the Nineteenth Century*,” it will be obvious to all readers that the authors must in a measure pass over lightly those historical events which have failed to provoke great or striking caricature. Thus, in the period with which the present article of the series deals, merely casual allusion is made to the affairs of our own country simply because in the great, fateful sweep of the imperial eagles, the European cartoonists could give us little attention, and such American caricature as existed was rather feeble imitation, both in method and invention. It was against Napoleon that the hand of the cartoonist in the first fifteen years of the century was at work; and English caricature with Gillray and Rowlandson, and later George Cruikshank, was predominant.

The second paper of the series will cover a long period—from the downfall of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons to the general upheaval all over continental Europe in 1848.

INTRODUCTION.

While the impulse to satirise public men in picture is probably as old as satiric verse, if not older, the political cartoon as an effective agent in moulding public opinion is essentially a product of modern conditions and methods. As with the campaign song, its success depends upon its timeliness, upon the ability to seize upon a critical moment,

a burning question of the hour, and anticipate the outcome while public excitement is still at a white heat. But unlike satiric verse, it is dependent upon ink and paper. It cannot be transmitted orally. The doggerel verses of the Roman legions passed from camp to camp with the mysterious swiftness of an epidemic, and found their way even into the sober history of Suetonius. The topical songs and parodies of the Middle Ages mi-

grated from town to town with the strolling minstrels, as readily as did the cycles of heroic poetry. But with caricature the case was very different. It may be that the man of the Stone Age, whom Mr. Oppen has lately utilised so cleverly in a series of caricatures, was the first to draw rude and distorted likenesses of some unpopular chieftain, just as the Roman soldier of 79 A.D. scratched on the wall of his barracks in Pompeii an unflattering likeness of some martinet centurion which the ashes of Vesuvius have preserved until to-day. It is certain that the Greeks and Romans appreciated the power of ridicule latent in satiric pictures; but until the era of the printing press, the caricaturist was as one crying in a wilderness. And it is only with the modern co-operation of printing and photography that caricature has come into its full inheritance. The best and most telling cartoons are those which do not merely reflect current public opinion, but guide it. In looking back over a century of caricature, we are apt to overlook this distinction. A cartoon which cleverly illustrates some important historical event, and throws light upon the contemporary attitude of the public, is equally interesting to-day, whether it anticipated the event or was published a month afterward. But in order to influence public opinion, caricature must contain a certain element of prophecy. It must suggest a danger or point an interrogation. As an example, we may compare two of the cartoons reproduced in the present article: "A Connoisseur Examining a Cooper" and the "King of Brobdingnag and Gulliver." In the latter, George III., in the guise of a giant, is curiously examining through his magnifying glass a Lilliputian Napoleon. There is no element of prophecy about the cartoon. It simply reflects the contemptuous attitude of the time toward Napoleon and underestimates the danger. The other cartoon, which appeared several years earlier, shows the King anxiously examining the features of Cooper's well-known miniature of Cromwell, the great overthrower of kings. Public sentiment at that time suggested the imminence of another revolution, and the cartoon suggests a momentous question: Will the fate of Charles I. be repeated? In the light of history, the Gulliver cartoon is

to-day undoubtedly the more interesting, but at the time of its appearance it could not have produced anything approaching the sensation of that of a "Connoisseur."

The necessity of getting a caricature swiftly before the public has always been felt, and has given rise to some curious devices and makeshifts. In the example which we have noted as having come down from Roman times, a patriotic citizen of Pompeii could find no better medium for giving his cartoon of an important local event to the world than by scratching it upon the wall of his dwelling-house after the fashion of the modern advertisement. There was a time in the seventeenth century when packs of political playing-cards enjoyed an extended vogue. The fashion of printing cartoons upon ladies' fans and other articles of a similarly intimate character was a transitory fad in England a century ago. Mr. Ackermann, a famous printer of his generation, and publisher of the greater part of Rowlandson's cartoons, adopted as an expedient for spreading political news a small balloon with an attached mechanism, which, when liberated, would drop news bulletins at intervals as it passed over field and village. In this country many people of the older generation will still remember the widespread popularity of the patriotic caricature-envelopes that were circulated during the Civil War. To-day we are so used to the daily newspaper cartoon that we do not stop to think how seriously handicapped the caricaturists of a century ago found themselves. The more important cartoons of Gillray and Rowlandson appeared either in monthly periodicals, such as the *Westminster Magazine* and the *Oxford Magazine*, or in separate sheets that sold at the prohibitive price of several shillings. In times of great public excitement, as during the later years of the Napoleonic wars, such cartoons were bought up greedily, the city vying with the aristocratic West End in their patriotic demand for them. But such times were exceptional, and the older caricaturists were obliged to let pass many interesting crises because the situations would have become already stale before the day of publication of the monthly magazines came round. With the advent of the illustrated weeklies the situation was improved, but it is only in recent times



JOHN BULL taking a Luncheon: - - or - - Bright Cooks cramming Old Grumble-Gizzard, with Bonne-Chère

(For full description see page 63.)

that the ideal condition has been reached, when the cabled news of yesterday is interpreted in the cartoon of to-day.

There is another and less specific reason why caricature had to await the advent of printing and the wider dissemination of knowledge which resulted. The successful political cartoon presupposes a certain average degree of intelligence in a nation, an awakened civic conscience, a sense of responsibility for the nation's welfare. The cleverest cartoonist would waste his time appealing to a nation of feudal vassals; he could not expect to influence a people to whom the ballot box was closed. Caricature flourishes best in an atmosphere of democracy; there is an eternal incompatibility between its audacious irreverence and the doctrine of the divine right of kings.

And yet the best type of caricature should not require a high degree of intelligence. Many clever cartoonists overreach themselves by an excess of cleverness, appealing at best to a limited audience. Of this type are the cartoons whose point lies in parodying some famous painting or a masterpiece of literature which, as a result, necessarily remains caviar to the general. There

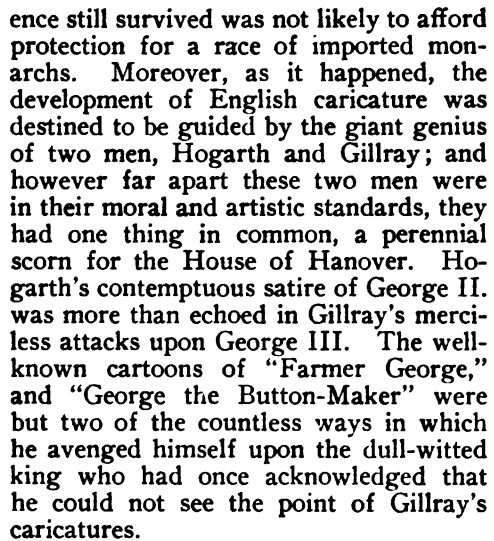
is a type of portrait caricature so cultured and subtle that it often produces likenesses truer to the man we know in real life than a photograph would be. A good example of this type is the familiar work of William Nicholson, whose portrait of the late Queen of England is said to have been recognised by her as one of the most characteristic pictures she had ever had taken. What appeals to the public, however, is a coarser type, a gross exaggeration of prominent features, a wilful distortion, resulting in ridicule or glorification. Oftentimes the caricature degenerates into a mere symbol. We have outgrown the puerility of the pictorial pun which flourished in England at the close of the seventeenth century, when cartoonists of Gillray's rank were content to represent Lord Bute as a pair of boots, Lord North as Boreas, the north wind, and the elder Fox with the head and tail of the animal suggested by his name. Yet personification of one kind and another, and notably the personification of the nations in the shape of John Bull and Uncle Sam and the Russian Bear, forms the very alphabet of political caricature of the present day. Some of the most memorable series that have ever



GILLRAY'S CONCEPTION OF THE FRENCH INVASION OF ENGLAND.

(For full description see page 60.)

From Holland, caricature migrated to Great Britain in the closing years of the seventeenth century—a natural result of the attention which Dutch cartoonists had bestowed upon the revolution of 1688—and there it found a fertile and congenial soil. The English had not had time to forget that they had once put the divine right of kings to the test of the executioner's block, and what little rever-



Although Hogarth antedates the period covered by the present articles by fully half a century, he is much too commanding a figure in the history of comic art to be summarily dismissed. The year 1720 marks the era of the so-called "bubble mania," the era of unprecedented inflation, of the South Sea Company in London, and the equally notorious Mississippi schemes of John Law in France. Popular excitement found vent in a veritable deluge of cartoons, many of which

originated in Amsterdam, and were reprinted in London, often with the addition of explanatory satiric verses in English. In one, Fortune is represented riding in a car driven by Folly, and drawn by personifications of the different companies responsible for the disastrous epidemic of speculation: the Mississippi,

limping along on a wooden leg; the South Sea, with its foot in splints, etc. In another, we have an imaginary map of the Southern seas, representing "the very famous island of Madhead, situated in Share Sea, and inhabited by all kinds of people, to which is given the general name of Shareholders." John Law



*The above are the Engravings of CAMBRACCA LE BRUN - the Abbe-SAGES and DUONADARTE, drawn at Paris Nov 1789.
The French-Consular-Triumvirate, settling the New Consulations,
with a Pap at the Constitutional-Pignori-Holes of the Abbe-Sages on the Back Ground.*

BY GILLRAY.

(For full description see page 59.)



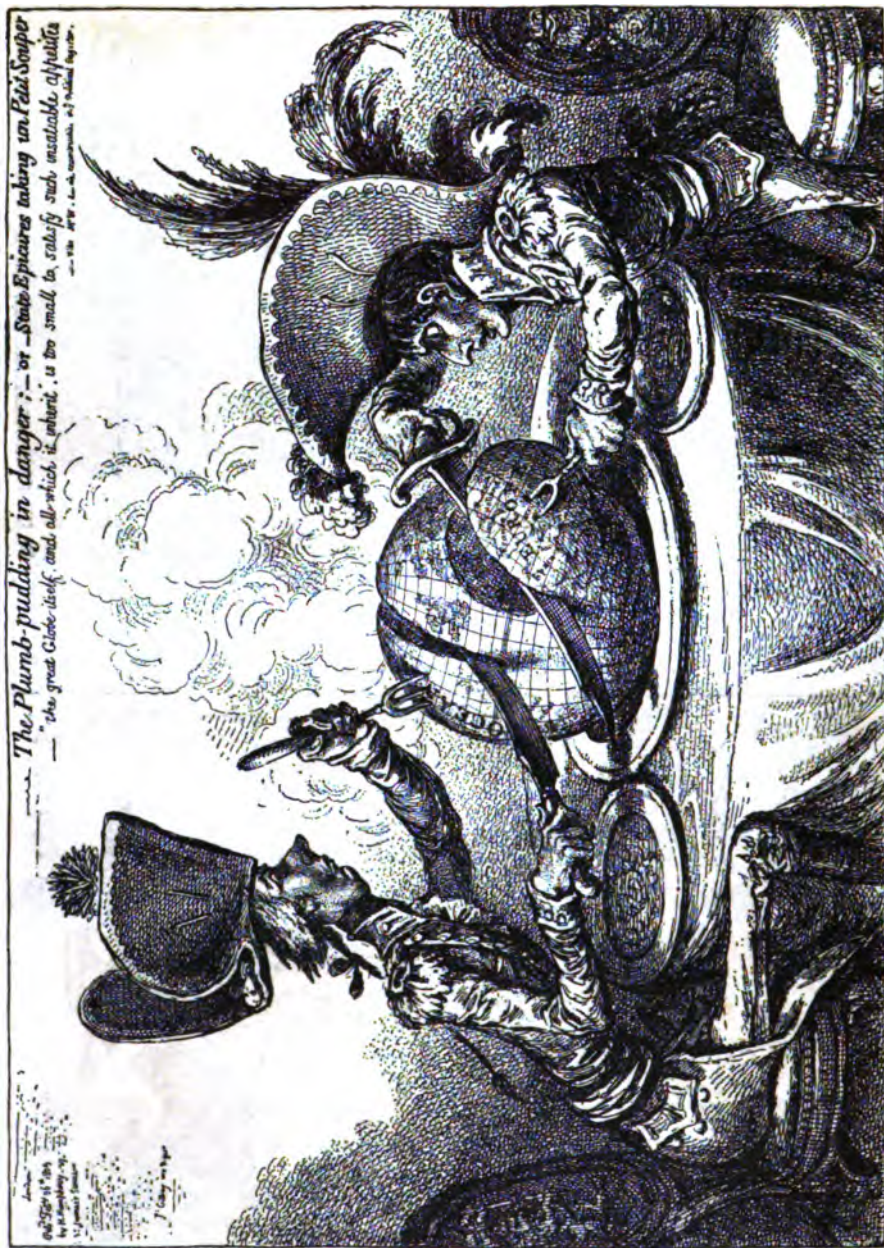
"BONAPARTE AND HIS ENGLISH FRIENDS—THE BROAD BOTTOM ADMINISTRATION." BY GILLRAY.
(For full description see page 63.)



J. Gillray del.

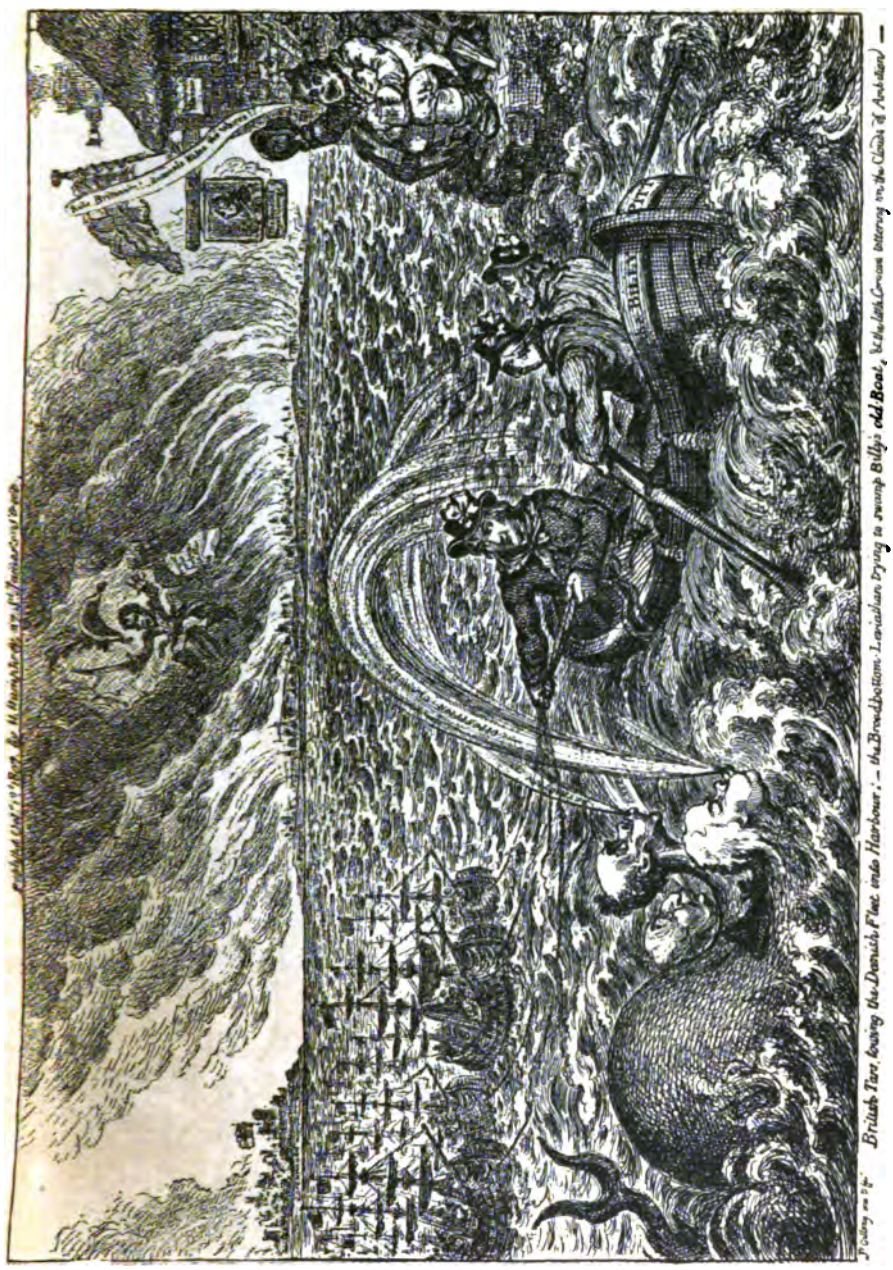
— P. W. Partridge, & S. A. 86

"ARMED HEROES." BY GILLRAY.



"NAPOLEON AND PITT DIVIDING THE WORLD BETWEEN THEM." BY GILLRAY.

(For full description see page 61.)



British Tar, towing the Danish Fleet into Harbour: - the Broadbottom-Lowbottom trying to swamp Billy's old Boat, with the Crown sitting on the Chair of Antislavery -

"THE CAPTURE OF THE DANISH SHIPS." BY GILLRAY.

(For full description see page 63.)



came in for a major share of the caricaturist's attention. In one picture he is represented as assisting Atlas to bear up immense globes of wind; in another, he is a "wind-monopolist," declaring, "The wind is my treasure, cushion and foundation. Master of the wind, I am master of life, and my wind monopoly becomes straightway the object of idolatry." The windy character of the share-business is the dominant note in the cartoons

of the period. Bubbles, wind-mills, flying kites, play a prominent part in the detail with which the background of the typical Dutch caricature was always crowded. These cartoons, displayed conspicuously in London shop windows, were not only seen by Hogarth, but influenced him vitally. His earliest known essay in political caricature is an adaptation of one of these Dutch prints, representing the wheel of Fortune, bearing the luckless and infatuated speculators high aloft. His latest work still shows the influence of Holland in the

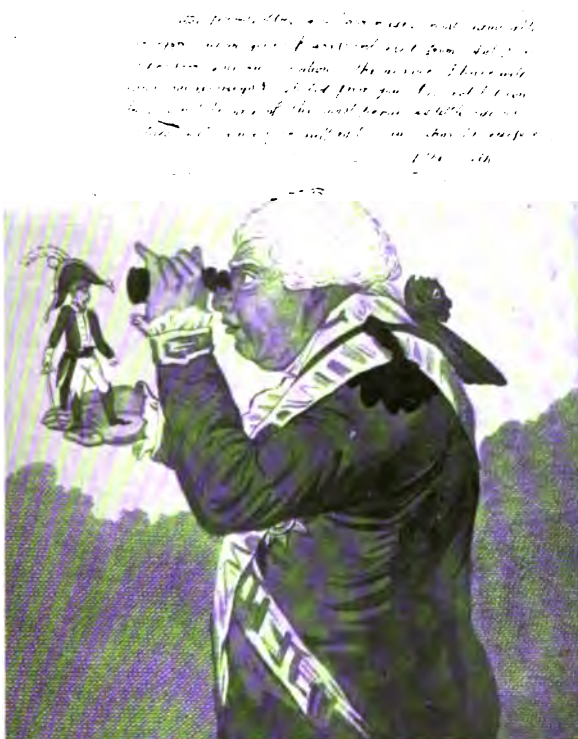
endless wealth of minute detail, the painstaking elaboration of his backgrounds, in which the most patient examination is ever finding something new. With Hogarth, the overcharged method of the Dutch school became a medium for irrepressible genius. At the hands

of his followers and imitators, it became a source of obscurity and confusion.

While Hogarth is rightly recognised as the father of English caricature, it must be remembered that his best work was done on the social rather than the political side. Even his most famous political series, that of "The Elections," is broadly generalised. It is not in any sense campaign literature, but an exposition of contemporary manners. And

this was always Hogarth's aim. He was by instinct a realist, endowed with a keen sense of humour—a quality in which many a modern realist is deficient. He satirised life as he saw it, the good and the bad together, with a frankness which at times was somewhat brutal, like the frankness of Fielding and of Smollett—the frankness of the age they lived in. It was essentially an outspoken age, robust and rather gross; a red-blooded age, nurtured on English beef and beer; a jovial age that shook its sides over many a broad jest, and saw

no shame in open allusion to the obvious and elemental facts of physical life. Judged by the standards of his day, there is little offence in Hogarth's work; even when measured by our own, he is not deliberately licentious. On the contrary, he set an example of moderation



"You may have seen Gillray's famous print of him—in the old wig, in the stout, old, hideous Windsor uniform—as the King of Brobdingnag, peering at a little Gulliver, whom he holds up in his hand, whilst in the other he has an opera-glass, through which he surveys the pigmy? Our fathers chose to set up George as the type of a great king; and the little Gulliver was the great Napoleon."—*Thackeray's "Four Georges."*



"THE NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE." FROM A GERMAN CARICATURE.

which his successors would have done well to imitate. He realised, as the later caricaturists of his century did not, that the great strength of pictorial satire lies in ridicule rather than in invective; that the subtlest irony often lies in a close adherence to the truth, where riotous and unrestrained exaggeration defeats its own end. Just as, in the case of *Joseph Andrews*, Fielding's creative instinct got the upper hand of the parodist, so in much of Hogarth's work one feels that the caricaturist is forced to yield place to the realistic artist, the student of human life, carried away by the interest of the story he has to tell. His chief gift to caricature is his unprecedented development of the narrative quality in pictorial art. He pointed a road along which his imitators could follow him only at a distance.

With the second half of the eighteenth century there began an era of great license in the political press, an era of bitter vituperation and vile personal abuse. Hogarth was one of the chief sufferers. After holding aloof from partisan politics for nearly half a century, he published in 1762 his well-known cartoon attacking the ex-minister, Pitt. All Europe is represented in flames, which are spreading to Great Britain in spite of the efforts of Lord Bute, aided by his

Highlanders, to extinguish them. Pitt is blowing upon the flames, which are being fed by the Duke of Newcastle from a barrow full of *Monitors* and *North Britons*, two scurrilous papers of the day. The bitterness with which Hogarth was attacked in retaliation and the persistence of his persecutors resulted, as was generally believed at the time, in a broken heart and his death in 1764.

An amazing increase in the number of caricatures followed the entry of Lord Bute's ministry into power. They were distinguished chiefly by their poor execution and gross indecency. As early as 1762, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, itself none too immaculate, complains that "Many of the representations that have lately appeared in the shops are not only reproachful to the government, but offensive to common-sense; they discover a tendency to inflame, without a spark of fire to light their own combustion." The state of society in England was at this time notoriously immoral and licentious. It was a period of hard living and hard drinking. The well-known habits of such public figures as Sheridan and Fox are eminent examples. The spirit



FROM A GERMAN CARTOON OF THE PERIOD.



"THE TWO KINGS OF TERROR."

After a cartoon by Rowlandson.

of gambling had become a mania, and women had caught the contagion as well as men. Nowhere was the profligacy of the times more clearly shown than in the looseness of public social functions, such as the notorious masquerade balls, which a contemporary journal, the *Westminster Magazine*, seriously decried as "subversive of virtue and every noble and domestic point of honour." The low standards of morals and want of delicacy are revealed in the extravagance of women's dress, the looseness of their speech. It was an age when women of rank, such as Lady Buckingham and Lady Archer, were publicly threatened by an eminent judge with exposure on the pil-



"THE DEVIL AND NAPOLEON."

From an anonymous French caricature.

lory for having systematically enticed young men and robbed them at their faro tables, and afterward found themselves exposed in the pillory of popular opinion in scurrilous cartoons from shop windows all over London.

At a time when cheap abuse took the place of technical skill, and vulgarity passed for wit, a man of unlimited audacity, who was also a consummate master of his pencil, easily took precedence. Such a man was James Gillray, unquestionably the leading cartoonist of the reign of George III. Yet of the many



FROM A GERMAN CARICATURE COMMEMORATING
GERMAN SUCCESS IN 1814.

who to-day are familiar with the name of Gillray and the important part he played in influencing public opinion during the struggle with Napoleon, very few have an understanding of the dominant qualities of his work. A large part of it, and probably the most representative part, is characterised by a foulness and an obscenity which the present generation cannot countenance. There is a whole series of cartoons bearing his name which it would not only be absolutely out of the question to reproduce, but the very nature of which can be indicated only in the most guarded manner. Imagine the

works of Rabelais shamelessly illustrated by a master hand! Try to conceive of the nature of the pictures which Panurge chalked up on the walls of old Paris. It was not merely the fault of the times, as

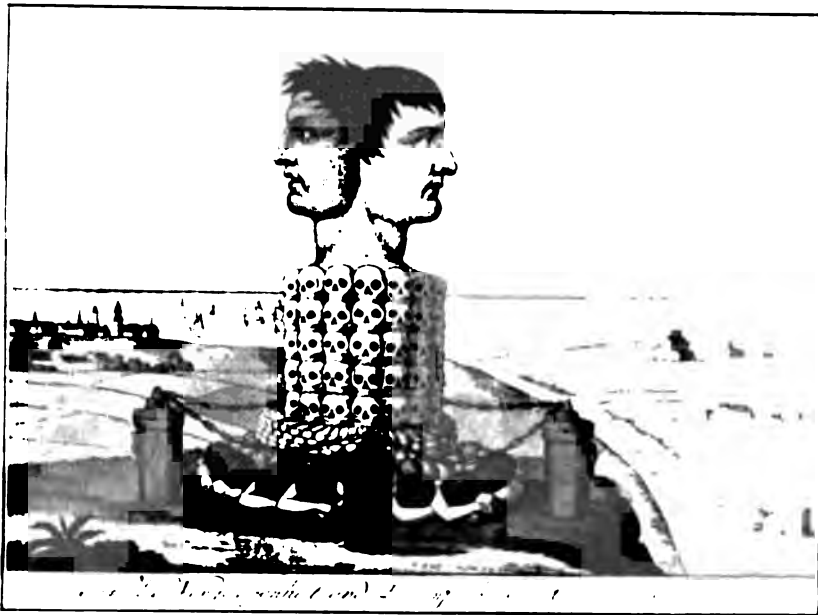
in the case of Hogarth. Public taste was sufficiently depraved already; but Gillray deliberately prostituted his genius to the level of a procurer, to debauch it further. From first to last his drawings



NAPOLEON: "Dear cousin, how do you find my condition?"

CARDINAL FESCH: "Sire, it cannot last. Your Majesty has too bad a constitution."

From the collection of John Leonard Dudley, Jr.



"THE DOUBLE-FACED NAPOLEON."

From the collection of John Leonard Dudley, Jr.



"THE PARTITION OF THE MAP."

From the collection of John Leonard Dudley, Jr.



"THE SIGNATURE OF ABDICATION."

From a caricature in colour by George Cruikshank.



"RESTITUTION; OR, TO EACH HIS SHARE."

From a coloured stamp of the period.



J. Collier Ltd.

FIN Fairbairn & Co. Ltd.

"THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL."

(For full description see page 60.)



"THE OVEN OF THE ALLIES."

From an anonymous French cartoon.

The Grand Coronation Procession of NAPOLEONE the 1st Emperor of France, from the Church of Notre-Dame, Dec. 2^d 1804.



Brother Bernadotte, Augustus
is all the brave/Truce of Regardless
Gentle marching in a Truce

Puissant Continental Powers
Drive-Beaters to the Emperor

Ladies of Honor
(some) Powers to the Emperor

His Imperial Majesty
NAPOLEONE & 1st
Emperor of the French

His Holiness Pope Pius VII
conducted by his old Knight of Arms
Cardinal Fesch, offering the Incense

Talleyrand, Perignon
Prime Minister & King of Arms
bearing the Emperor's Coronation

"THE GREAT CORONATION PROCESSION OF NAPOLEON," BY GILRAY.

(For full description see page 61.)

impress one as emanating from a mind not only unclean, but unbalanced as well—a mind over which there hung, even at the beginning, the furtive shadow of that madness which at last overtook and blighted him. There is but one of the hallmarks of great caricature in the work of Gillray, and that is the lasting impression which they make. They refuse to be forgotten; they remain imprinted on the brain, like the obsession of a nightmare. While in one sense they stand as a pitiless indictment of the generation that tolerated them, they are not a reflection of the life that Gillray saw except in the sense that their physical deformity symbolises the moral foulness of the age. Grace and charm and physical beauty, which Hogarth could use effectively, are unknown quantities to Gillray. There is an element of monstrosity about all his figures, distorted and repellent. Foul, bloated faces; twisted, swollen limbs; unshapely figures whose protuberant flesh suggests a tumified and fungoid growth—such is the brood begotten by Gillray's pencil, like the malignant spawn of some forgotten circle of the lower inferno.

It would be idle to dispute the far-reaching power of Gillray's genius, perverted though it was. Throughout the Napoleonic wars, caricature and the name of Gillray are convertible terms; for, even after he was forced to lay down his pencil, his brilliant contemporaries and successors, Rowlandson and Cruikshank, found themselves unable to throw off the fetters of his influence. No history of Napoleon is quite complete which fails to recognise Gillray as a potent factor in crystallising public opinion in England. His long series of cartoons aimed at "little Boney" are the culminating work of his life. Their power lay, not in intellectual subtlety or brilliant scintillation of wit, but in the bitterness of their invective, the appeal they make to elemental passions. They spoke a language which the roughest of London mobs could understand—the language of the gutter. They were, many of them, masterpieces of pictorial Billingsgate.

There is rancour, there is venom, there is the inevitable inheritance of the warfare of centuries, in these caricatures of Gillray, but above all there is fear—fear of Napoleon, of his genius, of his

star. It has been very easy for Englishmen of later days to say that the French never could have crossed the Channel, that there was never any reason for disquiet; it was another matter in the days when troops were actually gathering by the thousands on the hills behind Boulogne. You can find this fear voiced everywhere in Gillray, in the discordance between the drawings and the text. John Bull is the ox, Bonaparte the contemptible frog; but it is usually the ox who is bellowing out defiance, daring the other to "come on," flinging down insult at the diminutive foe. "Let 'em come, damme!" shouts the bold Briton in the pictures of the time. "Damme! where are the French bugaboos? Singlehanded I'll beat forty of 'em, damme!" Every means was used to rouse the spirit of the English nation and to stimulate hatred of the French and their leader. In one picture, Boney and his family are in rags and are gnawing raw bones in a rude Corsican hut; in another we find him with a hookah and turban, having adopted the Mahometan religion; in a third we see him murdering the sick at Joppa. In the caricatures of Gillray, Napoleon is always a monster, a fiend in human shape, craven and murderous; but when dealing with the question of this fiend's power for evil, Gillray made no attempt at consistency. This ogre, who through one series of pictures was represented as kicked about from boot to boot, kicked by the Spaniards, the Turks, the Austrians, the Prussians, the Russians, in another is depicted as being very dangerous indeed. A curious example of this inconsistency will be found by placing side by side the two cartoons considered by many to be Gillray's best, "The King of Brobdingnag and Gulliver," already referred to, and "Tiddy-Doll, the Great French Gingerbread Maker, Drawing out a new Batch of Kings." The "pernicious, little, odious reptile" whom George the Third is holding so contemptuously in the hollow of his hand, in the first caricature, is in the second concededly of considerable European importance.

I.

For the first decade of the nineteenth century there was but one important

source of caricature, and one all-important subject—England and Bonaparte. America at this time counted for little in international politics. The revolutionary period closed definitely with the death of Washington, the one figure in our national politics who stood for something definite in the eyes of Europe. Our incipient naval war with France, which for a moment threatened to assign us a part in the general struggle of the Powers, was amicably concluded before the close of the eighteenth century. Throughout the Jeffersonian period, national and local satire and burlesque flourished, atoning in quantity for what it lacked in wit and artistic skill. Mr. Parton, in his *Caricature and Other Comic Art*, finds but one cartoon which he thinks it worth while to cite—Jefferson kneeling before a pillar labelled "Altar of Gallic Despotism," upon which are Paine's *Age of Reason* and the works of Rousseau, Voltaire and Helvetius, with the demon of the French Revolution crouching behind it, and the American eagle soaring to the sky bearing away the Constitution and the independence of the United States, and he adds: "Pictures of that nature, of great size, crowded with objects, emblems and sentences—an elaborate blending of burlesque, allegory and enigma—were so much valued by that generation that some of them were engraved upon copper."

France, on the contrary, the central stage of the great drama of nations, might at this time have produced a school of caricaturists worthy of their opportunity—a school that would have offset with its Gallic wit the heavier school of British invective, and might have furnished Napoleon with a strong weapon against his most persistent enemies, had he not, with questionable wisdom, sternly repressed pictorial satire of a political nature. As the century opens, the drama of the ensuing fourteen years becomes clearly defined; the prologue has been played; Napoleon's ambition in the East has been checked, first by the Battle of the Nile, and then definitely at Aboukir. Henceforth he is to limit his schemes of conquest to Europe, and John Bull is the only national figure who seems likely to attempt to check him. The Battle of the Nile was commemorated by Gillray, who



"THE CHIEF OF THE GRAND ARMY IN A SAD FLIGHT."

From a French cartoon of the period.

depicted Nelson's victory in a cartoon entitled "Extirpation of the Plagues of Egypt, Destruction of the Revolutionary Crocodiles, or the British Hero Cleansing the Mouth of the Nile." Here Nelson is shown dispersing the French fleet treated as crocodiles. He has destroyed numbers with his cudgel of British oak; he is beating down others; a whole bevy, with hooks through their noses, are attached by strings to the iron hook which replaced his lost forearm. In the distance a crocodile is bursting and casting fire and ruin on all sides. This is an allusion to the destruction of the *Orient*, the flagship of the Republican Admiral, the heroic Brueys, who declined to quit his post when literally cut to pieces.

Another cartoon by Gillray which belongs to this period is "The French Consular Triumvirate Settling the New Constitution." It introduces the figures of Napoleon and his fellow-consuls, Cambacérès and Lebrun, who replaced the very authors of the new instrument, Sièyes and Ducos, quietly deposed by Napoleon within the year. The second and third consuls are provided with blank sheets of paper, for mere form—they have only to bite their pens. The Corsican is compiling a constitution in accordance with his own views. A band of imps is beneath the table, forging new chains for France and for Europe.

In England, the Addington ministry, which in 1801 replaced that of William Pitt, and are represented in caricature as "lilliputian substitutes" lost in the depths of Mr. Pitt's jack-boots, set out as a peace ministry and entered into the ne-

gotiations with Napoleon which, in the following March, resulted in the Peace of Amiens. Gillray anticipated this peace with several alarmist cartoons:—"Preliminaries of Peace," representing John Bull being led by the nose across the channel over a rotten plank, while Britannia's shield and several valuable possessions have been cast aside into the water; and "Britannia's Death Warrant," in which Britannia is seen being dragged away to the guillotine by the Corsican marauder. The peace at first gave genuine satisfaction in England, but toward the end of 1802 there were growing signs of popular discontent, which Gillray voiced in "The Nursery, with Britannia Reposing in Peace." Britannia is here portrayed as an overgrown baby in her cradle and fed upon French principles by Addington, Lord Hawkesbury and Fox. Still more famous was his next cartoon, "The First Kiss this Ten Years; or, the Meeting of Britannia and Citizen François." Britannia, grown enormously stout, her shield and spear idly reposing against the wall, is blushing deeply at his warm embrace and ardent expressions of joy: "Madame, permit me to pay my profound esteem to your engaging person, and to seal on your divine lips my everlasting attachment!!!" She replies: "Monsieur, you are truly a well-bred gentleman; and though you make me blush, yet you kiss so delicately that I cannot refuse you, though I was sure you would deceive me again!" In the background the portraits of King George and Bonaparte scowl fiercely at each other upon the wall. This is said to be one of the very few caricatures which Napoleon himself heartily enjoyed.

From now on, the cartoons take on a more caustic tone. Britannia is being robbed of her cherished possessions, even Malta being on the point of being wrested from her; while the bugaboo of an invading army looms large upon the horizon. In one picture Britannia, unexpectedly attacked by Napoleon's fleet, is awakening from a trance of fancied peace, and praying that her "angels and ministers of disgrace defend her!" In another, John Bull, having waded across the water, is taunting little Boney, whose head just shows above the wall of his fortress:

If you mean to invade us, why make such a rout?

I say, little Boney, why don't you come out?

Yes, d— you, why don't you come out?

In his cartoon called "Promised Horrors of the French Evasion; or, Forcible Reasons for Negotiating a Regicided Peace," Gillray painted the imaginary landing of the French in England. The ferocious legions are pouring from St. James's Palace, which is in flames, and they are marching past the clubs. Their practice of patronising democracy in the countries they had conquered has been carried out by handing over the Tories, the constitution and the crown to the Foxite reformers and the Whig party. The chief hostility of the French troops is directed against the aristocratic clubs. An indiscriminate massacre of the members of White's is proceeding in the doorways, on the balconies, and wherever the republican levies have penetrated. The royal princes are stabbed and thrown into the street. A rivulet of blood is running. In the centre of the picture is a tree of liberty. To this tree Pitt is bound, while Fox is lashing him.

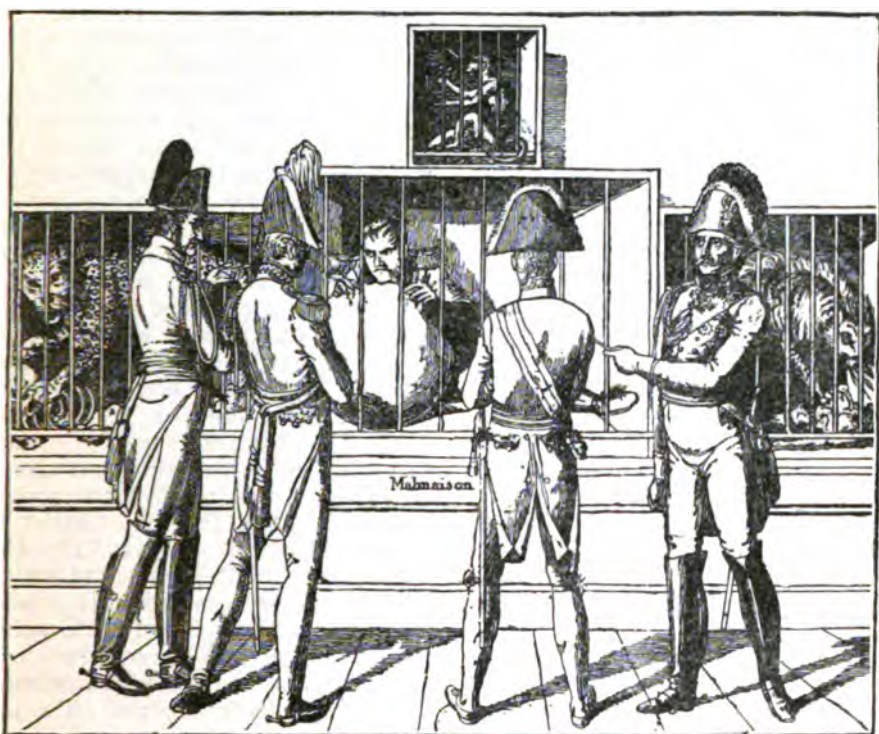
The increasing venom of the English cartoons, and their frequent coarse personalities, caused no little uneasiness to Bonaparte, until they culminated in a famous cartoon by Gillray, "The Hand-writing on the Wall," a broad satire on Belshazzar's feast, which was published August 24th, 1803. The First Consul, his wife Josephine and the members of the court are seated at table, consuming the good things of Old England. The palace of St. James, transfixed upon Napoleon's fork; the tower of London, which one of the convives is swallowing whole; the head of King George on a platter inscribed: "Oh, de beef of Old England!" A hand above holds out the scales of Justice, in which the legitimate crown of France weighs down the red cap with its attached chain—despotism misnamed liberty.

For the next year, parliamentary strife at home, fostered by Pitt's quarrel with the Addington ministry on the one hand and his opposition to Fox on the other, kept the cartoonists busy. They found time, however, to celebrate the coronation of Napoleon as Emperor in December, 1804. Gillray anticipated the

event with a cartoon entitled "The Genius of France Nursing her Darling," in which the genius, depicted as a lady with blood-stained garments and a reeking spear, tosses an infant Napoleon, armed with a sceptre and vainly tries to check his cries with a rattle surmounted by a crown.

Rowlandson, Gillray's clever and more artistic contemporary, commemorated the event itself in a clever cartoon, "The Death of Madame République," pub-

This was followed on the 1st of January by a large satirical print by Gillray, of "The Grand Coronation Procession," in which the feature that gave special offence was the group of three princesses, the Princess Borghese, the Princess Louise and the Princess Joseph Bonaparte, arrayed in garments of indecent scantiness, and heading the procession as the "three imperial Graces." The caricatures of this period relating to the new Emperor and Empress are as a rule



"NAPOLEON CAGED BY THE ALLIES." FROM A FRENCH CARTOON OF THE PERIOD.

lished December 14th, 1804. The moribund République lies stretched upon her death-bed, her nightcap adorned with the tricoloured cockade. The Abbé Sièyes, in the rôle of doctor, is exhibiting the Emperor, portrayed as a new-born infant in long clothes. John Bull, spectacles on nose, is regarding the altered conditions with visible astonishment. "Pray, Mr. Abbé Sièyes, what was the cause of the poor lady's death? She seemed at one time in a tolerable thriving way." "She died in childbed, Mr. Bull, after giving birth to this little Emperor!"

not only libellous, but grossly coarse. At the same time, the political conditions of the times are cleverly hit off in "The Plum Pudding in Danger; or, State Episcures Taking un Petit Souper," published February 26th, 1805, which depicts the rival pretensions of Napoleon and Pitt. They are seated at opposite sides of the table, the only dish between them being the Globe, served up on a shallow plate and resembling a plum pudding. Napoleon's sword has sliced off the continent—France, Holland, Spain, Italy, Prussia—and his fork is dug spitefully into Hanover, which was

then an appanage of the British crown. Pitt's trident is stuck in the ocean, and his carver is modestly dividing the Globe down the middle.

During the summer of 1805 the third coalition against France was completed, its chief factors being Great Britain, Russia and France. A contemporary print entitled "Tom Thumb at Bay" commemorates the new armament. Napoleon, dropping crown and sceptre in his flight, is evading the Austrian eagle, the Russian bear and the Westphalian pig, only to run at last pell-mell into the gaping jaws of the British lion. It is somewhat curious that the momentous events of the new war—the annihilation of the French fleet at Trafalgar, the equally decisive French victory at Austerlitz—were scarcely noticed in caricature, and the few exceptions have little merit. But in the following January, 1806, when Napoleon had entered upon an epoch of king-making, with his kings of Wurtemberg and Bavaria, Gillray produced one of his most famous prints. It was published the 23d of January (the day that Pitt breathed his last), and was entitled "Tiddy Doll, the Great French Gingerbread Baker, Drawing out a new Batch of Kings, His Man, 'Hopping Talley,' Mixing up the Dough." The great gilt, gingerbread baker is shown at work at his new French oven for imperial gingerbread. He is just drawing from the oven's mouth a fresh batch of kings. The fuel is shown in the form of cannon-balls. Holland, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Venice and Spain are following the fate of the French Republic. On the store cupboard for "kings and queens," "crowns and sceptres," "suns and Moons," is arranged a gay parcel of little dough viceroys intended for the next batch. Among them are the figures of Fox, Sheridan, Derby and others of the Whig party in England.

In the comprehensive and ill-assorted coalition ministry which was formed soon after Pitt's death, the caricaturists found a congenial topic for their pencils. They ridiculed it unmercifully under the title "All the Talents," and the "Broad Bottomed" ministry. A composite picture by Rowlandson shows the ministry as a spectacled ape in the wig of a learned justice, with episcopal mitre and Catholic

crozier. He wears a lawyer's coat and ragged breeches, with a shoe on one foot and a French jack-boot on the other. He is dancing on a funeral pyre of papers, the results of the administration, its endless negotiations with France, its sinecures and patronages, which are blazing away. The creature's foot is discharging a gun, which produces signal mischief in the rear and brings down two heavy folios, the Magna Charta and the Coronation oath, upon its head.

This ministry's futile negotiations for peace with France are frequently burlesqued. Gillray published on April 5th "Pacific Overtures; or, a Flight from St. Cloud's 'over the water to Charley,'" in which the negotiations are described as "a new dramatic *peace*, now rehearsing." In this cartoon King George has left the state box—where the play-book of "I Know You All" still remains open—to approach nearer to little Boney, who, elevated on the clouds, is directing attention to his proposed treaty. "Terms of Peace: Acknowledge me as Emperor; dismantle your fleet; reduce your armies; abandon Malta and Gibraltar; renounce all continental connection; your colonies I will take at a valuation; engage to pay to the Great Nation for seven years annually one million pounds; and place in my hands as hostages the Princess Charlotte of Wales, with others of the late administration whom I shall name." King George replies: "Very amusing terms, indeed, and might do vastly well with some of the new-made little gingerbread kings; but we are not in the habit of giving up either ships or commerce or colonies merely because little Boney is in a pet to have them." This cartoon introduces among others Talleyrand, O'Connor, Fox, Lord Ellenborough, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Moira, Lord Lauderdale, Addington, Lord Henry Petty, Lord Derby and Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Shortly afterward, on July 21st, 1806, Rowlandson voices the current feeling of distrust of Fox in "Experiments at Dover; or, Master Charley's Magic Lantern." Fox is depicted at Dover, training the rays of his magic lantern on the cliffs of Calais. John Bull, watching him, is not satisfied. "Yes, yes, it be all very fine, if it be true; but I can't forget that d—d Omnium last week. . . . I will

tell thee what, Charley, since thee hast become a great man, I think in my heart thee beest always conjuring."

The cartoon entitled "Westminster Conscripts Under the Training Act" appeared September 1st, 1806. Napoleon, the drill sergeant, is elevated on a pile of cannon-balls; he is giving his authoritative order to "Ground arms." The invalided Fox has been wheeled to the ground in his arm-chair; the Prince of Wales's plume appears on the back of his seat. Other figures in the cartoon are Lord Lauderdale, Lord Grenville, Lord Howick, Lord Holland, Lord Robert Spencer, Lord Ellenborough, the Duke of Clarence, Lord Moira, Lord Chancellor Erskine, Colonel Hanger and Talleyrand.

Gillray has left a cartoon commemorating the arrival of the Danish squadron, under the title of "British Tars Towing the Danish Fleet into Harbour; the Broad Bottom Leviathan trying to swamp Billy's Old Boat; and the Little Corsican Tottering on the Clouds of Ambition." This cartoon was issued October 1st, 1807. Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh are lustily rowing "The Billy Pitt;" Canning, seated in the prow, is towing the captured fleet into Sheerness, with the Union Jack flying over the forts. Copenhagen smoking from the recent bombardment may be distinguished in the distance. In Sheerness harbour the sign of the "Good Old George" is hung out at John Bull's Tavern; John Bull is seated at the door, a pot of porter in his hand, waving his hat and shouting: "Rule Britannia! Britannia Rules the Waves!" That the expedition did not escape censure is shown by the figure of a three-headed porpoise which is savagely assailing the successful crew. This monster bears the heads of Lord Howick, shouting "Detraction! Lord St. Vincent, filled with "Envy," and discharging a watery broadside; and Lord Grenville, who is raising his "Opposition Clamour" to confuse their course.

No period of the Napoleonic wars gave better opportunity for satire than Napoleon's disastrous occupation of Spain and his invasion of Portugal. The titles alone of the cartoons would fill a volume. The sanguine hopes of success cherished by the English government are expressed by Gillray in a print published

April 10th, 1808. "Delicious Dreams! Castles in the Air! Glorious Prospects!" It depicts the ministers sunken in a drunken sleep and visited by glorious visions of Britannia and her lion occupying a triumphal car formed from the hull of a British ship, drawn by an Irish bull and led by an English tar. She is dragging captive to the Tower little Boney and the Russian Bear, both loaded with chains.

The dangers which threatened Napoleon at this period were shown by Gillray in one of the most striking of all his cartoons, the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," which was issued September 24th, 1808. The valley is the valley of Bunyan's allegory. The Emperor is proceeding timorously down a treacherous path, bounded on either side by the waters of Styx and hemmed in by a circle of flame. From every side horrors are springing up to assail him. The British lion, raging and furious, is springing at his throat. The Portuguese wolf has broken his chain. King Death, mounted on a mule of "True Royal Spanish Breed," has cleared at a bound the body of the ex-King Joseph, which has been thrown into the "Ditch of Styx." Death is poisoning his spear with fatal aim, warningly holding up at the same time his hour-glass with the sand exhausted; flames follow in his course. From the smoke rise the figures of Junot and Dupont, the beaten generals. The papal tiara is descending as a "Roman meteor," charged with lightnings to blast the Corsican. The "Turkish New Moon" is seen rising in blood. The "Spirit of Charles XII." rises from the flames to avenge the wrongs of Sweden. The "Imperial German Eagle" is emerging from a cloud; the Prussian bird appears as a scarecrow, making desperate efforts to fly and screaming revenge. From the "Lethan Ditch" the "American Rattlesnake" is thrusting forth a poisoned tongue. The "Dutch Frogs" are spitting out their spite; and the Rhenish Confederation is personified as a herd of starved "Rats," ready to feast on the Corsican. The great "Russian Bear," the only ally Napoleon has secured, is shaking his chain and growling—a formidable enemy in the rear.

Gillray's caricature entitled "John Bull Taking a Luncheon; or, British Cooks

Cramming Old Grumble-Gizzard with Bonne Chère," shows the strange appearing John of the caricature of that day sitting at a table, overwhelmed by the zealous attentions of his cooks, foremost among whom is the hero of the Nile, who is offering him a "Fricassée à la Nelson," a large dish of battered French ships of the line. John is swallowing a frigate at a mouthful. Through the window we see Fox and Sheridan, representative of the Broad Bottom administration, running away in dismay at John Bull's voracity.

As Gillray retires from the field several other clever artists stand ready to take his place, and notably Rowlandson. The latter had a distinct advantage over Gillray in his superior artistic training. He was educated in the French schools, where he gave especial attention to studies from the nude. In the opinion of such capable judges as Reynolds, West and Lawrence, his gifts might have won him a high place among English artists, if he had not turned, through sheer perversity, to satire and burlesque. Rowlandson's Napoleonic cartoons began in July, 1808. They are neither especially characteristic nor especially clever, but they certainly were duly appreciated by the public. Joseph Grego, in his interesting and comprehensive work upon Rowlandson, says of them:

It is certain that the caricaturist's travesties of the little Emperor, his burlesques of his great actions and grandiose declarations, his figurative displays of the mean origin of the imperial family, with the cowardice and depravity of its members, won popular applause. . . . And when disasters began to cloud the career of Napoleon, as army after army melted away, . . . the artist bent his skill to interpret the delight of the public. The city competed with the West End in buying every caricature, in loyal contest to prove their national enmity for Bonaparte. In too many cases, the incentive was to gratify the hatred of the Corsican rather than any remarkable merit that could be discovered in the caricatures. Very few of these mock-heroic sallies imprint themselves upon the recollection by sheer force of their own brilliancy, as was the case with Gillray, and frequently with John Tenniel. Rowlandson and Cruikshank are risible but not inspired.

On July 8th, Rowlandson began his se-

ries with "The Corsican Tiger at Bay." Napoleon is depicted as a savage tiger, rending four "Royal Greyhounds," quite at his mercy. But a fresh pack appears in the background and prepares for a fierce charge. The Russian bear and Austrian eagle are securely bound with heavy fetters, but the eagle is asking: "Now, Brother Bruin, is it time to break our fetters?"

"The Beast as Described in the Revelations," published July 22d, 1808. The beast, of Corsican origin, is represented with seven heads, and the names of Austria, Naples, Holland, Denmark, Prussia and Russia are inscribed on their respective crowns. Napoleon's head, severed from the trunk, vomits forth flames. In the distance, cities are blazing, showing the destruction wrought by the beast. Spain is represented as the champion who alone dares to stand against the monster.

"The Political Butcher" bears date September 12th of the same year. In this print the Spanish Don, in the garb of a butcher, is cutting up Bonaparte for the benefit of his neighbours. The body of the late Corsican lies before him and is being cut up with professional zeal. The Don holds up his enemy's heart and calls upon the other Powers to take their share. The double-headed eagle of Austria is swooping upon Napoleon's head: "I have long wished to strike my talons into that diabolical head-piece;" the British bulldog has been enjoying portions of the joints, and thinks that he would "like to have the picking of that head." The Russian bear is luxuriously licking Napoleon's boots, and remarks, "This licking is giving me a mortal inclination to pick a bone."

The final failure of the Spanish campaign is signalled, September 20th, in a cartoon labelled "Napoleon the Little in a Rage with his Great French Eagle." The Emperor, with drawn sword and bristling with rage, threatens the French imperial eagle, larger than himself. The bird's head and one leg are tied up—the result of damage inflicted by the Spaniards. "Confusion and destruction!" thunders Napoleon, "what is this I see? Did I not command you not to return until you had spread your wing of victory over the whole of Spain?" "Aye, it's fine talking," rejoins the bird, "but if you

had been there, you would not much have liked it. The Spanish cormorants pursued me in such a manner that they set me moulting in a terrible way. I wonder that I have not lost my feathers. Besides, it got so hot I could not bear it any longer."

In August, 1809, Rowlandson published "The Rising Sun." Bonaparte is surrounded by the Continental powers, and is busy rocking to sleep in a cradle the Russian bear, securely muzzled with French promises. But the dawn of a new era is breaking: the sun of Spain and Portugal is rising with threatening import. The Emperor is disturbed by the new light: "This rising sun has set me upon thorns." The Prussian eagle is trussed; Denmark is snuffed out. But Austria has once more taken heart: "Tyrant, I defy thee and thy cursed crew!"

The victories of the Peninsular war, and later of the disastrous Russian campaign, called forth an ever-increasing number of cartoons, which showed little mercy or consideration to a fallen foe. A sample of the titles of this period show the general tendency; he is the "Corsican Bloodhound," the "Carcass-Butcher;" he is a jail-bird doing the "Rogues' March to the Island of Elba." An analysis of a few of the more striking cartoons will serve to close the survey of the Napoleonic period. "Death and Bonaparte" is a grewsome cartoon by Rowlandson, dated January 1st, 1814. Napoleon is seated on a drum with his head clasped between his hands, staring into the face of a skeleton Death, who is watching the baffled general face to face. Death mockingly parodies Napoleon's attitude. A broken eagle, the imperial standard, lies at his bony feet. In the background the Russian, Prussian, Austrian and other allied armies are streaming past in unbroken ranks, routing the dismayed legions of France.

April 12th, 1814, a cartoon by Rowlandson, entitled "Bloody Boney, the Corsican Butcher, Left off Trade and Retiring to Scarecrow Island." He is riding on a rough-coated donkey and wearing a fool's cap in place of a crown. His only provision is a bag of brown bread. His consort is riding on the same beast, which is being unmercifully flogged with a stick labelled "Bâton Maréchal."

April 17th, 1815, "The Flight of Bonaparte from Hell Bay," Rowlandson.

Napoleon's escape from Elba is represented as a flight from the infernal regions. The foul fiend is amusing himself by letting his captive loose to work fresh mischief in the world above. He has mounted the Corsican upon a bubble and sends him careering upward back to earth, while hissing dragons pour forth furious blasts to waft the bubble onward.

April 18th, 1815, "Hell Hounds Rallying around the Idol of France."

The head and bust of the Emperor, drawn on a colossal scale, a hangman's noose around his throat, is mounted on a vast pyramid of human heads, his decapitated victims. Demons are flying through the air to place upon his brow a crown of blazing pitch, while a ring of other excited fiends, whose features represent Maréchal Ney, Lefebvre, Davoust and others, with horns, hoofs and tails, are dancing in triumph around the idol they have replaced. Closely resembling this cartoon of Rowlandson is the German cartoon which is reproduced in this article showing a double-faced Napoleon topping a monument built of skulls. Rowlandson's "Hell Hounds Rallying around the Idol of France" was the last English cartoon directed against Napoleon when he was at the head of France. Two months later the Emperor's power was finally broken at Waterloo.

(To be continued.)





THE LITTLE HAND

O moon-pale blossom that ruffles and dips
And ripples in wind that is sweet with your lips,
I have come to you, hot for the truth about truth.
I have come to find God. If I look in the dew
And the depths of your silk—shall I find Him in you?

How it stirs—little rose! How it stirs and is still!
How it blows, and is sweet, and is terribly still!

Little child, little child—with me here by the rose,
I can find you no truth. What the moon-blossom knows
Is its secret, for God; and they shut us away.
Take my hand. Let us search for the truth and the work.
Of the truth through the dead hush of earth.

How it clings—little hand! How it clings to my own!
Here is Truth! Ah, the little hand clings to my own!
Zona Gale.



WASHINGTON'S PRIVATE ACCOUNT BOOK

About fifteen years ago there was rescued from a fire in Alexandria, Virginia, a small paper-bound volume, with time embrowned leaves and faded ink, which upon examination proved to be George Washington's private account book for 1790-91, kept during his residence in New York, in the first and second years of his Presidency. The manuscript is not in his own handwriting, but in that of his assistant secretary, Major William Jackson,* who was his aide-de-camp during the War of the Revolution, and who in 1790 succeeded Colonel David Humphrys as the President's assistant or second secretary.

*Major William Jackson was born in Cumberland, England, March 9th, 1750, and brought as an orphan to this country. He entered the army in 1775, and was aide to Washington during the Revolution. He was secretary to the Federal Convention, and for twenty-eight years to the Society of Cincinnati. He delivered the funeral oration on Washington, and died in 1828. (See *Columbia Historical Society Records*, Vol. I.)

The book contains all household and other expenses in the minutest particular, and opens with the entry:

THE PRESIDENT's private Act.	} \$21.
An act. of T. Green's printer at	
Annapolis for sund. previous to	
1789.	

That is to say, previous to Washington's inauguration as President.

It was at that time (1789) that Samuel Fraunces, keeper of the famous "Queen's Head" Tavern, in New York, where Washington took leave of his officers, was made steward of the President's household, and upon his appointment the following announcement was made public:

Whereas, all servants and others appointed to procure provisions or supplies for the household of the President of the United States will be furnished with money for these purposes: *Notice is therefore given* that no accounts for the payment of which the public

might be considered responsible are to be opened with any of them.

SAMUEL FRAUNCES,
Steward to the Household.

May 4. 1789.

The account book is replete with entries concerning money given Fraunces for the house expenses. A list, which occurs on

the President had implicit confidence in Fraunces, we are told in Custis's *Recollections of Washington* that he was greatly opposed to waste or extravagance of any kind, and often reprimanded his steward for unnecessary and extravagant expenditures. An extract from Fenno's Gazette of the day says: "We are happy to inform our readers that the President

132	Conty Exp. Dr to Cash.	62..10	
56	P. A. Ronigale for Am ^t . tution of M ^r Custis of for music	62..20	
	P ^r . drayage of a plough to the River	20	02
	18		
137	Conty Exp. Dr to Cash	2..13	
50	H. Mary Pearson for work done for W. Washington.	2..35	
	Thos. G. W. P. Curtis	52	2 8
	10		
50	made in 12		

the second page, will serve as an example:

House Exps. p. for by Fraunces:	
1 barrell sugar	31.67
2 boxes spermt. Candles.....	32.57
Soap	27.47
Isinglass of Rose Water	3.87
Sweeping chimneys.....	5.88

This, however, is the only list in which the items are given in detail, the usual entry being "SAM'L FRAUNCES del'd him to purchase sund. for the H^o."—any amount from \$99.21 to \$122.14. Though

is determined to pursue that system of regularity and economy in his household which has always marked his public and private life."

Congress had in 1789 voted the salary of the President to be \$25,000 a year, which, according to the account book, seems to have been paid in instalments of \$1,000, as the following shows:

CASH Dr. to the Treas'y of the United States.....	1000
Received for use of the President.....	1000

and other similar entries.

The name of Nelly Custis, the winsome girl who always awakens tender recollections in our hearts, finds frequent mention in the account book's pages.

pd. for a bonnet & trimmings for Miss Custis.....	2.75
pd. for gloves for Miss Custis.....	2.26
del'd to Mr. Dandridge to pay for h'd kerchf's for Miss Custis.....	3.2
pd. A. Renigale for 4 mo.'s tuition of Miss Custis and for music.....	62.20

It is perhaps a curious commentary of the prices of articles at that time, when Miss Custis paid only a few cents more for her bonnet and trimmings than for her gloves; and there is mention elsewhere of a pair of gloves for Mrs. Washington that cost \$4.36.

Other very expensive articles to our modern minds are:

pd. for 2 Tin Ice-moulds.....	2.50
pd. for a yd. muslin for Mrs. Washington.....	1.66
pd. for 215 lb. loaf sugar to send to Mt. Vernon.....	60.15

But, in contrast, there are many entries of surprisingly cheap expenditures:

del'd to G. S. Washington to pay his college quarter-bill.....	9.33
pd. for shoes for Oney.....	.40
pd. Mr. Anthony for earrings and necklace for Miss H. Washington.....	4.00

Wages were low also, as we find \$10 paid one servant for two months' wages, and \$15 paid another for "a quarter's work." The "Miss H. Washington" and "G. S. Washington" mentioned above are Harriet Washington, who became Mrs. Parke, and George Steptoe Washington, nephew of the President and son of his brother Samuel.

Linen, the delight and care of the true housewife in those, as well as in more recent times, played an important part in the monthly expenses. But, thanks to modern progressiveness, the making of shirts for the husband and son is, in the present century, no longer one of the necessary feminine duties.

del'd to Mrs. Wa. to pay for making shirts for the President.....	2.66
del'd to Mrs. Emerson to pay for making 4 shirts for G. W. P. Custis....	2.00

pd. for 26 yds. linen for bl'k serv'nts' shirts.....	8.66
pd. for 4 cotton handkerchiefs for Mrs. Washington's maid.....	1.00
pd. for 20 yds. linen for the use of the kitchen.....	3.73
pd. for linen for Mrs. Washington's maids.....	8.88
pd. Bohlen for a pk. cambrick for the President's shirts.....	26.66
Mr. B. Dandridge Dr. to cash pd. for linen for him to be charged to act. of his salary.....	18.00

That the President took great interest in and paid most of the bills of George Custis and George S. Washington is shown by many entries of presents of pocket-money and the ofttime repeated item of "pd. to G. W. P. Custis" or "G. S. Washington to pay the barber" and "for the cleaning of his shoes." Also many itemised accounts for board, tuition and school books.

An interesting sidelight on the life of Washington is thrown by the many references to money given in charity; the most common and one that is echoed on nearly every page is: "Gave a poor woman —2." Also the item, "Gave a distressed mason —2," occurs frequently. The following are other specimens:

gave to two Turks a guinea ea.....	9.33
gave toward building a Dutch Roman Church in Baltimore.....	4.00
gave two frenchmen who applied to the President for assistance by order— one of whom had a letter to the President from Mq's delafayette...	10.00
gave a poor woman who br't a petition signed by Col. Hamilton and Bishop White (by order).....	4.00

But, perhaps, the most interesting entries, and those which give us the best pictures of the life of the household, are found in the miscellaneous items scattered everywhere throughout the book. The list which is appended gathers together a few of the quaintest:

pd. the freight of a saddle of mutton from Baltimore by stage.....	1.75
pd. for 100 mulberry trees.....	2.66
pd. for 7½ cord wood.....	39.60
pd. for carrying in do. men employed by Fraunces.....	13.00
pd. D. Timmins for soup.....	16.00

pd. Marey for dressing Mrs. Washington's agr'ts.....	26.44
pd. for livery-lace.....	59.33
pd. for Indigo.....	.12
pd. for 33 lb. cheese.....	4.94
pd. for 8 pr. silk hose for the President and Mrs. Wa.....	14.94
pd. Dr. Thuber for attendance on G. W. P. C.....	35.66
pd. for shoe-blackening to carry to Mt. Vernon..... (Obliterated)	
pd. for 6 qts. shells sent to do.....	2.88
pd. R. Campbell for the New York Magazine for 1791.....	2.25
pd. for 51 galls. Spermti. oil for lamps..	24.36
pd. for dragage of a plough to the River.....	.20
gave G. W. P. Custis.....	.12
pd. for 100 lb. starch or glass stands by S. F.....	11.67

In this little faded, soot-begrimed book, affording us a glimpse of the domestic

economy of the old Executive Mansion, on Broadway, near Rector Street, the home life of the President—Washington, the husband and host—is brought vividly before us. Perhaps it is because he was so eminently a public character that what little we can learn of his private life is made doubly interesting. Certainly few records, with the exception probably of a diary, can give us the little homely everyday incidents that bring us into such close touch with his family and its connections, for the dominant feeling after a reading of the book is a sense of great nearness and intimacy. It presents to the imaginative mind a series of vivid pictures, and, though it has been impossible not to leave out much that is of interest in the cursory glance that such an article can give, brief as it is, it is a record that brings us just a little nearer to that greatest of all Americans—our first President.

Irma M. Peixotto.



AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE JOURNALISM

When Professor Bernadotte Perrin said of his Alma Mater, "Whatever else may thrive at Yale, idleness does not. . . . The work may not be entirely the work of the curriculum, but *fervet opus*," he struck a keynote, for most salient of all the characteristics of the large American universities of to-day is their activity. And in such strenuous and practically self-sufficient academic communities perhaps the most natural activity is journalism.

College papers certainly have flourished. Even daily newspapers have been published by students for over twenty years. These dailies, of which there are twelve well established, are, together with the college comics, the most noteworthy of all the college periodicals. The dailies in their limited field and for their necessarily small constituencies perform an important service. They serve as bulletins for the athletic and other student interests, publish as the news of the day

concise records of games, lectures, social doings and the like, in which the college takes an interest, and furnish a medium for the discussion of important college problems, chiefly those pertaining to the students. At New Haven it is a common and a true saying that the *Yale News* chairman "runs the college." Usually the college dailies are quasi-official, though at some universities, notably the University of Wisconsin, they have the stamp of formal approval. Over the undergraduates the editorials in the college dailies have a considerable influence. Good training for professional journalism do the college dailies afford. This it was that Whitelaw Reid referred to at the Yale Bicentennial when he pointed to a boy selling copies of the *Yale News*, and said to Mark Twain: "That's how the colleges help us most."

The *Harvard Crimson*, the *Yale News*, the *Cornell Daily Sun* and the *Daily Princetonian* are the four oldest of these

daily papers. Others are the *Pennsylvanian*, of the University of Pennsylvania; the *Brown Daily Herald*, the *Daily Californian*, the *Daily Student*, of Indiana University; the *Michigan Daily News*, a recent merger of two rival papers; the *Daily Palo Alto*, of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, an especially well-edited paper; the *Daily Nebraskan*, of Nebraska University; and the *Minnesota Daily*, of the University of Minnesota.

All these dailies, which generally ap-

YALE NEWS.

Yale Students, Editors. Published daily during Term Time.

VOL. I.—No. 1. New Haven, Ct., Jan. 28, 1878. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

The innovation which we begin by this country's laws is justified by the diligence of the times, and by the demand for news among us. Ever since the *Journal* and *Courier* have changed from weeklies to semi-weeklies, or in other words, have become about as speedy and approachable as *The LA*, there has been an apparent necessity of having an independent sheet which should contain the latest news, and short, witty articles of interest. It is our purpose to publish such a sheet daily, and we hope to have the co-operation and welcome as necessary to its success. Our columns are open to free discussion on all subjects "consistent with decorum and morality," and to contribution from any member of the university.

All communications should be addressed to the *Yale News*, Box 484, or left at Gailbaird's.

As the *Courier* remarked in its last issue, "the *News* is to be published for a few weeks as an experiment. If it meets with success, it will be continued through the year. The price, per copy, is perhaps somewhat exorbitant, but it will be 'worth it' as soon as we are assured of our financial support."

There is a prevailing sentiment among the undergraduates that they do not apart for paper for college as it is rightly observed by us at Yale. The Faculty, however, have only partially seen overlooked the day, but it is hoped that, this next Thursday, they will suspend all recitations and have appropriate services.

Monday and Sunday, it is reported, will be in New Haven during the next moon. We hope that the Faculty will deem it advisable to make a few recitations in order that the fruits of their coming may be enjoyed by "the class," and by all without detriment to our temporal welfare.

FIRST NUMBER OF THE "YALE NEWS."

pear in the morning, are of four pages, except on special occasions, such as Commencement, and the page is about eleven by sixteen inches in size. The paper's news is that of its own university almost exclusively, though some news of other colleges is inserted. Wonder that enough material can be found, with this limitation, is quickly dispelled by a visit to the office of one of them on a night of publication. The managers of the various student activities are always clamouring

for "write-ups," the wording of which they want to dictate, in order to get candidates or money. Then, too, your undergraduate is critical, and sees many things to "kick" against in a letter to the editor. Special features are not infrequent. At Cornell, a year or so ago, when everybody was talking about the "cribbing," or cheating, in examinations, the *Cornell Sun* conducted a symposium on the subject. President Schurman and Dr. Thurston were among those whose views were presented. The *Harvard Crimson* has frequent symposiums; one of them was regarding the hour for beginning work in the morning, and some one's plea for "eight o'clocks" was smothered in it. But "heeling" brings in most of the material.

"Heeling" means trying for a position on a college paper. In few cases are the editors elected, except on the basis of this system. It is very valuable, because it brings in many contributions—often three or four times the paper's capacity—through the stimulus of competition, and because it furnishes students of some experience to take the places of those who graduate. The necessarily annual remodelling of its force is a college periodical's greatest handicap, particularly with reference to its business department. Able men grow grey in the service of most publications; on college papers it is comparatively rare for a man to be in an important position longer than a year. Comparatively stupendous is the amount of work necessary to obtain a place on several of these dailies. The work of many, because of sickness at a critical time or the pressure of competition, is unrewarded. Six or eight hours is a fair average of the amount of work a day a successful *Yale News* "heeler" has to do. The desire to "win out" in such a contest is accentuated by the fact that at most universities there are honorary societies, and distinction in college journalism is one of the reasons for electing men to them. At Yale, for instance, the undergraduate's greatest desire is to obtain a Skull and Bones, Scroll and Key, or Wolf's Head badge, and to do notable work for Yale on the *News* or *Record* or other board is to make one's self a strong candidate for this honour.

Elections to the college papers are usually made at stated times, on the basis

Miss Phelps, in her new work, "The Story of Ark," kindly borrows almost word for word the incident in Prof. Dana's life about the bird, which he so graphically related to his class at term. It is by far the finest passage of the novel, and will reflect much credit on her imagination.

She represents her hero, Prof. Ostrander, (whose character elsewhere is portrayed as selfish, unscrupulous and unfeeling), as holding his class spell-bound while relating his gossamer action. After describing his voyage to the Coral Islands, and his happening upon the bird, Prof. Ostrander proceeds as follows:

"Gentlemen," the bird stood still. It turned its head and looked at me: its eyes shone with a singularly soft, pleased light. I lowered the gun. How could I fire? I crept towards it. It was a beautiful creature. It did not move: I thought it was gratified at the sight of me. It acted as if it had never seen a man before; I do not suppose it ever had. It crept along; I stretched out my hands, but yet it did not fly. I reached in—I stroked it. With this hand I stroked that magnificent, unknown creature. It did not shrink. I took out my knife, opened it, held it down. The bird looked at me coolly. I put the blade to its throat; but it would not stir. It trusted me. Gentlemen, I came away—I could not kill the bird.

THE LOWELL MASON MUSICAL.

The concert by the Lowell Mason Society at the Margaret Chapel last Friday evening, was quite a fine affair. To obtain an unimpaired performance is a difficult task, for there is no settled standard of comparison; yet if correct time, good enunciation, and proper expression are worthy qualities, then the display was well, for they displayed all these excellences. Miss Sanford's singing is too well known to need further commendation; while Miss Hall's performance received well merited applause. The able manner in which these ladies were supported by Mr. Carter, '78, was heartily appreciated by the audience.

The dailies, as would be expected, are the most profitable as a class of the college papers. The *Crimson* nets an average of about \$5000 a year; the *News*, \$4000. These two are the most remunerative. A senior on either of them is apt to receive upward of \$400.

[illegible][illegible]

Interesting offices are maintained by most of the dailies. At Harvard the *Crimson* has excellent quarters in the Harvard Union, the big student clubhouse. A piano owned by the board is one of its appurtenances. The *Cornell Sun* is ensconced in the building of the

Ithaca Daily News, in attractive offices. In White Hall, New Haven, are the quarters of the *Yale News*, handsomely fitted out in hard oak. The *Pennsylvanian*, of the University of Pennsylvania, like the *Crimson*, has an office in the student club-house, in this case Houston Hall. The *Princetonian* is issued from one end of Reunion Hall. As a rule, the student body is encouraged to make use of the daily's offices, and the

The Daily Princetonian



files of other college papers kept there are much read.

The *Printsanything* and the *Crimes-own* are names given the Princeton and Harvard dailies by the comic papers of those two colleges. The hoax played about two years ago on the *Harvard Crimson* by the *Harvard Lampoon*, the Harvard comic, was eminently fit to rank with that masterpiece of practical jokes—the pamphlets of Jonathan Swift and his friends, the first predicting the death of Partridge, the astrologer, and the second announcing, much to the living Partridge's discomfiture, that the predic-

tion had been fulfilled on the date set. The *Harvard Lampoon* issued a "fake" number of the *Crimson*, delicately enough caricatured to fool all but the observant readers. Information that the janitor at one of the college laboratories had upset a jar of microbes, that So-and-So of the crew squad had rowed himself out of his shell, but had swum ashore without ill effects, and that "the president and fellows of Harvard College" had decided not to offer to President McKinley an honorary degree, was given with the utmost gravity. A Boston newspaper was deceived by the last-named announcement, and the page reprinting it is said to have been stereotyped and on the press when the managing editor, glancing at the wet sheet, suddenly decided the announcement was bogus.

A statement in the "fake" that the *Crimson* was making more money than was warranted, and that a dollar and a half would be returned on all three-dollar subscriptions that afternoon, brought many freshmen to the *Crimson* office at the appointed time. A sign hung in the night over the *Crimson* office reiterating this announcement was another part of the hoax. Its complete success was for long the talk of Cambridge, and a forbidden subject of conversation in the *Crimson* sanctum. The *Crimson* editors disclaimed responsibility for the "fake" in their next issue.

The *Harvard Lampoon* is the oldest and probably the best known of the college comic papers. Others are the *Widow*, of Cornell; the *Yale Record*, the *Princeton Tiger*, the *Columbia Jester*, the *Wrinkle*, of the University of Michigan; the *Punch Bowl*, of the University of Pennsylvania, and the *Chapparral*, of Leland Stanford, Jr., University. Most of them are bi-weeklies.

More interesting to the average reader than the dailies, though less necessary to the colleges, the comics illustrate remarkably the cleverness and enterprise of American college youth. For they are funny. In all respects except the drawings several of them come dangerously near the high standard of the best professional humorous papers. The *Cornell Widow*, owing partly to the influence of Cornell's excellent school of architecture, stands especially high in its



BOARD OF EDITORS. "YALE DAILY NEWS."



illustrations. The college comics are funny, moreover, to one who has never been in a college town. The local allusions that are not easily understood by no means fill them up, nor even a large part of them. Occasionally local allusion hides risky humour, patent to the undergraduate but unintelligible to others. Such a joke appeared in the *Harvard Lampoon*; and the Harvard man thought it "bully," but did not explain it in polite society. Some exchange editor found it, and reprinted it with the criticism that Harvard humour was marvelously poor.

No subject but furnishes "copy" to the college humourist. There is no hesitation at poking fun at the professors. The *Cornell Widow* pictured President Schurman of Cornell in a golf match. Nearly beaten, Dr. Schurman is represented as confounding his adversary by proposing to give him his impressions of the Philippines. The *Harvard Lampoon* had a clever parody on "Cómin' Thro' the Rye," "roasting" President Eliot for not bowing to the students while passing through the Harvard Yard.

Mock greswome couplets are frequent. The *Lampoon* had these ones on "Parental Solicitude":

Algernon Jones ate Paris Green,
And died all over the carpet clean.
The loss of the rug piqued Algie's father.
Who remarked: "He always was a bother."

Ermintrude Hopkins broke her spine,
And passed away at half-past nine.
Her mother was sorry, and said: "What a pity,
I'm already late for my train to the city."

The *Lampoon*, too, had a picture of a trolley accident, with these lines:



The man who runs the trolley car,
Oh, my! but he's a joker!
His aunt was sleeping on the track,
And this is how he woke her.

Perhaps the most successful series of this kind appeared in the *Cornell Widow*, and the verses were afterward reprinted as "The Johnny Book" and had a wide circulation. They were exceptionally well illustrated. This was one of them:

Johnny with a bowie knife
Separated ma and life.
Now he's in another mix.
Ain't he cute, he's only six.

Father was next slain, and as he had been the last surviving member of Johnny's family, the editors offered a prize for the most appropriate disposal of Johnny himself. This was the winning couplet:

Johnny saw a buzz saw buzz
Like a bike, and thought it wuzz.
Johnny's corpse is full of nicks.
Ain't he cute, he's cut in six.

Puns bearing on athletics are, of course, frequently put in. For example, this from the *Chapparral*, of Leland Stanford:

"I say, how did you get off on the Glee Club try-out?"
"Made first base on four bawls."

A hackneyed subject is thus freshly treated by the *Princeton Tiger*:

"This," said the goat, as he returned from the tomato can and began on the broken mirror with relish. "this is indeed food for reflection."

And this should make the *Wrinkle*, of Michigan, famous:

"Do you drink pale beer, Miss Milwaukee?"
"No, indeed. Papa buys our beer in bottles."

for printing this advertisement: "250 rooms; 125 bathrooms; all outside exposures."

The absurd, of course, is often a source of humour. The *Cornell Widow*, for instance, prints this, with a clever drawing:

There was a table in our house,
And he was very wise, sir;
The maid took off his glasses, so
He couldn't use his eyes, sir.



EDITORIAL OFFICES OF THE "HARVARD CRIMSON."

Intercollegiate rivalry is frequently a subject. "I wonder," says a character in a *Harvard Lampoon* skit, "why the best port is old port?" "Because port means haven," is the answer he receives, "and the worst haven is New Haven." The reader is then told that the speakers, "having stored away the wine, set sail from the editorial haven of the Star Board, with a decided leaning to port."

It was the *Harvard Lampoon* that laughed at the *Yale Alumni Weekly*

But when he found he couldn't see,
And heard the chairs "haw, haw," sir,
He turned the laugh right back at them,
He took a cup and saucer.

These on romantic subjects are typical:

From the *Cornell Widow*:

"And so you obeyed the call to arms?"

She asked of her soldier beau.

"Yes," he replied, quite modestly,

"For my duty called, you know."



BOARD OF EDITORS. "CORNELL DAILY SUN."



BOARD OF EDITORS. "COLUMBIA SPECTATOR."

"Would you do it again?" "I would," he said;

Then coyly without more fear,

"I issue," she whispered, "a call to arms."

He answered: "I volunteer."

From the *Yale Record*:

First Fusser: "What do you see attractive in that girl?"

Second Ditto: "Why, man, her hair."

First Ditto: "Oh, I see! Just capillary attraction."



CONSIDERED THE BEST NUMBER OF THE "YALE NEWS" EVER PRINTED.

The *Lampoon's* description of a mock Harvard faculty meeting is famous. The professors were represented as discussing the length of the Christmas vacation. Barrett Wendell, whose home is in the Back Bay district of Boston, says: "Er, er, I don't think we ought to have a vacation. Those who live in Boston have one every week, and as for those who don't live in Boston—er, er, they don't deserve one, you know."

Besides the dailies and the comics, the

literary magazines, usually monthlies, are notable. Such are the *Yale Literary Monthly* and the *Nassau Literary Magazine* of Princeton, both referred to as "Lits"; the *Harvard Monthly*, by some considered the best college paper published; the *Cornell Era*, which was originally a newspaper; the *Red and Blue*, of the University of Pennsylvania; the *Columbia Literary Monthly*; the *Williams Literary Monthly*, and the *Amherst Monthly*. At some of the smaller institutions very creditable weeklies or semi-weeklies are published. Especially well edited among these are the *Williams Weekly* and the *Amherst Student*. Others are the *Syracuse University Herald*, the *Union Concoriensis*, the *Oberlin Review* and the *Lehigh Brown and White*. The *Columbia Spectator*, for a long time a semi-weekly, was this year changed to a daily. Other college papers with varying aims are the *Yale Courant*, composed largely of he-and-she dialogues; the *Trinity Tablet*, the *Rutgers Targum*; the *Tech*, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which has excellent illustrations; the *Columbia Morningside*, and the *Harvard Advocate*. President Roosevelt, when an undergraduate, was an editor of the *Advocate*. Among the papers of the women's colleges, the *Vassar Miscellany* has a deservedly high reputation. Annuals—heavy books with many illustrations and statistics of the college year, and usually literary matter also—are published at almost every college, sometimes by editors chosen from the senior class, sometimes by societies, but more often by editors elected by the junior class. Among them are the *Yale Banner* and the *Yale Pot Pourri*, rival publications issued respectively under the auspices of the Skull and Bones and Scroll and Key senior societies; the *Cornellian*, of Cornell University; the *Bric-à-Brac*, of Princeton; the *Gulielmsonian*, of Williams College, named from the Latin word for William, but always shortened to "Gul"; the *University of Michigan Oracle*; the *Columbian*, of Columbia University; the *Amherst Olio*; the *Scarlet Letter*, of Rutgers, and the *Liber Brunensis*, of Brown, issued by the Greek Letter societies of those two colleges; the *Violet*, of the New York University; the *Transit*, of the Rensselaer Polytechnic



BOARD OF EDITORS. "THE PENNSYLVANIAN."



BOARD OF EDITORS. "THE DAILY PRINCETONIAN."



THE "JOHNY SERIES." FROM "THE CORNELL WIDOW."
An Excellent Specimen of Undergraduate Humour.

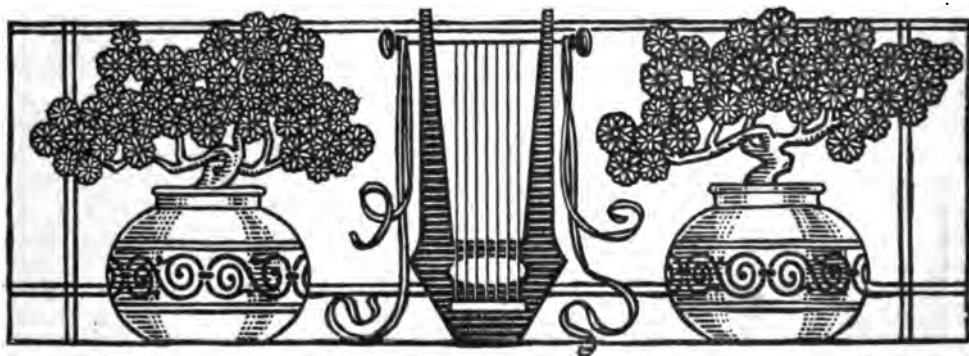
Institute; the *Lehigh Epitome*; the *Union Garnet*; the *Trinity Ivy*; the *Blue and Gold* of the University of California; and the *Technique*, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The *Technique* is always very well illustrated, as is the *Cornellian*. At some of the colleges the annual contains pictures and brief sketches of all the members of the class that is publishing it. At some institutions, however, distinctive "class books" or "class albums" are issued by the seniors.

Of recent years an entirely new class of college papers has sprung up—those which circulate among the "grads." They cannot properly be classed among the undergraduate publications, although

undergraduates usually help to get them out. A typical alumni paper is the *Yale Alumni Weekly*. At Princeton, Jesse Lynch Williams, the well-known writer of short stories of newspaper life, conducts the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*. A stock company of Princeton men publishes this paper. The same system is in vogue at Cornell, where the paper is the *Cornell Alumni News*. The *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, a monthly, is particularly well conducted.

Altogether, college journalism since its beginning at Dartmouth College in 1800, when Daniel Webster started the *Gazette*, has done well. *Floreat semper!*

L. G. Price.



THREE BOOKS OF THE MOMENT

I.

HOLBROOK'S "DANTE AND THE ANIMAL KINGDOM."*

Of all the great poets of the modern world, Dante is at first blush the one with whom Americans could least be expected to sympathise. It is a far cry from the age of intellectual, political and religious tyranny, of which he is the perfect exponent, to that era of science, material interests and democracy in which American manhood lives and has its being. Yet of all foreign poets he has made the deepest appeal to the finest minds, and from the days of Parsons and Lowell, Dante scholarship has been one of the proudest possessions. Societies devoted

to the study of Molière, Goethe, Browning, or even Shakespeare, may come and go, but the Dante Society seems to continue its uninterrupted growth.

It is natural that a poet of Dante's encyclopædic mood, a poet teeming with obscure allusions, should flourish chiefly at our universities. There, despite the tradition of Lowell, Tickner and Norton, dullness is only too often the fruit of advanced literary study; and yet, especially of late, some very attractive volumes have come to us as dissertations presented for the doctor's degree. Of such is Dr. Holbrook's interesting study, in which an attempt is made "to set forth Dante's whole philosophy of the animal kingdom, to show from what sources he derives his knowledge, and to what ends his knowledge is employed."

Dr. Holbrook's introduction is a most acute survey of the whole subject of

* Dante and the Animal Kingdom. By Richard Thayer Holbrook. New York: The Macmillan Company (Columbia University Press).

medieval science and of Dante's intellectual attitude toward this traditional material. His artistic attitude is merely suggested in a brief paragraph, and throughout the book too little attention is paid to this important phase of the subject. Dante saw external nature clearly and directly, and he describes animal life for the most part with minute accuracy, but the knowledge derived from observation never interests him for itself; it is always co-ordinated with the impulses and acts of human life, and used to explain them or heighten their interest. The cranes that

Stretch out their lengthened line against the sky,

help us to visualise the shadowy array of spirits that greet the poet in hell. The natural imagery is directly given, and never merely to suggest atmosphere or for the presentation of the life of nature in its own perfect loveliness, like the martlet which helps the imagination to soar to its "pendent bed and procreant cradle" on the airy tops of Macbeth's towers.

The lives and habits of animals have haunted the minds of men from the days of the oldest Indian fables, and literature has known their artifices in a complete chain of tradition which connects Æsop and the *Romance of Reynard the Fox* with the *Jungle Books* of our own age. But of this Dr. Holbrook says not a word; and in short, despite the promise of his preface, he has not, as it were, "philosophised" his subject.

But what he has consciously attempted and actually accomplished is sufficiently noteworthy in itself. He has extracted from Dante's work every significant reference to animal life, in the more inclusive sense in which medieval men understood that term; he has accurately traced the sources of Dante's knowledge, and illuminated the research by continual citation of quaint animal legends from contemporary literature. The book is therefore a fascinating study of beast stories, and of their treatment by a great poet, vitalised by a broad outlook over the realms of general literature and of natural science. It will be alike read with profit by the Dante scholar, the student of folk-lore, and the biologist, while its pleasing style

will recommend it to a wider circle of general readers.

J. E. Spingarn.

II.

JACK LONDON'S "CHILDREN OF THE FROST."*

That the peoples of the earth known collectively as The White Man's Burden talk in a curious style, betwixt the grandiloquent and the Biblical, is an accepted condition of story-writing. Mr. Kipling heightened the colour of this jargon and improved its quality, but still with him it remains an obtrusive medium, like coloured glass over a picture. Even the animals of the jungle use the same elaborate speech—they particularly, in fact—and this, perhaps, is the best evidence that its use in general is owing less to its supposed resemblance to the rhetoric of the unchristian than to its being convenient and conventional. After a fresh experience of its wearisome artificiality, one is inclined to favour the latter view, and to reflect that such work would gain incomparably in vividness were the author to cast about him for a dialect seemingly closer to the life.

It may be that it is closer to the life than outsiders are aware of; perhaps one of our bushranging citizens of the world, hearing some such story read aloud, would recognise at once that some of his acquaintance—Ojibway, Siwash, Red Indian, Arab, Hindu, Blackamoor, Filipino, or what not—were giving tongue; but then, without some lucky clue, he could never tell which kind. It gives us a sense of the handicap imposed upon fiction that deals with strange, crude, untranslatable conditions to glance at our precious volume of the stories of Uncle Remus, and then to compare it with the chaste version which makes the folkloreists happy. And if one goes a step further and imagines Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit done into flagrant Kiplingese . . . one feels a new accession of gratitude for the true and humorous Negro dialect.

Admitting the handicap, Jack London accomplishes wonders in *Children of*

*Children of the Frost. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

the Frost. It is "Nay, but hear, O white man!" "Ay!" . . . "Well did I know it . . ." "I had no heart for anger nor belly for stout words . . ." and so on in the jargon, from beginning to end; but in three, at least, of these stories, "The Law of Life," "Nam-Bok, the Unveracious," and "The Master of Mystery"—in the last-named above all—the subject is so interesting and the treatment so powerfully simple and sincere that the picture stands out clear and flawless, and one is instantly impressed with a sense of something solidly achieved. "The Law of Life" recounts how an old man, deserted by his tribe as a member of usefulness outworn, is left to die. His mind runs back and he recalls what was stirring and important in his life; among other things, recurs the vision of a moose that he saw pulled down by wolves; as soon as his scant supply of firewood is burned the wolves will have him, too. In the texture of his dreaming is woven the picture of the moose and the wolves, and it touches him, not with horror, but simply as a fact. As a fact, too, the narrative touches the reader—as a commonplace of life; and it has power, therefore. "Nam-Bok the Unveracious" offers another revelation of the naïve self-sufficiency of these people of the Alaskan forests, and of their calm reliance on the wisdom of the tribe. Nothing hinders here the just appreciation of the reader; the incredulity greeting Nam-Bok, the wanderer in far countries; the frowning reception of his impossible account; and the conclusive casting back of him into the sea out of which he came—these things are true, are authentic, are just as much existent as the attitude of a New York policeman toward the reform party, or as the mental state of one of Mr. Howells's Boston ladies. The strangeness, or rather the conventionality, of the talk drops from one's mind, because of the note that is genuine and familiar, the note of life. In "The Master of Mystery" Mr. London develops a theme less amiable, for the story deals with the rivalry of two "shamen," the soothsayers of the tribes, and it ends with the savage triumph of one and the pitiless stoning to death of a victim. The material is fresh, and it is handled with such conciseness and vividness that the effect is brilliantly

striking; the subject is less interesting and subtle than the subjects of some of the inferior, cruder tales, but in this story Mr. London shows his special effectiveness as a writer.

Of the other stories in the book not so much can be said in praise; the first one, "In the Forests of the North," with its cheap effects and hackneyed drama, is unworthy, certainly, of its author, forming a bad introduction to the volume, belonging rightfully with the plentiful work of the many purveyors of harsh, fierce life in foreign parts. Some of the others, much more worth while and lacking the claptrap, are still tainted with this ostentation, and perhaps spun out by it. One may readily believe that the Romance of the North and of savage, unvisited peoples may become strong enough to overcome at times a writer's natural sense of fitness.

And when what is good is so rarely good, landing with a bold home thrust of the imagination, one wonders again if it is not possible for some writer—for this writer, perhaps—in writing of savages to drop for good and all that unimpressive language of the pow-wows and to tell his tale, not in the blatant person of his hero, but in his own straight English, so that we may get, at the worst, something besides the blatancy, and, at the best, nothing diluted.

Carl Hovey.

III.

THE JOURNAL OF ARTHUR STIRLING.

There are undoubtedly a great many people without any knowledge whatever of the facts of the case, who believe that to be a literary genius a young man has only to be unkempt, to disregard the amenities and the decencies of life, and noisily to profess scorn for what is referred to vaguely as "the commonplace." These are the people who foster the affectation of eccentricity. If a young man calls himself "a poet," and shows himself fresh and ill-mannered in the bargain, they point to his freshness and ill manners as unmistakable and indisputable evidence that he is a genius. It was to trade upon the ignorant gullibility and the misdirected sympathy of these

people that *The Journal of Arthur Stirling* was published. The book is an offence; and we have not been able to find one extenuating circumstance.

In the first place, we do not believe that Arthur Stirling ever existed or that he wrote any such journal—though on this point we may be quite wrong. We believe it to have been concocted out of the whole cloth, as a direct result of the large sale of *The Story of Mary MacLane*. There is not a line that does not ring hollow and insincere. If, on the other hand, the *Journal* is genuine, its publication is still more offensive—it is not only an indelicacy, but an indecency, and it would not be easy to find words to express an opinion of "S," the alleged editor of the work, who, after his profession of friendship at the beginning of the book, exposes to the public gaze the egotistical and silly maunderings of "his friend's" distorted and diseased mind.

The book would have you believe that Arthur Stirling, having written a drama in blank verse, called *The Captive*, and finding it impossible to dispose of it to a publisher, committed suicide by drowning in the Hudson River, in the twenty-second year of his age. The suicide story is supported by a clipping which is said to have appeared in the *New York Times* for June 9th, 1902. During the time that he has been going about in New York seeking a publisher, he has supported himself as a waiter in a Sixth Avenue restaurant, and afterward as a clerk in a wholesale paper house, and devoting his evenings to writing in his idiotic journal.

Here is a sample:

They have rejected *The Captive*! They have rejected *The Captive*! In God's name, what does it mean? They have rejected *The Captive*!

I stare at the paper in blank consternation! I couldn't realise the words. I couldn't understand what they meant. Such a thing never occurred to me in my wildest moments.

What is the matter with them—are they mad? Great God, that any human creature! And without a line about it!

"We have carefully considered the MS. which you have kindly offered us, and regret

that we are not advised to undertake its publication. We are returning the MS. with thanks for your courtesy in submitting it."

That letter came to me like a blow in the face. I have spent hours to-night pacing the street, almost speechless. Fools!

But I will not let such a thing disturb me for an instant. Yes, they are a great publishing house—but such things as I have seen them publish! And they "regret." Well, you *will* regret some day, never fear!

JUNE 19.

The manuscript arrived this morning. I took it upstairs and sat down, trembling, and read it all again. I wish that I could see the man or woman who read that poem and rejected it—just that I might see what kind of looking person it is. Oh, the wildness of it, the surge and the roar of it! The glory of it!

I cannot afford to waste my time worrying over such things. I only say: "Fools!"

At another publishing house the manager reads to him the opinion upon the book that has been written by one of the house's readers.

He read me that criticism—great God, it made me writhe! It was like a review of the *Book of Revelations* by Bill Nye!

That my work should be judged by such men!

But enough of it. We have not selected those passages which irritate us most because through many of them there runs a nasty vein of blasphemy. *The Journal of Arthur Stirling* is an outrage against every man or woman who is honestly trying to win money or reputation with his or her pen. Many young men of talent have met with failure at the beginning of their literary careers. Some even have felt the pangs of actual want. But none ever kept a journal like that of Arthur Stirling; and this book is designed to make them all appear as whining lunatics to people silly enough to read it seriously. In the opinion of the present writer, *The Journal of Arthur Stirling* is the most vulgar and impudent humbug that has been perpetrated for years. But it won't work.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

AN AMERICAN EDITION OF PETRONIUS*

One of the best things accomplished, when American scholarship broke with English classical traditions and gave the German influence full play, was the broadening out of our students' reading, especially in Latin. English Latinity, ever since Milton's day, has been ruled by those canons which were established when the intensely Ciceronian spirit of the early Renaissance prevailed in Italy. In the strong reaction against the mediæval schoolmen who had reduced the Latin language to a grotesque jargon, the Italian scholars, such as Bembo and Laurentius Valla, sought from their studies purity of style above all else. They would employ no word, no phrase, no turn of speech or form of sentence, unless it could be definitely stamped as Ciceronian; and they did, in fact, attain an absolutely Ciceronian elegance. Form with them was more than substance; the casket was prized above its contents. Only let the periods move on with rhythmic smoothness and in cadences that charmed the ear by the sonorous music of their golden words, and no one would have the heart to criticise potential poverty of thought concealed beneath that splendid flow of harmony.

Thus arose the Italian school of Latinity—a school, as has been said, concerned with diction first of all. The foremost representatives of this Ciceronianism did admirable work in restoring all the classical traditions and in cultivating with a passionate enthusiasm the classical ideal of beauty and of grace. But, very naturally, and because of their particular preferences, they took a somewhat narrow view of the great body of Latin literature which the energy of Poggio and others had recovered from its mediæval prison-houses. They seized with wonderful avidity upon whatever ministered to the cult of style; they cared far less about those Roman authors whose language was not that of the Golden Age. Having acquired elegance of diction and having revived a Latinity that was absolutely faultless, they feared lest in studying or reading any other form of prose,

their own purity of style might be affected. It is even told of one of these illustrious purists that he would not permit any less accomplished scholar to speak to him in Latin, for fear that solecisms might be uttered in his presence.

Of course, this devotion to an ideal standard could not possibly prevail in other lands. It must be remembered that with the Italians a thrill of patriotic pride intensified their scholarly enthusiasm for antiquity. In reviving the intellectual splendour of ancient Rome they felt that they were recovering in part a noble heritage which was theirs by right of birth and blood. Rome was no longer the capital of a united, conquering race; yet the classical Renaissance was making her, though in another way, once more the mistress of the world. Her stately speech, her rich and varied literature, and the unforgotten magnificence of her past, seemed to assure to her a new and wider glory, in establishing her as a mighty central source of civilising, humanising influence for all the earth. Such was the unspoken thought of many an Italian in those marvellous years when the long night of mediævalism ended amid a sunburst of intellectual light and freedom. And so it was, that devotion to a form of speech which had received the final touch of its embellishment when Rome still reigned supreme was not a scholar's fad or a linguistic eccentricity. It was the expression of an ardent patriotism, and not at all the pretentiousness of pedantry; and it was to find a parallel centuries after in the fervour of the neo-Greek, Koray.

But outside of Italy, the case was otherwise. Erasmus represents a transition from the Italian strictness of Latinity to the freer, looser usage of the German school. This man, the greatest of all the humanists, as he was the most fascinating personality of his time, threw the weight of his influence and example on the side of a Latin style which neglected Ciceronian precision in order to gain in flexibility and raciness; and though the elder Scaliger thundered at him and even covered him with foul abuse, Erasmus wrote and spoke and thought in the Latin which best suited his own temperament—a fluent, pungent, vivid Latin

* Petronius: the *Cena Trimalchionis*. Edited with Introduction and Commentary by William E. Waters, Ph.D. Boston: Benjamin H. Sanborn and Company.

that was, indeed, the only language which he really knew. This was the end of Ciceronianism on the Continent outside of Italy. There was still no lack of individual purists; and one of them, Marc Antoine Muret—that dissolute, brilliant Frenchman—exercised an enduring influence upon classical learning by his superb orations which were actually studied in the schools down to the middle of the eighteenth century, so eloquent were they and so faultless in their diction. Yet in general it may be said that the stricter canons were neglected in Germany and France; and the so-called Triumvirate—Casaubon, Lipsius and the younger Scaliger—established a Latinity which was something less than classical.

In England alone did the Italian example find acceptance. At first this acceptance was more theoretical than practical. There were no great British Latinists before the time of George Buchanan (1506-82), and the example of Erasmus, who resided and taught at Oxford and at Cambridge, did not encourage scrupulosity of style. Again, after the so-called Reformation, English youths of promise no longer, as before, spent a part of their *tirocinium* at the universities of France and Italy, but visited the Protestant seats of learning, such as Utrecht and Leyden, or else remained at home. Hence, it was not precisely the influence of Italy which made England's Latinists so like the Italians in their devotion to a pure Latin style. Even Milton, whose Italian journey was a delightful episode in his life and who knew personally many of the Italian *litterati*, wrote Latin which must have made some of these purists gasp and stare. It was vigorous, individual Latin; but the verse took liberties with the laws of prosody, while the prose had in its phrasing an unmistakable savour of modernity.

How did it come to pass, then, that the English universities in the end came to cultivate as finical a feeling for mere style as ever marked the teachings of a Valla or a Muret? The true cause is to be found in the gradual isolation of academic England from the university life and thought of the Continental countries. More and more the English drew into their shell, losing the cosmopolitanism which was once a national trait and be-

coming the insular, self-sufficient race that they have since remained. Down to our own time, English scholarship has gone its own way, fatuously ignoring the immense strides which have been made by investigators in other lands, and quite content to tread the beaten paths that were laid out in centuries gone by. The sketch which George Eliot drew of Mr. Casaubon in *Middlemarch* gives us in reality an incarnate type of English learning in the nineteenth century. Mr. Casaubon's *Key to All the Mythologies*—that pathetic, pitiful attempt at an epoch-making work prepared by a man who did not even know what the Germans had discovered in his own field—how illustrative is it of the kind of learning which produced Greek-play bishops and which still writes *sylva*, *Sylla*, *cana* and *Caius*, and reads Max Müller's *Science of Language* with reverential admiration!

Thus it befell that the English classicists, having shut themselves away from intellectual contact with their foreign brethren, worked a limited field in a laboriously thorough fashion. They sought to find out nothing that was new, but they resolved to master what was already theirs. They did not attempt creation and discovery; they set their hearts instead on erudition. Even when a great original genius, such as Bentley, arose among them—a scholar whose brilliant ingenuity and critical acumen made his name immortal in other lands—his own countrymen never more than half appreciated him; and to this day they recall more readily the memory of Porson, that uncouth, drunken monster who drank in facts as greedily as gin, and whose prodigious learning gave nothing to the world beyond some scattering notes and commentaries, and a few grotesquely ludicrous bits of personal *memorabilia*. And so, in time, the English conception of a classicist, on the side of Latin, was narrowed down until it meant simply one who had a few famous authors at his fingers' ends, who could write Latin prose with elegance and ease, and who could knock you off a set of smoothly sinuous elegiacs without a moment's hesitation, and in the very words and cadences of Ovid. For these English dilettanti, with their facile gift for making classic tinsel and imitating gems in paste, at last found even Vergil lacking in perfection of ar-

tistic workmanship, and sought a model in the Pælgian poet of light love. Cicero for prose and Ovid for verse—and all the rest impossible! When the present Pope, some years ago, published a little book of charming Latin poetry, redolent of the past and instinct with the grace and loveliness and warmth of a truly classic inspiration, these English hammerers at longs and shorts picked half his lines to pieces because, forsooth, they showed the freedom of Vergil and the easy *negligentia* of Horace. Vergil and Horace were good enough for Augustan Rome, but they could not always pass muster before the keen gaze of a master at Eton or Shrewsbury or Harrow! Even Ovid himself was open to occasional criticism, as falling at times below his own high level; for the English maker of elegiacs is *plus royaliste que le roi*. It is related of Shelley that once, at Eton, he handed in a set of Latin verses among which was the pentameter:

Iamiam tacturos sidera celsa putes.

This drew down the scorn of the master; but, as it turned out, Shelley had conveyed the line bodily from Ovid. Mr. Charles Astor Bristed tells of an examiner at Cambridge who in like manner insisted that the expression *freno non remorante dies* was an impossible one, on finding it in the work of a candidate for a place in the Tripes; yet this phrase also is Ovidian.

This almost morbid sensitiveness over the anise and cummin of mere phraseology gradually restricted the reading of the typical English scholar to the Latin of one particular period, and made him a devotee of preciousness. It shut him out to a great extent from an enjoyment of the great body of Latin literature as a whole—and especially from an appreciation of the later masterpieces of that literature in which the modern spirit begins to filter through the severe and stately forms of earlier composition, like sunshine sifted through the dense foliage of an antique grove. The Oxford don could heartily enjoy the eloquence of Cicero, the noble lines of Vergil, the mellow philosophy of Horace, and even Livy's lax but lovely prose; but he dared not let himself admire with-

out reserve the magnificent rhetoric of Lucan, or the *urbanitas* of the younger Pliny—much less the piquant pages of Suetonius, the curiously oriental fancies of Apuleius, or the sensuous feeling for nature which thrills in some of the lines of Ausonius and in the minor poetry of the later centuries. Mr. Cruttwell's popular book on Latin literature affords a very interesting example of this deficiency of breadth in the cultivated Englishman. When he writes of Vergil or of Horace, he writes with the sure sympathy which comes from intimate understanding; but what he says of the archaic poets and of the later ones, such as Statius, for example, shows not only lack of critical appreciation, but even inadequacy of knowledge. And even so accomplished a scholar as Professor Tyrrell, in his *Latin Poetry*, speaks in a casual way of the faulty Latin of Petronius—which is as though he were to call Thackeray's English bad because Captain Costigan speaks with a rich Irish brogue and Harry Foker in the language of the stables and the prize-ring.

A very convincing proof of the narrow range of reading, self-prescribed by the general run of English Latinists, is found in the conspicuous absence of good English commentaries upon many of the most famous Roman writers when these happen to lie beyond the limits of the Golden and Early Silver Ages. Thus, until within a very few years, no Englishman had made a scientific edition of Tacitus, or even of any part of Tacitus. Even now there is no English edition of the whole of Livy. The younger Pliny has been edited only in selections. Martial, as a whole, still remains without an adequate interpreter, and so also the two Senecas, Statius, Apuleius, Ausonius, and Ausonius. Even of Quintilian's Tenth Book there was a good American commentary in use at least twenty years before any modern Englishman thought of annotating this famous piece of ancient criticism. Americans, indeed, have shown a much more liberal appreciation of Latin literature than have Englishmen; for they have made accessible to schools and to undergraduates in college some of the Roman authors who lie wholly outside of the usual range of the reading done in England. A striking illustration of this

fact is found in the volume now before us.

It is surely odd that English scholars should have persistently passed Petronius by. He has always been read with so much attention upon the Continent, and there exists so large a literature relating to him, as to make this English indifference inexplicable. From every possible point of view, the *Satira* of Petronius occupies a position in Latin literature which is entirely unique. First of all, and in spite of the fact that only a part of it has been preserved, it is by far the best representative of ancient prose fiction that we possess. In the second place, its archæological value is inestimable, giving as the story does an insight into the life of the Roman *bourgeoisie*, and the still lower life of the slums of ancient Italy, together with a multitude of minute details of usage and custom whereof no other record has been preserved. Again, on the linguistic side, parts of it embody those modes of speech and peculiarities of vocabulary which distinguished the everyday language of the man in the street from the polished literary language of Roman men of letters. This makes it of especial interest to students of Romance philology, since the Romance languages took their rise, not in the Latin of the educated, but in the *sermo plebeius*, the *sermo castrensis* and the *sermo rusticus*—the crude speech of the city rabble, the unlettered soldier, and the uncouth peasant. Finally, the pure literary interest of the book is very great, since here we have the work of an accomplished man of the world who had seen everything, and experienced everything, and who had the art of saying what he wished to say in a pungent style which exhibits much of the *curiosa felicitas* that Petronius himself ascribes to Horace. Of course, one excuse for the neglect which Petronius has received in England may be found in the fact of his too frank realism; yet this excuse has no pertinence to the most famous episode in the *Satira*. The *Cena Trimalchionis*, while it contains a few passages which are as coarse as some in *Tom Jones* and *Humphrey Clinker*, is free from anything which could repel or disgust a healthy-minded person; while the whole of this story within a story is characterised by a spirit of fun and hu-

morous exaggeration which makes it admirable reading.

It is this part of Petronius which Professor Waters has now made accessible to English-speaking students. His edition contains an introduction on the literary character of the *Satira*; a section relating to the peculiarities of the *sermo plebeius* as exhibited in Petronius; an exegetical commentary; a critical appendix, and an index.

It must be remembered that just because Petronius is unique, there is room for great differences of opinion among scholars with regard to the interpretation of what he wrote. The question of authorship, the further question of the text, the theory that part of what remains to us is in reality an abridgment made by some unknown epitomiser, the characterisation and literary classification of the book, and the explanation of many difficult and some almost inexplicable passages—here is room for any amount of mingled ingenuity and learning. No two Petronians are in agreement with regard to many of these topics; and whenever anybody puts forth a theory, the whole *grex* cheerfully fall upon it and him, and there ensues a merry war in which every one has an opportunity of airing his own views and of tearing to pieces the views of everybody else. This is why it is so delightful to be a Petronian. You publish something and take your punishment with a good grace; and presently one of your fellow Petronians will venture into print, and then you in your turn can have your innings.

Such being the case, it is obvious that any criticisms which may be passed upon an edition of the *Cena* involve no reflection whatsoever upon the scholarship of the editor. They rather represent a difference of opinion as to matters regarding which such difference is inevitable. Therefore, if the present notice of this book of Dr. Waters contains more of dissent from his views than of commendation, the fact must be understood in the light of what has just been said. Indeed, it is only fair to premise our remarks with the general statement that the editor has done his work extremely well, with excellent judgment, and with a correct appreciation of what the beginner in Petronius most needs to know.

The Introduction commences with a

brief account of the relation of Petronius to earlier writers of history and romance. The impression made upon us by this account is that Professor Waters has gone over a large amount of literary material, but that he has failed to get this material well in hand or to see quite clearly the special point he wished to make. Thus, to cite only one or two of his statements, Professor Waters tells us that "Petronius was not a satirist, but a romancer," and he goes on to compare the Milesian Tale generically with Stevenson's *Treasure Island*! Surely no comparison could be more infelicitous, and we fancy that Professor Waters would find considerable difficulty in establishing the parallel. Moreover, a few pages further on, Petronius is suddenly shifted into the position not only of a satirist, but of a Menippean satirist. This notion that there is anything specifically Menippean in Petronius is a favourite one among the Germans, but it is based upon the most superficial examination of the *Satira*—an examination totally devoid of *Innigkeit*. One may argue that the true Menippean satire contained a mixture of prose and verse, that it dealt freely with a variety of subjects, and that it was written, to use Cicero's expression, *dialectice*; and it is true that the *Satira* of Petronius contains a good deal of verse intermingled with its prose; that the author deals very freely with a variety of subjects *en passant*; and that some of the characters speak colloquially. Therefore, the German critics say that his work is an example of the Menippean satire. But so might they argue that because a cow has two ears and a mouth and four legs and a tail, and because a tiger has two ears and a mouth and four legs and a tail, therefore the cow and the tiger belong to the same zoölogical group. A more intelligent view is that Petronius, a novelist, writing a long novel (it must originally have been considerably longer than *Vanity Fair*) made it a satirical novel; but that his freedom of treatment is not the heterogeneous freedom of the Menippeans, nor is the variety of his themes greater than the variety which one finds in any novel of modern life which aims to present a picture of contemporary society. As for the verse which is found in many of his chapters, most of it is quoted conversationally by the characters them-

selves, or composed by them and introduced quite in the manner of many modern novelists, from Mrs. Radcliffe to Sir Walter Scott.

The remarks made by the commentators upon some of this quoted verse are singularly disingenuous. Thus, they assume that the lines in chapter 55, which are there ascribed to Publilius Syrus, are in reality only a burlesque imitation of Publilius. Why should they say this? Because, they answer, this verse occurs in a Menippean satire. But how do they know that it is a Menippean satire? Because, they say, it contains this sort of imitated verse. Thus they argue in a vicious circle and really beg the question. It shows the weakness of their case. When Trimalchio quotes Vergil in chapter 68, we know that it is a genuine quotation, because the *Æneid* is extant and we can prove it. Had the *Æneid* been lost, this line would undoubtedly have been set down as a burlesque of a very different original. As to the passage from Publilius, it contains no internal evidence whatever of spuriousness, being wholly Publilian in style; and, in fact, Ribbeck had the courage of his convictions and included it in his *Scenica Romanorum Poesis Fragmenta*. Again, in the matter of the passages in dialect, they are not a part of the author's narrative, but are put into the mouth of the different characters who use dialect exactly as they would have used it in life. Therefore, because Petronius has followed the fundamental law of fiction-writing and has depicted human beings exactly as he knew them, even down to their very tricks of speech, it seems most unreasonable to see in this fidelity to life a resemblance to the macaronic structure of the Menippean. If the Menippean satire was anything at all, it was scrappy, eccentric, and purposely grotesque, and it must have borne about as much resemblance to the artistically developed novel of Petronius as a topical song, half spoken and half sung, bears to Thackeray's *Shabby-Genteel Story* or the *Memoirs of Barry Lyndon*.

Certain omissions in the Introduction are likewise to be noticed. It would have been well to give at least a brief account of the history of the Petronian manuscripts, especially of the Codex Tragurienensis and of Frambotto's premature pub-

lication of the text. The curious attempt which François Nodot made to foist a forged "complete Petronius" upon the learned world is also worth recording as an interesting chapter in the history of literary frauds. In the bibliography, too, some of the standard translations of Petronius should have been included, since a good translation is, in its way, a commentary upon the text. Thus, the Italian version by Cesareo, the sprightly French paraphrase by De Guerle, and, particularly, the German rendering by Heinse, deserved citation. This last was for a long time out of print, but it has lately (1898) been republished by Weigel in Leipzig.

In the commentary there are several instances of what we consider to be inaccurate exegesis. Thus, in chapter 28, the phrase *hoc suum propinasse* is clearly misunderstood; since here *propinasse* must have the sense which it bears in Martial (ii. 15)—"give to drink." For Trimalchio, far from upbraiding the *masseurs*, who are spilling his Falernian wine, is ostentatiously showing off his own lavishness. Professor Waters, however, thinks that he is grumbling in a fit of stinginess, and says: "With all his wealth, Trimalchio can be close." And then we are referred to chapter 34, which is certainly a most unfortunate reference if it is intended to prove that Trimalchio was niggardly; for that is the passage in which he scolds a slave for picking up a silver dish that had fallen on the floor, and where he orders the dish to be swept out with the rest of the rubbish. In fact, if there is any passage in the *Cena* that represents Trimalchio as being anything but absurdly lavish, that passage has escaped our notice. Professor Waters in one other place tries to find evidence of Trimalchio's stinginess. This is in chapters 69 and 70, where goose, fish, and various kinds of birds are served to the guests, who discover that these are all in reality made of pork; and Trimalchio tells the company that he has a cook who can serve pork in such ways as to make it appear almost any sort of meat. This Professor Waters characterises as "disgusting economy." It may have been disgusting, but it surely was not economy, since pork was more highly esteemed by the Romans than any other meat, as any one must re-

member when he recalls the gluttonous rhapsodies of the parasites in Plautus. Hence, when Trimalchio serves up mock-chicken made of pork, he is once more making it clear that money is no object to him, and this is why he boasts of the thing so persistently. In chapter 44 (*amor cancer*), *cancer*, a much better reading, is ignored both in text and in the critical appendix. Again, in the next chapter *duræ buccæ* can hardly mean "bombastic." In chapter 69, where the editor wishes to illustrate the contemptuous reference to the Cappadocians, instead of the far-fetched reference to the scholiast on Persius, which after all has a very unconvincing appearance, a citation of the old Greek maxim *τρία κάππα κάκιστα* would have been much more natural. In the astrological nonsense of chapter 39, with its string of puns, the editor clearly misses one very obvious point. Trimalchio says: *in aquario copones [nascuntur]*; on which Dr. Waters makes the comment: "*In aquario*; because of its malign influence." But surely, here is the old Roman joke about the winesellers who watered their wines—an ancient prototype of the modern joke about the milkman. A comparison of this passage with Martial i. 56 will establish our view of the matter; and indeed, it may be said that Martial is by no means often enough referred to by Dr. Waters. In the same chapter (39) the editor has again, we think, gone astray, being misled by an assumed parallel with the Greek. Trimalchio says that whoever is born under the constellation Aries has *frontem expudoratum*. Hence, says he, very many *scholastici et arietilli* are so born. Now what does *arietilli* mean? Dr. Waters translates it "thankless persons," because *αριός* in Greek is a term applied to one who is thankless. But in the first place, there is no evidence that *aries* is used in this way, nor would it suit the context if it were so. As *scholastici* were noted for their bumptiousness, so *arietilli* are likewise contentious people who "butt into everything." Thus the whole thing hangs together.

There are renderings which do not seem very felicitous, e. g., *penthiaicum* (47) is hardly "beef stuck through with pork;" "Merry Christmas" in some places might be a good rendering for *Io Saturnalia!* but not in chapter 58, where

Dr. Waters gives it; and the *catillus concactus*, in 66, less likely refers to a meringue than to mustard. These are all minor matters, however, and do not impair the value and interest of a commentary which on the whole shows

an excellent conception of what such a commentary should be. It will do in part for the general student what Friedländer's edition of the *Cena* has done for those who have already begun to be Petronians. *Harry Thurston Peck.*

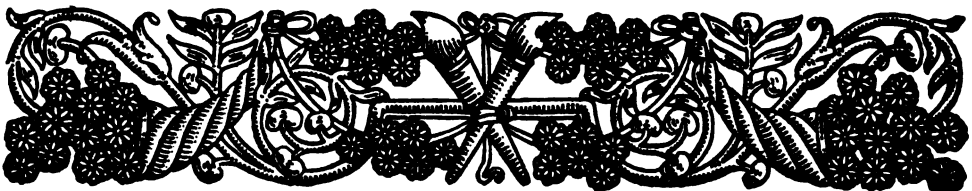


NOT INSPIRED

He had no message for the world of men :
 God gave him form and filled his soul with fire ;
 His art drew colour from the very mire,
 And filtered sweetness from the marshy fen ;
 The songs of birds, from thrush to tiny wren,
 Had thrilled his ear with nature's soft desire ;
 He touched all hearts whene'er he swept his lyre,
 And perfect taste adorned his facile pen.

But still he lacked a purpose in his lays,
 A purpose that should lift them into song,
 Enduring through the lapse of many days,
 With life, like that of Truth, both long and strong,
 And winning at the last unstinted praise :
 He had no mission to the 'wildered throng.

Charles Woodward Hutson.



A TENDERFOOT IN GRUB STREET

For eighteen months I have been following literature—so far following it at a run. The reason which led to this is the same which induced the lady to take up lion-taming; she was so tired of puppies and monkeys. I had been teaching for ten years. Having decided on a new trade, I naturally looked about for an opening, which soon presented itself, in the shape of an invitation to attend the formal dedication of a new place of amusement in a distant city. At once I suggested to the editor of a local paper that he should let me try my hand at a descriptive article on the hall itself and the ceremonies which were to take place. He took kindly to the idea, but sent word the next day that the description would have to go to press just ten days before it was possible for me to leave home, one fortnight before the opening. When I reached my destination, without waiting for bath or breakfast, I drove straight to that hall in considerable anxiety to see how far my description tallied with the original. My guardian angel had put in a good day's work, and no one who hadn't seen the hall could find much amiss in my account of it.

Encouraged by this success, I tried another editor, and he was kind enough to give me a little advice. "Now," he said, "we like something personal; put in plenty of names, get photographs of well-known people if you can, and above all, forget the fact that you are writing. Try to feel just as if you were telling the whole thing to *me*!" I did honestly try to feel that way, but was disappointed in the result; the idea of him left me quite uninspired. The next editor was of an entirely different stripe. "You want to write for *us*," he said, not unkind but a trifle remote. "Well, you know, *we* are very particular." I feebly murmured that I was particular too; but it made no impression, and he went on explaining that dignified as they were, they had no positive objection to something delicately humorous, but "above all, nothing personal." My fourth editor was of a totally new kind. After asking if I understood writing to space, and giving some sound, practical direc-

tions, he ended up with "Turn the column, just turn the column, and always remember, twelve hundred words means exactly twelve hundred words, no more, no less; and, above all, *feel* what you write."

Hearing that another paper was interested in a certain class of subjects, I took a list of possible articles and one finished as a sample to submit to the literary editor. This gentleman seemed very tall, imposing and inaccessible. He glanced at my copy with infinite weariness, and said, "Call to-morrow."

To-morrow, he looked even taller and more imposing. He said, "Your article is long." I was wondering what had ever brought me there, when he added, "but I'll take it, and want another for next week, and the rest are Sunday subjects, and we'll go with them to the Sunday editor now. Come!" The Sunday editor sat in an immense vaulted hall, as long as a livery stable, where, amid wreathes of smoke, I dimly saw countless, gigantic, malicious-looking fellow-editors sitting in their shirt sleeves, with their feet on high desks.

A subsequent experience of that office gradually revealed that these terrible beings were a perfectly harmless set of young men, none above the middle height. That vast apartment shrank into a small room, holding at a pinch four people!

For some time I wrote special articles, till three things disgusted me with the newspaper business. To begin with, it was too refined; chasten my vocabulary as I might, there never was an article which came up to the journalist's standard of diction for a high-class family paper. If, in describing a scene in Little Italy, I was at all realistic in the matter of dialect, quoting, for instance, a Dago mother's graphic account of the sequelæ of green apples by saying, "his belly hurts," the chances were ninety to one that it would come out in some such expurgated form as, "He has a pain in his eyelashes." Then the proofreader was such a stickler for spelling that if, with infinite trouble, you unearthed a choice seventeenth-century document for the sake of its vivid, picturesque or-

thography, he would conscientiously tame it down to the characterless correctness of a department-store advertisement.

All this would have been bearable but for the editor's scissors. Some one must have given him a new pair, for he suddenly took to snipping off the end of every article. No matter if it were long or short, or how much padding you put in the middle to lure him into leaving the last paragraph, he cut off the end as invariably as if it had been a fox terrier's tail. Then I tried a new dodge, at a certain point I concluded every article by the simple device of wiping the pen and closing the inkstand. This worked like a charm. So long as an article was unfinished, he didn't care a bit who unfinished it, but my literary conscience, not generally overactive, took alarm, and I decided to write for the magazines.

The first magazine editor not only sent my MS. back, but took the trouble to write a line of remonstrance. Did I really think that was the kind of thing a tired railway magnate or a summer hotel lady would enjoy? I tried number two with a very interesting production which had been indignantly rejected by four Sunday supplements; this, for a wonder did not come home. Evidently, before choosing a subject, it was well to understand the precise magazine angle of mind, so blocking out a plan on a promising topic, I visited the office of the A. B. C. Monthly. They didn't keep me standing in the hall or shove me downstairs, or follow any of the time-honoured traditions of brutal and tyrannical editors. On the contrary, a very polite young lady thanked me for coming, but said my subject, "The Trade and Social Aspect of a New Profession for Women in America," was not really "broad" enough for magazine use. She thought, however, there would be an excellent chance of the A. B. C.'s accepting an account of the

commercial side of art in Berlin. As my plans did not comprise an immediate trip to Germany, I thanked her and carried my scheme to the office of X. Y. Z. Another very polite young lady also regretted that my topic wasn't "broad" enough for magazine use, but their newspaper syndicate editor would doubtless be glad to consider it, so I was passed on to another room, where the syndicate editor said, "That is an excellent subject, new and vital, but it is much too *broad* for a newspaper. I advise your trying the X. Y. Z."

Everything seemed to point toward fiction, and at first I followed Anthony Trollope's advice as set forth in his autobiography, and got up, laid down, ate, drank and slept with my characters, never let them out of mind till, being a rather mature, unsentimental person, I grew extremely tired of the society of my love-lorn youth and maiden, and decided to imitate Stevenson, who says somewhere that if you put on the lid and leave the pot, when you come back you often find the kettle boiling. I don't know which advice is sounder; but the Stevenson method certainly makes a writer pleasanter company to the family.

Finally, the story went off only to come back with a really considerate note from the editor, saying that he was not condemning it, but having enough fiction on hand for the next three years, he thought it fairer to return *Why Women Marry* unread. Let no one misunderstand this melancholy history; it is not a complaint. There can be no possible obligation resting on any editor to accept material for which he has no use; moreover, on glancing through my large collection of rejected manuscripts, it has occurred to me that some of them are not exactly works of imperishable genius.

Mary Moss.



THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE



TOLSTOY AS MAN AND ARTIST. With an Essay on Dostoevski. By Dmitri Merejkowski. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Every fresh book on Tolstoy is a gain, because however inadequate a critical study on him may, nay, must be, Tolstoy's colossal life work is seen and felt afresh behind each critic's conclusions, much as a great mountain is seen looming up behind the driving mists. Merejkowski's book is decidedly interesting, none the less because there is a personal note of jealousy in it which the author has not been able to conceal. Merejkowski, himself a Russian, is best known to the English reader by his novel *The Death of the Gods*, a study of the life of Julian the Apostate, which reveals the author as a clever scene painter of picturesque historical drama, with but little original temperament, and no special creative insight. Merejkowski is a learned and clever man, but the English critics who have hailed him "as a worthy successor to Tolstoy and Dostoevski" might as well affirm that Alma Tadema is a worthy successor to Rembrandt. Merejkowski decidedly has talent, but he is not a creative genius, not a creator. In *Tolstoy as Man and Artist*, Merejkowski now comes before us as a critic and man of culture, who has been not a little influenced by Nietzsche, and has a semi-Nietzscheian theory of Pagan v. Christian art. The first half of the book, dealing with Tolstoy the man, reads like the work of a dilettante who, jealous that Tolstoy's fame should overshadow all his contemporaries, is trying to say all that he can to belittle it; but in the second half of the book the author seems to become conscious that he has gone too far, and he tries to establish firmly his critical argument and free it in a measure from the clouds of his personal feeling. In the picture of "Tolstoy as Man," Merejkowski rather cleverly dwells on various inconsistencies in Tolstoy's character and conduct, and seeks to throw ridicule on him for living in a comfortable home while he is preaching "self-denial" and "asceticism" to the world, but Merejkowski's tone is so spiteful as to betray malice. In his lecture to Tolstoy teaching the great man how to

live, Merejkowski becomes at times both a little offensive and a little ridiculous:

"Does the worm gnaw at his heart? Is he pursued and harassed by the consciousness that he has not done the bidding of Christ, that, while the body is gratified the soul is mortally troubled?" (page 66.) "Is it not dreadful that even this man, who has utterly thirsted for truth, who has so remorsefully found fault with himself and others, should have admitted such a crying deception to soul and conscience—such a monstrous anomaly? Despite all appearances, the smallest and the strongest of the devils, the latter-day Devil of Property, of Philistine self-content and neutral pettiness, has won in this man his last and greatest victory" (page 80). "Will he at last realise that here there is nothing high nor low, that paths diverse, yet equally true, lead to one and the same goal; that in reality all paths are one; that it is not against and not away from things earthly, but only through things earthly that we attain the more than earthly, not in conflict with, or divested of, but only through the bodily that we attain the spiritual?" (page 95.) "His illness is shown by a gradually increasing silence, callousness, decline, ossification and petrification of the heart, once the warmest of human hearts. It is because his ailment is inward, because he himself is scarcely conscious of it, that it is more grievous than the malady of Dostoevski or the madness of Nietzsche. . . . And Tolstoy, too, has deserted us" (page 272), etc., etc., etc.

In like vein Tolstoy is gravely reproved because his wife puts a sachet of scent among his linen; because he sleeps tranquilly on a "ventilated leather bolster;" because the "thin mutton broth which he loves is scarcely less tasty than the most expensive and complicated soups;" because he jumped over a hedge to get away from a peasant who begged for a foal, etc., etc. That Tolstoy has sacrificed the spirit within him for the sake of worldly ease, and that the spirituality of his teaching is invalidated by the fact that he "loves" thin mutton broth, and is particular about his gaiters, this assertion may please petty-minded people who judge great men by themselves, but it is given the lie by the whole meaning and effort of Tolstoy's life. Leaving, then, "Tolstoy as Man," an attack which recoils on its author's

head, let us turn to the critical argument in Merejkowski's book.

The critical argument is original, but very paradoxical. Tolstoy, in Merejkowski's eyes, is the great Pagan representing the preponderance of the flesh over the spirit, while Dostoevski, as the great Christian, represents the preponderance of the spirit over the flesh. Tolstoy, our author argues, is unequalled in depicting the human body, the greatest analyst, known in literature, of bodily sensations. "His sensual experience is inexhaustible, as if he had lived hundreds of lives in various shapes of men and animals." He fathoms the unusual sensation of her bared body to a young girl, before going to her first ball; he understands the sensations of a nursing mother "who has yet not severed the mysterious connection of her body with that of her child;" he knows "the feelings of a woman old and worn out with child-bearing, who shudders as she remembers the pain of her quivering breasts;" and lastly, the sensations and thoughts of animals, as in the case of Levin's sporting dog, and the whole range of the consciousness of man's animal nature possessed by war, sport, love, work, etc.; all this it is Tolstoy's triumph to have explored. "Tolstoy is the greatest depicter of this physico-spiritual region in the natural man; that side of the flesh which approaches the spirit, and that side of the spirit which approaches the flesh, the mysterious border-region where the struggle between the animal and the God in man takes place. Therein lies the struggle and the tragedy of his own life. He is a 'man of the senses,' half-heathen, half-Christian; neither to the full." But if he essays the opposite region: "human spirituality, almost set free from the body, released from animal nature, the region of pure thought (the passionate workings of which are so well embodied by Dostoevski and Tiutchev)," the power of artistic delimitation in Tolstoy "decreases and collapses." "But within the limits of the purely natural man, he is the supreme artist of the world." When Tolstoy, however, abandons the life of the body for the life of the soul, says Merejkowski, "we get a crystallised, lifeless abstraction, a moral and religious vehicle for a moral and religious deduction. Thus Nekliudov, the hero of *Resurrection*, is "a dreary megaphone, through which the 'gentleman author' behind proclaims his theorems to the moral universe." Dostoevski, on the other hand, "has an accumulating superfluity of vitality, a carrying over to the utmost limit of the refinement, acuteness, and concentration

of spirituality." "To Dostoevski the revealing light comes from within." All his life he sought out what was most difficult, disastrous, hard, and terrible, as if he felt suffering necessary to the full growth of his powers. In Siberia he wrote to his brother, "This is my cross, and I have deserved it." "The fire of love penetrating and purifying Dostoevski glows even in his most commonplace acts." Dostoevski is "superior in tragedy" to Tolstoy, superior in his "characters' conversation," in their "mental life." Finally, Merejkowski argues that the two great Russian writers represent two halves of the Russian soul, two diverse sides of the Russian nature, each incomplete without the other:

"Tolstoy and Dostoevski are the two great columns, standing apart in the propylæum of the temple—parts facing each other, set over and against each other in the edifice, incomplete and still obscured by scaffolding, that temple of Russian religion which will be, I believe, the future religion of the whole world" (page 121).

That there is a great deal of very able criticism and many brilliant observations in Merejkowski's analysis of Tolstoy's art, no critic of intelligence would wish to deny. There is, in fact, much penetration shown throughout, and some illuminating pages (as pages 184, 188, 203, 205, 207, 208, 211, 231, 245, 249, 250, 251), which more than counterbalance some bad pages (such as 154, 208, 222, 226, 228, 230, 271, 297, etc.), where Merejkowski either draws unfair comparisons, or is borrowing from Nietzsche wholesale, and gets out of his depth. It is not our author's insight that is at fault, not the threads of his criticism, but the fabric that he weaves out of them. His main conclusion, that Tolstoy is the great Pagan, that he fails in depicting "the life of the soul," that it is only within the limits of the purely natural man "he is a supreme artist," is little but a great paradox. For what is "the natural man?" And who are the "Christian" artists? To conclude that Dostoevski is more "spiritual" than Tolstoy, because the latter deals with our actual bodily sensations, whereas the former dwells chiefly in the rich world of his own hallucinations, is an absurdity. And what does "pagan" mean in the connection? If the antithesis between "pagan" and "Christian" can hold good, then Plato and Sophocles are far more Christian, in the sense of representing the preponderance of the spirit over the flesh, than nineteen out of twenty Christian writers. If, on the other hand, a perfect equipoise between the body and the spirit is the mark of the great pagan writers,

then Turgenev is a great pagan. But Turgenev's work is far more "spiritual" than Dostoevski's work, and yet the latter is held up as being predominantly spiritual! The fact is that Merejkowski's argument, though ingenious and presenting strongly interesting half-truths, rests on a very partial interpretation of the word "spiritual." A great writer may indeed, as Tolstoy does, in analysing human life, show us the preponderance of the body over the spirit, but he may be far more deeply "spiritual in his attitude to life than the writers who show us the preponderance of the spirit over the body. It is not by shutting off from us, by avoiding, or by being incapable of understanding, the world of man's animalism, that a writer proves his spirituality. Tolstoy's very penetration into life springs chiefly from his moral dissatisfaction with it. We cannot, therefore, see in Merejkowski's thesis anything beyond a convenient platform which serves his purpose of showing some of Tolstoy's artistic defects, and of exalting Dostoevski. "As a matter of fact," says the author, "I only wished to pull back and fairly adjust the rope, too far strained by the popular Christianity of Tolstoy and of Europe to-day." "I own from the first chapter of my inquiry the reader has cause to suspect me of a prejudice against Tolstoy, and in favour of his contemporary." The attempt is an interesting one, and though the impression that remains after finishing the book is as though some clever sculptor had been trying his chisel on the face of some great antique bas-relief, and had found the marble uncommonly hard, and the proportions impossible to alter, still we are not sorry Merejkowski should have attempted it, if for his remarks on Dostoevski alone.

We must thank the unknown translator and editor of the English version, who, no doubt through modesty, have not let their names appear. There are a few slips in the few notes given.

Edward Garnett.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GHETTO. By Hutchins Hapgood. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

The majority of the sketches in this book have appeared from time to time in various New York journals, daily, weekly or monthly. But when we see them here together, gathered into a book, linked in coherent sequence, and with the links welded into a perfect and complete whole, we realise for the first time the importance of what Mr. Hapgood has done, and how well he has done

it. He has gone forth on a voyage of discovery into darkest New York, entirely setting aside the point of view of the politician or the church worker, discarding even the broader ideals of the sociologist, and has given us a study of the Ghetto as it is, not as its various former explorers would show it—to serve a purpose. The Jewish East Side of New York is a city of itself, a transplanted phase of the Old World growing up within the New. It is like no other Ghetto in the world, for here the racial traits that hark back to the dim red dawn of man and have outlasted the civilisation of Asia and Europe meet with the keen sharp edge of a civilisation of yesterday working itself out of chaos. And the Russian and Polish Jew, because of incidents in racial experience, differs in many ways from the Jew of other nations, in just those traits which, in the New York Ghetto, come most into prominence by force of contrast with Americanising influences. As Mr. Hapgood shows us, the commercial instinct, which is considered usually the strongest racial instinct of the Jew, is least developed in these emigrants from Russia and Poland, and when the Russian Jew comes to New York, to the Empire of Commercialism, he is hopelessly out of touch with its ideals and requirements. The gulfs of misunderstanding are too wide for a single generation to bridge, and the old Jew repays the strenuous world of action, which holds him submerged because he cannot keep up with it, with an equally strenuous contempt for its lack of interest in higher abstract principles. The peculiar character of the Russian Jew, born of the mingling of Jewish intensity with Muscovite passivity and moulded into shape by a long term of persecution for the sake of race and religion, is well drawn for us by Mr. Hapgood, with all its fanaticism, its theoretic violence, its intense and unselfish devotion to religious and social ideals. He has painted for us, with a vividness which leaves no doubt of the accuracy of the portrait, a large community of Jews who are not primarily interested in the dollar, and who, in the midst of poverty and squalor, give more of strenuous activity to the discussing of abstract principles, of theories of universal brotherhood, of philosophies of life, than to questions of how to gain a livelihood. The Jews of the Ghetto are very much less Jewish in the sense that this word is understood by the average Philistine than that Philistine himself, who dwells in other parts of New York. But new influences are

at work upon him, and with the adaptability of the race, the son of the old Jew becomes more of an American, and losing in part the old respect for religion and reverence of things traditional, becomes in many cases mentally unsettled, uneasy and unhappy. Those boys of the Ghetto who become truly American, that is, who completely lose reverence and respect for the teachings of the ages to their race, are perhaps the most fortunate in that they then find a place in the New World, achieve riches and move to another part of the city. But in many the springs of higher ideals are too deep, and these become the uneasy spirits, the poets, the artists, the actors, the journalists and socialist orators, of whom so many are to be found in the teeming life of the Ghetto. They have lost the Old to a certain extent, and although desiring to find what is good in the New, cannot yet reconcile its cold commercialism with the craving for ideals in their nature. All the many types within these lines are shown us in the book, which is full of quotable passages, and bits of genre painting which would stand well of themselves, but are of infinitely more value here as the parts rounding out the whole. One of these bits is so excellent and so characteristic of that Spirit of the Ghetto which gives the book its title, that it deserves to be quoted here. The following criticism of American art given to Mr. Hapgood by a Ghetto Jew in a shabby coat, in the squalid surroundings of a little café in Grand Street, will probably come as a decided surprise to many patriotic Americans living in well-appointed houses with unlimited opportunities for cleanliness.

He loves literature with an absorbing love, and is pained constantly by what he deems the chaos of art in the United States. The Americans seem to him to be trivial and immature in their art, lacking in serious purpose.

"It is a vast and fruitful land," he will say, "but there is no order and little sincerity as far as art is concerned. Your writers try to amuse the readers, to entertain them merely, rather than to give them serious and vital truth. Why is it that a race which is clever and progressive in all mechanical and industrial matters, which in such things has no overpowering respect for the past, is weighed down in art by a regard for all the literary ghosts of bygone times? Look at the books put forth in any one year in the United States. What a senseless hodge-podge it is." . . . The Americans have great tact in most things. They are the cleverest people in the world and yet they are very backward in literature. Indeed the whole Anglo-Saxon race, great economically and practically as it

is, is curiously at sea and chaotic in all that pertains to literary art. There are men of genius among them, great artists, but they are artists only in part, artists without being aware of it, with no consistent and clear understanding of what art is. Your great men are hindered by their environment. America and England are the most difficult countries in the world for real art to get a hearing, for the people insist on being amused by their authors. They treat them as they do their actors, merely as public servants whose duty is to amuse the public when it is tired. But art is a serious thing, instinct with sincerity, and should never be lightly approached either by the artist or the reader.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON. By Austin Dobson English Men of Letters Series. New York: Macmillan Company.

Of all the earlier biographies in the Men of Letters Series there is none more fascinating than that of Fielding. Scholarly, exhaustive, and, like all Mr. Dobson's work, extremely entertaining, it has the further merit of illuminating Fielding's character and writings by the sympathetic light of genuine affection. Few readers can leave this book without feeling that their capacity for understanding and appreciating all that is best, both in the general literature of the eighteenth century, and in the particular work of Fielding, is vastly increased.

But enthusiastic admirers of Fielding are not always equally just to his great contemporary and rival, Samuel Richardson; and it is therefore a matter of congratulation to find that Mr. Dobson's biography of the older writer falls very little short of his life of Fielding. His extraordinary familiarity with the by-ways of eighteenth-century literature is equally in evidence, and his capacity for enveloping his readers in the atmosphere of the time is equally striking. One seldom reads a book by Mr. Dobson without falling a victim to this illusion; while we are beneath his spell we are no longer living in the London of the present time, a London of smoke, and motor-cars, and jerry-building; we are transported into a more serene environment, where sombre mansions tower in unadorned simplicity above placid gardens, and lumbering coaches trundle up the highway past the royal palace at Kew.

It has been said that the present biography falls very little short of the same author's life of Fielding. Yet there is, notwithstanding, a difference in quality between the two books, a difference so slight as to be almost indefinable. Is it due to the fact that while Mr. Dobson is at pains to be scrupulously fair to Richardson,

he is no perfervid admirer of his genius? Or is it that Richardson's personality, being really less interesting than that of his rival, gives less opportunity to his annalist?

Both causes are probably responsible, but it may be noted that the enthusiasm of Richardson's critics seldom extends to his biographers; or rather, that no genuine Richardsonian has yet accomplished the task of writing his life. Possibly the ardour that is kindled by the "divine Clarissa" vanishes in the laborious task of examining the South Kensington correspondence. It is certainly hard for any one who has plodded through the wearisome twaddle of the majority of the letters to maintain the proper attitude of admiring reverence toward their writer.

For it must be confessed that most of this unpublished correspondence is very dull indeed. It is contained in six folio volumes, and it is perhaps natural that those persons who have not examined them should be inclined to think that they contain much interesting matter, and therefore blame those who have done so for not having derived a larger amount of entertainment from them. Readers familiar with the delightful gossip of Horace Walpole and Mrs. Delany imagine that all letters of the same period must possess similar characteristics, and approach the correspondence with these expectations. But it needs the test of actual experience to realise the depths of banality and triviality to which our first novelist could sometimes descend. The letters which are not concerned with the discussion of characters in the novels are given up to the ponderous badinage of elderly flirtation, or to equally tiresome descriptions of the symptoms of failing health. Even Mr. Dobson, who can be trusted to extract the utmost entertainment from the material before him, and has evidently bestowed the most patient investigation on his subject, has brought to light few picturesque details. What is new and illuminative in his book—and it is much—is due not to the letters, but to his unrivalled knowledge of the subject and to the fascination of his style.

This being the case, it is to be regretted that Mr. Dobson has devoted so little space to the criticism of the novels. Richardson himself is a comparatively unfruitful subject, but the characters of his creation are endlessly interesting, and a more exhaustive criticism from a writer of Mr. Dobson's eminence would have been very welcome. We would rather have had his own estimate of Richardson's immortal heroine than the quotation which he supplies from Mrs. Oliphant. And there is just

enough original criticism to make us wish for more. It is interesting, for instance, to find that he gives no countenance to the enthusiastic admirers of the villain Lovelace, and agrees with Mr. Leslie Stephen in his main conclusions. "Lovelace," he says, "is much more constructed, or rather concocted, than Clarissa;" and by quotations from Richardson's letters he illustrates the difficulty that the author experienced in rendering his hero at the same time so attractive as to justify Clarissa's attachment to him, and so far lost to all sense of honour as to stoop to the methods of the lowest criminals. Mr. Dobson, however, gives Richardson credit for having succeeded, "notwithstanding the improbabilities of the portrait, in making the picture still deceptive." This, most likely, will be the final verdict of all unprejudiced critics. Lovelace is a bundle of contradictions, of conflicting qualities that could not possibly co-exist in the same person; and yet the total effect is so dazzling as to deceive and fascinate the observer who does not pause to analyse him too closely. But Richardson, after all, like Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy, excelled mainly in feminine portraiture, and to class him with these distinguished authors is no mean tribute to his genius.

For, to tell the truth, the novel of the eighteenth century is not to be compared with that of the nineteenth, and, as Mr. Dobson says, the readers of to-day have come into a not inconsiderable inheritance of fiction since *Pamela* was published. Richardson was a pioneer, but his books have the drawbacks and defects of all pioneer work, and it is not likely that they will ever prove widely acceptable to the less leisured public of the present time. Only a student here and there, content to linger in the less frequented paths of English literature, will still pause to admire him; and since the finest flavour and aroma of *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison* are inseparable from the mouldering calf and faded gift of their first bindings, let us hope that not too many enterprising publishers will flood the market with new editions.

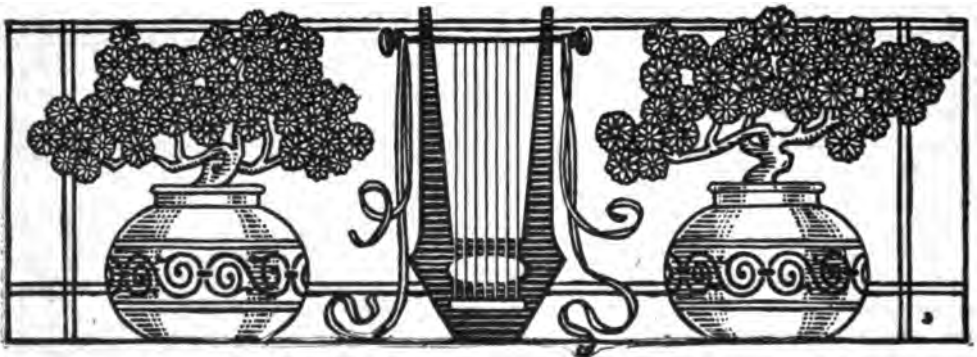
THE OLD BAILEY AND NEWGATE. By Charles Gordon. New York: Messrs. James Pott and Company.

Since the Paris reds razed the Bastille there has remained no other gaol for political and criminal offenders with so important a record as Newgate prison. The venerable building in Old Bailey is the father of English prisons. Though time has eaten away structure after

structure, the spot has been devoted to the single purpose for nearly ten centuries. It has housed all grades of criminals, from the most obscure and petty offenders to the most illustrious men and women of succeeding generations. It is a landmark in English history and literature, as well as in crime. By token of this wealth of highly coloured material there is splendid promise in taking up *The Old Bailey and Newgate*, by Charles Gordon, a large octavo arrayed in all the substantial luxury that the modern press furnishes. It repays attention. The author has denoted that he possesses diligence in research, acquaintance with abundance of historical material, and that the fecundity of every source touched upon justified the admirable enterprise on which he entered. He exhibits himself a sincere compiler, but without adding any original graces which might assist the fancy and direct the perception of the reader. It is a procession of curious and celebrated personages he marshals in review, the aristocracy of crime, the peerage of their degenerate kind. They were amusing rascals, picturesque in all their misdemeanours, inventive in their methods, staunch in their standards of perfidy, unqualified in knavery, unblushing, unflinching, enterprising and professional. The old prison has been glorified in its wretched children. There were, ages ago, those shrewd bakers with their trick table, which levied on all the dough that came to its kneeders' hands; the mendacious brothers of "the order of the whetstone;" priests detained for conscience' sake; "many Jacobins of high degree;" Moll Cutpurse, in breeches, pickpocket, receiver of stolen goods, and everything that was bad, but devoted heart and soul to the King and hating a Roundhead like poison; Claude Duval, bewitcher of the beautiful; Mary Carlton, "the German Princess," guilty of endless felony, not least in

finally appearing on the stage in a play fashioned on her own sensational career; immortal Jack Sheppard; Jonathan Wild, who organised crime and directed it officially; Jenny Diver, a truly versatile, an imaginative pickpocket; Beau Maclean, "the gentleman highwayman;" Bob Woodward, the public-house keeper with his club of boys, whom he trained in crime, in all respects a prototype of Fagin and a convincing witness that Dickens did not exaggerate his rascal; "Sixteen-string" Jack Rann, the flowered and ribboned dandy; "the Monster," whose career puts the modern Jack the Ripper in the light of a mere imitator, and who gave a celebrated ball in the prison; admirable Barrington, friend of royalty, ode writer and pickpocket. These are a few whose careers ended in old Newgate and give variety and spice, colour and picturesqueness to the calendar of the celebrated gaol. Old Bailey is made as integral a part of the narrative as a street must be so intimately associated with the prison. It has a history, however, quite apart from its questionable distinction as the doorstep to Newgate. Here lived Peter Bales, the writing master, whose masterpiece was the Bible, so copied by hand and in full that it was enclosed by a walnut no bigger than a hen's egg. Hogarth's father kept a school in Old Bailey. In Breakneck Stairs, round the corner, dwelt Oliver Goldsmith, and here he wrote *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Traveller*, and other pieces. As Old Bailey is inevitably associated with Newgate, so, too, is Tyburn, the last bourne of those who issued forth under death sentence. Some of the lore of Tyburn is included, furnishing several examples of the verse which certain of the more celebrated executions brought out. Dean Swift's *Clever Tom Clinch* is a notable instance.

Paul Wilstach.



NOVEL NOTES



THE CAPTAIN OF THE GREY-HORSE TROOP. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

This is the story of an Indian reservation, and the establishing in it of a new agent who is in keenest sympathy with the redmen, and resolute to protect them against the encroachments of settlers and prospectors who are intriguing with the heads of political departments to oust them from the remnant of their land that is reserved to them. Captain Curtis, the agent, is a man of calm courage and resource; he has studied the habits and history of the redmen, and by his sympathetic understanding wins their entire devotion. He meets with Elsie Brisbane, the wilful, beautiful daughter of ex-senator Brisbane, the bitterest enemy of the redmen, and he finds she has imbibed all her father's intolerant hatred of that broken race, but not even his love of her and his desire to win her love can move him from his faith in the grateful people that are under his dominion. Her fierce opposition to him; his attempts to make her understand the race she despises, how he attests the strength of his loyalty to them, and finally, after much failure, wins her round to his standpoint—all this is told with such vigour and vividness as holds the reader absorbed. The book has the colour and atmosphere of the place and people it is concerned with, and the struggle of the old order as it slowly, inevitably gives place to the new is faithfully rendered throughout. It is a fine book; it has its humour, its touches of restrained pathos; and the characterisation is extremely able.

THE VULTURES. By Henry Seton Merriman. New York: Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

There is a certain easy strength and charm about Mr. Merriman's style that are difficult of definition; he does not rely on any niggling or juggling with fancy words and prettinesses of phrase, but writes robustly and imaginatively, and knows how to achieve a breadth and largeness of effect without violence or apparent effort. His descriptions of places and persons have a directness and severe simplicity of out-

line that give them the sharp-edged vividness of etchings. Take this of a place: "A muddy sea and a dirty grey sky, a cold rain and a moaning wind. Short-capped waves breaking to leeward in a little hiss of spray. The water itself sandy and discoloured. Far away to the east, where the green-grey and the dirty-grey merge into one, a windmill spinning in the breeze: Holland. . . . There must be land to the eastward, though nothing but the spinning mill is visible. The land is below the level of the sea." Or this of a person: "Cartoner was a dreamy man, with absorbed eyes, rather deeply sunk under a strong forehead. His eyelids had that peculiarity which is rarely seen in the face of a man who is a nonentity. They were quite straight, and cut across the upper curve of the pupil. This gave a direct, stern look to dreamy eyes, which was odd."

Cartoner, Mr. Joseph P. Mangles, and Monsieur Deulier are the "vultures"—secret agents in the diplomatic services of England, America, and France, always wandering about the world in the interests of their different governments, and, with others similarly engaged, flocking together wherever war or trouble is brewing. There is trouble brewing, here, in Poland, and soon after the story opens the "vultures" leave the social delights of London hurriedly and arrive one after the other in Warsaw, where rumours of a coming revolution are already in the air. The revolt unfolds absorbingly, from the time when Prince Bukaty and his son in London are arranging with Captain Cable (an admirably drawn typical British seaman) for the secret shipment of arms; to the meetings and plottings in Warsaw; to the assassination of the Czar, and the final fiasco. Which fiasco is partly brought about by the carelessness of Mr. Mangles' niece, pretty Netty Cahere, who has won the heart of Prince Bukaty's son, as she wins the hearts of most men who come near her. Her shallowness is finely contrasted with the womanly strength and constancy of the Princess Wanda (Bukaty's daughter), whose beauty and sweetness waken an abiding love in the breast of the unimpressible Cartoner.

THE BOOK MART



BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

American Book Company:

Studies in Zoölogy. By James Merrill.

The directions in this laboratory guide are simple and suggestive as well as comprehensive. The plan of the work was tested, before publication, with pupils of all grades in the high school.

The Children's First Story Book. By May H. Wood.

This book is designed to be used as a first supplementary reader.

Marianela. By B. Pérez Galdós. Edited by Edward Gray, A.B.

This touching and pathetic story of the popular modern Spanish author is here presented with the necessary assistance for reading in elementary classes.

Electra. By B. Pérez Galdós. Edited by Otis G. Bunnell.

This drama, which was first presented at Madrid on January 30th, 1901, made a deep impression on the Spanish people. It was written to give expression to the author's ambition for his country and his countrymen, and to urge them to social and political renovation.

A Laboratory Manual of Physics. By Henry C. Cheston, Philip R. Dean and Charles E. Timmerman.

The seventy-three experiments in this little manual include all those desired by the College Entrance Board, by Harvard University, and by the New York State Regents.

Le Gendre de M. Poirier. Comédie en Quatre Actes. Par Émile Augier et Jules Sandeau. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and a Vocabulary by Edwin Carl Roeder, Ph.D.

Some critics have gone so far as to call this the finest play of the French stage during the nineteenth century. Be that as it may, to see it or to read it is immediately to appreciate what a great play is. It is brilliant to the last degree, and it is absolutely clean.

Appleton:

For a Maiden Brave. By C. C. Hotchkiss.

An historical novel of early Revolutionary days, the action of which is sup-

posed to have occurred some time after the battle of Long Island. Mr. Hotchkiss is also the author of *A Colonial Free Lance*, *The Strength of the Weak* and *Betsy Ross*. The present book is illustrated in colour by Frank T. Merrill.

The Story of Alchemy and the Beginnings of Chemistry. By M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A.

This small volume belongs to the series of the Library of Useful Stories, and the author of it is Fellow and Prælector in Chemistry of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

The Journal of Arthur Stirling. Revised and condensed with an Introductory Sketch.

We refer our readers to a review of this book, which appears elsewhere in this number of *THE BOOKMAN*. It is not expedient to say anything further here with regard to the book.

Chautauqua Press:

A Survey of Russian Literature, with Selections. By Isabel F. Hapgood.

In her preface, Miss Hapgood says: "In this volume I have given exclusively the views of Russian critics upon their literature, and hereby acknowledge my entire indebtedness to them. The limits of the work, and the lack of general knowledge on the subject, rendered it impossible for me to attempt any comparisons with foreign literatures."

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Pit. By Frank Norris.

Mr. Norris's last novel is a story of Chicago, and is the second book in the trilogy which Mr. Norris intended to write, and which he called "The Epic of the Wheat." A review of this book appeared in the February *BOOKMAN*.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Extra-Canonical Life of Christ. By Bernhard Pick, Ph.D., D.D.

In a sub-title, the author describes his book as a "record of the acts and sayings of Jesus of Nazareth Drawn from Uninspired Sources." The book provides miscellaneous records of Jesus, including testimonies to Jesus, descriptions of His personal appearance, and many sayings of Christ not recorded in the New Testament.

Gorham:

Man: Men and Their Master. By Henry C. Potter.

The Bedell Lectures delivered at Gambier, Ohio, in November, 1901, by the Bishop of New York. These lectures are delivered biennially on Founders' Day (November 1st), and are called the Bedell Lectures, because, in June, 1880, G. T. and Julia Bedell set aside the sum of five thousand dollars to be devoted to the giving of these lectures.

The Household of Faith. By George W. E. Russell.

The author tells us that this book owes its existence to Dr. Robertson Nicoll, at whose suggestion these papers on religion were collected and printed in book form. Some of the chapter headings are: "Mr. Gladstone's Religious Development," "Archbishop Tait," "Cardinal Manning," "Archbishop Benson," "Zachary Macaulay and His Friends," "A Century of Evangelicalism," and "Prospects of Religion in the Twentieth Century."

Grafton Press:

Pen Lyrics. By F. Strange Kollé.

Fifty-six lyrics, printed in book form, in an edition of sixty copies.

Lane:

Man Visible and Invisible. By C. W. Leadbeater.

Mr. Leadbeater gives examples of different types of men as seen by means of trained clairvoyance. The book contains three diagrams and twenty-two coloured illustrations, and for these illustrations the author says that he is indebted to Count Maurice Prozor and to Miss Gertrude Spink.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Sophocles. Translated and Explained by John Swinnerton Phillimore, M.A.

Volume II. in the Athenian Drama Series, being translations from the Greek Dramatic Poets, with commentaries and explanatory essays for English readers. The translator is Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. The book is illustrated.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

The Great Boer War. By Arthur Conan Doyle. Complete edition.

This is the seventeenth edition of a book which up to the present time is the standard history in English of the Boer War, and which undoubtedly won for its author his knighthood. The present volume is almost double the size of that which represents the first edition, and the whole has been carefully revised.

Macmillan Company:

French Engravers and Draughtsmen of the Eighteenth Century. By Lady Dilke.

An imported volume, the last in the series in which Lady Dilke has sketched the leading features of French art in the eighteenth century. The book contains many engravings, and the author says that to M. André Marty and the skill of Paris printers is largely due the credit of satisfactory reproductions.

Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

A small edition of Stevenson's "classic," containing notes and an introduction by Hiram Albert Vance, Ph.D., Professor of English in the University of Nashville. The portrait used as the frontispiece is from a hitherto unpublished photograph of the author.

Egypt. Painted and Described. By R. Talbot Kelly.

This book is published in London by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, and the Macmillans are the agents for it in this country. The author disclaims any attempt to produce a work of critical value, the aim being rather to give a broadly pictorial representation of the life and scenery of the country, particularly those phases of each which lie off the beaten track. The book is profusely illustrated in colour.

The Social Unrest. By John Graham Brooks.

Mr. Brooks writes of the labour question and socialist movements. Some of the chapters deal with the history and theory of socialism, "Socialism in the Making," "Socialism at Work," "Politics and Business," and "Man and Society versus Machinery."

Queen Victoria. A Biography. By Sidney Lee.

This work is based on the biographical notice of Queen Victoria which was published in the third Supplementary Volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* in October, 1901. Mr. Lee says in his Preface: "I have sought to record clearly and with such conciseness as coherence would permit the main facts known to me concerning the Queen's personal history in the varied spheres of life in which she played her great part."

Around the World Through Japan. By Walter Del Mar.

Persons who have taken a trip similar to the one which Mr. Del Mar describes will be particularly interested in this book. It also will appeal to those persons who are contemplating a similar tour. The volume is a large one, containing many illustrations.

The Dawn of Day. By Friedrich Nietzsche. Johanna Volz has made the translation

of this book of the "mad philosopher." Of his book, the author himself says: "My patient friends, this book only invites perfect readers and philologists: learn to read me well."

Sense and Sensibility.
Emma.
Mansfield Park.
Northanger Abbey and Persuasion.
Pride and Prejudice. } By Jane Austen.

All the above volumes, in uniform binding, are illustrated by Hugh Thomson, and contain introductions by Austin Dobson.

The Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. The English Humourists, The Four Georges. Edited by Walter Jerrold, with illustrations by Charles E. Brock.

Mr. Jerrold has written some biographical notes to this volume about the English humourists of the eighteenth century. Among the illustrations are pictures of Dean Swift and William Hogarth.

Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Brandes. Volume III.

This work is to be published in six volumes, and the present one is entitled *The Reaction in France (1874)*. The previous volumes are *The Emigrant Literature* and *The Romantic School in Germany*, and the volumes yet to be published are: *Naturalism in England*, *The Romantic School in France* and *Young Germany*.

London in the Eighteenth Century. By Sir Walter Besant.

In the preface to this important book, Sir Walter Besant points out that one may look in Fielding and in Smollett in vain for all the details of social life, of manners and customs in the eighteenth century. These were details beneath the notice of a pen which sought the broad effects and telling situations. To find them, the author had resource to lost satires, forgotten poems and novels whose authors are not known to lecturers on the period, nor to professors of literature. It is a strange London that the book describes—a coarse, bloody, flaring, tearing city—typical of the eighteenth century.

A Selection from Mrs. Browning's Poems. Edited by Heloise E. Hersey.

In addition to these selections, the book contains an introduction on the "Life of Mrs. Browning" and "Mrs. Browning as a Poet," also a Chronological List of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Works.

John Woolman's Journal.

A journal of the life, gospel, labours and Christian experiences of John Wool-

man, to which are added his last epistle and other writings.

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

The King of Unadilla. By Howard R. Garis.

A collection of "stories of court secrets concerning his Majesty," which are written in an amusing vein. Mr. Garis is also the author of *With Force and Arms*.

Oxford University Press:

Books on Egypt and Chaldea. By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A., Litt.D., D.Lit. Eight volumes.

A history of Egypt from the end of the Neolithic Period to the death of Cleopatra VII., B.C. 30. The author is the keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum, and he has dedicated this work to General Lord Kitchener.

Select Passages from the Theological Writings of Benjamin Jowett. Select Passages from the Introductions to Plato. By Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol College and Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, Doctor in Theology of the University of Leyden. Edited by Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D., Honorary Fellow of Balliol College, Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews.

These are small companion volumes, each containing a photograph of Jowett, at the ages of fifty-four and seventy-six, respectively.

Schiller's Wilhelm Tell. Edited with Introduction and Notes by C. A. Buchheim.

This belongs to the series entitled Clarendon Press Popular Classics, and is a revised edition by Hermann Schienscheld, Professor of German and of Continental History in the Columbia University at Washington. A picture of Schiller's birthplace forms a frontispiece.

Putnam's Sons:

Saint Augustine. By Joseph McCabe.

Mr. McCabe, who is also the author of *Peter Abelard*, attempts to interpret the life of one of the most famous saints of the Christian Church by the light of psychology rather than by that of theology. "I have tried," says Mr. McCabe, "to exhibit the development of Augustine as an orderly mental and moral growth, and to present it in harmonious relation to the many other interesting figures and groups on the broad canvas of his age."

The German Revolution of 1849. By Charles W. Dahlinger.

Mr. Dahlinger gives an account of the final struggle, in Baden, for the maintenance of Germany's first national representative government. In presenting the narrative of Germany's mid-century upheaval, the writer has had the advan-

tage of deriving many of his facts from his father and from friends who were participants in the struggle.

The Education of Christ. By W. R. Ramsay, D.C.L.

The author of this little volume is Professor of Humanity in Aberdeen University, and some of the chapters have previously served as material for lectures which Professor Ramsay has delivered at Aberdeen and at the Royal Geographical Society in London.

The Egregious English. By Angus McNeil.

The publishers describe this as "a vigorous and amusing national counter-thrust at *The Unspeakable Scot*." "As an easy-going, entirely confident, imperturbable piece of arrogance," says the author, "the Englishman has certainly no mammalian compeer. Even in the blackest of his troubles, he perceives that he is great." A notice of this book appears under "Chronicle and Comment" of the present number of *THE BOOKMAN*.

Riggs Printing and Publishing Company:

Cræsus and Ione. By Charlotte Elizabeth Wells.

A drama in four acts, published in pamphlet form.

Scott-Thaw Company:

Pontius Pilate. Saint Ronan of Brittany. Théophile. Three plays in verse. By Henry Copley Greene.

Scribner's Sons:

Nova Solyma, or Jerusalem Regained. Two Volumes.

"An anonymous romance written in the time of Charles I. Now first drawn from obscurity, and attributed to the illustrious John Milton." The volumes contain an introduction, translation, literary essays, and a bibliography by the Rev. Walter Begley.

The Great Marquess. Life and Times of Archibald, Eighth Earl and First (and only) Marquess of Argyll (1607-1661). By John Willcock, B.D.

"The title of 'The Great Marquess' is one," says the Preface, "which has been applied both to the subject of the following biography and to his rival Montrose. . . . Those, therefore, who may have been accustomed to think of Montrose as 'The Great Marquess,' and have now this volume in their hands, are asked to read it with an open mind, and only to come to a final decision as to whether the claim put forward for Argyll's right to the title is valid after they have perused the story of his life."

The Diary of Samuel Pepys, Esquire. Edited by Lord Braybrook.

The publishers have imported a beauti-

ful edition of this "Diary," bound in limp leather, which contains a full-length portrait of Pepys. The diary was begun in 1659, and the last entry bears the date, May 31st, 1669.

Hesperides; or, Works Both Human and Divine. By Robert Herrick. Together with His Noble Numbers or His Pious Pieces. Two Volumes.

These little volumes are also imported, bound in limp leather, and belong to the Caxton Series of illustrated reprints of famous classics.

The Poetry of George Wither. Edited by Frank Sidgwick. Two Volumes.

Volume I. contains a lengthy biographical introduction, and the editor says: "If it be objected that the biography allots too much space to the consideration of the poet's early life, my defence must be that the poetry of Wither, with which this edition is concerned, was written before 1622; hence the apparent lack of proportion." The volumes, which belong to the Muses Library Series, are imported.

Glimpses of Tennyson and of Some of His Relations and Friends. With an Appendix by the late Bertram Tennyson.

An imported book, which should prove of considerable interest to lovers of Tennyson. The book is divided into four parts: "Tennysons and Sellwoods," "Freshwater Days," "Some Isle of Wight Friends of the Inner Circle," and "Talks With Tennyson."

Agnosticism. By Robert Flint.

A history of agnosticism, by Dr. Flint, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, Honorary Member of the Royal Society of Palermo, and Professor in the University of Edinburgh.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Barnas Sears, A Christian Educator. By Alvah Hovey, D.D., LL.D.

This life of the well-known theologian and educational leader is written by his pupil and life-long friend. The book is illustrated with portraits of Dr. Sears at different stages of his life, portraits of his family and views of his various homes.

Standard Power Company:

Continuous Power the Natural Result of Converting Heat into Work. In an Insulated Expansion Engine at Temperatures Below the Normal of the Atmosphere. By J. F. Place.

The long and complete title describes the contents of this book.

White and Company:

The Derby Anniversary Calendar. Compiled and Edited by George Derby.

The compiler of this little volume has

collected six thousand noteworthy dates and birthdays in American history and biography, and has assorted them according to the days of the year, each day occupying a page of the book.

Young and Company:

The Art of Disappearing. By John Talbot Smith.

The publishers give six reasons why this novel should be read; one of them is that the author is a Roman Catholic priest, and another is "that its treatment of such matters as the much talked-of Anglo-American alliance, the sentimental description of election issues in New York City, the mingled satire," etc., etc., "really make the book a novelist's novel."

The Rose and the Sheepskin. By Joseph Gordon Daley.

A story of student days at St. Urban's, a Roman Catholic college. It is a tale of to-day, and the scenes are laid in the vicinity of New York City.

BOSTON, MASS.

American Unitarian Association:

Unitarianism in America. By George Willis Cooke.

Mr. Cooke has written a history of the origin of Unitarianism in the United States, how it has organised itself, and what it has accomplished.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

The Captain. By Churchill Williams.

A new novel by the author of *J. Devlin, Boss*. The present story is a romance dealing with life on the eve of the Civil War and during it. Most of the personages of the story come from south of Mason and Dixon's line. The "Captain" is General Grant himself.

The Life Within.

A new Christian Science novel, by an anonymous author, whom the publishers describe as "a trained writer of reputation." The book has a plot in spite of the fact that the author is wrestling with spiritual problems.

Page and Company:

The Philadelphians. By Katharine Bingham.

This story first appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It is a slight story, written in the first person, giving pleasantly and lightly a New York woman's views of Philadelphians.

Sanborn and Company:

Recent European History, 1789-1900. By George Emory Fellows, Ph.D., LL.D.

In his preface, the author says that he

has made no attempt to give details of battles or wars, as they in themselves are of little interest except to the military student, while their causes, general character and political results are of universal importance. Prominence has been given to England, France, Germany, Italy, Austria and Spain, while Russia has been treated but briefly, as her internal political life is but slightly developed or known.

Turner and Company:

Greek and Roman Stoicism and Some of its Disciples. By Charles H. Stanley Davis, M.D., Ph.D.

The author has made selections from Epictetus, Seneca and Marcus Aurelius, and he has given in a condensed form the teachings of ancient philosophy as applied to the problem of human existence. Dr. Davis is known to Egyptologists as the editor of *Biblia*, the official organ of the Egypt and Palestine Exploration Funds. He is also a member of many learned societies in Paris, Great Britain and America.

West Company:

Loyal Traitors. By Raymond L. Bridgman.

The publishers say of this "story of friendship for the Filipinos": "If in its dramatic representations of deeds in the Philippines the story is, in a sense, a terrible story, it is terrible only as history is terrible; it is terrible only as *A Tale of Two Cities* or *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is terrible. With both of those stories it will perhaps not fail to be classed."

LONDON, ENG.

Allen:

Man's Position in the Universe: A Rough Survey. By W. Sedgwick.

The author claims that his method of handling this subject is the right one.

Bell:

Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.

Frederic Lord Leighton. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D.

Holman Hunt. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D.

Greuze. By Harold Armitage.

These are small and attractive volumes, containing illustrations of the painters' masterpieces.

Sampson Low, Marston and Company:

Rex Regum. By Sir Wyke Bayliss, K.B., F.S.A.

A painter's study of the likeness of Christ from the time of the Apostles to the present day, by the President of the Royal Society of British Artists. The book is dedicated to "Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, Queen Empress."

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

Bell, Howard Wilford:

Quatrains from Omar Khayyam. Done into English by F. York Powell.

A note on Omar serves as an introduction to these Quatrains. In this note it is said that the quatrains were turned into English on the familiar model from M. Nicholas and Mr. Justin McCarthy's versions, for the pleasure of a friend, of whose kindness they form but an inadequate acknowledgment. They were first printed in the *Pagani*, 1897, at the instance of its editor, Mr. Gleeson White.

Some Impressions of Oxford. By Paul Bourget.

M. C. Warrilow has done this little book into English, and Mr. Edmund H. New has made the drawings which accompany it.

The American Invaders. Their Plans, Tactics and Progress. By Fred A. McKenzie.

The greater part of this book, which is not attractive in binding nor in printing, appeared in the London *Daily Mail*. The serial issue, it is understood, brought forth a large number of interesting letters from British manufacturers and workmen.

All's Well. Being Optimistic Thoughts from the Writings of Robert Browning. Selected by Graham Hope.

A small book, whose sub-title describes very well its contents.

A Typical American. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Translated from the French of Th. Bentzon. By E. M. Waller.

Madame Bentzon's appreciation, originally published in the *Revue des deux Mondes* in June, 1901.

Fulbeck. A Pastoral. By J. Walter West, A.R.W.S. With illustrations by the Author.

A small book, a short poem and twelve illustrations.

University Magazines and Their Makers. By Harry Currie Marillier.

A paper read before the Sette of Odd Volumes, and dedicated to Sir Ernest Clarke, President of Ye Sette of Odd Volumes, 1898-99. The magazines referred to have been published by Oxford and Cambridge universities.

Father Damien. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Number One of the Bibliophile Series. Stevenson's scathing open letter to the Rev. C. M. Hyde, in defence of the memory of Father Damien. There is also a chapter on Stevenson's philosophy of life, and photographs of Stevenson, with James Whitcomb Riley's poem, "On a Youthful Portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson."

Pensées from the Journal Intime of Henri-Frédéric Amiel. Arranged by D. K. Petano.

The thoughts and personal journal of Amiel, preceded by the study of the man and his work, written by Paul Bourget.

Farther North than Nansen. Being the Voyage of the *Polar Star*. By H. R. H. The Duke of the Abruzzi.

An interesting description of a voyage of exploration. The author says that he received advice from Nansen, which enabled him to settle definitely the plan for an expedition to the Pole, the plan being to make Franz Josef Land a base, and then advance over the ice in sledges drawn by dogs. The scientific material was granted by the Administration of the Marines, and victuals were supplied in hermetically closed boxes.

CHICAGO, ILL.

House of the Blue Sky Press:

The Morning Road. A Book of Verses. By Thomas Wood Stevens and Alden Charles Noble.

A volume of verse, printed on Japan vellum, with a decorative title page.

Seymour:

Ceres and Persephone. A Child Play. By Maud Menefee. With the Hymn to Demeter. Translated by Andrew Lang.

A play in verse, which has grown out of the study of the Greek Myths with a group of children. It gathers up the main points of the Demeter Myth as found in Homer and Ovid, and re-embodies, for the most part, the vision of the Earth mourning her lost child, the Spring.

Thompson:

The Proofs of Life After Death. A Twentieth Century Symposium. By Robert J. Thompson.

The author is an *officier* of the Legion of Honour of France, and late special envoy of the United States to the President of the French Republic. The title page describes this book as an assembly and collation of letters and expressions from eminent scientists and thinkers of the world, giving the strongest and best reasons known to the world to-day, as substantial evidence of the continued existence of the soul after death. The volume is arranged under the several heads of Science, Psychical Research, Philosophy and Spiritualism, with a contribution on "Immortality from New Standpoints."

ALBANY, N. Y.

Munsell:

Early Voyages Up and Down the Mississippi, by Cavalier, St. Cosme, Le Sueur, Gravier

and Guignas. With an Introduction, Notes and an Index by John Gilmary Shea.

The first edition of this book was published in 1861, and the present edition of five hundred copies has been reprinted for Joseph McDonough of Albany. The narratives collected herein form a sequel to those accounts already published of the explorations under Marquette and La Salle, and refer chiefly to the permanent French occupation of the Lower Mississippi.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Friedenwald Company:

Hebraisms in the Authorised Version of the Bible. By William Rosenau, Ph.D.

This investigation contains an examination of the Hebrew influence on the language of the Authorised Version. The subject was suggested to the author by Professor Paul Haupt in the autumn of 1894.

DETROIT, MICH.

Sprague Publishing Company:

On the Field of Honour. By Annah Robinson Watson.

Stories of young American heroes, being the second of the series of books for American boys. M-s. Watson is a Southerner, and is the author of a book of verse called *Passion Flowers*.

CLEVELAND, O.

Clark Company:

Historic Highways of America. Volume III. Washington's Road (Nemacolin's Path). The First Chapter of the Old French War. By Archer Butler Hulbert.

A series of monographs on the history of America as portrayed in the evolution of its highways of War, Commerce and Social Expansion.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Strong:

The New Heaven. By William Strong.

"This little book," says the author, "has been written and published under the inspiration and guidance of the spirit world." He further says that "he has been in almost constant communication with the angels."

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Under the Rose. By Frederic S. Isham.

A romantic love story, by the author of *The Strollers*, with kings and queens, and the usual trappings which go to make up a story of this character. Mr. Howard Chandler Christy has made the illustrations for the story.

Civil War Times. By Daniel Wait Howe.

Mr. Howe has written this narrative history from the standpoint of personal recollection, as well as with the authority of other writers. He has also drawn largely upon his diary written during the campaign. It will be remembered that he wrote *The Puritan Republic*.

What Manner of Man. By Edna Kenton.

A new novel by a new author. The man in question is endowed with the artistic temperament, and that quality alone has given the author an abundance of material for her story of "character and emotions."

MANCHESTER, N. H.

New Hampshire Publishing Corporation:

Soltaire. By George Franklyn Willey.

A novel which the author calls a romance of the Willey Slide and the White Mountains. Mr. Willey has been from childhood familiar with the White Mountain region, and he has put into his story something both of tradition and conjecture.

PRINCETON, N. J.

Princeton University:

Academic Honours in Princeton University. 1748-1902. Compiled and Edited by John Rogers Williams.

This volume contains a list of the Latin and English Salutatorians, Valedictorians, Honour Men, Junior Orators, Lynde Debaters, Prize Men, Fellows, First Group Men and University Debaters, from the first Commencement in 1748 until the present day. This is something that we believe is unique in the history of University publications.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Wilson Printing Company:

The Man with the Branded Hand. By Frank Edward Kittredge.

A sketch of the life and services of Captain Jonathan Walker, with portraits and illustrations, and a brief history of the Douglass Monument.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

California Promotion Committee:

San Francisco and Thereabout. By Charles Keeler.

An illustrated book of local interest. The author gives brief pictures of the past of San Francisco, of the days of the Spanish missions and of the pioneer days. A chapter is devoted to the bonanza and railroad kings, and the remainder of the book describes San Francisco as it is to-day.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Government Printing Office:

Report of the Librarian of Congress for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30th, 1902.

This report contains maps and other illustrations.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Young Churchman Company:

Some Features of the Faith. By John Arthur Shaw, M.A.

A popular discussion of certain points of Christian doctrine, by the author of *Some Phases of Clerical Life, The Parson in the World and Choosing a Bishop*.

5. Up from Georgia. Stanton. (Appleton.) \$1.20.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Reflections of Ambrosine. Glyn. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lavender and Old Lace. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$2.00.
5. Danny. Oliphant. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.25.
4. The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Shute. (Everett Press.) \$1.00.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Hale's Memories. Hale. (Macmillan.) \$5.00 net.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Shute. (Everett Press.) \$1.00.
4. Twenty-six Historic Ships. Hill. (Putnam.) \$3.50 net.
5. Three Years War. De Wet. (Scribner.) \$2.50 net.
6. Donna Diana. Fagot. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.25.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Right Princess. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between January and February, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

NEW YORK DOWNTOWN.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
6. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Henchman. Luther. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. John Ermine. Remington. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Tree. Richards. (Estes.) 75 cents.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$2.00.
2. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$2.00.
3. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Gabriel Tolliver. Harris. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) 75 cents.
3. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.08.
4. The Shadow of the Czar. Carling. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.08.
5. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.08.
6. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.08.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.25.
6. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.25.
4. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
6. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.08.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Master of Appleby. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Ben Hur. Wallace. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
5. Gods Out of Doors. Quayle. (Jennings & Pye.) \$1.75.
6. Writings of John James Ingalls. Ingalls. (Hudson & Kimberly.) \$2.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Love Story of Abner Stone. Litsey. (Barnes.) \$1.20 net.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50 net.
6. Emmy Lou. Martin. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Intrusions of Peggy. Hope. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$2.00.
4. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.25.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

2. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Reflections of Ambrosine. Glyn. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Donovan Pasha. Parker. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$2.00.
2. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Spy Company. Gunter. (Home Publishing Co.) 50 cents.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.25.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Son of a Fiddler. Lee. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Danny. Oliphant. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Francezka. Seawell. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Bridge of the Gods. Balch. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

2. Roger Drake. Webster. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Francezka. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
4. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Emmy Lou. Martin. (McClure.) \$1.50.
3. John Ermine. Remington. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Right Princess. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Seedy Gentleman. Robertson. (Robertson.) \$1.50 net.
2. The Cynic's Calendar. Mizner. (Elder & Shepard.) 75 cents, net.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$2.00.
2. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$2.00.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

3. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Morang & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Briggs.) 75 cents.
4. The Blazed Trail. White. (Morang.) \$1.50.
5. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Westminster Co.) \$1.25.
6. Thoroughbreds. Fraser. (Morang.) \$1.50.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Love and the Soul Hunters. Hobbes. (Funk & Wagnalls.) \$1.50.
4. The Splendid Idle Forties. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Francezka. Seawell. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
2. Francezka. Seawell. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
3. A Doffed Coronet. Anon. (Harper.) \$2.25.
4. Out of Gloucester. Connolly. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Castle Cranecrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) \$1.50.
6. The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Shute. (Everett Press.) \$1.00.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10	
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.....		188
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.....		168
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50		135
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.....		110
5. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.50.....		56
6. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.....		50

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for many years. With it,
I could have given more.
Mark Twain*



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FOUNTAIN PEN

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for sixteen years.

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Clean, efficient, durable and reliable.

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Brains rule the world. Americans have brains. They think big things. They think money. The brain is the tool that does the big things and makes the money.

Brain must be fed on the proper food or it will grow sluggish and dull. Can't work with dull tools. **GRAPE-NUTS**, the most scientific food in the world (ask any physician), will strengthen and sharpen the brain.

No stomach is so delicate it will not accept Grape-Nuts.

Give the brain a chance. Feed it with Grape-Nuts—

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APRIL, 1903.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN should be addressed to "The Editors of THE BOOKMAN." Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.

The death from pneumonia following influenza of Miss Ellen Bayly, better known as "Edna Lyall," removes, if not a great novelist, one who enjoyed a large amount of popularity, especially with women novel-readers. She was the youngest daughter of the late Robert Bayly, a barrister of the Inner Temple, and was born at Brighton about forty years ago. She began to write when a schoolgirl, her first published book being *Won by Waiting*, issued in 1879, which, although an interesting love story, was not remarkable. Well reviewed, it sold less than four hundred copies until the appearance of *Donovan* (1882) and *We Two* (1884), which placed her in the front rank of the religious-social order of novelist. That book appeared at an opportune moment, when the Bradlaugh dispute was engaging public attention, and it lost nothing from the fact that it was reported that in Luke Raeburn, the atheist, the novelist had sought to present a portrait of the then notorious Charles Bradlaugh. These books were followed at somewhat irregular intervals by *In the Golden Days* (1885), *The Happiest Christmas* (1886), *Knight Errant* (1887), *The Autobiography of a Slander* (1887), *A Hardy Norseman* (1889), *Derrick Vaughan* (1889), a story of literary life embodying some of the early experiences of Miss Bayly herself; *To Right the Wrong* (1892), *Doreen, the Story of a Singer* (1894), *Wayfaring Men* (1897), *Hope, the Hermit* (1898), *In Spite of All* (1901), and *The Hinderers*, published last year. Miss Bayly, though in her later work never equalling the two novels which made her name a household word, was possessed of

considerable gifts of imagination and of an easy and felicitous style. All her books are marked by an earnestness and high purpose, and undoubtedly at the time of the publication of *Donovan* and *We Two* exercised a considerable influence on the lay religious thought and tendency of the time. Miss Bayly was also the author of several smaller books and pamphlets, but wrote comparatively few short stories. Her will expressed her desire to be cremated, which wish has been duly carried out. For some years prior to her death she resided at College Road, Eastbourne, in a pretty house, of which we are able to give a picture.



"EDNA LYALL'S" HOME IN EASTBOURNE.

A first book which is arousing a great deal of genuine interest in California is Mrs. Fremont Older's *The Socialist and the Prince*. The incidents of the story centre about Denis Kearney, the Sand Lot Riot man, to

**A Novel about
Denis Kearney.**



MRS. OLDER.

whom James Bryce devoted several pages in his *American Commonwealth*. Kearney, who still lives in San Francisco, was a drayman, whereas Mrs. Older makes her socialist a gentleman; but the picturesque events of the late seventies in San Francisco are all woven into the book.

Mrs. Older—Cora Miranda Older—is by birth a Syracuse woman. She is the wife of the managing editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*. Not only is this her first novel, but hitherto she has written very few short stories. She is not a member of the artistic or Bohemian sets in San Francisco, but is socially very popular. She is now at work on a second novel, which has been accepted by early publication.

■

One of the books which had the largest sales in 1902, written by 'Looking Ahead' a man who was widely known before he became the author of a popular novel, was considerably changed in the form in which it was printed from the manuscript which was sent originally to the publishers. In its first draft the concluding chapter told how one of the characters of the story blew up the Capitol at Washington. The author was finally made to see that this was utterly preposterous, and, with more or less reluctance, he consented to its omission. Catastrophes on this monumental scale do not fit into novels of contemporary life, although they may legitimately be used in what might be called "looking ahead" stories. If, writing in the present year of grace 1903, you began with the statement that your tale deals with 1920 or thereabouts, you are at perfect liberty to rearrange the world to suit yourself. You may introduce the Emperor of Pennsylvania or the Shah of North Dakota; you may strip Great Britain of her ships and her colonies and describe her as a Venezuelan province; you may endow Switzerland with a mighty navy, and paint the orgies of a Midway Plaisance at the North Pole—if only you begin with the assurance that it is of the years of the future that you are writing. The late Frank R. Stockton, in *The Great War Syndicate*, told a rattling good story of an imaginary war between the United States and Great Britain; a war which resulted in the utter discomfiture of the British Navy, but which cost the contending nations only one life. Robert W. Chambers, in *The King in Yellow*, written about ten years ago, described the New York City of 1904.

We recall two short and entertaining magazine serials purporting to have been written by one who signed himself facetiously "Quatre Étoiles." One of them dealt with the attempted invasion of the United States by the armies of England and Germany; the second told how the

marked by so much unbridled imagination that, while we should not care to read very many like it within a month, this one we found really entertaining and up to a certain point are able to recommend it. In the matter of style Mr. Tilton writes about as well as Mr. Archibald



MR. DWIGHT TILTON. AUTHOR OF "ON SATAN'S MOUNT."

French army invaded England, and how the Anglo-French Republic came into existence.

■

About as downright audacious a book in this respect as we have ever read is Mr. Dwight Tilton's *On Satan's Mount*, which has just been published in a bright red cover and with a frontispiece which, to say the least, is in very bad taste. But we are going to pass that by and take up the subject of the story. It is such preposterous and ridiculous nonsense,

Clavering Gunter, though he lacks much of the latter gentleman's wit and dash. But it is not the style which impresses us in *On Satan's Mount*, nor is it the manner in which the material is handled, nor the quality of the dialogue, but that riotous prodigality of episode which removes the book, whatever else may be said of it, very far from the commonplace. Philip Craig is no ordinary hero, and it is with perfect gravity and self-possession that Mr. Tilton elevates him to the dignity of President of the United States,

though he finds it necessary to blow up President Roosevelt (President Burlingame) and to dismiss an entire Cabinet in order to do so. The author does not go out of his way to disguise his charac-

ters. The senior Senator from New York, for instance—and a fine, wily old schemer he is—is referred to diplomatically as Senator Pratt; while the head of the money power in America, the great financier, the owner of steamship lines and railway systems, is introduced as John Peter Norton.

■

The atmosphere of the atelier has been reproduced so often in fiction since the days of *The Atelier in Fiction.* *La Vie de Bohème* that it is curious how few au-

thors have thought it worth while to make the artist's model the central figure and to study the complications that arise from the clash between human passions and the selfish absorption of the artistic temperament. A good illustration of the possibilities of such a situation is contained in a short story, we forget for the moment whether by Prévost or the Brothers Margueritte or some other of the younger French writers. It concerns the young wife of a rising French artist whose specialty runs to nymphs and dryads and sleeping Venuses. She is not precisely jealous, but she has fallen to brooding over the long hours that her husband spends over his work, and she grudges the glances and the thoughts which he bestows upon his models and which she feels belong to her. Finally, she reaches the point where jealousy overcomes her natural repugnance to such a step, and she proposes a bargain to her husband. If he will dismiss his models she will take their place. And he, not stopping to weigh either her motives or the consequences, accepts with alacrity. But the bargain is not a success. No sooner has the artist begun to work than his wife experiences a new sensation. For the first time she finds his eyes bent upon her not in admiration, but with the critical and dispassionate absorption of the true artist. For the time being she has ceased to be a woman; she is merely a sexless thing, a means to an end, like his colours or his palette or brush. And suddenly the look of absorption changes to a frown of irritation, of surprised displeasure. He crosses the room and lays an accusing finger upon her as he might have done upon any hired model who disappointed his expectations. "*Tiens,*" he says, "*vous*



THACKERAY. PLASTER STATUETTE MODELLED BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

avez une tâche!" He had discovered a flaw, an unexpected blemish upon her shoulder. The seance ends abruptly and the artist goes back to his models. But henceforward his wife knows better than to be jealous. She simply is rather sorry for them.

✱

Probably the frankest serious study that was ever made by a novelist of an artist's struggle between the claims of the senses on one side and his devotion to his art on the other is *L'Œuvre*,

critics who express frank admiration for *L'Assommoir*, *La Débâcle*, and other volumes of the series, it is interesting to find an enthusiastic appreciation of the book in a recent number of the *Vienna Zeit.* "In *L'Œuvre*," says the writer, "Zola gave classic form to the dreams of an entire generation of painters. It was like a revelation when the first translation reached Munich and came into the hands of the students at the Academy. Copies were passed from one hand to another. Whole chapters were read aloud in the studios. At the evening rendezvous it



THE CHARTERHOUSE DURING THE TIME THACKERAY WAS THERE AS A PUPIL.

by Zola, who follows out the tragedy through its logical conclusion, where Claude Lantier, finding that the senses are winning the victory, expiates his weakness by hanging himself in front of his last unfinished picture. This volume to be understood should be read in connection with Zola's early and abortive series of criticisms on the Paris salon of 1866, a series which gave much offence at the time and which were afterward republished in a volume of miscellanies entitled *Mes Haines*. Considering how persistently *L'Œuvre* is neglected by

was the one subject of discussion. What every one had felt here found utterance."

✱

It would be interesting to know whether Edna Kenton, the young Chicago journalist who is the author of a recently published novel, *What Manner of Man?* ever read Zola's *L'Œuvre*. It would be equally interesting to know whether she has read William Black's *Princess of Thule*. Whether a mere coincidence or not, the fact remains that if you took Mr. Black's heroine, Sheila, and

placed her in the atmosphere of Zola's story, you would get very near to a duplicate of the situation in *What-Manner of Man?* For a first book this story possesses an unexpected degree of interest. It is not free from faults of construction. The opening chapters, for instance, form a sort of prologue which we personally think might have been dispensed with without any serious sacrifice. The central figure is an English artist, one Kirk Thayer, who has already made a name for himself when he paints his great portrait of Mrs. Davenport, a portrait which has "caught her living soul" and which "has a haunting sob about the mouth." This Mrs. Davenport is a mysterious



MR. JAMES WEBER LINN, WHOSE NOVEL, "THE CHAMELEON" IS REVIEWED IN THIS NUMBER.



MISS EDNA KENTON. AUTHOR OF "WHAT MANNER OF MAN?"

young woman who has made the success of the London season, and who is said to have a husband in some remote corner of the world. Just what her feelings are toward Thayer the author chooses to make a mystery of, but the artist is emboldened by the success of his portrait to ask a great favour. He has in contemplation an audacious picture, a "Supreme Martyrdom of a Christian Maiden before Nero." He has vainly sought over half the continent of Europe for a model who will combine the classic purity of form with the requisite innocence of face. In the interest of art and of friendship, will Mrs. Davenport come to the rescue? Through a succession of chapters, which are clever but not quite natural, the author leaves Mrs. Davenport's answer an open question. When it does come it is a negative, and here the real story begins. While cruising among the islands to the north of Scotland, Thayer has come across a young girl, the daughter of an island chief, who owns no allegiance to any king or country. The girl is primitive and untutored, but physically she might have been the younger sister of



THE CASTLE OF ZENDA.

Mrs. Davenport. She has the same wonderful coppery gleams in her hair, the same lithe figure, and even a greater purity and innocence of feature. Thayer does not love her, but he sees in her the one model requisite for his great picture. For this picture he will pay any price, even the price of matrimony. So he woos and wins the girl in cold blood and brings her back to his London studio to a life for which she has had no preparation and a martyrdom of which she has no warning. He gives her time to accustom herself to the new surroundings, breaking to her gradually the part that he expects her to play in his new picture. And she, because she really loves the man and believes in his love for her, masters her offended pride and does her best to serve him. Her unworldliness is so great that his brief explanation of the picture has no meaning to her, and as the days go by and the novelty of the task wears off the look of distress and of outraged innocence which the artist valued for his purpose beyond all the rest gradually fades from her face. All this time he has worked upon the figure. He has left the face to the last. And one morning it suddenly dawns upon him that he has waited too long, that the very look which he has sought throughout Europe to find has escaped him, he

throws the mask aside. He lets her know why he married her. He explains in unmistakable terms the real significance, the true horror of the picture, and taunts her with her lack of sensibility; and then when the truth bursts upon her, and while she shrinks back half fainting, with a look of growing horror in her eyes, he seizes his brushes and paints feverishly, desperately, in mad haste, as one might paint a dying slave upon the rack, fearful lest the expression may fade and a merciful unconsciousness take its place before it can be recorded upon the canvas. In the conclusion of the story we find less interest. It could scarcely end otherwise than in tragedy, and the author has wisely attempted nothing else. But the really interesting thing in the book is this aspect of the artistic nature, this absorption in the creative work which results in a cruelty as unconscious as that of a child tearing a butterfly wing from wing.

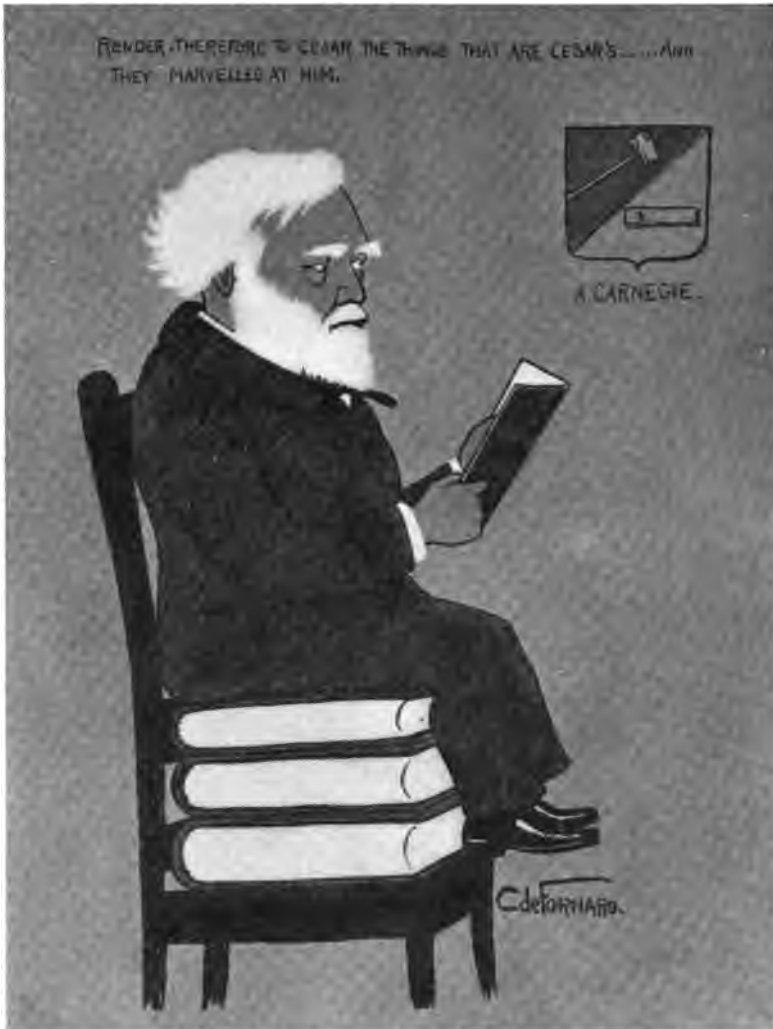
✱

Somehow it seems that many, many years have passed since we first came to know Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, at present a guest upon our shores, and first fell under the charm of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Those

Some Impressions
of Anthony
Hope.

years Mr. Hawkins has used to good advantage. He has been writing novels, none of them great, but all more or less admirable; he has lost nothing of his cleverness and has learned much in the handling of the machinery of fiction, yet he has never found again, nor has any one of his imitators found, the note which made

they all were! Between the two books the author had lost the note. The Land of the Fading Twilight, the Wonderland of Real Romance, which we knew in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, had slipped away from him forever, and in place of the intangible and haunting Strelsau, where Rassendyl was crowned King of Ruri-



MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE. BY C. DE FORNARO.

The Prisoner of Zenda different from all other books, and the one of his books that is likely to live and to be remembered. To show how ephemeral this note was, one has only to point to *Rupert of Hentzau*. The sequel told of the same Strelsau, of the same people, and yet how different

tania, he gave us in *Rupert of Hentzau* a commonplace city of mortar and brick and stone. His men and women also seem different, especially his women. Not only in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, but also in the first series of *Dolly Dialogues*, did he draw for us a woman whose very un-

reality constituted her charm. In the Anthony Hope woman of that period coquetry was the dominant trait. She delighted in testing her powers, and practised impartially on the rouged and padded dandies of Hyde Park and Piccadilly. Her creator was never impertinently inquisitive, and he checked any such tendency on the part of his readers. His aim seemed to be to show just as much of her as would be seen by their acquaintance in actual life; to paint the portrait and let you draw your own conclusion. His is a drawing-room acquaintance. If she did anything very wise or very silly, he told you of it, but beyond a certain limit her confidences were inviolate. Perhaps it was the very oddity of this respectful deference that made her so entertaining. Novelists had been making so much of

motives, that it was pleasant to meet a writer who bade you guess. In his study of women Mr. Hawkins had been to school with Austin Dobson. His men were thoroughly Saxon, but his woman did not seem English at all. Her postures, her gestures, her coquetry recalled the red-heeled days of seigneurial France. In spite of environment she belonged to the court at Marli or Versailles, and one could not read of Lady "Dolly" calling for her carriage without thinking that it really ought to have been a Sedan chair.

Mute at every word you utter,
 Servant to your least frill flutter,
 Belle Marquise.
 As you sit there growing prouder,
 And your ringed hands glance and go."



The March Lion, the Spring Lamb, and other Natives: "Here, Spring, we've captured one of those fellows who has been writing poetry about you."

We do not recall that any critic of the books which deal with the Kingdom of Ruritania has ever pointed out that the Elphbergs, the reigning family, offered a curious study for the literary pathologist. There was in the blood a touch of insanity, which cropped out in the deeds of the "Lion" of *The Heart of Princess Osra*, as it did hundreds of years later in that Rudolph who was imprisoned under the moat of the Castle of Zenda by Black Michael. There was not one of them but was queer, and the Rudolf who reigned in Strelsau when the Princess Osra learned the lesson of love, did and said things which would have sent any ordinary mortal to the *maison de santé*. He passed from transports of rage to wild laughter in the twinkling of an eye. He had a strange and incomprehensible sense of humour, which was a characteristic of all the Elphbergs; he laughed when we expected him to curse and blasphemed at what should have provoked his mirth. The Kingdom of Ruritania was of itself an achievement. In *A Man of Mark*, Anthony Hope had written of an imaginary South American republic; but an imaginary kingdom in the heart of modern Europe was quite another thing. To have sent a Don Quixote travelling in a first-class railroad carriage, to find and fight windmills and to have made people while reading believe in the man, the deeds and the environment, was surely no small thing. The geographical lay of the kingdom has often been hinted at, and we may make a rough guess by studying the railroad itinerary of Rassendyl; but it belonged in a minor primarily to the Fading Twilight, the borderland of night and day, of reality and myth. So do the scenes of *As You Like It* and of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* belong to the fading twilight; and those of Théophile Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. They say that the last is a wonderful allegory, that Giant Pope is a prodigious dig at Rome; that the book should be read in a studious, thoughtful and reverent frame of mind. Perhaps it should. For our part, we confess to liking it better as a romance, and shall always think of the son of the Bedford tinker with Walter Scott and Eugène Sue and Dumas as a great amuser. There are any number of apparently inextricable situa-

tions, plenty of stout blows; the narrative has all the contrivances of stirring fiction. Greatheart is as delightful as the Count of Monte Cristo, and possesses the same omniscience and omnipotence. In finding in this land of the Fading Twilight men and motives, in making it the scene of action and passion, the romantic quality, while a factor, is not of itself enough. In the tales of Scott, of Dumas, the scene of action is a sphere distinctly our own. Brian de Bois Guilbert, Quentin Durward, Le Balafre, no matter who the character or what the historical period, people the world of men and things tangible; D'Artagnan struts the streets of old Paris, his rapier half out of its scabbard, his dexterity, his unflagging spirits, his dash, amaze and delight; but he is above all human, and his environment is material and real.



On the other hand, in *As You Like It* or *Mademoiselle de Maupin* or the "Zenda" stories, the landscape is a mirage. The reader feels the unsubstantiality of the hills, valleys, and cities described, and admiring the beauty of an ivy-covered turret or wall, knows it to be but an illusory vapour that would yield at the touch. Of the same substance are the Valley of the Shadow of Death, Doubting Castle, the Vale of Humiliation, where Christian played the man—who cares what the names may mean or what the purport of the moral lesson? Of all the corners of this Fading Twilight region, the Valley of the Shadow of Death is the strangest and weirdest. Sunlight does not penetrate there. The everlasting hills roll majestically away until the last summits are lost in mist. The air is heavy with silence. It is the land of Poe's "Ulalume," of ashen skies, the "misty mid region of Weir," the "ghost-haunted woodland of Weir." There are waters—dead waters—the dim, dark tarn of Auber. Out in the region of Fading Twilight there is brightness, too. Tall, white châteaux loom up on the horizon—mysterious Ehrensteins. There is an unearthly balm in the air. The herbage and the foliage are supernaturally green. Sunlight there is from the twilight. To this strangely beautiful Wonderland belong the forest scenes of *As You Like It*, the hedges, hills and bowers of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, the Delectable Mountains, and Strelsau,

the Castle of Zenda, and the broad Kingdom of Ruritania. In reading *The Prisoner of Zenda*, we passed enchanted through the streets of Strelsau in the wake of the coronation procession of the sham King; we heard the clank of arms, the music, the cheers of the people of the New Town and the low murmurings of Black Michael's adherents in the Old Quarter. We stood under the arches of the great cathedral, and we realised that it was all as the substance of a dream. The very men-at-arms who guard the entrance were but shadows; Rassendyl, Sapt, young Von Tarlenheim, Flavia, seemed ready to vanish like the mist.

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In a very good sensational story which we read in manuscript a few weeks ago we found some things which we believe to be absolutely

Some Assassins
of Fiction.

new in picturesque assassination in fiction. In this story the man murdered is so surrounded by friends and apparently so completely shut off from any danger that the most ingenious reader will be utterly at a loss to guess how the assassin could possibly have reached him. Yet the explanation is comparatively simple, and probably without a parallel in fiction. It would be unfair to the author of the book, which will probably be published some time this year, to say anything more than this; but thinking of it calls attention to the variety of devices to which novelists resort to put their characters out of the way when such suppression is necessary. When it is a case of assassination for dramatic effect, the more *outré* and ghastly the method used, the keener the reader's sensations; so the clever thrill-maker usually avoids commonplace means of slaying and is careful to bespatter the scene freely with blood, or else to introduce something uncanny, like a subtle poison or some venomous reptile.

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When it was a question of murder, Dickens was usually satisfied with ordinary methods; he kept his *bizarre* effects for such characters as he himself, *qua* author, had to put out of the way. Lawyer Tulkinghorn, in *Bleak House*, is respectably shot in his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The father of Barnaby Rudge uses a knife for the perpetration

of his crime; Sir John Chester in the same book is killed in a sword duel. N. le Marquis, in *A Tale of Two Cities*, is found in his bed stabbed to the heart; the vague criminal of *Little Dorrit* is addicted to the use of the knife; while Nancy, in *Oliver Twist*, is quietly and genteelly done to death with a club. Then there is Jonas Chuzzlewit, who has been happily called "the most shadowy murderer in fiction," and some others. On the whole, Dickens may be said to have treated the assassin and his trade with marked deference and attention. But as has been said, his methods were usually of the straightforward kind, and he resorts to the grotesque chiefly for the disposal of inconvenient characters. The grinning Carker of *Dombey and Son* is ground to death under the wheels of a locomotive at a French railway station; Quilp, of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, is dramatically drowned; Bill Sykes's neck is broken by the rope meant for his escape; Bradley Headstone and his enemy go together to the bottom of the canal; while the mysterious Krook, of *Bleak House*, is disposed of by spontaneous combustion.

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Of course, it is hard to find much of the sort in Thackeray. Frank Esmond and his daughter's suitor, the Duke of Hamilton, were both struck down by the sword of Lord Mohun; and there are two or three murders in *Catherine*. Thackeray undoubtedly possessed great powers in this line, and at one time seriously considered writing a novel after the style of the elder Dumas, to whom we owe some of the finest of all the assassins of fiction. Turn to the volumes which bear his name, and you find not merely a few occasional murders; you discover a holocaust. Dumas's scoundrels all partake of their creator's prodigality, and seem to revel in generous carnage and lust prodigiously for blood. Dumas was better at drawing a simple cutthroat than an assassin, and D'Artagnan snuffs out a human life as gallantly and amiably as any hero in fiction. Sue's assassins are wild animals, bent upon turning society into an abattoir. *The Mysteries of Paris* and *Le Juif Errant* are conceptions as horrible and as insane as Victor Hugo's *L'Homme qui Rit*. The Englishman who follows the menagerie over Europe to see the animals

devour their trainer is a triumph of morbid imagination. Ponson du Terrail, whose works are practically unknown in this country, drew out of secret murder dramatic effects of which his contemporaries never dreamed. Of him one of the Goncourts once said: "There is but one man of genius among us—he is Ponson du Terrail. Nobody handles assassination as he does. He is the Shakespeare of secret murder."

Turning to the writers of the present day, Mr. Kipling, for one, has given us a few excellent assassins, most of them Orientals. There was, for instance, the Indian servant in "The Recrudescence of Imray," who, after neatly cutting his master's throat, conceals the body behind the ceiling cloth of the bungalow, and who when his guilt is discovered kills himself by pressing into his heel the fang of a poisonous serpent. Then there are two excellent murderers in Bimi and Bartrand; the modern Bill Sykes, who thrashes Badalia Herodsfoot to death; the queen murderess in *The Naulahka*; not to speak of the "Danny Deevers" who use their rifles to blow off the top of a comrade's head. The strangest crime in all Kipling's stories, that told in "The Mark of the Beast," failed to become a tragedy through the intervention of Strickland.

But the arch criminal among literary murderers of the present day is undoubtedly the genial author of *The White Company*. Not only do the victims of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle surpass those of any of his contemporaries in the matter of numbers; in many cases their deaths have been brought about by an uncanny and diabolical ingenuity. Beside him the Borgias appear clumsy bunglers. Every tool for assassination will be found in his kit, and he makes use of them all, but not with the same relish. If he is obliged to pistol a character, he does so with obvious regret—he seems to intimate that in confining himself to so ordinary a weapon he is depriving you of an additional thrill and himself of a keener pleasure. Poisoned darts, venomous serpents, fatal treasure chests, are more in his line; and where most men like to step in at the last moment and save an unobjectionable character unless his destruction is posi-

tively necessary, you will find none of this humane weakness on the part of Dr. Doyle. Fully one-third his crimes could have been avoided without trouble, so we can attribute his reluctance to holding his hand only to downright bloodthirstiness.

A course in Conan Doyle may be said to be a complete literary education in the gentle art of assassination—the classics, mathematics, the "ologies," modern languages, and all the "extras" thrown in. It would be a positive pleasure to write the prospectus for "Dr. Doyle's Academy of Crime," and also to compose some testimonials which could be used for purposes of judicious advertisement. "This admirable institution, while aiming primarily at the intellectual training and development of the pupils, by no means neglects their physical welfare. *Mens sana in corpore sano*, as the Latins used to say. The hours of recreation from mental activity are devoted to healthy athletic training. An admirably equipped gymnasium and a corps of eminent professors. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 2 to 3 P. M., practice in the artistic use of the sandbag. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from 10 to 11 A. M., instruction in the proper handling of the bludgeon, etc., etc. . . . The Art Department, under the direction of Professor Stapleton, R. A. Elaborate training in the painting of spectral hounds, etc., etc. . . . For terms, etc., apply to ———."

We take pleasure in reproducing a very fine likeness of President Hadley of Yale, from the portrait lately painted by Mr. Frank Fowler, N.A. The commission was given by some gentlemen who have presented the portrait to the Yale Club of this city, where it now hangs, and where it gives the greatest satisfaction to all Yale men who see it; for the artist has managed with remarkable insight and equal skill to transfer to his canvas the most subtle characteristics of a very complex and individual personality.

The following paragraph, which appeared in one of the New York newspapers a few weeks ago, may or may not be authentic. At any rate, it suggests a plot that has been worked over and over again in fiction,

Dated from
Odessa.



PRESIDENT HADLEY OF YALE.

From a Painting by Frank Fowler, N. A.

and usually by writers of power and repute. First, Balzac made use of it in "La Grande Bretèche;" then Poe introduced it in his gruesome story of "The Cask of Amontillado;" Dr. Conan Doyle played upon it in "The New Catacomb,"

ODESSA, March 1.—A remarkable story, which sounds almost impossible in this twentieth century, comes from Baku. It is alleged that a stonemason while at work was recently kidnapped and compelled to wall up a living woman.



EGERTON CASTLE, WHOSE LATEST NOVEL, "THE STAR DREAMER," IS REVIEWED IN THIS NUMBER.

a story which will be found among the collection under the title *The Green Flag, and Other Stories*; and, finally, Mrs. Edith Wharton treated it in another way, in her short tale "The Duchess at Prayer."

The mason was seized by two men, who drove up in a covered carriage; his head was enveloped in a sack, and he was driven away rapidly in a direction he was unable to indicate.

After a lengthy drive, which was accomplished at a good speed, the carriage stopped,



MR. GEORGE S. WASSON. AUTHOR OF "CAP'N SIMEON'S STORE."



MRS. MARGARET DOYLE JACKSON. AUTHOR OF "THE DAUGHTER OF THE PIT."

and the workman was taken to an empty room in a house apparently some distance from the town. From a large hole in the wall the terrified face of a woman looked out, and a man in a mask ordered the mason to brick up the wall.

Seeing that a terrible crime was about to be perpetrated, the man refused, but, on being threatened with a revolver, was compelled to do the work, and the wall was filled up. He was again muffled in the sack and driven back to Baku, where he was released.

The police were informed of what had taken place, but no traces of the kidnappers could be discovered, and the victim was released.

It is said that the woman condemned to die behind the bricked-up wall was a Moham-medan, and that her husband had revenged himself on her in this terrible manner for her infidelity.

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George S. Wasson, the artist-author, whose book on the life of deep-sea fishermen, *Cap'n Simeon's Store*, will be published this month,

was born at Groveland, Massachusetts, on the Merrimac River, in 1855. His grandfather was a ship-builder and several of

his uncles were sea captains, so it is natural enough that he should have a liking for the sea. He also comes of good literary stock, as his father, the late David Atwood Wasson, was a famous Unitarian preacher, philosophical writer, and a true poet. Wasson studied art abroad for several years, at a German Kunst-Schule and elsewhere. On his return he located in Boston and became the pupil of Joseph Foxcroft Cole, sharing the studio with him for several years. He was a member of the St. Botolph and Art clubs, and at the caricature exhibitions of the Paint and Clay Club the sense of humour that infuses his writings produced things so irresistibly funny as to be the talk of the town. He has confined his work to marines and shore subjects. In a small sloop, built largely by himself, he has scoured the New England coast, sketching whatever caught his fancy. In 1889 he built his present house and studio at Kittery Point, Maine, in order that he might be near the sea throughout the year. Of late he has been giving much attention to literary work, and is taking rank as one of the writers of New England salt-water character sketches.



"OUIDA" (LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE).

See Article, page 153.

There is one periodical, soon to be published, which we intend to welcome with especial warmth. It is the *Navy League Journal*, which is to be the official organ of the Navy League of the United States. The paper will be similar in character to the *British Navy League Journal* and the *German Monthly*. We reprint the following from the *Army and Navy Journal*, because we believe that every reader of THE BOOKMAN should see it:

A Good Thing:
"Push It Along."

The scope of the League is as broad as the continent. Every reputable man, woman and child in the country is eligible to membership. There is no politics, no sectionalism, no selfish personal interest to serve in the undertaking. The one object is to help the United States

Navy, and to that end it proposes to appeal to the patriotism of the American people, and then have the people appeal in their own way to Congress for means of supplying the Navy's needs. It is hoped through agencies, yet to be devised, to eventually acquaint every household and every boy in the country with the work which the League wants to accomplish. The plan considers the establishment of branches of the League in every city and town where there is a desire to co-operate in the enterprise, and through these branches all available means will be employed to arouse and maintain an intelligent popular interest in the Navy.

The national peace and honour must henceforth depend upon the Navy. The Navy depends upon Congress and Congress depends upon the people. The Navy League, therefore, proposes to educate the people in naval affairs and to enlist their support in behalf of a

policy which shall ensure more ships, more officers and men with better training for both, and a great naval reserve composed of hardy, patriotic young men who can be instantly called to the nation's defence in time of need.

The project thus briefly outlined is a large one, but not larger than the need it is meant to supply. Can it be successfully executed? For reply we need only refer to the work of the German Navy League, which, since it was organised in April, 1898, has acquired a membership of more than 700,000, with branches in every town and hamlet in the Empire. The result of the educational work carried on through these agencies is that the German people who, six years ago, never dreamed of a great sea power for the Empire, are to-day as one man in support of a vigorous policy of naval expansion. In remote inland communities where warships were unheard-of things a few years ago the people now read with pride and growing intelligence the story of Germany's splendid squadrons. The German boy reads the official bulletin of the German Navy League; his hat bears a ribbon inscribed with the League's insignia; his mother and sisters wear earrings and other trinkets similarly adorned—and all these articles are sources of income to the central fund, which means the addition of new and mighty battleships to the German fleets. During the year 1901 the German Navy League gained 350,000 new members, *many of them recruited in the United States*. It distributed millions of books and pamphlets, placed coloured pictures of German cruisers in more than twenty thousand schools, provided thousands of free lectures, organised three thousand conferences, and placed muto-scopic views in five thousand railway stations—all with the single purpose of enlisting popular interest in the Navy. England has a navy league older than Germany's. France has one. So has Italy, and Spain also, which is proving a tremendous force for the rehabilitation of her naval establishment. Wherever these leagues have been organised they have enormously strengthened the naval policy of the government, and it is hardly too much to say that the splendid squadrons of Germany, which may some day force a practical test of the naval defences of the United States, owe their existence to the German Navy League, which, by crystallising German sentiment in favour of the Emperor's policy, has given the Empire a sea power which ranks among the foremost.

We call attention to the Navy League

of the United States not merely as a matter of sentiment, but of business, and frankly selfish interests as well. This magazine is a business enterprise; and its present prosperity and the prosperity of every business enterprise in the country demand that we possess a navy powerful enough to ensure the security of permanent peace. In giving this space to calling attention to the Navy League of the United States, we are simply doing something toward the payment of a very reasonable insurance against national disaster.

Mr. Sidney Lee, who is now visiting this country, is best known as the associate of Sir Leslie Stephen in editing the great *Dictionary of National Biography*, which was completed a year or more ago; as the author of a life of Shakespeare, and as the editor of the autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. His very latest book is one on *Queen Victoria*, which appeared in this country in January. This account of



MR. SIDNEY LEE, THE WELL-KNOWN SHAKESPEARIAN SCHOLAR, NOW VISITING THE UNITED STATES.



RUPERT HUGHES.

the late Queen is a somewhat notable piece of work. We put off the reading of it for quite a while, because we supposed of course that it would be the usual thing—a colourless and wholly eulogistic account, written in the spirit of the courtier, or at least of the conventional Englishman. Great, therefore, was our surprise to find it a really discriminating and impartial study, such as one might look for only after the lapse of half a century. Mr. Lee, while always observing that attitude of respect which good taste would

necessarily impose, has nowhere allowed himself to become a mere panegyrist; and the light that he throws upon the Queen's personal characteristics, her temperament, and especially her relation to the inner history of her reign, is most interesting and valuable. The polite tradition that the Prince Consort gracefully effaced himself in everything relating to the functions of government is here effectively exploded, and it is shown beyond question that the instinctive prejudice which Englishmen felt toward him was justified; for he meddled continually, and through the Queen sought to re-establish the direct authority of the Crown as against the modern parliamentary and ministerial theory of the British Constitution. Mr. Lee's book is, therefore, much more than a mere biography; it has a definite historical value.

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Mr. Rupert Hughes, the author of *The Whirlwind*, has done varied critical and literary work. He was for a time the assistant editor of the *Criterion*, and has done other editorial work in London and New York, where he now resides. He is well known as a critic of music and has published several volumes on musical subjects, including *American Composers*. He has also tried his hand at the drama, and his pieces have been staged both in London and this country.

FAMOUS NOVELS AND THEIR CONTEMPORARY CRITICS

II. "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT" AND "AMERICAN NOTES."

III. "A TALE OF TWO CITIES."

II. DICKENS'S "AMERICAN NOTES" AND "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT." ..

Whatever faults may be charged against us as a people, no one, with any justice, can accuse us of nursing and cherishing resentment. A foreign critic may come to see us, be entertained in a manner that will lead him to think that his visit is regarded as an event of na-

tional importance; he may then go home and write about our shortcomings to his heart's content; and may come over to see us again a year or two later with perfect comfort and security, without any fear of a cool reception or unkind looks. For what Europeans do not see and cannot possibly understand is that our effusive welcome did not mean that we were so tremendously impressed; only that we enjoyed showing our hospitality. There

are some Englishmen, for instance, who believe that we are still writhing under the arraignment of our national follies contained in Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *American Notes*. They do not realise that the life, the social and economical conditions which Dickens found on his visit to the United States in 1842 seem as strange and as remote to the American of to-day as they do to the Englishman. When he drew the pictures of Colonel Diver, Jefferson Brick, Major Dawkins, Hannibal Chollop, Professor Mullitt, Generals Fladdock and Kettle and the Honourable Elijah Pogrom, Dickens was no doubt simply caricaturing in his own inimitable way certain types and eccentricities which actually existed, or which he believed to exist. But these types and eccentricities have so completely passed away that the manners and ideas of the Americans of *Martin Chuzzlewit* seem the manners and ideas of an entirely foreign and remote people. Cant and pretence, the love of humbug and the spirit of false democracy are undoubtedly to be found among us now, but their expression is very different; and were we brought face to face with Colonel Diver and Jefferson Brick in the flesh, we should no more understand them than we should understand the presence of a herd of stampeding buffaloes on Broadway or an Indian encampment in the corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria. Mrs. Trollope came to see us, and gave her impressions in *The Domestic Manners of the Americans*. Captain Marryat visited us, and his printed opinion was not flattering. Thackeray was not over-fond of "those conceited Yankees." The *American Notes* and the American chapters of *Martin Chuzzlewit* were inspired by Dickens's frank and hearty dislike. Ten or fifteen years ago, young Mr. Kipling made a trip across the Continent, and published a book about it which contained some smart things designed to make the American people squirm. But in no case have we borne any lasting ill will, and it was only in the cases of Mrs. Trollope and Dickens that we felt even temporary irritation.

It was at a period in our national development when we were socially in a crude state; when people were least careful of the amenities of life; when most men chewed tobacco and spat freely and

impartially; when the newspaper press of the country was at an exceedingly low ebb, that Dickens first came to visit us. It would be absurd to attempt to deny that he saw much in America that deserved castigation, much that must have appealed irresistibly to his keen sense of the ridiculous. On the other hand, it would be impossible to pretend that the malice of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and the *American Notes* was due to any but petty causes. He brought with him to America a fundamental dislike to the principle of slavery, of which he had no personal knowledge, and a determination to have enacted an international copyright law. In this latter aim he failed, and his utterances on the subject brought down upon his head much bitter and unfair newspaper criticism. It was to the sting of this failure and this criticism, and to the sense of personal discomfort and irritation, rather than to any carefully studied conviction of our national unworthiness, that we owe the cordially bitter and unfriendly tone of the two books which form the subject of the present paper.

It was on the 21st of January, after an exceedingly severe and uncomfortable passage across the Atlantic, that Dickens landed in Boston. His reception in that city, and in fact everywhere in the United States, was of a nature which astounded him, but which also must have wearied him. He was followed by immense crowds in the streets, great dinners were given in his honour, at every turn he was greeted with as much enthusiasm and scrutinised with as much curiosity and well-meant impertinence as if he had been a royal personage. It was all very flattering; but it must also have been very tiresome. It was in New York that, in the midst of ovations, Dickens, irritated by the newspaper comments on his speeches regarding copyright, seems to have begun to dislike his entertainers. Some of the newspapers went so far as openly to charge that he had come to this country under false pretences, and that in reality he was making the trip as the paid agent of an organisation of British authors and publishers. Then, too, his privacy was constantly being invaded. He was continually being pestered by utterly impossible people. Voluminous manuscripts came, whose modest authors requested Dickens to read carefully, note

any alterations and corrections he thought proper, and requesting that he superintend their publication in England. One letter came from the South asking an original epitaph for the tombstone of an infant. Another solicited an autograph copy of the lines to an "Expiring Frog." One lady from New York wrote that many funny things had taken place in her family and many interesting and tragic events, and that she had records for one hundred years past. She proposed to furnish this record, with explanations, to Mr. Dickens for him to ar-

range and rewrite and have them published in England, allowing him to divide the profits equally with her. All these little ephemeral exasperations must be taken into consideration. They go a long way toward explaining, if not condoning, the spirit of injustice and hostility in which Dickens sat down to the writing of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and the *American Notes*.

Under the circumstances, the review of the *American Notes* which was printed in the *North American Review* for the first three months of 1843 seems incom-



CHARLES DICKENS.

prehensibly favourable. After twelve or fourteen pages devoted to a highly eulogistic estimate of Mr. Dickens's work done previous to the *American Notes*, the writer of the criticism discusses the *Notes* with great good nature and forbearance. He describes vividly the enthusiastic reception which Mr. Dickens received everywhere throughout his American tour. In treating of Mr. Dickens's attitude in the international copyright question, the writer takes up the cudgels in defence of our visitor and against his own countrymen:

We coincide entirely with the views so well expressed by Mr. Dickens, and approve of the manner in which he has developed them. The attacks made upon the part of a portion of the newspapers for the course he saw fit to take on this subject (that of international copyright) were unjust, false, virulent and vulgar, discreditable to the taste and temper and disagreeable to the characters of their authors. One of the most generous and disinterested of men, he had come to this country to seek among a people by whom his genius was approved and admired relaxation from long and severe intellectual toil. He was charged with the meanest mercenary motives simply because he had the independence to urge the claims of justice. We must say in behalf of all honourable men connected with the press, that to defend the character of Mr. Dickens from such poor attacks would be a work of supererogation indeed. . . . We had a right to expect from him not a didactic work, but a book full of graphic details, good feeling and pleasant observation, and in this expectation we have not been disappointed. Many of his descriptions have given offence in various quarters. Some people seem to think that fault of manners, or an offence of social arrangements, or an awkward or a disagreeable habit as described by a visitor is meant to be classed as something peculiar to them. Thus, Dickens's pictures of the discomforts of canal boats and stage coaches—though all who have ever felt them acknowledge the striking fidelity of his pencil—are supposed to be meant as satires upon American civilisation in particular, and as if such things are found nowhere else; and not a little very excellent wrath has been expended upon him on that most gratuitous supposition. We have heard no defence set up against the charge of tobacco chewing and spitting. In these two pleasant habits we suppose we stand, by general consent and by our own admission, pre-

eminent among the nations of the earth. The picture he draws of the character of the American newspaper press, largely coloured as it is, does not surpass the truth when applied to a power—a very large power it must be confessed—of the metropolitan papers. He does not make sufficiently emphatic exceptions and distinctions, and when he comes to speak of the universality of its evil influence, its omnipotence and omnipresence, his vigorous, startling and almost terrific language is quite too unqualified. We have no faith in the existence of such a demoniac power as that he describes. The profligate papers, numerous as they are and widely as their circulation ranges, neither express nor guide nor govern what can with any propriety be called the public opinion of the country. They may open their foul mouths in full cry upon a man of character year after year, and through every State in the Union, but they can harm him no more than the idle wind. They are read, despised, and the next day utterly forgotten. Their cowardly malice, their ignorant vulgarity and profligacy overshoot the mark.

A somewhat different, but by no means severe, tone runs through the review of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* for September, 1844:

With much that is unworthy of Mr. Dickens, much that he will live to regret if he is not already sorry for, *Martin Chuzzlewit* contains some of the most striking scenes and the most vivid portraits of character that have ever been sketched by the author's facile and felicitous pen. We pass by his pretended morals and manners of the United States. They are for the most part characterisations so gross as to be incapable of exciting any emotion save one in the mind of any American reader. Once or twice, it is true, he touches us in the raw. . . . It is in home portraits that Dickens is the most successful when in relation to scenes and characters. What could be more graphic than his description of Todger's, the mercantile boarding-house? It is a finished picture of the Flemish school. . . . As for old Pecksniff, the portrait could not be exceeded. Selfish, deceitful, with sufficient cunning to acquire a reputation for being the reverse of what he really is, we follow his progress with deep interest, and exult in the retribution which closes his sinuous career.

The Quarterly Review for the three

months beginning with March, 1843, in its review of *American Notes*, says that both Englishmen and Americans should consider that our common origin and language, which theoretically ought to be a bond of moral connection, are in practice very liable to produce a hostile and jealous spirit between the two nations:

The mutual language, then, becomes a double weapon: the common fountain overflows on either side with the waters of bitterness. We think that in discussing this subject on some former occasion we said that when people write or talk against one another in different languages they are like boxers sparring in stuffed gloves, but when the English and Americans squabble in their common tongue, it is like hitting home with the naked fist—their blow gives a black eye or a bloody nose.

It was, therefore, we confess, with no particular pleasure that we learned we were to have a picture of America from the pen of Mr. Dickens. Mr. Dickens is, as everybody knows, the author of some popular stories published originally in periodicals. Remarkable as has been the exploitations of very low life—treated, however, generally speaking, with better taste and less vulgarity than the subjects seem to promise—we must say, *en passant*, that we have very little taste for the class of novels that take their heroes from Newgate and St. Giles. Even in the powerful hands of Fielding, Jonathan Wild has always both disgusted and wearied us.

The Quarterly scores Dickens roundly for ignoring objects of beauty and preferring to deal with what was petty and ludicrous:

Instead of seeing in the streets of New York specimens of fine architecture, Mr. Dickens tells us with much detail that he saw, besides the "mulatto landlady," a "fiddler, one barrel-organ, one dancing monkey;" and, he adds, "not one white mouse." All this, we presume, is meant for pleasantry, but indeed the utter inanity of Mr. Dickens's pages, the total lack of information or even rational argument, is not more to be regretted than the awkward efforts of jocularly with which he endeavours to supply their places. We might in return be very facetious in expressing Mr. Dickens's bad taste, but we prefer seriously to remonstrate with him on nonsense so deplorable that we are almost ashamed to give one other specimen. We have already stated that of the account of New York a few lines only are given to a general

view of society in that city, while several pages were employed on the latest and most trivial topics. But our readers will hardly be prepared for such stupid puerility as we have now to produce. It seems that the streets of the metropolis are much frequented by pigs. This gives Mr. Dickens the opportunity of taking up not merely the subject of pigs in general, but to one individual and selected pig three pages of his *American Notes* is devoted, being, we calculate, six times more space than he has given to all the prominent orators, litterateurs, artists and heroes of America altogether.

The following is from the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1843:

Though Mr. Dickens does not tell us of it, it is a notorious fact that throughout every State in the United States he was besieged by the whole host of lion hunters, whose name in that land of liberty and equality is legion. In England we *preserve* our lions. To be admitted to the sight of one except on public occasions is a privilege granted only to the select. In America (always excepting a skin of the right colour) the pursuit of this kind of game requires no qualifications whatever, for, though society seems to form itself there, just as it does with us, into a series of circles, self-distinguished and excluded one from the other, there does not appear to be any generally acknowledged scale of social dignity. Each circle may assert its own pretensions and act upon them, but they are not binding upon the rest. In the eye of the law and of the universe a citizen is a citizen, and as such has a right to do the honour of the country to a stranger. And though there are, doubtless, many circles in which the stranger is pitied for having to receive such promiscuous attentions, there is none which seems to consider itself excluded from the privilege of offering them. . . . Though the book is said to have given great offence on the other side of the Atlantic, we cannot see any sufficient reason for it.

Two of the severest contemporary critics of Dickens's *American Notes* were Macaulay and De Tocqueville, the latter of whom had journeyed extensively in and written much about the United States. When in the French Chamber of Deputies reference was made to Dickens's book on America, De Tocqueville ridiculed the idea that any opinions of Dickens on the matter should be quoted as in any respect authoritative. Macaulay, who had written to Napier, the editor of

the *Edinburgh Review*, asking permission to review the new book when it should be ready, withdrew his request as soon as he had seen it. "This morning," he writes to Napier, October 19th, 1842, "I received Dickens's book. . . . I cannot praise it, and I will not cut it up. It seems to me to be on the whole a failure. It is written like the worst parts of *Humphrey's Clock*. What is meant to be easy and sprightly is vulgar and flip-pant. I pronounce the book, in spite of some claims of genius, frivolous and dull."



TAVISTOCK HOUSE, WHERE DICKENS WROTE "*A TALE OF TWO CITIES*."

III. "A TALE OF TWO CITIES."

Dickens lovers of the present day who regard *A Tale of Two Cities* as one of the finest of all his fine novels, ranking it almost as high as *David Copperfield*, must find singularly curious the verdict of a contemporary critic who pronounced the book little better than downright drivel. Yet such was the opinion of the reviewer of the London *Saturday Review*, and his article, appearing in the number for December 7th, 1859 (this article was republished in *Littell's Living Age* for February 11th, 1860), is a fine example of a slashing "slating" as it was done in the middle of the last century.

After referring to the last of the Waverley novels, and to Scott's motive in writing them, saying that "The novels, to be sure, are as bad as bad can be, but to

pay debts is a higher duty than to write good novels," the *Review* goes on:

In *A Tale of Two Cities* Mr. Dickens has reached the *Castle Dangerous* stage, without Sir Walter Scott's excuse; and instead of wholesome food ill-dressed, he has put before his readers dishes of which the quality is not disguised by the cooking. About a year ago he thought proper to break up an old and establish a new periodical, upon grounds which, if the statement of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans is true, were most discreditable to his character for good feeling, and we might almost say common decency, and in order to extend the circulation of the new periodical he published in it the story which lies before us. . . . It is a most curious production, whether it is considered in a literary, in a moral, or in a historical point of view. If it had not borne Mr. Dickens's name it would in all probability have hardly met with a single reader; and if it has any popularity at all, it must derive it from the circumstance that it stands in the same relation to his other books as salad dressing stands in toward a complete salad. It is a bottle of the sauce in which *Pickwick* and *Nicholas Nickleby* were dressed, and to which they owed much of their popularity; and though it has stood open on the sideboard for a very long time and has lost a good deal of its original flavour, the philosophical inquirer who is willing to go through the penance of tasting it will be, to a certain extent, repaid. He will have an opportunity of studying in its elements a system of cookery which procured for its ingenious inventor unparalleled popularity, and enabled him to infect the literature of his country with a disease which manifests itself in such repulsive symptoms that it has gone far to invert the familiar doctrines of the Latin Grammar about ingenious arts, and to substitute for them the conviction that the principal results of a persistent devotion to literature are an incurable vulgarity of mind and of taste, and intolerable arrogance of temper.

After giving an outline of the plot, in which the events that precede Sydney Carton's sacrifice are especially ridiculed, the *Review* continues:

It would, perhaps, be hard to imagine a clumsier or more disjointed framework for the display of the tawdry wares which form Mr. Dickens's stock-in-trade. The broken-backed way in which the story maunders along from 1775 to 1792, and back again to 1760 or thereabouts, is an excellent instance of the complete

disregard of the rules of literary composition which have marked the whole of Mr. Dickens's career as an author. No portion of his popularity is due to intellectual excellence. . . . The two main sources of his popularity are his power of working upon the feelings by the coarsest stimulants, and his power of setting common occurrences in a grotesque and unexpected light. In his earlier works, the skill and vigour with which these operations were performed were so remarkable as to make it difficult to analyse the precise means by which the effect was produced on the mind of the reader. Now that familiarity has deprived his books of the glow and freshness which they formerly possessed, the mechanism is laid bare; and the fact that the means by which the effect is produced are really mechanical is painfully apparent. It would not, indeed, be matter of much difficulty to frame from such a book as the *Tale of Two Cities* regular recipes for grotesque and pathetic writings, by which any required quantity of the article might be provided with infallible certainty. The production of pathos is the simpler operation of the two. With a little practice and a good deal of determination it would really be as easy to harrow up people's feelings as to poke the fire. The whole art is to take a melancholy subject and to rub the reader's nose in it, and this does not require any particular amount either of skill or knowledge. . . .

To be grotesque is a rather more difficult trick than to be pathetic; but it is just as much a trick, capable of being learned and performed almost indefinitely. One principal element of grotesqueness is unexpected incongruity; and inasmuch as most things are different from most other things, there is in nature a supply of this element of grotesqueness that is absolutely inexhaustible. Whenever Mr. Dickens writes a novel, he makes two or three comic characters, just as he might cut a pig out of a piece of orange-peel. In the present story there are two comic characters, one of whom is amusing by reason of the facts that his name is Jerry Cruncher, that his hair sticks out like iron spikes, and that, having reproached his wife for "flopping down on her knees" to pray, he goes on for seventeen years speaking of praying as "flopping." If, instead of saying that his hair was like iron spikes Mr. Dickens had said that his ears were like mutton-chops, or his nose like a Bologna sausage, the effect would have been much the same. One of his former characters was identified by a habit of staring at things and at people with his teeth, and another by a propensity to draw his mus-

tache up under his nose and his nose down over his mustache. . . . No popularity can disguise the fact that this is the very lowest of low styles of art. It is a step below Cato's full wig and lacquered chair which shook the pit and made the gallery stare, and in point of artistic merit stands on precisely the same level with the deformities which supply the pencils of the prolific artists who supply valentines to the million at a penny apiece.

One special piece of grotesqueness introduced by Mr. Dickens into his present tale is very curious. A good deal of the story relates to France, and many of the characters are French. Mr. Dickens accordingly makes them talk a language which, for a few sentences, is amusing enough, but which becomes intolerable, tiresome and affected when it is spread over scores of pages. He translates every French word by its exact English equivalent. For example, "*Voilà votre passeport*" becomes "Behold your de passport;" "*Je viens de voir*," "I come to see," etc. Apart from the bad taste of this, it shows a perfect ignorance of the language. The sort of person who would say in English "Behold" is not the sort of person who would say in French "*Voilà*," and to describe the terrible events in this misbegotten jargon shows a great want of sensibility to the real requirements of art.

The moral tone of *A Tale of Two Cities* is not more wholesome than that of its predecessors, nor does it display any nearer reproach to a solid knowledge of the subject-matter to which he refers. Mr. Dickens observes in his preface: "It has been one of my hopes to add something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding that terrible time, though no one can hope to add anything to the philosophy of Mr. Carlyle's wonderful book." The allusion to Mr. Carlyle confirms the presumption which the book itself raises, that Mr. Dickens happened to have read the history of the French Revolution, and, being on the lookout for a subject, determined offhand to write a novel about it. Whether he has any other knowledge of the subject that a single reading of Mr. Carlyle's work would supply does not appear, but certainly what he has written shows no more. It is exactly the sort of story which a man would write who had taken down Mr. Carlyle's theory without any sort of inquiry or examination, but with a comfortable conviction that "nothing could be added to its philosophy." The people, says Mr. Dickens in effect, had been degraded by long misgovernment, and acted like wild beasts in consequence. There is, no doubt, a great



"A TALE OF TWO CITIES."

deal of truth in this view of the matter, but it is such a very elementary truth that, unless a man has something new to say about it, it is hardly worth mentioning; and Mr. Dickens supports it by specific assertions which, if not absolutely false, are at any rate so selected as to convey an entirely false impression. It is a shameful thing for a popular writer to exaggerate the faults of the French aristocracy in a book which will naturally find its way to readers who know very little of the subject except what he chooses to tell them; but it is impossible not to feel that the melancholy story which Mr. Dickens tells about the wicked

marquis who violates one of his serfs and murders another is a grossly unfair representation of the state of society in France in the middle of the eighteenth century. That the French *noblesse* had much to answer for in a thousand ways is a lamentable truth, but it is by no means true that they could rob, murder and ravish with impunity. The sort of atrocities which Mr. Dickens depicts as characteristic of the eighteenth century were neither safe nor common in the fourteenth.

England as well as France comes in for Mr. Dickens's favours. He takes a sort of pleasure, which appears to us insolent and unbe-

coming in the extreme, in drawing the attention of his readers to the bad and weak points in the history and character of their immediate ancestors. The grandfathers of the present generation were, according to him, a sort of savages, or very little better. They were cruel, bigoted, unjust, ill-governed, oppressed, and neglected in every possible way. The childish delight with which Mr. Dickens acts Jack Horner, and says, "What a good boy am I, in comparison with my ancestors," is thoroughly contemptible. England some ninety years ago was not what it now is, but it was a very remarkable country. . . . There certainly were a large number of abuses, but Mr.

Dickens is not content with representing them fairly. He grossly exaggerates their evils.

Frederic G. Kitton, in *The Novels of Charles Dickens*, says that "an amusing report was current at the time that, as a result of reading this slashing indictment in the *Saturday Review*, Mr. Dickens was quite prostrated, remaining in bed for months in a state of helpless lethargy and needing the constant application of warm flannels and bathings of mustard and turpentine, together with the united efforts of at least a dozen physicians to restore him to consciousness.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

THE VIGIL OF VENUS

[The following lines are a nearly literal rendering of the *Pervigilium Veneris*, the most perfect poem of spring which the world's literature contains. The Latin original, which is of unknown authorship, dates from the third or fourth century, A. D. It has been often translated, but never before with anything approaching adequacy. The previous English versions are collected in a number of *The Bibelot*, published last year by Mr. Mosher, of Portland, Maine. The present rendering preserves the metrical scheme of the original.—
EDITORS OF THE BOOKMAN.]

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

Spring is here, the spring of music. Spring! the earth is born anew.
Spring! and lovers are united. Spring! the birds are choosing mates,
And the wood unbinds her tresses from the plenty-giving shower.
On the morrow sweet Desire, underneath the spreading trees,
Twines a lowly verdant shelter of the myrtle's slender lash.
On the morrow Venus ruleth, raised upon her lofty throne.

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

* * * * *

Then from heaven's own blood he made her, from the flecks of ocean's foam.
In among the herds of Neptune, in among his rising steeds,
Made the graceful form of Venus from the waters of the sea.

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

She herself with gems of flowers newly decks the blushing year,
She herself the swelling rosebuds by the west wind's gentle breath,
Urges into fullest blossom; she herself of radiant dew,
Breath of night upon the flowers, scatters wide the cooling drops.
How like tears they shine and sparkle, trembling with their gathered weight,
Headlong drops whose tiny circle holds its own against their fall!

Now the glowing crimson flowers have laid bare their hearts of gold;
 And the moisture dropping dew-like from the peaceful starry sky,
 Loosed at dawn her flaming mantle from the rose's virgin breast;
 For at dawn the goddess ordered that all virgin roses wed—
 Made from Venus' blood the rose is and the kisses of sweet love,
 From the buds and from the breezes, from the radiant sunbeams made.
 On the morrow the sweet shyness hidden 'neath her moistened robe
 Wedded to her chosen lover shall no maiden blush withhold.

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

She, the goddess, bids her maidens go within the myrtle grove;
 Goes the boy, the maiden's comrade, and yet none can e'er believe
 That the love-god will be idle if he has his arrows by.
 Go, ye Nymphs, he's left his armour; Love is on a holiday,
 He was bidden go defenceless, naked was he bidden go,
 Neither with his bow he'll harm you, nor his arrow, nor his flame,
 Yet, O Nymphs, be ever watchful, for the god of Love is fair,
 And he most is clad in armour when his lovely limbs are bare.

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

Venus sends her maids before her, Delia's match in purity.
 "Only one thing do we ask thee (Virgin huntress, hear our prayer!)
 That the grove may not be blood-stained by wild creatures dying there.
 She herself would have us bid thee, if she were to tempt the chaste,
 She herself would make thee welcome did it but beseem a maid.
 There thou shouldst behold the dancers on the three joy-bringing nights
 With the bands of their companions winding through thy sacred groves,
 In the midst of flow'ry garlands, in the midst of myrtle shades;
 Nor is Ceres nor the Wine-god, nor the god of bards away.
 All the night we'll spend in singing, spend in watching all the night;
 Venus reigns within the forest, Delia, thou must give her place!"

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

By the order of the goddess stands her throne 'midst Hybla's flowers.
 She, the queen, dispenses justice with the Graces by her side.
 Hybla, put forth all thy blossoms, every bud the year has brought;
 Hybla, don thy robe of flowers, wide as Enna's fertile plain!
 Hither come the rural maidens, hither maidens of the fount,
 All who dwell within the forests, in the mountains, in the groves,
 Each doth wingèd Cupid's mother bid attend her at the feast,
 But she charges all the maidens not to trust the naked Love.

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

And prolong the glowing shadows to the newly opened flowers.
 On the morrow the young Æther hastens to his bridal bed,
 And the Father has created all the year with vernal showers.
 To the gentle Mother's bosom flows the birth-producing rain

Whence creation all is mingled nourished by her mighty heart,
 Permeating with her spirit, all the body, all the mind,
 Far within, the might Mother ruleth by her hidden force
 Through the earth and through the heavens, through the underlying sea,
 In the path of generation holds her own unwav'ring course
 And ordains that all creation follow in the ways of birth.

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

She herself to far off Latium bore the household gods of Troy.
 She herself bestowed a maiden of the land upon her son,
 Then to Mars from out her cloister gave a maid of spotless fame.
 She ordained the Roman bridals with the Sabine women fair,
 Whence the Ramnes and Quirites; and to guard the coming race
 Made the Father of the Romans and his sons of Cæsar's line.

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

All the fields Desire quickens, all the fields know Venus near.
 Love himself, the son of Venus, in a field was born, they say;
 So the meadow where she bore him held him on its quiet breast
 And the flowers, bending lower, taught him sweetness with a kiss.

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

In the shadow of the broom-trees now the cattle lie at rest,
 Each contented as around him form the groups of lowing kine.
 With their mates beneath the shadows, see the peaceful, bleating flocks
 While the silent pools re-echo with the harsh note of the swan,
 And the birds the goddess orders not to still their joyous song.
 Sings the mistress, too, of Tiresus, underneath the poplar's shade,
 So one thinks that all love's longing in the music finds a voice
 And forgets the cruel insult of her sister's foreign lord.

Sings she on; and am I silent? But oh, when shall my spring come?
 When shall I sing as the swallow? When shall I no more be mute?
 I have lost my Muse through silence, Phœbus now regards me not.
 So the people of Amyclæ through their silence once were lost.

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

Bessie du Bois.



A DAUGHTER OF ACCRA QUEENS

A TALE OF MOROCCO.

Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows!
But not quite so sunk that moments,
Sure tho' seldom, are denied us,
When the spirit's true endowments
Stand out plainly from its false ones,
And apprise it if pursuing
Or the right way or the wrong way,
To its triumph or undoing.

* * * * *

—*Cristina.*

Haj El Maiben, chief and descendant of chiefs in the territory of Wadi Tafilet, is a man somewhat feared and a good deal loved on both sides of the Atlas. To the southward, in Wadi Tafilet, men say, "The Sultan is the Sultan, and—there is Haj El Maiben."

But probably you don't know Haj El Maiben. It is not likely that his name could be found on any London visiting-list. And perhaps that is as well, because a Mayfair host and hostess would find some difficulty about entertaining the old chief in any style approaching to the lavish magnificence with which Haj El Maiben takes delight in honouring his guests.

The causes which led to my first becoming his guest might be explained during a long tropical evening spent on a ship's deck, or in some other such outlandish situation. They form a story not to be told here, because of its length, and—other peculiarities. But I may be believed when I boast that I have the honour to be certain of a friendly welcome at the chief's great, rambling white fortress in Wadi Tafilet, in the tents of his followers north and south of the Atlas; or aboard his very beautiful, gold-striped, black-hulled yacht which, when idle, may generally be seen riding at anchor below the beacon at Dar-al-baida.

When the summer of last year, an unusually warm season in Morocco, was drawing to a close, I lay one evening on a heap of curiously worked rugs and cushions in the little covered balcony of the inner courtyard at Tehuma, the old Wadi Tafilet fortress. Haj El Maiben sat beside me. Between us stood his great fragrant chibouque. There were no lamps on the balcony, but the light of

a full African moon played restfully about the chief's dull gold forehead, over his snowy beard, by which men swear in Wadi Tafilet, and down to the silver and crimson of his curling-toed sandals, where they peered out one from under each of his knees.

A wealthy man, a kindly man, an artist and a prince of Southern Bohemians, is Haj El Maiben. A lover of beauty rather than a voluptuary, leaning in his tastes more to the Byzantine than the purely Moorish, the old chief is a devout Mahommedan, and a learned student of humanity in all its shades and grades.

We had been talking, since one of the chief's people had brought us our first supply of coffee that evening, of the position and influence of Britishers in Western Africa. Haj El Maiben, with his people, had made several pilgrimages across the desert to the West Coast, and knew more of that ill-omened country, before I was born, than I have learned since that event.

"When the white men in the river villages are cruel to the native folk, that is not good," murmured the chief in his low, mellow tones. "But when they are kind, then for those that be women it is less good. Your countryman, Butler, George Butler of the great Liverpool house; you know him?"

I nodded. I had met George Butler when he was acting as Digby Farn's agent in Prowrah. Then Haj El Maiben, laying down the mouthpiece of his great pipe, began to tell me of George Butler and his life in the oil rivers. To the music of the chief's voice, there was added the harmonious plashing and gurgling of the palm-shaded fountain in the courtyard below.

Haj El Maiben spoke English fluently, and with delightful quaintness. But it was not his habit to describe a spade as just a spade and nothing more, when he could hit upon any combination of words more vividly descriptive of that useful implement than its name. Men of the old chief's race waste so much time and breath over courtesy and such-like trifles. However this is what Haj El Maiben told me that evening, though my words are not his words.

When George Butler first received his appointment from Messrs. Digby Farn in Liverpool, he was not sent to Prowrah, where I subsequently met him, but to the Warri River Beach as assistant to a man called Braun.

After living in great luxury up to the age of two-and-twenty, George Butler had been called away from Oxford just before taking his degree, to attend the funeral of his father, who died by his own hand. The Butler family then found themselves absolutely penniless. The father's death made their condition apparent, as it did that of various other folk whom the dead man had brought to financial ruin. George Butler drove a cab for a fortnight, and thereby earned thirty-five shillings. His last fare was a director of Digby Farn's, and an acquaintance of the senior Butler's whom that deceased gentleman had never wronged. So young Butler was given a clerkship in Liverpool, and eighteen months later he landed from the steamship *Bonny* on Warri Beach, as assistant manager of the branch factory there.

He was fresh and clean, beautifully English, and full of enthusiastic intentions in the matter of proving that a man could keep himself in decent health on the Coast if he went the right way about it. Then, too, he had dewy, meadow sweet notions about the irrepressible native, racial equality, and good, kindly foolery of that sort.

So Braun was rather startling to young Butler, Braun being an old Coast hand, an old oil-river man, a rather confirmed slave of the cocktail habit, and a beach-comber at heart. However, within the week George Butler had cheerfully decided to reform Braun. Braun heard this, of course, and grinned. He might have let the young man down easily. But he did not.

Braun taught Butler to make cocktails, and at times—when the young man began to wake with the tired feeling that comes while the mangrove steam is drawing the sap out of English cheeks—to drink them. Then, on the second Sunday after Butler's arrival, Braun said:

"Oh, by the way, my son, how much longer are you going to wilt away in single blessedness? Upon my soul, I'd forgotten all about it, but we haven't got you a wife yet. Orthodox thing in the

ivers, you know. And here you're wasting all your English freshness in 'batching.'"

"Good God!" says Butler, doubtless thinking of orange-blossom and cake. "I don't want to marry. And, besides, I couldn't afford it."

"Oh, marriage is not an expense in the ivers, my son. We marry for economy, and—comfort, you know. Take a housekeeper, and sack a servant. The conjugal felicity is a clear gift—make-weight, you know. I'm going to take a new wife myself in a day or two. Tana Maan's getting fat and lazy. Tell your boys to bring your hammock round, and I'll take you up to the village. We'll look over the eligibles."

Butler was rather shocked at this, as the other man had known well he would be. Then the boy, being clean-run, and of good fibre, showed what he felt in the matter. Braun laughed. And to do him justice he treated native women a good deal more fairly than do many white men.

"Good Lord, man!" he said, "you mustn't take things so plaguey seriously in this part of the world. A man's constitution can't stand it. You don't suppose it hurts a native girl to be a white man's wife for a year or so, before she settles down to family life with a man of her own colour?"

"Well, anyhow, I don't want one to be my wife," said Butler. "So I won't bother coming."

"Oh, you'd better come. Might just as well see the village. We're supposed to make ourselves agreeable to the local and other natives, you know," said Braun, grinning, and quoting Digby Farn's instructions. "Come on! We'll go and see young chief Twaino. He's always good fun."

Butler hesitated.

"Well, you can't expect to reform us in Warri, or the girls either, if you don't mix with 'em, you know."

So Butler sent for his hammock, and Braun shook with unholy merriment, as he rummaged in the factory for a few Birmingham gewgaws to take to Warri village. There is something uncanny about such verdancy as was Butler's, when seen in an oil-river factory.

It takes close on three hours to reach Warri village from white man's Warri,

the beach, though the hammock-boys lope along at about five miles an hour. Approaching the village on this Sunday morning from the side nearest the river, Braun and Butler were surprised to find all the big camps deserted, and only a few old river-women and naked children wandering about among the huts.

"Deuced queer!" said Braun. "There's generally a regular church parade about this time, and drum-beating, and hair-oiling, no end." Then, turning to the bearers, he added, "Go on one time, you boys. Take us for Chief Twaino's camp, huh?"

So the two hammocks were raised again, and went swaying on down the wide main thoroughfare between the huts.

"What's the matter with these poor old women?" asked Butler. The few women visible were all howling and wailing as they hobbled from hut to hut. And the very urchins, rolling listlessly about in the soft red dust, were whining, instead of laughing as their wont is.

"Don't know at all," said Braun, "unless it's a sacrifice day or something. We'll see when we find Twaino."

But the young chief's camp, when the Englishmen reached it, was more hopelessly deserted than any other part of the village.

"Evidently isn't Twaino's at home day, anyhow," said Braun. "Hullo! There's one of his people lying down there by the palisade. Hey, you! Daddy! Come here!"

An old man wearing nothing but a strip of country cloth twisted round his shrivelled loins rose from out the dust beside the rough palisading, and hobbled up to Braun's hammock.

"Well, Daddy, how's things?" said Braun, as he lit a cheroot. The old man moaned and rocked his head to and fro. "You don't seem happy, Daddy. What's the trouble?"

"Ou-ay!" moaned the old man. "La-ou-a-lay!"

"Lucid, isn't he?" said Braun, turning to Butler. "Look here, Daddy! Yew no be so foolish, yew sabe. Where 'e be Twaino, huh? Wha' thing dem peepil go do—dem Warri peepil? Where the devil's anybody, anyhow, eh? Wake up, an' p'laver proper p'laver."

"Oh, Messah Braun, yew no sabe Twaino 'e bin dead!"

"What!"

"'E bin dead—go foh 'evin. 'E go die las' night."

"Great snakes! An' everybody—all peepil go for bury him to-day, eh? No be true? Bury Twaino out by Ju-Ju house, eh?"

"Foh suah, Messah Braun, all peepil 'e be gone foh' bury Twaino."

"By gad! Twaino dead! Well, well! Here 'e be piece 'baccy for yew, Daddy. Come on, Butler! By Jove! We must go to Twaino's funeral. He was the whitest native I ever met."

So once more the hammocks moved on, this time towards the Ju-Ju houses, which are situated on a little hill-top half a mile outside the village.

"Poor old Twaino!" said Braun as the hammock-bearers jogged along over the knotted plantain roots and under trailing mangrove branches. "Black-water fever, I suppose. And it's only about a month since he came into power. His father killed himself with a barrel of Hamburg gin from Marlowe and Green's factory. The old man wasn't used to gin. He'd been drinking nothing but Heidsick and Monople for years. Used to have two big cases every month from us. But Twaino—by gad! I'm sorry Twaino's gone. He was the finest specimen of a savage I've ever seen. Never been in a mission-school in his life, and straight as a die. He'd only two wives—two sisters they were, and daughters of a Benin chief. That was policy. He's been making hot love to Neyreela these six months, and they were to have been married in a week or two. I forgot, though, you never met Neyreela. She was born in Accra. You haven't seen that sort of native yet, or you wouldn't be so cocksure of not wanting a house-keeper. Old Dr. Jessop brought her down here as a child from Accra three years ago, sick of a fever. Her father was a big chief, and killed in the Kareula riots. Her mother was a queen, and died before. Old Jessop brought her up like a la—— Hullo! Here we are. Jumping Jerusalem! What a turn-out!"

The two white men in their hammocks had rounded the densely wooded crest of the little hill outside the town, and had reached the edge of the wide, open stretch on which stood the two Warri Ju-Ju houses, and the various sacred adjuncts—the Ju-Ju tree, where executions took

place, the burial ground, the tattooing-tables, etc.

As they mounted the hill the Englishmen had heard the confused hubbub of many voices raised in chants of mourning, the blaring of horns and the beating of drums. Now these combined sounds burst upon the new arrivals with a roar which made the hazy air vibrate. The very earth under the hammock-bearers' feet seemed to tremble. All Warri was assembled on the slope of the little hill. And savage lungs are powerful, if not remarkable for the production of melody. Twaino had been the most popular young chief in the rivers. Therefore, special tributes had to be offered up to Ju-Ju on the occasion of Twaino's going "foh 'evin."

Round about, on different parts of the hill-slope, no less than twelve great fires of sacred wood were burning, and sending up into the dancing heat-waves of the air solid columns of white, thickly scented smoke. Round each fire sat a ring of women mourners, beating drums, howling and lowering their tattooed foreheads to the dust. In the centre of the semicircle formed by the twelve fires, and right before the chief Ju-Ju house, a great shallow pit had been dug, the mouth of which measured at least twenty feet either way. This was the grave of Twaino, Mawa San's successor, and a magnificent young barbarian.

The Englishmen, having left their hammocks, edged up as close as possible to the young chief's grave, all the savage assemblage being too fully occupied with the business in hand to notice or interfere with the men from the beach and the world beyond.

All the Ju-Ju men of Warri, and others from outlying villages, robed in priestly white and full of priestly dignity, were grouped about the mouth of the grave. All were chanting the most dismal kind of dirge, and under their feet the earth ran blood. In the centre of the grave lay dead Twaino, splendid in the richest of his finery, robed in finest country cloth and half-covered in coral and beaten gold ornaments. One dead hand clasped his sword—a Brummagem product—the other his chief's staff. Round about the body were scattered pipes, bottles of wine, tobacco, spirits, weapons, food and personal belongings of every description. High up overhead carrion birds were

wheeling and making shrill cries. For in the grave were the bodies of scores of kids, goats, fowls, and other animals whose throats had been slit by the Ju-Ju men. Also, one of Twaino's wives lay beside her lord, and George Butler noticed with a shudder that blood was flowing from the woman's throat and staining her spotless robes.

The burial ceremonies were almost over when the Englishmen arrived, and already earth and leaves were being thrown into the grave by a score of naked slaves. Suddenly there came a lull in the deafening, wailing noises, and the Englishmen saw a girl, tall, slight, and graceful as a panther, dart through the throng of white-robed priests and leap from its edge into the centre of the grave.

"By God! it's Neyreela!" shouted Braun. And, Butler beside him, Digby Farn's agent elbowed through the crowd to the grave's brink.

A shrill, angry shout rose from the knot of chiefs' wives and daughters assembled at one end of the grave. These women hated Neyreela for various reasons. She was beautiful beyond the dreams of Warri River women; also, she had been brought up practically in the house of the white medicine man, and—she was Neyreela. For months she had been a very queen to their chief Twaino, whom any woman on the Warri River would have married at a nod.

The Ju-Ju men called for silence, but the anger of the womenfolk was persistent and its expression shrill.

"It's all right," murmured Braun, clutching his assistant's arm—Butler was on the point of springing after the girl. "By gad, they won't let her bury herself. Hark at the hags! they grudge her the honour. Neyreela's safe. Upon my soul I never should have thought she cared so much for Twaino. Anyhow, you know, you mustn't interfere, my son. Gad! they'd make cold meat of us both. Hey! stop it, you blithering idiot."

But already George Butler had laid hands on the sacred robes of the foremost Ju-Ju man, and was demanding the rescue of the girl in a queer mixture of ordinary and pidgin English, with a few stray words in the vernacular.

For two minutes Neyreela's life hung in the balance. And—though Butler did not know it, his friend did—the lives of the two Englishmen hung just as inse-

curely. Long knives were drawn, white eyeballs gleamed, and savage oaths were sworn. In those two minutes it was well for Butler and Braun, and perhaps for Neyreela, that Digby Farn and Digby Farn's agents had earned in the rivers just that reputation which they had earned.

At the end of two minutes the Ju-Ju men bowed to Butler, understanding not a word of his discourse. Slaves carried Neyreela out of the grave, and George Butler was bidden take the girl and himself outside the limits of the Ju-Ju ground; and that quickly, if he valued his life or wanted hers.

The command was Greek to Butler, but Braun whispered: "Come on, for God's sake, before they think better of it! Heavens, man! you've done what no white man on the Coast would dare to do. Come on, if you don't want to join Twaino. The girl will be all right."

But Butler, armed as he was with the courage of the man who does not know, swore vehemently that he would not leave the place till he saw the girl safe. Braun shrugged his shoulders, and followed his assistant from the sheer necessity of the thing. Butler strode through the crowd, his fists clenched and his eyes blazing, and, possibly from astonishment at his daring, or possibly for some more subtle and less easily explained reason, the Ju-Ju men fell back on either side and made way for the youngster, whom any two of them might easily have torn in pieces.

"A very pretty little racial study," thought Braun, smiling in spite of his wrath.

Butler walked up to the two slaves who carried Neyreela out of the grave, and who held her now insensible in their arms.

"Come with me," said Butler, his teeth clenched.

Braun translated, grinning, but still angry.

So, while all Warri stood watching, sullen and silent and dead Twaino lay half buried, Neyreela was carried past the great Ju-Ju house, across the open space and to the fringe of mangroves, where the white men's bearers were waiting. The girl, still insensible, was deposited in Butler's hammock. Dead Twaino's slaves returned to the grave, and Braun and Butler set off down the wooded side

of the hill. Then the chanting and the wailing and the drum-beating was resumed.

"Well, when I take you out again for a quiet Sunday's amusement, my son, I should like you to make a note of the circumstance. God knows how much trade you've lost the firm, and God knows why it happened you didn't get me murdered and yourself, too."

"My dear fellow, you wouldn't have me stand by and see a live girl buried?"

"It's not your funeral. Good Lord! It's a custom of the country. What right have you to interfere with their religion? And to drag me into it, too! For a man who's keen on not taking a wife in the rivers, you've run a fairly tidy risk for Neyreela, my son."

"Good heavens! You don't suppose—"

"Oh, no! Of course you didn't know she was a girl."

"Please understand me clearly, Braun," said Butler with sudden stiffness, "that neither her sex nor her colour influenced me in any way. For sheer humanity's sake——"

"Humanity be d—d!" said Braun quickly. And so they dropped the subject.

Now just ten days before that particular Sunday morning, Dr. Jessop, in whose household, first at Accra and then at Warri, Neyreela had been brought up from childhood to her present age of fifteen, had sailed for Canary on sick leave. Neyreela, of course, had had free permission to remain at his beach in Warri up till the date of her marriage with Twaino, in which she had the doctor's sanction and good wishes.

Dr. Jessop held rather pronounced views about missionary work and the demoralisation of the savage. No man held the semi-educated, black coat-wearing native much cheaper than did Dr. Jessop. But for the genuine barbarian, the African untampered with, the doctor had a great admiration. Young Twaino was a particular friend of his, and owed a good deal of his straightforward manliness to the doctor's influence. Neyreela's religion Dr. Jessop had never ventured to tamper with. "You be as good as you know how, child," he would say, and never do anything mean. Then you'll be all right, whatever you believe." He had taught her to speak English, and

not Coast or pidgin English. So the girl's language was very quaint and pretty, her words being English and their arrangement that of the Accra vernacular.

Beyond this the doctor had in no way Anglicised or civilised the girl, save by the influence of his life and the life of his household. Perhaps this was one of the causes which led to Neyreela's developing from quite an ordinary Accra child into one of the most beautiful girls in Africa. Fifteen years of feminine growth means early womanhood on the Coast.

The whole of the weary fourteen miles between Warri village and Warri beach George Butler walked in the scorching heat of the Sunday afternoon of Twaino's burial. Neyreela, conscious then and weeping quietly, lay in Butler's hammock. Braun, with angry kindliness, more than once offered the younger man his hammock. But Braun's comment on humanity as a principle rankled somewhat in the soul of his assistant. So Butler walked and gasped and perspired till he reached the veranda of Dr. Jessop's quarters, and handed Neyreela over to the old Accra housekeeper there. Then he crawled to his own rooms and lay like a log till next morning.

After this Braun dropped into the habit of saying every now and again:

"How's your wife, Butler?"

Butler was ridiculously sensitive, and this simple question of Braun's seemed to twang on his nerves. Perhaps this had something to do with his not going round to Dr. Jessop's beach to inquire about the girl. Anyhow, he did not go, and five days passed without his hearing of Neyreela or seeing her. Then, on the Saturday following that eventful Sunday, and as the two men set down to their eleven o'clock breakfast, the morning's work being finished, Braun said:

"You ought to go round and see that girl of yours, Butler. If I know anything, she's dying; and hurrying through with it, too."

"Dying! Good Heavens! What's the matter with her?"

"I don't quite know. She's just dying. They do go off quickly, you know, when they begin."

"Well, but——"

"Yes, of course, it's a pity. Pity old Jessop isn't here, or some one she's fond of. It seems she was fonder of Twaino

than I ever guessed. And now—she's just dying. I saw old Rada, the housekeeper, this morning, and she swears that Ju-Ju Neyreela's eaten nothing since last Saturday, and had no sleep."

Butler went round to the doctor's beach while Braun was taking his siesta that day, and for over an hour he sat talking to Neyreela. Then he went back to his quarters, and later on he said to Braun:

"By Jove, you're right! She's dying."

Braun, who was playing with his fox-terrier, said:

"Get out; it's only her play. Isn't it, little beetle dog? He says you're dying."

So Butler went to his own quarters again and began to think things out. This raised Butler right out of himself and clear of his sensitiveness, so that he was a full-grown man. He decided that Neyreela was dying, because that which had grown to be the greatest interest in her life had suddenly been cut out of it. Her instincts had taught her to admire the splendid savage in Twaino, and Dr. Jessop had taught her that her instincts were truer, bigger things than Coast-taught creeds. So, instead of learning with her white man's knowledge to despise her own race, she had learned gradually, as much from the doctor's influence as from anything, to love the princely young chief a great deal. He had become the salt of her life. In Dr. Jessop's absence, she thought the young chief and her love of him were all her life. She thought so, and that in effect made it a fact. And now Twaino was dead.

This was what George Butler decided in his mind about Neyreela, and in making the decision he became full-grown.

Then he determined he would induce Neyreela to hang on to her life, by creating in it and showing to her some new interest. Anything would do, so it was an interest.

For the next month George Butler spent all his leisure time on the veranda of Dr. Jessop's place. And he supplied Neyreela with a new interest—with several new interests. He showed her that that which had been the salt of her life was not all which her life had to offer. He was rather of an idealising turn of mind himself, this son of a stock and share gambler. Now he invented new ideals and new frames for old ideals. He

presented Neyreela, the daughter of Accra chiefs and queens, with a new set of aims, standards and ideals to set up in a place left vacant by dead Twaino, who had been the embodiment of what good, breezy Dr. Jessop had given her as a creed.

The cost of such things cannot well be reckoned in money or in kind. But George Butler paid away a month's leisure, and in return Neyreela was allowed to wander back with ever-quicken- ing steps from out the valley of the great shadow into the dazzling sunshine of savage freedom on Warri Beach, enjoyed with the appreciation of some degree of culture, erected upon a groundwork of solid cultivation laid by Dr. Jessop.

And then, Butler having paid the price and supplied the bait, the means, the breath of the newly gained life, Butler fell ill of a severe black-water fever, the germs of which had been joining forces in his blood since the day of young chief Twaino's funeral.

This was rather serious, for the only professing medical man on Warri beach was a youngster with a diploma for dental surgery who had left Guy's for the benefit of Guy's, and London because London did not want him. However, the medical treatment for black-water fever is simple enough, the issue depending, first, on the patient, his construction as a man, and secondly, on the patient's nurse.

Knowing this well, beachcomber Braun made his mind easy, and told the outcast of Guy's to do likewise. Braun and the outcast held a consultation, at which cocktails were served every evening. Neyreela, beautiful, panther-like Neyreela, who now had a strong hold on her own life again, Neyreela was the nurse, self-appointed, and absolute in her authority.

"You needn't bother about P. 'ler," said Braun to the outcast. "If he's got it in him to pull through he'll pull through. He's got his nurse. You can bank your soul on it he wouldn't get such nursing at Guy's. And in black-water a day's nursing's worth all your medicine-chest, you believe me."

The outcast smiled in a superior way, and twiddled his clinical thermometer. But the beachcomber was right, as—as though to spite poor Mrs. Grundy—beachcombers occasionally are. The Marlborough developing and the Oxford

clinch- ing and hardening stood solid through the batter and the racket of West Africa's short, violent fever. And at the end of a fortnight George Butler lay purged of his strong English sap, shrivelled and weaker than a well-conditioned kitten, but free of disease and on the right side of Nature's hair balance.

Then he began, as soon as his mental half awoke, to realise something of what his nurse had done for him. Then the emotional part of the man, always self-assertive while the physical side is weak, began to notice how very beautiful was this gold-skinned nurse; how weary she was, how well she hid her weariness, and how gracefully and unreservedly she sacrificed herself.

The condition of things was deadly dangerous. And as soon as he realised it—another odd thing about these beachcombers is their ready understanding of the idealistic temperament—Braun cautioned his invalid assistant. Braun seemed to have modified his moral code, as far as Neyreela was concerned, at all events. But then, Neyreela was certainly, more at this time than ever before, on a plane apart from other natives.

Butler smiled. As yet he hadn't strength to do much else. He was thinking of Braun's summing-up for his benefit, of the question of a white man's relations toward native women. Braun read the feeble smile, and said:

"But this is a case apart, my son. All codes are more or less discretionary, don't you know. You——"

"Hush, hush!" murmured the framework of George Butler. "You don't understand."

And there the subject had to be dropped. And perhaps Braun did not altogether understand, for had he done so, beachcomber as he was, his protest would have been much more energetic.

A week later Butler was to sail for Canary, in order to escape the deadly relapse of black-water fever. He decided not to go to England, and to be back in Warri at the end of two months. Braun, with good-natured foresight, himself attended to all arrangements. He did not mean to allow Butler a day longer under his nurse's control than was necessary. She was so perfect a nurse. And the half-frightened anticipation of the end of her nurse's authority began to shine in

her great eyes when she sat talking to the man who had brought her back to her life.

The culmination was not reached until the evening before Butler started for Canary. The steamer in which he was to travel lay at anchor in the deep, mangrove-fringed Warri River. He was sitting in a hammock-chair on the veranda of his quarters. Neyreela sat on a stool beside him, and he had been reading to her from a book of the poetry of his world, than which the world he shared with Neyreela seemed then more real and dear to him.

He asked the Accra queen's daughter to be his wife, in just such a manner as a year before he might have asked an English girl to marry him. But perhaps in this case he was more scrupulously respectful and humble.

The girl to whom he had given a quite new, and to her beautiful, life could not speak. She only bowed her shapely head over his knee and sobbed her gratitude and her love.

She was very beautiful in her acceptance and return of the white man's love. She was very beautiful, particularly in the eyes of the man who had saved her life and whose life she had preserved. She was beautifully a woman—and a barbarian.

So Braun's caution, right or wrong, was useless. And on the next morning Butler sailed for Canary, the affianced husband of Neyreela, the golden-skinned descendant of generations of purely savage warriors. Before leaving he solemnly placed the girl he meant to marry under the joint protection of beachcomber Braun and old Rada, the doctor's housekeeper.

Then Butler went north to the world of his own people, to the world where is no Ju-Ju, nor savagedom; the world of white men and of white women. Butler had seen no white women since he landed in Africa. When a man is recovering from an illness he is prepared to pick up his life's threads in old grooves or in new.

The Canary season was at its height when Butler reached Las Palmas, and he found no less than three London acquaintances at the Santa Catalina—a mother and two typical English daughters. Later he made many new friends, and spent a month in the island instead of a fortnight.

Then he shut down, as it were, and started for the Warri River beach, with a hazy desire in his mind to pick up fallen threads.

To George Butler his voyage from the fresh little island health station in the Atlantic, down through the steaming Benin Bight to Warri River, was a very misty, half-comprehended experience. But in the main he was happy, though a good deal bewildered. He was to take his furlough in England in a year's time, and for that period he had made numerous engagements.

He was quite his old self as far as health was concerned, when Braun went aboard the steamer in Warri River to welcome him back to the beach. He was vigorous and strong again, but very vague and hazy still in the matter of the life he had come back to.

Braun looked curiously into his assistant's face whilst giving him the news of the beach. But Butler asked no questions.

"And Neyreela," said Braun at length, and with some hesitation.

"Yes; Neyreela, who nursed me," said Butler dreamily. "You have taken care of her?"

"Yes! Oh, yes! I've taken care of Neyreela—who nursed you. And she's waiting on the veranda at Jessop's now. Of course she's told the doctor, you know. He came back the week after you left."

"Ah, yes—of course."

And then they went ashore, beachcomber Braun watching Butler closely all the while, and Butler staring and talking like a sleepwalker. It was not that he had forgotten. He remembered everything, and it was just this recollection that made him so hazy and uncertain of himself.

They reached the veranda of Dr. Jessop's place on the way to their own quarters. It was just on sunset then, and the last crimson light from across the river bathed Neyreela, where she stood beside a veranda post, making her golden arms and neck to dimple in warm, ruddy shadows. She gave a little cry, and took one step down from the veranda to meet them. She had never looked more beautiful. Butler stepped up to her with his two hands raised. He might have been greeting her, and he might have been holding her off.

"Neyreela!" he said.

And then they both stopped, just as old Dr. Jessop appeared at the door. And the man looked up into the woman's eyes.

Braun said afterward that if ever a whole story, a romance, was told in a look, then that look was Butler's when he stood facing the Accra queen's daughter, who had nursed him. And old Jessop said if ever a look described a mistake it was Butler's, while Neyreela's was understanding by revelation. "They should have both been shot while they stood there," said the doctor. The doctor did not know Butler. Not well, anyhow.

Half an hour later Butler was in his quarters with Braun.

"It seems deuced cold to me—here," said Butler. His voice was not dreamy then, but clean-cut and harder than the nether millstone.

"Yes," said Braun. "It's a chilly place, evenings."

The thermometer was at about eighty, and in a wet heat.

"I shall be married as soon as possible, Braun. This week, I think," said Butler.

And then the two men sat down together to dinner.

When he had told me this much of his story, Haj El Maiben paused. A woman walked across the balcony to where we were sitting and gave the old chief a bundle of heavy keys. Then she spoke to him in Haj El Maiben's language, and

bending down, kissed his hand. Then the woman bowed to me and left us. She was a fine-looking woman, an Arab, I thought, and she was dressed in flowing white.

"On that night of nights in your countryman's life," continued the old chief, when the woman had left us, "I was leaving Warri with my people, bound for the Coast in two great canoes, and from there for my return journey, over the wilderness to here. That was our pilgrimage. As the tide ruled it, I was to leave Warri at midnight. One hour before I left, Neyreela, whom I had never seen, came to me with Rada, the keeper of the doctor's house. Rada said the girl was her daughter, and offered her to me for a roll of country cloth. The girl said it was her will to come with me. I gave the old woman two rolls of country cloth and ten silver pieces. And at midnight I left Warri, and the girl Neyreela was with my people."

"And now—?" I asked, as the chief lifted again the pliant stem of his chibouque.

"Now she is the mistress of my household here, and my servants are her servants. It was she who brought me the keys but a moment ago."

Haj El Maiben clapped his hands, and I lifted my mouthpiece as a boy came with fire for the pipe.

A. J. Dawson.



THACKERAY

Amid all the eulogies and all the slanders that are lavished upon the English character, very few people would appear to take any real trouble to obtain a sincere view of it. Rhetorical phrases about its inarticulate strength and nobility do not commonly bring us very much further, for it may be questioned whether it is good for a people excitedly to articulate their own inarticulate disposition. But, when all is said and done, it may truly be said that among all the national temperaments the English is pre-eminently sim-

and childish ballads, that Germans smoked bad cigars. I see now that this is true, and yet unfathomably false; that is to say, there are, if you choose to put it in that way, more bad cigars smoked in Germany than in England, but that is only because, tobacco being cheaper, more cigars of every kind are smoked. It is as if a Hindoo peasant, who had never seen a jewel in his life, were to say that England was a land of false diamonds. In India only the rulers have such things at all; in the Strand any one may have



THACKERAY'S HOUSE IN PARIS IN THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS MARRIED LIFE.

ple and profoundly well-meaning. This well-meaningness combined with this simplicity is responsible for every one of its crimes, and it is the basis of its real and indestructible magnificence. But this union of moral soundness with mental innocence is responsible also for a certain tendency noticeable in all English life and character: the tendency to get hold of the truth, but to get hold of it falsely; to grasp the fact, but to grasp it somehow by the wrong end. A hundred instances might be given of this. To take a random example. I was taught at my mother's knee, in the intervals of hymns

them; and similarly the cigar is in England merely a badge of luxury, while abroad it is often a common possession, like a pipe. In this mere casual instance we have the constant English attitude: the strong and even humble curiosity which does really know something about foreign nations, but along with it that strange tendency to put the true thing the wrong way round, to seize on the unimportant side of the matter first. It is just as if a foreign critic of England—instead of knowing nothing at all about us, as is usually the case—were to grasp the fact that the most luxurious English people

went fox-hunting, and then explain it by saying that these Sybarites had one weird hatred, a venomous hatred of foxes. Such a man would have got the facts right and the truth wrong; and such is our constant national condition with regard to foreign ideas. But there is an even more curious example of it than this, and that is the fact that even in our own discussions, and in the matter of the great reputations of our own country, we exhibit this same singular tendency to catch hold of truth only by the tail or the hind leg. Our judgments—that is, our

Dick Swiveller. The supreme function of Dickens in the universe was to point out that robust and humorous common life is not vulgar, cannot in its nature be vulgar, and the only thing that his countrymen can see about him is that he could not describe a member of the upper classes. We might as well say that Michael Angelo never really painted a chartered accountant. Here again our sincere people have got to the wrong end of the telescope. But of all these examples there is none more perfect and more amusing than the fashion which called Thackeray



THE FRASERIANs.

current and conventional judgments—on our great men of genius have a singular disposition to begin in enormous letters with the unimportant defect, and miss in comparison the great merit out of which that defect arises. Thus, for instance, Englishmen have wearied themselves with asserting that Dickens was vulgar and could not describe a gentleman. Dickens could not describe a gentleman, but he was never vulgar except when he attempted that snobbish and unworthy enterprise. Most men do become vulgar when they describe those who are called vulgar people; and it is precisely here that Dickens was never vulgar—there is no trace of vulgarity about Silas Wegg or

a cynic. He was a cynic, if the critics will, in the same sense that Leonardo da Vinci was a chemist or Mr. Chamberlain a horticulturalist. But the cynic in him was not merely subordinate to his other characteristics; it was the mere product—nay, the by-product—of them. His cynicism was a minor result, a thing left over by his triumphant tendency to sentiment.

Thackeray, from the beginning of his life until the end, consistently and seriously preached a gospel. His gospel, like all deep and genuine ones, may be hard to sum up in a phrase, but if we wished so to sum it up we could hardly express it better than by saying that it was the philosophy of the beauty and the glory of

fools. He believed as profoundly as St. Paul that in the ultimate realm of essential values God made the foolish things of the earth to confound the wise. He looked out with lucent and terrible eyes upon the world with all its pageants and achievements; he saw men of action, he saw men of genius, he saw heroes; and amid men of action, men of genius and heroes he saw with absolute sincerity only one thing worth being—a gentleman. And when we understand what he meant by the phrase, the absolute sufficiency of a limpid kindliness, of an obvious and dignified humility, of a softness for noble memories and a readiness for any minute self-sacrifice, we may, without any affected paradox, but rather with serious respect, sum up Thackeray's view of life by saying that amid all the heroes and geniuses he saw only one thing worth being—a fool.

The real falsehood, if there be a falsehood, of Thackeray's view of the world was, in fact, the very opposite of that cynicism and worldliness once attributed to him. In so far as he did misrepresent life, it was rather in the direction of showing too much bold disdain of Vanity Fair and too much absolute faith in the saints, his unworldly women and his easily swindled gentlemen. He permitted this pietism of his to blind him to the vivid atrocities of the character of Helen Pendennis, supposing that her having lived all her life in a country homestead was some kind of preventive against cruelty and paganism and heathen pride. Thackeray is, if anything, too much on the side of the angels. He was a monk who rushed out of his monastery to cry out against a gaudy masquerade that was roaring around it, and ever since his monk's frock has been mistaken for one of the masquerade dresses and applauded as the best joke in the whole fancy-dress ball.

There are, of course, exceptions, or what may appear to be exceptions, to such a generalisation. So deep and genuine was Thackeray's insight into the normal human spirit that he detected this element of idealism where it might least be expected. The character of Major Pendennis, for instance, is simply a great lighthouse or beacon tower, not merely

of social satire, but of eternal ethical philosophy. In Major Pendennis, consciously or unconsciously, is traced the valuable truth that almost every man is, by the nature of things, an idealist. To go to great houses, to wear the latest and yet the most dignified attire, to know the right people, to do and say at every instant the thing which is most perfectly and exquisitely ordinary, this is a principle of life against which a sane man might have a great deal to say; but one thing he could not say, he could not say that it is materialistic. One moral merit it has: at least it is totally useless. A place in society is not something to drink; an invitation card from Lord Steyne is not something to eat. Poor old Pendennis did not sleep softer in his incomparable clothing; he was a poor man, lonely and constantly troubled. Nothing supported him but his own monstrous and insane religion. He was, as it were, a glorious heretic, a martyr to false gods; and nothing sadder or more honourable has ever been conceived in fiction than that scene in the end of *Pendennis* in which the old man, having, with a valour and energy that stirs us like a cavalry charge, defeated all machinations that would have robbed his nephew of name and fame, suddenly finds the nephew himself ready to fling down the whole laborious edifice in the name of an unintelligible scruple. "And Shakespeare was right, and Cardinal Wolsey, begad, if I had served my God as I've served you—" It has the pathos of the meeting of two faiths; the good Moslem staring at the good Crusader.

This was the greatness of Thackeray, the man whom sentimentalists without hearts or stomachs have conceived as a mere satirist, that he felt, perhaps, more fully and heavily than any other Englishman the immeasurable and almost unbearable emotion that is involved in the mere fact of human life. Dickens, with his indestructible vanity and boyishness, is always looking forward. Thackeray is always looking back in life. And no man will ever properly comprehend him until he has reached for a moment that state of the soul in which melancholy is the greatest of all the joys.

G. K. Chesterton.

OUIDA—AN ESTIMATE

On a recent rainy day, the usual noon-day crowd that loiters before a certain Ann Street book shop was missing. The bargain counters were shrouded in water-proof covers; the better class of books had been withdrawn indoors from the weather. Only the penny box remained exposed, a pile of tattered magazines idly fluttering their leaves in the wind and absorbing the water that dripped from an ineffectual awning. On the top of the pile lay a bedraggled copy of the Seaside Library, the front cover torn across, exposing the title *Syrlin*, by "Ouida," Author of *Under Two Flags*, *Signa*, etc. To one whom these words reminded of an early and forgotten enthusiasm, it seemed but a pious act to rescue an old acquaintance from its fallen state.

The incident would not be worth chronicling, if it were not in a measure typical of Ouida's own changed fortunes. Twenty years ago she enjoyed a vogue somewhat analogous to that of Marie Corelli to-day in this country, or of Georges Ohnet in France. It seems rather curious now to recall the avidity with which she was read, although not one reader out of twelve had the candour to acknowledge openly the fascination of her original, perverse and at times rather hysterical style. To-day she has literally declined to the penny box; she is relegated to the garret and the second-hand dealer, along with the old coats and hats and other fashions of yesterday. In the early eighties, critics thought it worth while to inveigh against her false ethics and dangerous morals; anxious mothers were careful to shield their daughters from the corruption of *Moths* and *Puck* and *Friendship*. To-day such anxiety would be superfluous. The younger generation does not read Ouida. It finds her style as tediously verbose, as hopelessly out of date, as *Clarissa Harlowe* or *Sir Charles Grandison*. For every ten young women of to-day who can tell you that Blanche Bates made a capital Cigarette and rode a real horse, there is scarcely one who thinks it worth remembering that *Under Two Flags* was originally written by Ouida.

But to revert once more to that dilapidated old copy of *Syrlin*, the really inter-

esting thing about it is the critical discernment shown upon the title-page. Whoever formulated it, whether author or publisher, hit upon the two volumes which of all that Ouida wrote best deserve to be remembered and preserved. *Syrlin* itself was not, even relatively, a significant work. It practically brought to a close the long series of novels which began with *Granville de Vigne* and contain some of the best, as well as some of the worst, elements of sensational fiction that the latter half of the nineteenth century has produced. There is probably no other writer of her generation who so deliberately alienated his literary birth-right, so openly prostituted a talent of uncommon worth to pander to a perverted taste for sensationalism. No one can read *Under Two Flags* without feeling that the woman who could write that story possessed at least some grains of that leaven with which the world's great stories of adventure have always been leavened—that she was one of those authors who not only create a little world of their own, but believe in its reality; who look into their brains as into a magic mirror, and record all the phantasmagoria that they see passing there, with a conviction that is contagious, especially if one brings youth and enthusiasm to the reading of it. Anatole France once confessed, with characteristic whimsicality, that the best novel he ever read was a half-forgotten old romance, read while a schoolboy surreptitiously "between the pages of a Greek Lexicon," but that he had been careful never to read it again. *Under Two Flags* is a rather exceptional book; in a large measure it is free from Ouida's besetting faults; and the story is carried to a finish with a verve and an audacity which somehow compel admiration. But aside from this story, it may be taken as an axiom that if any one remembers having read Ouida at twenty with a quickened pulse, he will be wise to follow the example of Anatole France and not re-read her at forty.

The reason for the decline of Ouida's popularity is not far to seek. It is not merely because she was outside of the literary movement of her time that she founded no school and leaves no suc-

cessor. It is not because her creed was a romanticism that was French rather than English—a romanticism that was already going out of fashion in France when she began to write. Many another writer has lived to see the death of his own popularity. There is no better instance than that of Paul de Kock, the spoiled child of a whole generation of readers. And yet De Kock still lives after a fashion, because he pictured the life of his time—the *bourgeois* life of Paris half a century ago—with a thoroughness not to be found elsewhere. Ouida's cardinal sin is the inherent falsity of her portrayal of life; and it is due partly to ignorance, but chiefly to an obliquity of mental vision, a sort of intellectual astigmatism which results in a view of the world at large so distorted that at times it approaches caricature. Throughout her books it is a question which is the more surprising characteristic, her superficiality or her self-assurance. The idea of restraining her plots within the bounds of her own knowledge and experience of life seems never to have occurred to her. There is no tangle of passions so intricate, no situation so extravagant, no human tragedy so grim and gruesome, but what she essays to paint it, with the proverbial courage and complacency of ignorance. Her description of a field hospital during the Crimean war, with its heaped-up dead and dying, is a thoroughly characteristic instance:

There they lay, packed as closely together as dead animals in a slaughter-house; some on the floor that was slippery with blood like a shamble; some on pallets, saturated with the stream that carried away their life in its deadly flow; some on straw, crimson and noisome, the home of the most horrible vermin; some dead, hastily flung down to be out of the way, black and swollen, a mass of putrefaction, the eyes forced from their sockets, the tongue protruding, the features distended in hideous grotesqueness; others dead, burned and charred in the explosion, a heap of blanched bones and gory clothes and blackened flesh, the men who but a few hours before had been instinct with health and hope and gallant fearless life. Living men in horrible companionship with these corpses, writhing in torture which there was no hand to relieve, no help from heaven or earth to aid, with their jagged and broken limbs twisted and powerless, were calling for

water, for help, for pity; shrieking out in wild delirium or disconnected prayer the name of the woman they had loved or the God that had forsaken them.

Now it needs no special perspicuity to realise that writing of this sort is not real art; that Ouida had no clear-cut picture of the scene she was trying to describe, no definite memories from which to draw, and that she supplied their place with a tempestuous whirlwind of ugly words. In all that mass of generalisations there is not a single specific, concrete fact that stands out in clear relief, not a single detail of personal observation of the sort that helps one to see. Such writing needs no visit to a battlefield or hospital; it may be concocted at ease by one's own fireside with the help of a vivid imagination and a riotous vocabulary. These gifts Ouida certainly has in full measure. Word follows word and sentence follows sentence, an unchecked torrent, an inexhaustible flood of comparisons and superlatives, redundant, superfluous, wearisome. She seizes upon an idea and rings the changes upon it until its possibilities are exhausted. Redundancy has no terrors for her. She compels attention by the very insistence of her iteration. Her description of her characters, even minor characters, will often run through two or three pages—and even then the subject is not necessarily closed, but may be reopened a chapter or so later, with a few supplementary paragraphs of comparisons. None of her personages is ever a simple, average human being, just passably good or bad, like the casual person in real life. All of them, men and women alike, have the attributes of at least a score of ancient gods and modern heroes. When she wishes to tell us that Chandos, for instance, had a high forehead, fair hair, contemplative eyes and a selfish mouth, she writes instinctively that "The brow was magnificent, meditative enough for Plato's; the rich and gold-hued hair bright as any Helen's; the gaze of the eyes in rest thoughtful as might be that of Marcus Aurelius; the mouth, insouciant and epicurean as the lips of a Catullus." Similarly, the Princess Vera, a minor character in *Friendship*, is not merely fair and graceful. She is "one of the loveliest women that ever brightened a court;" she has "a face like the Cenci, a walk like a young Diana's; a

smile like a child's, a grace like a flower's, eyes like a fawn's, fancies like a poet's, and a form that Titian would have given to Venus."

There is another character who plays an important rôle in *Friendship*, the Lady Joan Challoner, whose description is worth quoting at some length, for all unconsciously it forms a capital satire upon Ouida herself:

She has some odds and ends of real art and real history jumbled together in her brain, like the many-coloured snips and shreds in a tailor's drawer in Spain. But they were all tumbled about pell-mell, and the wrong colours came up at the wrong time. . . . All her fiddles are Cremonas; all her sprigged china is Saxe, all her ugly plates are Palissy, all her naked people are Michael Angelo's, all her tapestries are Gobelin; all her terra cottas are Pentelic marbles. Now that is a mistake, you know; the world is too little for so very much treasure. She forgets that she makes her diamonds as cheap as pebbles.

Here in a few clever phrases we have two of Ouida's chief offences: She, too, makes her diamonds as cheap as pebbles, and piles on her historical colouring pell-mell. She ostentatiously spreads a cheap veneer of erudition over all she writes; her pages bristle with italics, with French and German and Italian, Latin and Greek; with the names of strange people and strange towns. They give the impression of having been written with a Baedeker in one hand and a biographical dictionary in the other. She piles up the names of dead and gone philosophers and poets and statesmen as though they had been the chosen comrades of her early years. She flings in references to half the capitals of Europe, with the familiar, half-patronising air of a weary, much-travelled citizen of the world. On the whole, the great wonder is that, with all these hit-or-miss references to history, science and art, she makes comparatively so few egregious blunders. The casual reader is seldom aware over what dangerously thin ice she glides. It is only now and then that she ventures a step or two beyond the limits of her classical phrase-book or her dictionary of biography and stumbles into such blunders as in *Chandos*, where she writes gravely: "Other men had for their motto *pro pa-*

tria, but he took for his *pro ego*"—apparently construing *ego* as an ablative singular of the first declension. Similarly curious are her ideas about the death of Petronius, about whom every reader of *Quo Vadis* could give her useful information. "It could have been no fun for Nero to torture him," she makes Chandos remark. "The old fellow never once winced."

Usually, however, Ouida covered up her limitations with a good deal of skill, as far as facts and dates and acute accents are concerned. It was in the broader generalities of life that she betrays herself. When she chose to write of the places she loved and the people she really knew, her mental vision was sufficiently clear. When she pictured Florence and the Maremma and the hills above the Arno, when she laid her scenes among the simple peasantry of Italy, she wrote pages that are pleasant even now to linger over, on account of their straightforward sincerity. But she perversely chose for the most part to write of a life that she obviously did not know—the most exclusive and aristocratic circles of London and Paris, Rome and St. Petersburg. From Trouville to Monte Carlo, from the Riviera to the Tyrol, she painted the same distorted, corrupt, fantastic picture of an opéra-bouffe aristocracy, wearing their vices openly, like a flamboyant suit of motley. Her lords and barons and dukes are usually bores and libertines and gamblers, who "spend the night over cards and wine, and gaze with hot, red eyes upon the rising sun." Her favourite heroes are combinations of cad and prig. Worse even than her men are her women, her titled ladies who are demi-mondaines in all but name, or else cold icicles of virtue, potential nuns who have somehow missed their vocation. Her young girls marry in babe-like ignorance of fundamental physical facts, and spend the rest of their lives in shuddering and "hoping that God will let them die soon." Society is a cesspool, virtue one of the lost arts, truth is forgotten at the bottom of her well, love and friendship mere figments of speech. To know Ouida at her worst, one must read *Granville de Vigne*, the book that first brought her into notice, and that later was published under a changed title, *Held in Bondage*. Ouida has always posed as something of a so-

cialist, a bohemian, a foe of the upper classes. Yet it is obvious that she was proud of her De Vigne. He must be taken as representing her conception of what a true gentleman, an aristocrat of purest lineage, ought to be. In his student days, De Vigne is responsible for the ruin of a farmer's daughter, a casual occurrence mentioned not as being derogatory to her hero, but as showing the unreasonableness of the girl in expecting a De Vigne to stoop to marry her. The incident counts for so little with him that when he meets her again, five years later, he fails to recognise her and is tricked into a marriage; but learning his mistake too late, leaves her at the altar. Years later he meets another woman whom he learns to love—a young girl whom he is bound in honour to respect and protect. Concealing the fact that he is a married man, he urges his suit until he discovers that another man is entertaining designs as dishonourable as his own. As De Vigne is a model gentleman, it is interesting to learn what Ouida thinks he should do under these circumstances. Meeting the other man casually, he takes him by the collar, shakes him, thrashes him with his riding whip "as a man would thrash a cur," lifts him and throws him with care and precision down the entire length of a long flight of stone stairs, and then deliberately walks down after him and kicks him when he lies on the ground. And the incident is retailed afterward by admiring friends at his club as the fitting action of a finished gentleman.

It would be unfair, however, to judge Ouida by this first raw, crude effort. Its faults are in a measure the faults of her work as a whole, but it lacks the redeeming qualities of her later books. Ouida's novels group themselves conveniently into three classes, of which *Under Two Flags*, *Moths* and *Signa* may be taken respectively as representative novels. The first group includes mainly her earlier stories, all characterised by their extravagance of plot and multiplicity of adventure. The hero is usually a wanderer, a self-made exile, meekly bowing to the hard decree of Fate or voluntarily assuming the burden of another's sin. In *Granville de Vigne* he is fleeing to India to escape the memory of his wretched marriage; in *Chandos* he is stripped of

his inheritance and driven out, a penniless wanderer, through the malignity of a secret enemy, who proves in the end to be a bastard brother. In *Under Two Flags*, also, it is a brother's sin, the forgery of a cheque, that drove Bertie Cecil to sacrifice his inheritance and bury himself alive in the ranks of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. In *Wanda*, it is a patrician wife's discovery of her base-born husband's parentage that sends him from her only to come creeping back and live the life of an outlaw, hiding in the mountain caverns of her estate merely for the joy of knowing that he is near to her. In *Tricotrin* the motive for exile is so slight, so flimsy, that one feels it is less a motive than a pretext. The hero is a born nomad, an Ishmaelite by choice. It was not because while a lad he was unjustly accused of theft that he abandoned a fortune and a title, but because the rôle of a modern Wandering Jew was one that appealed to him. *Tricotrin*, it may be added parenthetically, is in a measure a transition work. It has in certain chapters much of the simplicity, the sympathy for the peasantry and the love of nature that characterise Ouida's Italian stories *Signa* and *Pascarel* and *In Maremma*; and on the other hand, the development of the character of Vera, *Tricotrin*'s waif, classes it in the second general group of her novels, stories that Ouida probably flattered herself were psychological studies of women.

This second group contains the volumes which called forth the greatest amount of protest at the time of their appearance. In forming a revised estimate of them from the vantage-ground of a score of years, what one regrets chiefly is that such good material was sacrificed to such a faulty method. The plots of books like *Moths*, *Guilderoy*, *Princess Napraxine*, *Syrlin* are full of opportunity. At the hands of a Bourget or a Prévost, they could have been developed into character studies worthy to take rank with *Mensonges* or *L'Automne d'Une Femme*. As it is, they are marred by the obvious falsity of all that the characters say or do. It is all so palpably evolved, not from real life, but from Ouida's inner consciousness. Besides, she disqualified herself for serious consideration as an exponent of her own sex by the deliberate extravagance of her whole attitude toward women: "Useless as butterflies, corroding

as moths; untrue even to lovers and friends, because incapable of understanding any truth; caring only for physical comfort and mental intoxication; kissing like Judas, and denying in danger like Peter; tired of living, yet afraid of dying; believing, some in priests and some in physiologists, but none at all in virtue; sent to sleep by chlorodine and kept awake by raw meat and dry wines; cynical at twenty and exhausted at thirty, yet choosing rather to drop dead in the harness of pleasure than fall out of the chariot race for an instant; taking their passions as they take sherry in the morning and bitters before dinner; pricking their sated senses with the spices of lust or jealousy, and calling the unholy fever love; having outworn every form of excitement except the gambler's, which never palls, which they will still pursue when they shall have not a real tooth in their mouths nor a real hair on their heads, the women of modern society are, perhaps, at once the most feverish and the most frivolous, the basest and the feeblest, offspring of a false civilisation." In *Moths*, the volume in which this curious tirade is to be found, there is the case of a young girl, all idealism and innocence, forced by a mother's ingenious lies to marry a bestial Russian before she even knows the significance of what she is made to do. "She abhorred him, yet she accepted him. No mere obedience could account for that acceptance without some weakness or some cupidity of nature. It hardened him against her; it spoiled her lovely, pure childhood in his eyes; it made her shudder from him seem half hypocrisy." Here is a situation that needs the keenest intuition, the subtlest understanding of a woman's nature. Ouida handles it in a way that makes cheap melodrama. No woman ever lived before who was quite so chaste as Vere, no mother quite so heartless as Lady Dolly, no husband so brutal as Zouroff, no lover so seductive as Corréze, the tenor whom Zouroff shoots through the throat, and who ultimately elopes with the heroine. There is a staccato note throughout the book, a superlative tone that constantly reminds one that these are not real living, breathing human beings, but puppets symbolising the extremes of human virtues and vices. *Princess Napraxine* is meant to be a study of a woman too cold and selfish

ever to give real happiness to any man. She is true to her husband, not through virtue but indifference. She will not elope with the man who loves her and whom at times she half believes she loves, because she is sure that within six months she will be tired of him. And so Othmar out of pique marries a young girl who, unhappily for herself, really loves him, and two deaths must needs intervene before Princess Napraxine finds out that love is at least worth the trouble of a trial. If she were a shade less stereotyped, if she did not always move just so languidly and smile just so cruelly, if, in short, she ever showed herself capable of being swayed seriously by any emotion, good or bad, other than selfishness, she would be one of the most interesting of Ouida's whole gallery of women.

Freda Avillion, in *Syrlin*, is a near cousin to Nadine Napraxine—another of those women whom Ouida paints in sheer scorn of her sex. Lord Avillion's infidelities are notorious, yet his wife is not troubled by them, nor by the knowledge that the world, her world, knows them, and knows, too, that she knows them. The one thing which would trouble her would be the necessity of dropping the mask and owning her knowledge to the world. There is a singer in the story, Syrlin—another of those irresponsible, Bohemian characters like Corréze and Tricotrin and Pascarel, whom Ouida likes to paint, because she can make them her mouthpiece to denounce the follies of a sinful world. Syrlin loves Freda, and so long as his love is a discreet, respectful homage she allows her heart to soften toward him. But Syrlin does not understand her world nor her code. He thinks to please her by avenging her husband's faithlessness by an insult so subtle, so studied, yet so unmistakable, that it brings upon her the very notoriety which she would have given her life to avoid. It is the one unpardonable offence, and Syrlin, when he realises his blunder, promptly executes his own death sentence. Taken separately, Ouida's studies of women are not without discernment and interest. But it is a mistake to read too many of them at once. Their burden is essentially the same—"there is not one feminine thing in a thousand that can love truly." And when that one is found she squanders her love upon a Guilderoy, who wearies of

her; a Prince Ioris, who would have her share him with another, as in *Friendship*; an Este, who forgets her, as in *In Marmemba*.

Whether Ouida's Italian stories are of greater or less literary value than her other works is a matter of individual opinion. Certainly they have a flavour of their own, so distinct and individual that it is difficult to realise that *Signa* and *Under Two Flags* were written by the same hand. It is worth while to speak of *Signa* at some length, for it is a comparatively little known volume, and yet one which might be read with pleasure by all who have ever come under the spell of Florentine skies or felt the poetry and the mystery of the Etruscan hills that overlook the Arno. Ouida knows every inch of the ground covered in this book, and loves it, too, the quaint old hillside town of Signa and the simplicity and industry and bitter poverty of its peasant population. The story concerns the life of a young musical genius, a peasant lad, who promises to become a second Mozart. The opening scene stands out with special vividness. Two brothers, Lippo and Bruno, come upon the dead body of Pippa, their missing sister, beside the Arno on the night of the flood. It is years since Pippa had disappeared from home, and now in her hour of need she has struggled back to die almost at the threshold, her nameless child, still living, in her arms. The brothers save the child, but they let the floods of Arno bear off poor Pippa and the family shame with her. Bruno, a sullen, solitary, plodding farmer, with an honest heart, faithfully pays year after year one-half his earnings to his cringing, lying, smooth-mannered brother for the maintenance of little Signa, until he learns how the little lad is being systematically beaten and starved and neglected. Then he takes the boy to his own home and gradually learns the novel charm of having some human creature to love and protect. Bruno's dream for the boy is to make him a farmer like himself, a well-to-do farmer with a bit of land of his own; but Signa has other and loftier dreams; there are voices constantly singing in his ears, music sweeter than the songs of the people or the voices of birds. He must go away to the big cities, where he may study and become great. And

Bruno, dully comprehending, yet questioning the wisdom of it, lets him go. His fame is that of a meteor, a brief blaze of triumph, ending in the ruin wrought by a female thing who is as false as she is fair. And Bruno is guilty of the crowning blunder of thinking that the fundamental problems of life may be solved with a few inches of cold steel. What one remembers as long as anything else in the book is the closing sentence, which gives in epitome much of Ouida's philosophy of life:

Signa can count her age by many centuries. Before the Latins were she knew Etruria; but, many as be her memories, she remembers no other thing than this; there is no justice that she knows of anywhere. Signa is wise. She lets the world go by, and sleeps.

It is too early to declare whether any considerable number of Ouida's novels are likely to live. Judged by the standards of to-day, there is many a novelist with better prospects of immortality, who might be more easily spared. Her genius is of an erratic type that is most likely to have justice done it by those who do not stop to measure and weigh and analyse, but simply read straight on, yielding themselves to the magnetism which, for some readers, she undoubtedly possesses. It is comparatively easy to pick flaws in her style, her ethics and her plots—far easier than to explain why she now and then takes the most sceptical reader captive and sweeps him along in the whirlwind and torrent of her descriptions, thrills him with impossible standards of faith and trust and honour, and makes him accept with the credulity of a little child adventures that his sober judgment tells him are a tissue of grotesque impossibilities. Such deeds of bravery and devotion and self-sacrifice as are recorded in *Under Two Flags* are not to be met with in real life. Yet there is something rather splendid about the very audacity of the book. It is full of scenes not easily forgotten—the spirited horse-race of the early chapters, the scene of the accusation when Bertie, charged with forgery, realises the truth that the forger is his own brother; the whole sequence of scenes between Bertie, the obscure, unknown Chasseur d'Afrique, and the French officer who hates him—that pro-

longed and silent duel of clashing will powers between the colonel who is a boor and the private soldier who, through misery and loneliness and degradation, cannot forget that he is a gentleman. Finally, the insult offered to the woman he loves, the avenging blow in the face of his superior officer—man to man at last, just for that one instant—the arrest, the sentence, and then Cigarette's wonderful quest for a reprieve; the mad daring of her race against time to deliver it; and in the moment of triumph, the death that she herself would have chosen—a soldier's

death for the girl whose proudest titles had been those of "Child of the Army" and "Soldier of France." It is good now and then to meet with books that stir one's pulses and awaken an enthusiastic thrill, even if they do sin against logic and probability and established literary canons. Such books are so few and far between that the world will not willingly let them die. And that is why it is safe to predict that so long as Ouida is remembered at all she will be remembered as author of *Under Two Flags*.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

WHEN CLOSING SWINBURNE

The Greeks of old who sang to flute and lyre
Half schooled coy Melody to walk with Speech;
Lo, madly here she yields to his desire,
And lovers grown, they mingle each with each!
Arthur Stringer.

HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE.

By

Frederic Taber Cooper and Arthur Bartlett Maurice

Part Second.—1815–1848 (with some allusion to the Caricature of the American War of 1812).

With the downfall of Napoleon the Gillray school of caricature came to an abrupt and very natural close. It was a school born of fear and nurtured upon rancour—a school that indulged freely in obscenity and sacrilege, and did not hesitate to stoop to kick the fallen hero, to heap insult and ignominy upon Napoleon in his exile. Only during a great world crisis, a death struggle of nations, could popular opinion have tolerated such wanton disregard for decency. And when the crisis was passed it came to an end

like some malignant growth, strangled by its own virulence. The truth is that Gillray and Rowlandson led caricature into an *impasse*; they deliberately perverted its true function, which is, to advance an argument with the cogent force of a clever orator, to sum up a political issue in terms so simple that a child may read, and not merely to echo back the blatant rancour of the mob. In the hands of a master of the art it becomes an incisive weapon, like the blade with which the matador gives his *coup-de-grâce*. Gill-

ray's conception of its office seems to have been that of the red rag to be flapped tauntingly in the face of John Bull; and John Bull obediently bellowed in response. It would be idle to deny that, for the purpose of spurring on public opinion, the Napoleonic cartoons exercised a potent influence. They kept popular excitement at fever heat; they added fuel to the general hatred. But when the crisis was passed, when the public pulse was beating normally once more, when virulent attacks upon a helpless exile had ceased to seem amusing, there really remained no material upon which caricature of the Gillray type could exercise its offensive ingenuity. What seemed justifiable license when directed against the arch-enemy of European peace would have been insufferable when applied to British statesmen and to the milder problems of local political issues. Another and quite practical reason helps to explain the dearth of political caricature in England for a full generation after the battle of Waterloo, and that is the question of expense. A public which freely gave shillings and even pounds to see its hatred of "Little Boney" interpreted with Gillray's vindic-

tive malice hesitated to expend even pennies for a cartoon on the corn laws or the latest ministerial changes. In England, as well as on the Continent, caricature as an effective factor in politics remained in abeyance until the advent of an essentially modern type of periodical, the comic weekly, of which *La Caricature*, the London *Punch*, the *Fliegende Blätter*, and in this country *Puck* and *Judge*, are the most famous examples. The progress of lithography made such a periodical possible in France as early as 1830, when *La Caricature* was founded by the famous Philipon; but the oppressive laws of censorship throughout Europe prevented any wide development of this class of journalism until after the general political upheaval of 1848.

It would be idle, however, to deny that Gillray exerted a lasting influence upon all future caricature. His license, his vulgarity, his repulsive perversion of the human face and form, have found no disciples in later generations; but his effective assemblage of many figures, the crowded significance of minor details, the dramatic unity of the whole conception which he inherited from Hogarth, have been passed on down the line and still



A CARICATURE OF THE WAR OF 1812

continue to influence the leading cartoonists of to-day in England, Germany and the United States, although to a much less degree in France. Even at the time of Napoleon's downfall the few cartoons which appeared in Paris were far less extreme than their English models, while the German caricaturists, on the contrary, were extremely virulent, notably the Berliner, Schadow, who openly acknowledged his indebtedness to the Englishman by signing himself the Parisian Gillray; and Volz, author of the famous "true portrait of Napoleon"—a portrait in which Napoleon's face, upon closer inspection, is seen made up of a heap of inextricably tangled dead bodies, his head surmounted by a bird of prey, his breast a map of Europe overspread by a vast spider web, in which the different national capitals are entangled like so many luckless flies. Had there been more liberty of the press, an interesting school of political cartoonists might have arisen at this time in Germany. But they met with such scanty encouragement that little of real interest is to be gleaned from this source until after the advent of the Berlin *Kladderadatsch* in 1848, and the

Fliegende Blätter, but a short time earlier.

Throughout the Napoleonic period England practically had a monopoly in caricature. During the second period down to the year 1848, France is the centre of interest. Prior to 1830 French political cartoons were neither numerous nor especially significant. Indeed, they present a simplicity of imagination rather amusing as compared with the complicated English caricatures. A hate of the Jesuits, a mingling of liberalism touched with Bonapartism and the war of newspapers furnished the theme. The two symbols constantly recurring are the *girouette*, or weathercock, and the *éteignoir*, or extinguisher. Many of the French statesmen who played a prominent part during the French Empire and after the Restoration changed their political creed with such surprising rapidity that it was difficult to keep track of their changes. They were accordingly symbolised by a number of weathercocks proportioned to the number of their political conversions, Talleyrand leading the procession with not less than seven to his credit. The *éteignoir* was constantly used



Bruin become MEDIATOR *or* Negotiation for PEACE.

RUSSIA AS MEDIATOR BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

From the Collection of the New York Public Library.

in satire directed against the priesthood, the most famous instance appearing in the *Minerva* in 1819. It took for the text a refrain from the song of Beranger. In this cartoon the Church is personified by the figure of the Pope holding in one hand a sabre, a paper with the words Bulls, crusades, Sicilian vespers, St. Bartholomew. Beside the figure of the Church, torch in hand, is the demon of discord. From the smoke of the torch of the demon various horrors are escaping. We read the restoration of feudal rights,

feudal privileges, division of families. Monks are trying to snuff out the memory of F  nelon, Buffon, Voltaire, Rousseau, Montaigne and other philosophers and figures. For ten years the caricaturists played with this theme. A feeble forerunner of *La Caricature*, entitled *Le Nain Jaune*, depended largely for its wit upon the variations it could improvise upon the *girouette* and upon the *  teignoir*.

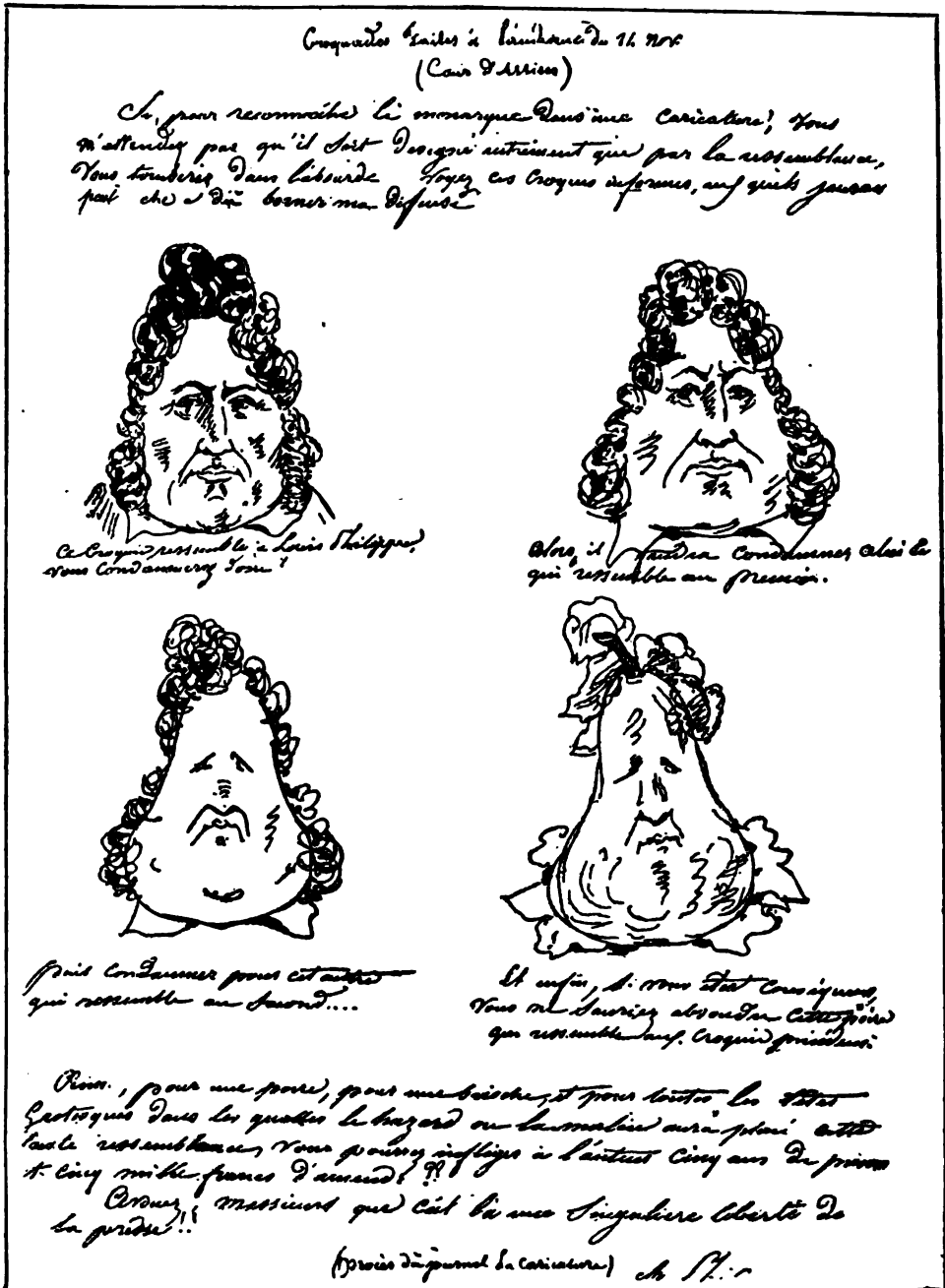
Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that French art was quite destitute of humourists at the beginning of the century.



THE PIOUS MONARCH. CARICATURE OF CHARLES X.

Monsieur Armand Dayot, in a study of French caricature, mentions among others the names of Isabey, Boilly and Carle Vernet as rivalling the English cartoonists in the ingenuity of their designs, and

surpassing them in artistic finish and harmony of colour. "But," he adds, "they were never able to go below the surface in their satire. It would be a mistake to enroll in the hirsute cohort of car-



FACSIMILE OF THE FAMOUS DEFENCE PRESENTED BY PHILIPON WHEN ON TRIAL FOR LIBELLING THE KING.

"Is it my fault, gentlemen of the jury, if his Majesty's face looks like a pear?"

For full description see page 166.

icaturists these witty and charming artists, who were more concerned in depicting the pleasures of mundane life than in castigating its vices and irregularities." The 4th of November, 1830, is a momentous date in the history of French caricature. Prior to that time French cartoons, such as there were, were studiously, even painfully, impersonal. Thackeray, in his delightful essay upon "Cari-

who rules the land. The Princess, the press, were so closely watched and guarded (with some little show, nevertheless, of respect for her rank) that she dared not utter a word of her own thoughts; and as for poor Caricature, he was gagged and put out of the way altogether.

On this famous 4th of November, however, there appeared the initial num-



LOUIS PHILIPPE AS BLUEBEARD.

"The Press, my sister, do you see anything?"
"Nothing but the July sun beating on the dusty road."

"The Press, my sister, do you see anything?"
"Two Cavaliers, urging their horses across the plain, and bearing a banner."

(See page 174.)

atures and Lithography" in the *Paris Sketch Book*, describes the conditions of this period with the following whimsical allegory:

As for poor caricature and freedom of the press, they, like the rightful princes in a fairy tale, with the merry fantastic dwarf, her attendant, were entirely in the power of the giant

ber of Philipon's *La Caricature*, which was destined to usher in a new era of comic art, and which proved the most efficacious weapon which the Republicans found to use against Louis Philippe—a weapon as redoubtable as *La Lanterne* of Henri Rochefort became under the Second Empire. Like several of his most famous collaborators, Charles Philipon



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN CARICATURE.

From the Collection of the New York Public Library.

was a Meridional. He was born in Lyons at the opening of the century. He studied art in the atelier of Gros. He married into the family of an eminent publisher of prints, Monsieur Aubert, and was himself successively the editor of the three most famous comic papers that France has had, *La Caricature*, *Charivari* and the *Journal Pour Rire*. The first of these was a weekly paper. The *Charivari* appeared daily, and at first its cartoons were almost exclusively political. Philippon had gathered around him a group of artists, men like Daumier, Gavarni, Henry Monnier and Traviès, whose names afterward became famous, and they united in a veritable crusade of merciless ridicule against the King, his family and his supporters. Their satire took the form of bitter personal attacks, and a very curious contest ensued between the government and the editorial staff of the *Charivari*. As Thackeray sums it up, it was a struggle between "half a dozen poor artists on the one side and His Majesty Louis Philippe, his august family and the numberless place men and supporters of the monarchy on the other; it

was something like Thersites girding at Ajax." Time after time were Philippon and his dauntless aides arrested. More than a dozen times they lost their cause before a jury, yet each defeat was equivalent to a victory, bringing them new sympathy, and each time they returned to the attack with cartoons which, if more covert in their meaning, were even more offensive. Perhaps the most famous of all the cartoons which originated in Philippon's fertile brain is that of the "Pear," which did so much to turn the countenance of Louis Philippe to ridicule—a ridicule which did more than anything else to cause him to be driven from the French throne. The "Pear" was reproduced in various forms in *La Caricature*, and afterward in *Le Charivari*. By inferior artists the "Pear" was chalked up on the walls all over Paris. The cartoon, which is reproduced in the present article, was produced when Philippon was obliged to



CHARLES X IN THE RÔLE OF THE "GREAT NUTCRACKER."

In this caricature Charles X is attempting to break with his teeth a billiard ball on which is written the word "Charter." The cartoon is entitled "The Great Nutcracker of July 25th, or the Impotent Horse-jaw" (*ganache*)—a play upon words.



ADJUSTING THE BALANCE OF POWER AFTER NAPOLEON.

appear before a jury to answer for the crime of provoking contempt against the King's person by giving such a ludicrous

version of his face. In his own defence Philipon took up a sheet of paper and drew a large Burgundy pear, in the lower



THE ORDER OF THE EXTINGUISHERS. A TYPICAL FRENCH CARTOON OF THE RESTORATION.

parts round and capacious, narrower near the stalk and crowned with two or three careless leaves. "Is there any treason in that?" he asked the jury. Then he drew a second pearlike the first, except that one or two lines were scrawled in the midst of it, which bore somehow an odd resemblance to the features of a celebrated personage; and lastly, he produced the exact portrait of Louis Philippe; the well-known *toupet*, the ample whiskers—nothing was extenuated or set down maliciously. "Gentlemen of the jury," said Philipon, "can I help it if His Majesty's face is like a pear?" Thackeray, in giving an account of this amusing trial, makes the curious error of supposing that

cution sees in this a provocation to murder!" cried the accused. "It would be at the most a provocation to make marmalade." Finally, after a picture of a monkey stealing a pear proved to be an indictable offence, the subject was abandoned as being altogether too expensive a luxury.

But although the "Pear" was forced to disappear, Philipon continued to harass the government until Louis Philippe, who had gained his crown largely by his championship of the freedom of the press, was driven in desperation to sanction the famous September laws, which virtually strangled its liberty. Yet in spite of the obstacles thrown in their way, the work of Phil-



RAID ON THE WORKSHOP OF THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

Philipon's *naïve* defence carried conviction with the jury. On the contrary, Philipon was condemned and fined, and immediately took vengeance upon the judge and jury by arranging their portraits upon the front page of *Charivari* in the form of a "Pear." In a hundred different ways his artists rang the changes upon the "pear," and each new attack was the forerunner of a new arrest and trial. One day *La Caricature* published a design representing a gigantic pear surmounting the pedestal in the Place de la Concorde, and bearing the legend, "*Le monument expia-poire.*" This regicidal pleasantry brought Philipon once more into court. "The prose-

pon and of the remarkable corps of satirical geniuses which he gathered round him, forms a pictorial record of the intimate history of France, from Charles X.'s famous *coup d'état* down to the revolution of 1848, which may be read like an open book. The adversaries of the government of 1830 were of two kinds. One kind, of which Armand Carrel was a type, resorted to passionate argument, to indignant eloquence. The other resorted to the methods of the Fronde; they made war by pin-pricks, by bursts of laughter, with all the resources of French gaiety and wit. In this method the leading spirit was Philipon, who understood clearly the power that would result from the closest



THE PEOPLE THROWN INTO THE PIT HELD BY THE MONSTERS OF VARIOUS TAXES.
For full description see page 172.



"Once more, Madame, do you wish divorce, or do you not wish divorce? You are perfectly free to choose?"

alliance between *la presse et l'image*. Even before *La Caricature* was founded the features of the last of the Bourbons became a familiar subject in cartoons. Invariably the same features are emphasised: a tall, lank figure, frequently contorted like the "india-rubber man" of the dime museums; a narrow, vacuous countenance, a high, receding forehead, over which sparse locks of hair are straggling; a salient jaw, the lips drawn back in a mirthless grin, revealing huge, ungainly teeth projecting like the incisors of a horse. In one memorable cartoon he is expending the full crushing power of these teeth upon the famous "charter" of 1830, but is finding it a nut quite too hard to crack.

From the very beginning *La Caricature* assumed an attitude of hostile suspicion toward Louis Philippe, the pretended champion of the *bourgeoisie*, whose veneer of expedient republicanism never

went deeper than to send his children to the public schools, and to exhibit himself parading the streets of Paris, umbrella in hand. Two cartoons which appeared in the early days of his reign, and are labelled respectively "*Ne vous y frottez pas*" and "*Il va bon train, le Ministère!*" admirably illustrate the public lack of confidence. The first of these, an eloquent lithograph by Daumier, represents a powerfully built and resolute young journeyman printer standing with hands clinched, ready to defend the liberty of the press. In the background are two groups. In the one Charles X., already worsted in an encounter, lies prone upon the earth; in the other Louis Philippe, waving his ubiquitous umbrella, is with difficulty restrained from assuming the aggressive. The second of these cartoons is more sweeping in its indictment. It represents the sovereign and his ministers in their "chariot of state," one and



TRAVIÈS'S "MAYEUX."

"Adam destroyed us by the apple; Lafayette by the pear."

For full description see page 176.

all lashing the horses into a mad galop toward a bottomless abyss. General Soult, the Minister of War, is flourishing and snapping a military flag, in place of a whip. At the back of the chariot a Jesuit has succeeded in securing foothold upon the baggage and is adding his voice to hasten the forward march, all symbolic of the violent momentum of the reactionary movement.

It was not likely that the part which Louis Philippe played in the revolution of 1789, his share in the republican victories of Jemappes and of Valmy, would be forgotten by those who saw in him only a pseudo-republican, a "citizen king" in name only, and who seized eagerly upon the opportunity of mocking at his youthful espousal of republicanism. The names of these battles recur again and again in the caricature of the period, in the legends, in maps conspicuously hung upon the walls of the background. An anonymous cut represents the public gazing eagerly into a magic lantern, the old "Poire" officiating as showman: "You have before you the conqueror of Jemappes and of Valmy. You see

him surrounded by his nobles, his generals and his family, all ready to die in his defence. See how the jolly rascals fight. They are not the ones to be driven in disgrace from their kingdom. Oh, no!" Of all the cartoons touching upon Louis Philippe's insincerity, probably the most famous is that of Daumier commemorating the death of Lafayette. The persistent popularity of this veteran statesman had steadily become more and more embarrassing to a government whose reactionary doctrines he repudiated and whose political corruption he despised. "*Enfoncé Lafayette! . . . Attrapé, mon vieux!*" is the legend inscribed beneath what is unquestionably one of the most extraordinary of all the caricatures of Honoré Daumier. It represents Louis Philippe watching the funeral cortège of Lafayette, his hands raised to his face in the pretence of grief, but the face behind distorted into a hideous leer of gratification. M. Arsène Alexandre, in his remarkable work on Daumier, describes this splendid drawing in the following terms: "Under a grey sky, against the sombre and broken background of a



LOUIS PHILIPPE AT THE FUNERAL OF LAFAYETTE. "*Enfoncé Lafayette! . . . Attrapé, mon vieux!*"

cemetery, rises on a little hillock the fat and black figure of an undertaker's man. Below him on a winding road is proceeding a long funeral procession. It is the crowd that has thronged to the obsequies of the illustrious patriot. Through the leafage of the weeping willows may be seen the white tombstones. The whole scene bears the mark of a profound sadness, in which the principal figure seems to join, if one is to judge by his sorrowful attitude and his clasped hands. But look closer. If this undertaker's man with the features of Louis Philippe is clasping his hands, it is simply to rub them together with joy; and through his fingers, half hiding his countenance, one may detect a sly grin." The obsequious attitude of the members of Parliament came in for its share of satirical abuse. "This is not a Chamber, it is a Kennel," is the title of a spirited lithograph by Grandville, representing the French statesmen as a pack of hounds fawning beneath the lash of their imperious keeper, Casimir-Périer. Another characteristic cartoon of Grandville's represents the legislature as an "Infernal laboratory for extracting the quintessence of politics"—a composition which in its crowded detail, its grim and uncanny suggestiveness, and above all its *bizarre* distortions of the human face and form, shows more plainly the influence of Gillray than the work of any other French caricaturist. A collection of grinning skulls are labelled "Analysis of Human Thought;" state documents of Louis Philippe are being cut and weighed and triturated, while in the foreground a legislator with distended cheeks is wasting an infinite lot of breath upon a blowpipe in his effort to distil the much-sought-for quintessence from a retort filled with fragments of the words "Bonapartism," "anarchy," "equality," "republic," etc. One of the palpable results of the "political quintessence" of Louis Philippe's government took the form of heavy imposts, and these also afforded a subject for Grandville's graphic pencil. "The Public Thrown to the Imposts in the Great Pit of the Budget" first appeared in *La Caricature*. It represented the various taxes under which France was suffering in the guise of strange and unearthly animals congregated in a sort of bear pit, somewhat similar to the one which attracts the atten-

tion of all visitors to the city of Berne. The spectacle is one given by the government in power for the amusement of all those connected in any way with public office; in other words, the salaried officials who draw their livelihood from the taxes imposed upon the people. It is for their entertainment that the tax-paying public is being hurled to the monsters below—monsters more uncouth and fantastic than even Mr. H. G. Wells's fertile brain conceived in his *War of the Worlds* or *First Men in the Moon*. Daumier in his turn had to have his fling at the ministerial benches of the government of July—the "prostituted Chamber of 1834." At the present day, when the very names of the men whom he attacked are half forgotten, his famous cartoon "*Le Ventre Legislatif*" is still interesting; yet it is impossible to realise the impression it must have made in the days when every one of those "*ventrigoulus*," those rotund, somnolent, inanely smiling old men, with the word "*bourgeoisie*" plainly written all over them, were familiar figures in the political world, and Daumier's presentment of them, one and all, a masterly indictment of complacent incapacity. As between Daumier and Grandville, the two leading lights of *La Caricature*, there is little question that the former was the greater. Balzac, who was at one time one of the editors of *La Caricature*, writing under the pseudonym of "Comte Alexandre de B.," and was the source of inspiration of one of its leading features, the curious *Études de Genre*, once said of Daumier: "*Ce gaillard-là, mes enfants, a du Michel-Ange sous la peau.*" Balzac took Daumier under his protection from the beginning. His first counsel to him was: "If you wish to become a great artist, *faites des dettes!*" Grandville has been defined by later French critics as *un névrosé*, a bitter and pessimistic soul. It was he who produced the cruellest compositions that ever appeared in *La Caricature*. He had, however, some admirable pages to his credit, among others his interpretation of Sebastian's famous "*L'Ordre règne à Varsovie.*" Fearfully sinister is the field of carnage, with the Cossack, with bloody "*pique*," mounting guard, smoking his pipe tranquilly, on his face the horrible expression of satisfaction over a work well done. Grandville also conceived the idea, worthy of a great car-



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF EUROPE IN 1830.

From the Collection of the New York Public Library.

toonist, of Processions and Cortèges. These enabled him to have pass before the eye, under costumes, each conveying some subtle irony or allusion, all the political men in favour. Every occasion was good. A religious procession, and the men of the day appeared as choir boys, as acolytes, etc. *Un vote de budget*, and then it was *une marche de bœuf gras*, with savages, musketeers, clowns forming the escort of "M. Gros, gras et bête." It is easy to guess who was the personage so designated. Nothing is more amusing than these pages, full of a *verve, soutenue de pince sans rire*.

It is one of the many little ironies of Louis Philippe's reign that after having owed his election to his supposed advocacy of freedom of the press, he should in less than two years take vigorous measures to stifle it. Some of the best known cartoons that appeared in *La Caricature* deal with this very subject. One of these, which bears the signature of Grandville and is marked by all the vindictive bitterness of which that artist was the master, represents Louis Philippe in the rôle of Bluebeard, who, dagger in hand, is about to slay his latest wife. "This wife, the "Constitution," lies prostrate, bound with thongs.



EXTINGUISHED!



LOUIS PHILIPPE AS CAIN WITH THE ANGELS OF JUSTICE IN PURSUIT.

The corpses of this political Bluebeard's other victims may be seen through the open door of the secret chamber. Leaning over the balcony and scanning the horizon is the figure of Sister Anne, in this case symbolic of the Press. The unfortunate "Constitution," feeling that her last minute has come, calls out: "The Press, my sister, do you see nothing coming?" The Press replies: "I see only the sun of July beating down, powdering the dusty road and parching the green fields. Again the Constitution cries: "The Press, my sister, do you see nothing coming?" And this time the Press calls back: "I see two cavaliers urging their horses across the plain and carrying a banner." Below the castle of Bluebeard may be seen the figures of the two cavaliers. The banner which they carry bears the significant word, "Republic!"

Another cartoon bearing upon the same subject represents Liberty wearing a Phrygian cap, driving the chariot of the sun. The King and his ministers and judges, above whom a crow hovers ominously, flapping its black wings, are seeking to stop the course of liberty by thrusting between the spokes of the wheels sticks and rods inscribed "Lawsuits against the Press," while Talleyrand comes to their aid by throwing beneath the wheels stones symbolising "standing armies," "imposts," "holy alliance," and so forth. This cartoon is inscribed: "It would be easier to stop the course of the sun," and is the work of Traviès, who is best known as the creator



BARBARISM AND THE CHOLERA INVADING EUROPE IN 1831.

of the grotesque hunchback figure, "Mayeux." A peculiar feature of French caricature, especially after political subjects were largely forbidden, was the creation of certain famous types who soon

became familiar to the French public, and whose reappearance from day to day in new and ever grotesque situations were hailed with growing delight. Such were the Mayeux of Traviès and the Macaire



THE RESUSCITATION OF THE FRENCH CENSORSHIP. BY GRANDVILLE.



NEW EDITION OF MACBETH—BANK-OH'S GHOST! 1837. ONE OF THE CARICATURES INSPIRED BY THE UNITED STATES BANK CASE.

From the Collection of the New York Public Library.

and Bertrand of Daumier, who in course of time became as celebrated in a certain sense as the heroes of *The Three Musketeers*. In his *Curiosités Esthétiques* Beaudelaire has told the story of the origin of Mayeux. "There was," he says, "in Paris a sort of clown named Le Claire, who had the run of various low resorts and theatres. His specialty was to make *têtes d'expression*, that is, by a series of facial contortions he would express successively the various human passions. This man, a clown by nature, was very melancholy and possessed with a mad desire for friendship. All the time not occupied in practice and in giving his grotesque performances he spent in searching for a friend, and when he had been drinking, tears of solitude flowed freely from his eyes. Traviès saw him. It was at a time when the great patriotic enthusiasm of July was still at its height. A luminous idea entered his brain. Mayeux was created, and for a long time afterward this same turbulent Mayeux talked, screamed, harangued and gesticulated in the memory of the people of Paris."

In a hundred different guises, in the blue blouse of the workman, the apron of the butcher, the magisterial gown of

judge or advocate, this hunchback Mayeux, this misshapen parody upon humanity, endeared himself to the Parisian public. Virulent, salacious, corrupt, he was a sort of French Mr. Hyde—the shadow of secret weaknesses and vices, lurking behind the Dr. Jekyll of smug *bourgeois* respectability; and the French public recognised him as a true picture of their baser selves. They laughed indulgently over the broad, Rabelaisian jests that unfailingly accompanied each new cartoon—jest which M. Dayot has admirably characterised as "seasoned with coarse salt, more German than Gallic, and forming a series of legends which might be made into a veritable catechism of pornography." This Mayeux series is not, strictly speaking, political in its essence. It touches upon all sides of life, without discrimination and without respect. It even trespasses upon the subject of that forbidden fruit, "Le Poire." In an oft-cited cartoon, Mayeux with extended arms, his head sunken lower than usual between his huddled shoulders, is declaiming: "Adam destroyed us with the apple; Lafayette has destroyed us with the pear!" And later, when repeated arrests, verdicts, fines, edicts had banished politics from



BALAAM AND BALAAM'S ASS.

One of the caricatures inspired by the United States Bank Case.

From the Collection of the New York Public Library.

the arena of caricature, Mayeux was still a privileged character. Like Chicot, the jester, who could speak his mind fearlessly to his "Henriquet," while the ordinary courtier cringed obsequiously, Mayeux shared the proverbial privilege of children and buffoons, to speak the truth. And oftentimes it was not even necessary for his creator, Traviès, to manifest any overt political significance; the public were always more than ready to look for it below the surface. In such a picture as that of Mayeux, in Napoleonic garb striking an attitude before a portrait of the Little Corporal and exclaiming, "Comme je lui ressemble!" they inevitably discovered a hint that there were other hypocrites more august than Mayeux who fancied themselves worthy of filling Napoleon's shoes.

Even more famous than Mayeux are the Macaire and Bertrand series, the joint invention of Philippon, who supplied the ideas and the text, and of Daumier, who executed the designs. According to Thackeray, whose analysis of these mas-

terpieces of French caricature has become classic, they found their origin in an old play, the *Auberge des Adrets*, in which two thieves escaped from the galleys were introduced, Robert Macaire, the clever rogue, and Bertrand, his friend, the "butt and scapegoat on all occasions of danger." The play had been half-forgotten when it was revived by a popular and clever actor, Frederick Lemaître, who used it as a vehicle for political burlesque. The play was suppressed, but *Le Charivari* eagerly seized upon the idea and continued it from day to day in the form of a pictorial puppet show, of which the public never seemed to weary. Thackeray's summary of the characters of these two illustrious rascals can scarcely be improved upon:

M. Robert Macaire, he says, is a compound of Fielding's "Blueskin" and Goldsmith's "Beau Tibbs." He has the dirt and dandyism of the one, with the ferocity of the other: sometimes he is made to swindle, but where he can get a shilling more, M. Macaire will

murder without scruple; he performs one and the other act (or any in the scale between them) with a similar bland imperturbability, and accompanies his actions with such philosophical remarks as may be expected from a person of his talents, his energies, his amiable life and character. Bertrand is the simple recipient of Macaire's jokes, and makes vicarious atonement for his crimes, acting, in fact, the part which pantaloons perform in the pantomime, who is entirely under the fatal influence of clown. He is quite as much a rogue as

created a world of pleasant satire upon all the prevailing abuses of the day.

The Macaire and Bertrand series were less directly political in their scope than that of Traviès's hunchback; at least, their political allusions were more carefully veiled. Yet the first of the series had portrayed in Macaire's picturesque green coat and patched red trousers no less a personage than the old "Poire" himself, and the public remembered it.



A NEW MAP OF THE UNITED STATES WITH THE ADDITIONAL TERRITORIES ON AN IMPROVED PLAN. 1828.

From the Collection of the New York Public Library.

that gentleman, but he has not his genius and courage. . . . Thus Robert Macaire and his companion Bertrand are made to go through the world; both swindlers, but the one more accomplished than the other. Both robbing all the world, and Robert robbing his friend, and, in the event of danger, leaving him faithfully in the lurch. There is, in the two characters, some grotesque good for the spectator—a kind of "Beggars' Opera" moral. . . . And with these two types of clever and stupid knavery, M. Philpon and his companion Daumier have

When politics were banished from journalism they persisted in finding in each new escapade of Macaire and Bertrand an allusion to some fresh scandal, if not connected with the King himself, at least well up in the ranks of governmental hypocrites. And, although the specific scandals upon which they are based, the joint-stock schemes for floating worthless enterprises, the thousand-and-one plausible humbugs of the period, are now forgotten, to those who take the trouble-

to read between the lines, these masterpieces of Daumier's genius form a luminous exposition of the *morale* of the government and the court circles.

In contrast with the brilliancy of the French artists, the work in England during these years, at least prior to the establishment of *Punch*, is distinctly disappointing. The one man who might have raised caricature to an even higher level than that of Gillray and Rowlandson was George Cruikshank, but he withdrew early in life from political caricature, preferring like Hogarth to concentrate his

Bill." A cargo of foreign grain has just arrived and is being offered for sale by the supercargo: "Here is the best for fifty shillings." On the shore a group of British landholders wave the foreigner away: "We won't have it at any price. We are determined to keep up our own to eighty shillings, and if the poor can't buy it at that price, why, they must starve." In the background a storehouse with tight-shut doors bulges with home-grown grain. A starving family stand watching while the foreign grain is thrown overboard, and the father says:



THE SHIP OF STATE IN PERIL.—ITS SAILORS KNOW NOT TO WHAT SAINTS TO COMMEND THEMSELVES.

talent upon the dramatic aspects of contemporary social life. Yet at the outset of his career, just as he was coming of age, Cruikshank produced one cartoon that has remained famous because it anticipated by thirty years the attitude of Mill and Cobden in 1846. It was in 1815, just after the battle of Waterloo had secured an era of peace for Europe, that he produced his protest against the laws restricting the importation of grain into England. He called it "The Blessings of Peace; or, the Curse of the Corn

"No, no, masters, I'll not starve, but quit my native land, where the poor are crushed by those they labour to support, and retire to one more hospitable, and where the arts of the rich do not interpose to defeat the providence of God."

After Cruikshank, until the advent of the men who made *Punch* famous—Richard Doyle, John Leach, John Tenniel and their successors—there are no cartoonists in England whose work rises above mediocrity. When the death of Canning brought Wellington and Peel into power,



THE GREAT AMERICAN STEEPLECHASE FOR 1844.

Among the various candidates for the Presidency shown in this cartoon are General Scott, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, James Buchanan and Martin Van Buren.

From the Collection of the New York Public Library.

a series of coloured prints bearing the signature H. Heath, and persistently lampooning the new ministry, enjoyed a certain vogue. They scarcely rose above the level of the penny comic valentine, which they much resembled in crudeness of colour and poverty of invention. One set, entitled "Our Theatrical Celebrities," depicted the Premier as stage manager, the other members of the cabinet as leading man, première danseuse, prompter, etc. Another series depicts the same statesmen as so many thoroughbreds, to be auctioned off to the highest bidder, and describes the good points of each in the most approved language of the turf. Lot No. 1 is the Duke of Wellington, described as "the famous charger, Arthur;" Lot No. 2 is Peel, the "Good Old Cobb, Bobby," and the rest of the series continue the same vein of inane witticism.

Somewhat more point is to be found in the portrayal of Wellington buried up to his neck in his own boot—one of the universal Wellington boots of the period. The cartoonist's thought, quite obviously, was that the illustrious hero of Waterloo had won his fame primarily in boots and spurs, and that as a statesman he became a very much shrunken and insignificant figure. In its underlying thought this cartoon suggests comparison with the familiar "Grandpa's Hat" cartoons of the recent Harrison administration. Very rarely Heath broke away from home politics and touched upon international questions of the day. A print showing the Premier engaged in the task of "making a rushlight," which he is just withdrawing cautiously from a large tub labelled "Greece," is an allusion to the part played by Great Britain in helping



THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

For full description see page 184

to add the modest light of Greek independence to the general illumination of civilised Europe.

Another man whose work enjoyed a long period of shop-window popularity, and who nevertheless did not always rise above the comic-valentine level, was John Doyle, who owes his memory less to his own work than to the fact that he was the father of a real master of the art, Richard Doyle. Parton, in his history of *Caricature and other Comic Art*, notes the elder Doyle's remarkable prolificness, estimating his collected prints at upward of nine hundred; and he continues: "It was a custom with English print-sellers to keep portfolios of his innocent and amusing pictures to let out by the evening to families about to engage in the arduous work of entertaining their friends at dinner. He excelled greatly in his portraits, many of which, it is said by contemporaries, are the best ever taken of the noted men of that day, and may safely

be accepted as historical. Brougham, Peel, O'Connell, Hume, Russell, Palmerston and others appear in his works as they were in their prime, with little distortion or exaggeration, the humour of the pictures being in the situation portrayed. Thus, after a debate in which allusion was made to an ancient egg anecdote, Doyle produced a caricature in which the leaders of parties were drawn as hens sitting upon eggs. The whole interest of the picture lies in the speaking likeness of the men."

What the advent of *La Caricature* did for French comic art was done for England by the birth of *Punch*, the "London Charivari," on July 17th, 1841. It is not surprising that this veteran organ of wit and satire, essentially British though it is in the quality and range of its humour, should have inspired a number of different writers successively to record its annals. Mr. M. H. Spielmann, whose admirable volume is likely to remain the authoritative history, points out that the very term "cartoon" in its modern sense is in reality a creation of *Punch's*. In the reign of Charles I., he says, the approved phrase was, "a mad designe;" in the time of George II. it was known as a "hieroglyphic;" throughout the golden age of Gillray and Cruikshank "caricature" was the epithet applied to the separate copper-plate broadsides displayed in the famous shops of Askermann, Mrs. Humphrey and McClean. But it was not until July, 1843, when the first great exhibition of cartoons for the Houses of Parliament was held—gigantic designs handling the loftiest subjects in the most elevated artistic spirit—that *Punch* inaugurated his own sarcastic series of "cartoons," and by doing so permanently enriched the language with a new word, or rather with new meaning for an old word. *Punch*, however, did far more than merely to change the terminology of caricature; he revolutionised its spirit; he made it possible for Gladstone to say of it that "in his early days, when an artist was engaged to produce political satires, he nearly always descended to gross personal caricature, and sometimes to indecency. To-day the humorous press showed a total absence of vulgarity and a fairer treatment, which made this department of warfare always pleasing."



DAUMIER. CARICATURED BY BENJAMIN.

Daumier fut le peintre ordinaire
Des pairs, des députés et des Robert-Macaire.
Son rude crayon fait l'histoire de nos jours.
—O l'étonnante boule! ô la bonne figure!
—Je le crois pardieu bien, car Daumier est toujours Excellent en caricature.

As in the case of other famous characters of history, the origin and parentage of *Punch* have been much disputed, and a variety of legends have grown up about the source of its very name, the credit for its genesis being variously assigned to its original editors, Henry Mayhew, Mark Lemon, the printer Joseph Last, the writer Douglas Jerrold, and a number of obscurer literary lights. One story cited by Mr. Spielmann, although clearly apocryphal, is nevertheless worthy of repetition. According to this story, somebody at one of the preliminary meetings spoke of the forthcoming paper as being like a good mixture of punch, good for nothing without Lemon, when Mayhew caught up the idea and cried, "A capital idea! We'll call it *Punch*!"

In marked contrast to its French prototype, the "London Charivari" was from

the beginning a moderate organ, and a staunch supporter of the Crown. In its original prospectus its political creed was outlined as follows: "*Punch* has no party prejudices; he is conservative in his opposition to Fantoccini and political puppets, but a progressive whig in his love of *small change* and a repeal of the union with public Judies." And to this day this policy of "hitting all around," of avoiding any bitter and prolonged partisanship, is the keynote of *Punch's* popularity and prestige. How this attitude has been consistently maintained in its practical working is well brought out by Mr. Spielmann in his chapter dedicated to the periodic *Punch* dinners, where the editorial councils have always taken place:

When the meal is done and cigars and pipes

MR PUNCH'S VICTORIAN ERA

[1847



LOUIS PHILIPPE AS "THE NAPOLEON OF PEACE."

From the Collection of the New York Public Library.



LAUGHING JOHN—CRYING JOHN.
July, 1830 February, 1848.

are duly lighted, subjects are deliberately proposed in half-a-dozen quarters, until quite a number may be before the Staff. They are fought all round the Table, and unless obviously and strikingly good, are probably rejected or attacked with good-humoured ridicule or withering scorn. . . . And when the subject of a cartoon is a political one, the debate grows hot and the fun more furious, and it usually ends by Tories and Radicals accepting a compromise, for the parties are pretty evenly balanced at the Table; while Mr. Burnand assails both sides with perfect indifference. At last, when the intellectual tug-of-war, lasting usually from half-past eight for just an hour and three-quarters by the clock, is brought to a conclusion, the cartoon in all its details is discussed and determined; and then comes the fight over the title and the "cackle," amid all the good-natured chaff and banter of a pack of boisterous, high-spirited schoolboys.

Down to the close of the period covered in the present article, the cartoon played a relatively small part in the weekly contents of *Punch*, averaging barely one a week, and being missing altogether from many numbers. During these years the dominating spirit was unquestionably John Leech, who produced no less than two hundred and twenty-three cartoons out of a total of three hundred and fourteen, or more than twice as many as all the other contributors put together. He first appeared with a pageful of "Foreign Affairs" in the fourth issue of *Punch*—a picture of some huddled

groups of foreign refugees—a design remembered chiefly because it for the first time introduced to the world the artist's sign-manual, a leech wriggling in a water bottle.

Of Leech's political plates during these early years, none is more interesting to the American reader than the few rare occasions upon which he seeks to express the British impression of the United States. One of these, "The Land of Liberty," appeared in 1847. A lean and lanky, but beardless, Uncle Sam tilts lazily back in his rocking-chair, a six-shooter in his hand, a huge cigar between his teeth. One foot rests carelessly upon a bust of Washington, which he has kicked over. The other is flung over the back of another chair in sprawling insolence. In the ascending clouds of smoke appear the Stars and Stripes, surrounded by a panorama of outrages, duels, barroom broils, lynch law, etc., and above them all, the contending armies of the Mexican war, over whom a gigantic devil hovers, his hands extended in a malignant benediction. A closely analogous



HENRI MONNIER IN THE RÔLE OF JOSEPH PRUD'HOMME.

"Never shall my daughter become the wife of a scribbler."

By Daumier



"WHAT! YOU YOUNG YANKEE-NOODLE, STRIKE YOUR OWN FATHER!"

From the Collection of the New York Public Library.



THE GREAT SEA SERPENT OF 1848

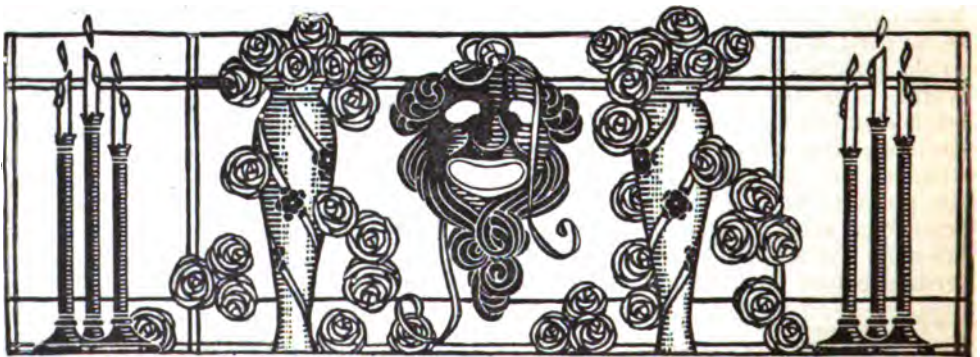
From the Collection of the New York Public Library.

cartoon of this same year by Richard Doyle sharply satirised Louis Philippe as the "Napoleon of Peace," and depicted in detail the unsatisfactory condition of European affairs as seen from the British vantage ground. As a consequence of this cartoon *Punch* was for some time excluded from Paris.

From 1848 onward the cartoons in *Punch* look upon the world politics from a constantly widening angle. Indeed, the same remark holds good for the comic

organs not only of England, but of France, Germany, Italy and the other leading nations as well. Throughout the second half of the nineteenth century the international relations of the leading powers may be followed almost without a break in the cartoons of *Punch* and *Judy*, of the *Fliegende Blätter* and the *Kladderadatsch*, of *Don Pirlone*, of the *Journal pour Rire*, of *Life* and *Puck* and *Judge*, and the countless host of their followers and imitators.

(To be continued.)



FIVE BOOKS OF THE MOMENT

I.

"THE WOMAN WHO TOILS."*

The first thought nowadays, not perhaps of the literary worker, but at least of the publisher, is how to secure the so-called sensational sale for any new book. The means adopted to this end are many and varied. The volume under consideration has been widely advertised, and will undoubtedly be widely sold because of the letter written to one of the authors by President Roosevelt and inserted as a preface in the book. The popularity this cleverly chosen means of advertising will give the book will be dangerous and unjust. Dangerous because the majority of hasty readers will take their cue from the Presidential preface, and will, therefore, quite misunderstand the purpose of the book. The extremely slight connection between the purpose of this volume and Mr. Roosevelt's letter suggests the idea that our valiant and versatile Chief Executive wrote the letter, not so much as a criticism of the book, as a means of airing his own views on a certain subject evidently near his heart, and has to this end seized upon a casual remark, on a side issue, of one of the authors. This question, however, need not be further discussed. It was the act of a kindly gentleman to assist two ladies with the weight of his influence and position, and we can let it pass at that, even if it gain for the volume an uncomprehending popularity, unjust to a book which is thoroughly worthy of more serious consideration.

Mrs. John Van Vorst and Miss Marie Van Vorst, joint authors of *The Woman Who Toils*, are writers who have already made a name for themselves in literary work. That they are not trained in the science and thought of political economy the book shows, as they have set out to discover for themselves facts which are the property of every student of radical economics, and the conclusions they reach are quite unhampered by all that has been written before on the subject. But just

for this very reason, perhaps, the book has the value of a potential high usefulness. What these ladies have discovered in the course of an exploration involving, for women of the favoured class, fully as great an endurance of actual physical hardship as would be entailed by a trip to the North Pole or to the heart of Africa, they have discovered starting out with the point of view, with the lack of knowledge, shared by the majority of their class. Taking thus the angle of vision of their class as a starting point, and never losing sight of it through all the increasing widening of their own mental horizon, they have written a book which cannot fail to touch the hearts and awaken the minds of those who have, perhaps, never had the case put in a manner so comprehensible for them.

The authors of this book have gone out to discover for themselves how the American working woman lives, under what conditions she toils, and what are her opportunities for education and enjoyment. They have gained this knowledge in the only possible manner of doing it; they have gone into the factories, and lived in the home of the working girls as one of themselves, sharing hardships and pleasures, unsuspected at any time by those around them. What they have seen and heard and experienced, the conclusions they have drawn, and the means by which they think hard conditions can be ameliorated they have given us in their book, each writer treating her part of the work separately. From the point of view of literary criticism there is a difference in the work of the two. The personal equation is stronger in the portion written by Miss Marie Van Vorst than in the more objective narrative of her sister-in-law. She gives us more of her personal sensations and suffering, more of her sense of differentiation from those about her, and she philosophises on this in the apostrophic French style in a way that sometimes hinders the even tenor of the story. But it cannot be denied that this inclination to "fine writing" adds to the effect of some of the stronger portions of her work, notably in the superb closing chapter on "Child Labour in the Southern Cotton Mills." The story as told by Mrs.

*The Woman Who Toils. By Mrs. John Van Vorst and Marie Van Vorst. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Van Vorst is simpler, more direct. She gives us more of what she sees and less of herself, more of the simple narrator and less of the literary worker. But both writers are animated by the same spirit of sincere and sympathetic study, of study entered into from the desire to comprehend that they might assist. Both show an admirable logic in their comprehension of the fact that, though naturally the actual physical hardships endured pressed more acutely on their unused frames, this does not necessarily lead to the conclusion, seized so eagerly by the more favoured majority, that those whom custom has dulled to the suffering are beings different from ourselves. Mrs. Van Vorst writes:

It was probable that my comrades felt at no time the discomfort I did, but the harm done them is not the physical suffering their condition causes, but the moral and spiritual bondage in which it holds them. They are not a class of drones made differently from us. I saw nothing to indicate that they were not born with like *capacities* to ours. As our bodies accustom themselves to luxury and cleanliness, theirs grow hardened to deprivation and filth. As our souls develop with the advantages of all that constitutes an ideal, their souls diminish under the oppression of a constant physical effort to meet material demands. But the fact that they become physically callous to what we consider unbearable is used as an argument for their emotional insensibility. I hold such an argument as false. From all I saw, I am convinced that, *given their relative preparation* for suffering and for pleasure, their griefs and their joys are the same as ours in kind and in degree.

Goethe's word that man grows with his greater aims has proved its truth in the case of these two writers. The purely literary quality of their work in this book, with its greater scope and higher aims, is far better than in anything either of them has written before.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

II.

MR. LINN'S "THE CHAMELEON."*

Mr. James Weber Linn has written a very interesting novel in spite of the fact

*The Chameleon. By James Weber Linn. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

that there is a certain incongruity in some of the details and a decided improbability in the climax of the story. Here we find somewhere west of Omaha, a college town which is supposed to have hoary traditions and the mellowness of age about it, with a cloistered calm and a classical atmosphere such as would befit Oriel or Magdalen on the Isis. At the very least, we behold here Amherst or Williams transplanted to a part of the country where cottonwood trees abound and where white men were infrequent fifty years ago. That is the first and most marked incongruity. Carfax College has at its head the finest Greek scholar in the country. At any rate, Mr. Linn says so, and we cannot dispute it. Possibly this fine old scholar acquired his eminence in Greek by utterly neglecting his Latin; for whenever he or any of his pupils open their mouths in the book to utter a bit of the language of ancient Rome, they work havoc with both syntax and morphology. This, however, is a mere detail; so let us pass on.

In the second place, we object to the psychology of the heroine. The hero of the book, one Bradford, is a very delightful sort of fellow. He is energetic, well educated, modest, faithful to his friends, and a good sort generally. His two defects are these. In the first place, he is at times given to excessive introspection, and this he cannot help, because he has inherited the tendency from a morbid father. The result of this trait is a desire to appear well in the eyes of others, which, after all, when you come to think of it, is more or less commendable and by no means a mark of singularity. Perhaps, however, it leads to his second blemish, which lies in a tendency to elaborate a little at the expense of strict truth when relating a story—which may be called a literary quality and which, if he had been an author, would have been a purely professional instinct and would have won praise from the reviewers. As he was not an author, however, but a lawyer, his excessive imagination wrecks his domestic happiness and drives him to the verge of suicide. This is how it came about.

Bradford met a very charming young girl, named Amy Powers; and, being somewhat at a loss for conversation, told her an exciting story about an adventure

of his in which somebody shot at him, the bullet whizzing by his ear and cutting the shoulder of his coat. Now this was a good enough story in itself, and up to that point it was strictly true. Bradford, however, having, as we mentioned, a certain amount of imagination, touched up the narrative and told Miss Powers that the bullet had actually grazed his skin and left a scar. Later on in the book he falls in love with the girl, and after much doubt and mental tribulation wins her. It appears that she had loved him all the time, even while he thought her cold and unresponsive and indifferent; and the burst of passion in which she suddenly reveals to him how overwhelmingly she loves him is one of the most striking episodes of the book—full of beauty and tenderness and truth. At the very height of their happiness, however, when the whole world seems to them more than Paradise, Amy remembers the story which Bradford had told her long before, and timidly asks if she may see the scar. Then he has to admit that there is no scar, and that so much of his story was an improvisation. After that she never loves him as she did before; and when subsequently he manages to let out a certain secret which he had promised not to reveal, and which he really did not mean to tell, his wife turns from him altogether, for her love is absolutely dead. The secret had nothing to do with her nor with them; he did not actually tell it, but merely said something which led to its discovery. Nevertheless, this passionately devoted woman, who has never found in him anything but love and infinite devotion to her, thinks of him as being base and cowardly, and almost an object of loathing. Somehow or other, we cannot follow the author here, and we think that he is about as far astray as he could well possibly be. He makes the matter a little worse when at the last Bradford is in the act of committing suicide because of his unhappiness and is discovered by Amy in the act of drinking poison. She is fresh from a talk with her clergyman, who has told her that he himself is just as bad as Bradford, and when she sees Bradford bent on self-destruction all her love comes back to her and everything is as it was in the beginning. Merely to state this is sufficient to show its psychological impossibility.

The very best thing in the book is a picklemaker. He is a picklemaker on a colossal scale—a magnificent, robustious, world-compelling, epic picklemaker. He spotches the scenery of Europe and America with pickle posters. He has illimitable self-confidence, combativeness, generosity and patriotism. He is a true American in the raw, and embodies concretely the great West. His talk is a joy, and the things he does make you admire him in spite of yourself. The author evidently does not know what a fine chap his picklemaker is, for he sneers at him and holds him up to mild contempt. But even if you care nothing about Bradford or Amy, or the psychology of the long-bow, or about the impossible college community in the far West, or about the High Church rector who scourged himself and bullied his congregation—at any rate, read the book for the sake of the picklemaker; for we have met no one of his kind so interesting since we made the acquaintance of Col. Silas Lapham in the office of his mineral-paint works.

H. T. P.

III.

EGERTON CASTLE'S "THE STAR DREAMER."*

Agnes and Egerton Castle's latest book may be classed in that honourable company of British prose romances which has not failed the public since the pleasant histories of *Robert the Devil*, *Friar Bacon* and *Robin Hood*, a school which has ever held the story sacred for the story's sake; the story wherein no problems weary and perplex, nor masks of hidden meaning grin between the leaves.

In *The Star Dreamer* familiar perspectives have been skilfully retouched—almost repainted—the marionettes wear new costumes, and the story, God bless it! is as good as ever. It is "a tale of well-nigh a century ago; when George III. lay dying," and the scene of it is the ancestral castle of Bindon-Cheveral, where of old time one Sir Richard "kept his childless wife a lifelong prisoner in the topmost chamber of that keep now so placidly dreaming under its creepers." No end of

*The Star Dreamer. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: The F. A. Stokes Company.

stories might be told about this ancient stronghold, tales of love and hatred and ambition, and it is hoary with traditions of the Wars of the Roses and of Longshanks and of Richard Crookback and the rest. We recognise the atmosphere at once, and the practised reader will not be surprised to come upon Old Bindon in these latter days tenanted by two recluses: one an aged alchemist and distiller of herbs, inhabiting a former dungeon underground; the other, his dreaming nephew, absorbed in contemplation of the heavens from the tower.

Night has fallen and the laboratory fires burn low, the aromatic smells of strange decoctions fill the air, the black cat purrs. Master Simon the Simpler, soliloquising somewhat in the key of Romeo's monkish friend, endeavours with uncertain touch to weigh some delicate ingredient and fails. For, as he informs the cat, "But sixty to-day, and this senile trembling! Not a shake of that hand, Simon, but is paying for the toss of the cup; not a mist in that brain but is the smoke of wanton bygone fires. Well, vast the pity of it! . . . to be foiled at every turn by the trembling of a finger!" The investigator is about to abandon his experiment, when, fortunately, "two hands with unerring swoop, like that of an alighting dove, came out of the dimness on each side of the bent figure and with cool, determined touch withdrew the old man's hot and shaking fingers from their futile task." A young bosom, we are told, brushed by his bloodless cheek. A light breath fanned his temples. In short, his daughter Ellinor had come back to Bindon unannounced after a ten years' absence, her most unworthy husband dead, her fortune spent and her wedding ring disposed of in the moat. The Simpler is a man of too much tact to ask distressing questions, and his daughter, throwing off her past as lightly as her ring, trips gaily to the larder, whence she presently returns with a dainty supper, such as Old Bindon has not seen for many a cheerless night. She has even secured a crusted bottle from the butler's favourite bin. Meanwhile her cousin David, of the tower, having witnessed the birth of a new star, descends to tell of the discovery to his kinsman underground.

"This is Ellinor, our little Ellinor," the

elder man explains. "Shake hands with Ellinor." A little later "the magic of Burgundy still working wonders," he continues: "You were like big brother and little sister in the old days. Kiss her, David."

The dark and pale face of Sir David, severe yet gentle, bent over Ellinor. Half laughing, half startled, she turned her cheek toward him. But the kiss of the recluse was—she never knew whether by design or accident—laid slowly upon her half-opened, smiling lips.

Had any one told Ellinor Marvel, who during four years had cried at love and during six years more had railed at it, that her heart would ever be stirred in the old sweet, mad way because of the touch of a man's lips, she would in superb security have scorned the suggestion. Yet now, as she turned away, it was to hide a crimsoning face and a quickening breath.

Perhaps, among the many things which happened while George III. lay dying, this will suffice to tempt the lover of romantic fiction further. And such a one may rest assured the interest will not fail till he has grown familiar with the mystic Herb Garden, the gloomy halls and battlements of Bindon-Cheveral and its environment of pleasant summer country.

The people of the story are by no means lacking in humanity, vitality or even humour, and could they be permitted to forget requirements of plot, one feels they might be interesting on their own account. Lady Lochore, Sir David's sister, estranged by reason of her marriage to a neighbour who had shot her brother after the base betrayal of the astronomer's former sweetheart, is a character quite worthy of Miss Braddon, and one, we are convinced, capable of more subtle diplomacy than that which gains its ends through poison cups. And we should be glad to meet the excellent Horatio Tutterville and his bustling wife during some period when affairs at Bindon-Cheveral were a shade more normal. But with the Castles the plot is ever to the fore, and it may be said that they make word and action tell for its development with admirable dramatic art. In fact, *The Star Dreamer* is a play at root, but none the less for that a good romantic novel, neither skirting life too close nor leaving probability too far a-lee. The authors are to be thanked for telling it, for the most part, in crisp and unaffected English, free

alike from romancer's *clichés* and the self-conscious effort to avoid them.

Herman Knickerbocker Viélé.

IV.

MR. WILLIAMS'S "THE CAPTAIN."*

Much historical fiction seems to have been written to demonstrate the truth of a certain Aristotelian dictum concerning the relative truthfulness of history and fiction. To the novelist who rightly demands, first of all things, the free play of his fancy on the essential facts of life, the restrictions imposed on his creative imagination by actual occurrences must appeal as somewhat arbitrary, and the nearer he and his readers are to his historical locale, the more trying becomes the burden of fact which he must carry. The problem is comparatively simple when it concerns only the free drawing of some remote and hazy character, such as Scott's Saladin, who is historically merely a name and a few vaguely generalised qualities, both to reader and writer. But the novelist who would deal with historical personages of the present age must go gently. He cannot make his character to suit his needs, for he is trafficking in a personality already fixed more or less distinctly in his reader's mind; and the mass of records to which he must conform covers practically all the action, much of the spoken word and no little of the psychological synthesis which his subject permits. In short, the range of his possible material is clearly marked, and his function is, in a stricter sense than common, selective.

Mr. Williams has not shirked his task by dragging in his great historical personage as a merely incidental contributor to his scheme of historical verisimilitude. There is never any doubt that the unnamed Captain—who is General Grant—is the protagonist of the story. His influence is perceptible in every character with whom he comes in contact, while it determines broadly the entire course of the dramatic action. He comes on the stage a poor farmer down on the Gravois in Missouri, and takes command of your attention by right of sheer ability to rule.

Not by accident was it that, wherever he went, he retained his old army title and was known to every acquaintance, as he is throughout the book, as *The Captain*. Yet Mr. Williams spares nothing of his absolute incapacity, to all appearance, for achieving success during those early years before the war, when he turned his hand successively to farming, real estate and the little tannery in Northern Illinois. Failure after failure could not destroy the conviction in the minds of those who knew him best that his indomitable perseverance was to win in the end; and Mr. Williams has placed his readers in the position of those who really knew the man as he was.

The Captain of those early days is more an influence than a stirring participant in the action of the story. With the beginning of the war he comes into his own. Here is plenty of material ready at hand for the novelist, plenty of action so condensed and unified that the process of selection and rejection is simplified, and the actual historical record falls largely within the proper scope of fiction. As the figure of the silent leader assumes new importance, subsidiary interests fall into their rightful places in the narrative. Mr. Williams has shown constructive skill of no common order in effecting this delicate adjustment of the balance between his two sets of materials. It is the prime excellence of his work. In the book the great General is as convincing, as lifelike a creation as the most purely fictitious product of the author's imagination; and this is no common merit of the historical novel. The planes of historical and of fictional truth coincide, and the characters mingle without betraying the discrepancies of their birth. An instance of this is afforded by comparison of General Grant's famous chief of staff, the hot-headed, impulsive, brave, profane Captain Rawlins, with some of the entirely fictitious personages with whom he is constantly associated. Any one ignorant of the historical basis of the book would find it difficult to pick the man who actually lived from the creations of the author. And the virile, lifelike quality in this portrait is attained without the sacrifice of historic accuracy to any imagined convention of fiction. The picture tallies exactly with recorded facts of Captain Rawlins's life and personality.

**The Captain*. By Churchill Williams. Boston: The D. Lothrop Publishing Company.

Of the accuracy of the draughtsman-ship bestowed on the central figure there can scarcely be two opinions. General Grant's individuality is so deeply stamped on the consciousness even of the newest generation that a certain amount of the description must necessarily appear trite. It would be foolishly hazardous to present the hero of Vicksburg without the inevitable cigar, which is his recognised stage "property." The view is as unhackneyed as possible, and no one will quarrel with the enthusiastic hero-worship which colours and animates every page, so long as the total effect is so wholly real.

Aside from his pardonable bias in favour of his hero, the author is sane and fair in his treatment of the issues and the opposing forces of the war. Not all the virtue is with the Northern arms, nor is the villainy confined to the South. Indeed, one of the most engaging characters is a gay, handsome, chivalrous young Southern officer. Mr. Williams has been generous in the matter of love-making, pairing off a brace of stalwart young Union officers with two beautiful maidens of very positive Southern proclivities. The complications necessary to a well-regulated romance are straightened out only in the final chapter, which brings all the lovers together in Vicksburg after the capture. The love story need trouble no one. It is as good as many others, and no better. It may be disregarded in estimating the real value of *The Captain*. Of more importance is the fact that Mr. Williams has put an actual man—an authentic historical character—into fiction and made him a living entity. To have made history no less true than fiction is an achievement worthy of note by all dealers in second-hand historical ware.

Edward Clark Marsh.

V.

MISS THURSTON'S "THE CIRCLE."*

The first impression one gets from this book is that of the intense vitality of Anna Solny, the central character. It stimulates one's attention from the initial page of the opening chapter, where

she is seen, a girl of sixteen, in the musty parlour behind the old curio shop in one of the byways of London. One feels how she is tingling with life, how she craves action and sunlight and the big, unknown world; how she chafes at the slow passing of the days in the dusky shop, where nothing ever happens, where there is only her old father taking snuff over his beloved books and looking up occasionally with a dreamy "So?" to her bubbling talk. This impression endures through much of the book, through the events which take Anna from the old shop out into the thick of life, and back again at last to the old shop. The book has that most important quality, it holds the interest of the reader. Few people, we imagine, who begin it will want to lay it down till the end is reached. And yet, when one has finished it and stops to think about it, one becomes aware that *The Circle* is a conventional story—conventional in its spirit, in its ideals, most of all in its form. Things happen in it as they do in a well-ordered play, precisely at the dramatic moment, and that while it is convenient in a story, is not life. When Anna, stifling with the dulness around her, throws open the shop door and steps out into the night feeling that she must have adventure—presto! there waits the adventure in the street, ready for her taking. A hunted fugitive dashes into sight, pursued by a howling mob, and Anna is enabled to hide him and save him, quite in the orthodox fashion. She longs for the theatre, for the stage, and it turns out that this fugitive, a hunchback named Johann, was bringing jewels from his master in Vienna to a London lady, Mrs. Maxtead, jewels which were stolen from him, all save one, by the man who incited the mob to believe Johann a thief; and when Anna, to calm the hunchback's distress, herself carries the remaining jewel to Mrs. Maxtead, that lady proves to be a sort of promoter of geniuses, and she recognises Anna's gift for acting, and offers her the opportunity to study for the stage—seizes upon her, indeed, demands that she drop out of the old life, the old surroundings and give herself wholly to art. And finally, when Anna, after a brilliant career out in the great world, is assailed by remorse for her desertion of her father and Johann, and buries herself in the curio shop again, leaving career

**The Circle*. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.

and lover and everything behind her, her lover traces her, her insane old father dies at just the right time and it all ends happily and as it should.

It is a proof of Mrs. Thurston's power that she has managed to invest this unnaturally well-oiled plot with undeniable freshness, with the magic something which makes a book successful in spite of faults. It is the greater proof in that the real strength of the book is concentrated in a single figure, that of Anna. The other characters fill their places in the story, but they fail to impress one. The old father is a shadow in the background. Anna's lover, Maurice Strode, is a fine fellow, but not especially noticeable. About Mrs. Maxtead one is not sure; her motives are not always clear, and she is more than a little artificial. Johann the hunchback, with his dog-like devotion to Anna and his faithful care of the old father after she is gone, and his clinging hope that she will come back some time, is a pathetic figure, but somehow one cannot quite believe in him; one would hardly expect to meet him in real life.

We have said that the book is conventional in its ideals; we should rather have said old-fashioned. In the modern novel, where the heroine has "a career," all the trouble and heart-break she has comes

from the struggle in her mind between love and ambition. Anna hardly strikes one as ambitious, though she is filled with a great energy. And though she becomes famed as "the greatest actress in Europe," that side of her life which deals with art fails to convince. It is as a woman capable of love and devotion, above all needing love, that she is realised. Spite of her restlessness in the old shop, she would never have left it had not Mrs. Maxtead worked on her pity and her fears for Johann by threatening to accuse him, if she refused, of the theft of the jewels. When she promises to marry Maurice Strode, she does so without a thought apparently of how marriage will affect her as an artist. And when her betrothed, who by an odd chance had known Johann and the old father—unconnected with her, of course—tells her their story, never dreaming that it is hers, and his unconscious condemnation of her wakes her remorse and sends her back to them, it is not giving up her art that she minds, it is the fear of losing Maurice. Still, this makes her the more lovable, and whatever crudities there are in the portraiture of Anna Solny the actress may be forgiven in the very vital portraiture of Anna Solny the woman.

Eleanor Booth Simmons.

SOME OLD LOVE LETTERS

Mrs. Humphry Ward has sometimes been criticised for the somewhat unwieldy machinery she employs in her admirable novels. Her last essay in the line of fiction, *Lady Rose's Daughter*, has caused considerable interest as being entirely different in theme, if not in treatment, from her former books. The story itself, aside from mental grasp and poise and perfect sanity with which it is treated, compels interest. The following remarkable coincidence, however, must have occurred to any one who has studied the history of the French salons of the eighteenth century, and may prove interesting to others who regard Mrs. Ward as George Eliot's logical successor. This does not in any way lessen our gratitude

to one who, if not great, at least furnishes a worthy pabulum for thinking men and women. Was not Shakespeare notorious for stealing his plots wherever he could lay hands on them? Does not even Rudyard Kipling make his declaration of independence on this subject? Nevertheless, it is a little startling to note the striking resemblance there is, even in their minutest details, between the fictitious story of *Lady Rose's Daughter* and the true story of the Comtesse d'Albon's daughter. Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. The following account of this famous episode might fairly pass as a synopsis of the modern tale. Madame du Deffand (the Lady Henry of Mrs. Ward's story) had in many respects the most brilliant salon

of the first half of the eighteenth century in Paris. The most famous men of her time thronged her rooms for years. She was an intimate friend of Montesquieu and of Voltaire. As she became older she lost her beauty and her eyesight failed her. She became unamiable and her remarks, clever as they undoubtedly were, seemed often biting to the verge of rudeness. One afternoon a friend had been haranguing the assembled company too long a time in the opinion of the blind hostess. "What tiresome book are you reading?" she exclaims.

And now enters upon the scene the heroine of the tale, Julie de Lespinasse (Julie Le Breton). She had the misfortune to be born with the bar-sinister. Her mother, however, had her carefully educated, treating her tenderly and lovingly. Nevertheless, she could not shield her from the usual penalties of her anomalous position. Madame du Deffand seems to have felt the peculiar charm of this young girl as soon as she had met her, and she was promptly installed in her establishment as companion and amanuensis. But the inevitable result of the bringing together of such natures—on the one side selfishness and unreasonable jealousy, on the other a very decided talent for society—might have been foreseen from the start. Soon the exact dramatic incident made use of in the modern story ensues. Julie had gradually, by her talent for conversation and unfailing tact and charm, gained the enthusiastic regard of the oldest of Madame's friends. On one occasion, unknown to her mistress, who was in her own room, she had received these friends, and upon this lively company Madame suddenly appears. In jealous rage she dismisses her too successful rival. All Paris hears of the incident and takes parts in the quarrel. To the lasting chagrin of Madame du Deffand, her oldest friends rally to the support of this base-born protégé of hers. A delightful apartment is found for her in the Rue de Belle Chase by the Maréchale de Luxembourg. Others arrange ways and means by which she can live in this delightful spot. Her dearest friend is the Duchesse de Châtillon. The lifelong friend of Madame du Deffand, President Hénault (Dr. Meredith), is eager to marry her. D'Alembert (the Jacob Delafield), a name

famous in any account of the eighteenth century, is her steadfast friend and lover. She thoroughly appreciates his quality, but he seems never to have touched her heart as did the scapegrace to whom her famous love letters were written. The loyal D'Alembert was faithfully devoted to her for years, and when she died mourned her loss deeply.

But the heart of the story, and the tie which links the character of Julie de Lespinasse indissolubly with that of Julie Le Breton is the remarkable romance revealed by the love letters of the former.

In an age when love in literature was represented by the pretty and the petty, the fiery passion indicated in these letters startles us and gives us a vivid impression of reality. The secret of the charm of this remarkably magnetic woman was her wonderful sensibility, which, however, paved the way to the pitiful tragedy of her life. The wild storm of passion not only shook her emotional nature to its foundation, but finally overwhelmed her. She conceived a most unhappy passion for a man who was in no respect worthy of her, Monsieur Guibert (Captain Warkworth), who posed as a military reformer. We can, perhaps, understand why she was attracted by him, for it is conceded that she was brilliant and versatile, but his heart was a poor, meagre affair. He at once perceived that this woman, who was so respected and sought after by the great, might prove a very useful friend to him. Then, superficial and vain as he was, he was flattered and perhaps a little touched by her preference. How a sensitive woman, an intimate friend and counsellor of the Encyclopædists, who were the wisest and wittiest men of their times, could have poured out her very soul to such a man it is impossible to conceive. Not for a moment did he entertain the possibility of a marriage with her. His ambition required a wealthy and powerful alliance. He had the effrontery to calmly state his position to her. She finally accepted the place assigned her by him, even going so far as to direct his choice, pointing out stoically the great advantages of the bride she had chosen for him. But the sacrifice and emotional strain proved too much for her and she died. We rather suspect that the *dénouement* of the modern story will be different, and that the D'Alembert in

this case will be permitted to win out in the end. The episode of Lord Lackington, delicately handled and absorbing as it is, was plainly suggested by the situation. The heroic measures taken by Jacob Delafield to save Julie from herself and the consequences of her mastering passion are entirely modern in tone, and it may be doubted if they could be very clearly understood by a D'Alembert.

Any one who has read the story of Madame du Deffand and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse and the pathetic love letters of the latter will remember a thousand

and one touches which are reproduced almost exactly in the modern tale. It is, of course, impossible that the translator of Amiel's Journal and a woman of Mrs. Ward's wide reading should have failed to be intimately acquainted with such a story. Even such a noted personage as Horace Walpole, for years friend and correspondent of Madame du Deffand, plays almost the identical part assigned to Sir Wilfrid Berry in the story, sympathising with his old friend in her woful plight.

Eugene Wendell Harter.



Last month we transgressed the organic law of journalism that something must be said whether there is anything to say or not. The state of the American drama was such that it seemed desirable to drop the subject altogether, for otherwise we should have had to write with artificial thoughtfulness about Mr. Louis Mann in *The Consul*, or Mr. De Wolf Hopper in *Pickwick*, or clothes or stage effects, or other matters about which we did not think at all and trust nobody else did. That is where the natural man has a great advantage over critics. He may stop talking, if he likes, as soon as his thought ceases, whereas by the strange compulsion of the press they must keep straight on, not only when they prefer not to do so themselves, but when others prefer not to have them. It is a fancied obligation, arising from some sort of a social misunderstanding; and every one is the worse for it. For truthful comment on ordinary books and plays, give us the private monosyllable, the sigh of a personal friend, the look of the latest victim—anything, in fact, but the reluctant fluency of professionals. Not that this miserably didactic group of men are in any sense to blame for it. It should

not be forgotten that most dramatic criticism is written by persons who would rather be in bed. It is a thought that disposes one to charity. It is an inhuman system that requires a man to talk like an Act of Congress about every little thing that comes along. What is the moral of *The Frisky Mrs. Johnson*? Sometimes, like Troilus, he should be permitted to say: "I cannot fight upon this argument. It is too starved a subject for my sword." Little do we outsiders know of that awful scramble for edifying words on the eve of publication, or those barbarous contracts whereby critics, like hydraulic pumps, are constrained to continuous expression. They account, no doubt, for many things that puzzle us, for the amazing difference between what we see and what we read about, between the living and the writing man. Why this grim little set of duties? Surely one may take his private ease at the playhouse without bothering about teaching people what they ought to like or elevating anything. The tastes have no ambassadors, and the only use of criticism is in showing what manner of man the critic is. An attempt at conversion in this field is an impertinence. It was in the hope that we should

remain in some respects unlike that Nature made so many of us and put us up in separate packages. Yet for one man who expresses his own taste we have a hundred missionaries to other people's.

When we simple-minded heathen read the elaborate critical reviews of plays like *The Frisky Mrs. Johnson*, *Mice and Men*, *The Earl of Pawtucket* or *The Bishop's Move*, we begin to wonder if there is anything on the stage quite so artificial as this criticism. They are harmless little conventional plays, and every one who sees them knows he is pleasantly wasting his time. No one but a critic with a public duty to perform would dream of looking at them in that solemn way. They vanish upon analysis; they are built on patterns, and not on plots, and nobody either likes or dislikes them for the important reasons the critics give. On the other hand, there are a hundred small matters of vital importance to us which these guardians of public morals and tastes take no account of.

No man, unless he were thinking for publication, would give a moment's reflection to the moral effects of *The Frisky Mrs. Johnson*. He would probably shudder all the way through it, but it would not be a moral shudder. It would be a simple disgust with coarseness, and coarseness may be perfectly virtuous. This effect, of course, is not intended by the author. Mr. Fitch has in mind people of some social advantages, a fast but rather brilliant set in Paris. He has achieved the gentility of a second-rate hotel. The first act makes the most democratic observer feel like a snob, so piercing is its mere vulgarity. There may be people like that, but they are as uninteresting as advertisements. Mr. Fitch seems to have no nerves. Does he not know that strong men would quail before women of such aggressive charm? How would he feel himself if one of these delicate beings insisted on patting his head at a fashionable afternoon tea and leering at him? Yet that was only a minor feature of this astonishing first act—one mild result of his boisterous Anglo-Saxon determination to be French. Critics confound their repugnance for this kind of thing with moral indignation. It has no higher source than the dislike of celluloid cuffs and large paste diamonds. It is the characteristic of the so-called sinful

American play that the devil himself has lost all his devilish graces. Why bother our heads about the morals of an enchantress, in the presence of the cold, hard fact that she does not enchant?

It is one of the ironies of this world that we dislike people most for the qualities they cannot help, and if you were required honestly to select the nine persons whom you would most willingly see hanged, we venture to say that nine entirely blameless lives would be sacrificed. Thence comes it that the admirable objective reasons the critics give for approving or disapproving things on the stage are so unsatisfying. We are the most violent when there is no reason at all, but only a personal distinction. Abstract justice is beyond us, and we may as well frankly admit that we are biased on the subject of every play we have ever seen.

The rules will not hold. The artificiality of Captain Marshall's *The Unforeseen* annoys us, while that of *The Darling of the Gods* subtracts nothing from its charm. It is not the unreality of Captain Marshall's play that makes her so uninteresting. By not winning the fancy, she leaves the judgment free to find fault with her construction. We do not believe that the country of *The Darling of the Gods* is Japan or any other country, but this question does not arise till afterward. As a play, *The Bishop's Move* may be lacking in "theatric appeal," and by any known rule the question whether a bishop can save a boobey from a totally uninteresting duchess ought not to be particularly exciting, but the Bishop's lines and Mr. Thompson's acting offset all this. There is no formula for the Bishop's charm or for Mr. D'Orsay's as the impossibly blundering Englishman in *The Earl of Pawtucket*, nor any explanation of the lack of it in Miss Annie Russell's clever rendering of the ingenious young woman in *Mice and Men*. In all things below the range of genius it is foolish to talk in universal terms. Whim is a just enough god for the small matters of every day, and life has large areas of licensed anarchy where truth cannot reach as far as your next-door neighbour. Yet we approach these subjects with a gravity which has always been the angels' greatest joke—the sort of gravity that the Frenchman meant

when he called it "a mystery of the body invented to conceal the failings of the soul." We are forever laying down the law where there is no law, and setting up a model when it is the greatest of Heaven's mercies to allow all models to be departed from. We Americans are imaginative in business (where our heart is), but businesslike in our imagination. The aim of American playwrights is to be instantly comprehensible to every member of a miscellaneous crowd, and criticism, which ought to be merely a

matter of good-tempered self-revelation, seeks to establish a constitution and by-laws for the art of pleasing. That is why the unedited American is so much more delightful than his cautious brother with the pen, and why the best things that life has to offer are not yet either printed or staged. But taking it all in all, the critics do not come so near the stage as the stage comes to reality. We can recall several passages in American plays, but not one word of dramatic criticism.

F. M. Colby.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press:

A Story from the Philippines. By Katherine E. Driscoll.

A story told in a way to entertain the juvenile reader. The book is illustrated.

American Book Company:

Commercial German. By Arnold Kutner, High School of Commerce.

This book is adapted for use in commercial schools and in commercial courses of high schools, and is the first to introduce American students to a foreign language by means of its commercial vocabulary.

Selections from Latin Prose Authors for Sight Reading. By Susan Braley Franklin, Ph.D., and Ella Katherine Greene, A.B.

This little book contains material for students in the last year of a college preparatory course or in the Freshman year in college, and is designed to test and to increase by exercise their power to read Latin. Accordingly, passages have been chosen in which the difficulties of syntax, order and vocabulary are fairly typical.

Barnes's New Histories of the United States. Elementary History.

School History.

These standard and popular histories have been thoroughly modernised, both as to appearance and contents. They incorporate present-day views of history and methods of teaching. The larger book has been revised in every particular, and the smaller one entirely rewritten by Dr. James Baldwin.

Chateaubriand's *Les Aventures du Dernier Abencerage*. Edited by James D. Bruner, Ph.D.

This edition of the well-known work of one of the foremost French romanticists is prepared for rapid reading in the first year of the course. The notes explain all proper names, geographical, historical and legendary allusions, and give the equivalents of idiomatic expressions.

Botany All the Year Round. By E. F. Andrews.

This book is adapted for botanical work in the average high school, and requires no expensive equipment. It is based on observation, and in this respect meets the popular demand. The lessons are so arranged that each subject is taken up at just the time of year when the material for it is most abundant.

School Grammar. By W. M. Baskervill, late Professor of English in Vanderbilt University, and J. W. Sewell.

In the School Grammar the exercises are numerous and the illustrative sentences carefully chosen. The book is limited strictly to the essentials of grammar, and is therefore brief.

A Boy on a Farm. By Jacob Abbott. Edited by Clifton Johnson, with an introduction by Dr. Lyman Abbott.

Intended for third-grade supplementary reading, this latest addition to the well-known and widely used series of Eclectic School Readings presents two stories of Jacob Abbott in new and attractive form.

Century Company:

Lovey Mary. By Alice Hegan Rice.

To say that this little book is a sequel to *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* is quite sufficient to ensure for it a cordial

reception. The humour in it is even more original than in *Mrs. Wiggs*.

Crowell and Company:

From a Thatched Cottage. By Eleanor G. Hayden.

A novel of English middle-class life, in which a tragedy occurs in the early part of the story. The influence of this tragedy is felt unto the third generation, and the innocents are made to suffer. However, the publishers call Miss Hayden a humourist, so the book is not morbid reading.

Down the Orinoco in a Canoe. By Señor Pérez Triana.

The author, who is the son of an ex-president of Colombia, describes a region seldom visited by civilised men, that of the Andine Plateau of Bogota and the Orinoco River. The book was written because of "the usual biennial revolution, so dear to the South American's heart, which placed the señor's enemies in power and made it necessary for him to leave the country with all speed."

A Midsummer Night's Dreame. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

The appearance of this little volume is the first of an entire set of Shakespeare's works to be known as the "First Folio Edition." This edition goes back to and reproduces the First Folio text of 1623, the one which gives Shakespeare in the original spelling and punctuation.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Life of James Madison. By Gaillard Hunt.

Mr. Hunt's volume on President Madison is the first of a series of books which will give the history of the United States through the lives of its great men. When put in chronological order the volumes will form a consecutive history of the country.

The Woman Who Toils. By Mrs. John Van Vorst and Marie Van Vorst.

A book which has received much advance advertising on account of the "prefatory letter" written by Theodore Roosevelt after having read Chapter III, when published serially. The book tells of the experiences of two ladies, both more or less well known as writers, who became factory girls for the time being, and who write of the working woman with a clear understanding. *The Woman Who Toils* will attract the attention of thoughtful readers. A review of the book appears elsewhere in this number.

Journeys End. By Justus Miles Forman.

A new novel by the author of *A Garden of Lies*. It is a "trick" so to speak, with an ending that will be a puzzle to every one who reads the book. Karl J. Anderson has made the illustrations.

Principles of Home Decoration. With Practical Examples. By Candace Wheeler.

Mrs. Wheeler writes of home decoration from the artistic point of view, and she gives much valuable information to persons who care to follow her suggestions in this matter.

Hand in Hand. Verses by a Mother and Daughter.

A small volume of poems which appears anonymously, and which is published in London and New York.

Before the Dawn. By Joseph A. Altsheler.

Mr. Altsheler's latest novel, which, like his others, deals with the Civil War. An advance notice of this book appeared in *THE BOOKMAN* for February.

Dutton and Company:

Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft. By George Gissing.

At the time of Henry Ryecroft's death about a year ago it fell to the lot of George Gissing to examine his papers. As a result of this, Mr. Gissing has collected four essays, to which he has added, in a preface, considerable information about Mr. Ryecroft.

Funk and Wagnalls:

The Socialist and the Prince. By Mrs. Fremont Older.

A new novel by a new writer. The scenes and actions of the story are in the days of the anti-Chinese labour agitation in California. It is an unusually promising first book. A portrait of Mrs. Older appears in the *Chronicle and Comment* of this number.

Grafton Press:

Fate and I, and Other Poems. By Gerda Dalliba.

A small book of poems, dedicated to Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Some By-Ways of California. By Charles Franklin Carter.

Some of the by-ways referred to are Pala, the Mojave Desert, the home of Ramona, Lompoc and Purisima, Jolon, San Juan Bautista and Pescadero.

The Oceanides. By Percy W. Shedd.

A volume of many poems, some of which are original and some of which are translations.

Much-Married Saints and Some Sinners. By Grace Talbot.

A number of short sketches from life among the Mormons and Gentiles in Utah. The first bears the unique title, "Story of a Five-Wived Saint."

Harper:

The Pride of Tellfair. By Elmore Elliott Peake.

The Pride of Tellfair is a story of

Northern Illinois, in which love, law, politics and the gossip of a country town form the framework. Mr. Peake's character study of his hero's stenographer is the best thing in the book.

The New Boy at Dale. By Charles Edward Rich.

A book for boys and girls, in which the author tells about a boy who was stolen from home when very young, his escape from his captor, his life in a circus, and the many exciting adventures of his school days. Florence Scovel Shinn has illustrated the book.

The Mystery of Sleep. By John Bigelow.

The first edition of this book appeared in 1896. The present edition has been rewritten and much enlarged. Mr. Bigelow's argument is that sleep is not merely a restoration of wasted physical energies, but a period in which man's nobler self is made receptive for the flow of divine life into the spirit.

Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Mrs. Ward's new novel, which has been running serially in *Harper's Magazine*. After glancing at the title and the name of the author, it is perhaps superfluous to add that the story is an English one. Its theme is the insane jealousy of a very old lady for her young companion, who supplants her in the hearts and in the minds of friends who have frequented Lady Henry's salon for a number of years. Some comment on this book appears in the Chronicle of this number.

In the Garden of Charity. By Basil King.

This is an entirely different type of story from *Let No Man Put Asunder*. It is a love story of the Nova Scotian coast, in which Charity Pennland, the daughter of a sea captain, is the heroine.

Six Trees. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.

A collection of short sketches in which Mrs. Wilkins Freeman, as she now calls herself, blends the associations of the New England trees with the life of the people depicted.

Putnam Place. By Grace Lathrop Collin.

The story of a neighbourhood called "Putnam Place," where everybody knows everybody else, and where the small happenings of every-day life are of tremendous importance to the dwellers therein.

Holt and Company:

Money and Banking. By William A. Scott, Ph.D.

Professor Scott calls his book an introduction to the study of modern currencies. "The present book," he says, "is the outcome of ten years' experience in teaching large classes in the Uni-

versity of Wisconsin, and is presented to the public in the hope that students in other institutions as well as the average citizen who wishes to understand this subject may find it useful."

Tioba. By Arthur Colton.

A collection of short stories by the author of *The Delectable Mountain*. "Tioba" is the story of a mountain and of a man who "didn't act the way he ought." There are ten other tales in the volume.

Lord Leonard the Luckless. By W. E. Norris.

In this novel, Mr. W. E. Norris has written a story after the manner of his first books, *Matrimony* and *No New Thing*. It is a story of English life with some tragic episodes and some humorous ones.

In Piccadilly. By Benjamin Swift.

A satire of London society, written in quite a different vein from *The Game of Love* and *The Tormentor*. The book cannot be recommended to the young or to the unsophisticated.

The Great Siberian Railway from St. Petersburg to Peking. By Michael Myers Shoemaker.

Mr. Shoemaker gives a description of his journey last spring from Petersburg to Peking, with a detour to Korea. He has not attempted to write of politics or prisons, but has restricted his work to a description of the railway and the country through which it passes.

Knickerbocker Press:

The Gates of Silence with Interludes of Song. By Robert Loveman.

A book of verse by one of the contributors to the magazines. Mr. Loveman also published a book of poems in 1896 and another in 1900.

Lane:

Truth. (Vérité.) By Émile Zola. Translated by Ernest A. Vizetelly.

The third of the group of novels called "The Four Evangelists" to which *Labour* and *Fruitfulness* belong. The plot is virtually a resetting of the Dreyfus case. A review of this book will be found in a forthcoming number of THE BOOKMAN.

The Light Behind. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward.

A new novel by the author of *One Poor Scruple*, in which Catholicism plays an important part.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Making of Our Middle Schools. By Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Ph.D.

An account of the development of secondary education in the United States by the Professor of Theory and Practice

of Education in the University of California.

By the Ramparts of Jezreel. By Arnold Davenport.

The story opens in the city of Samaria, and it deals almost entirely with Biblical characters.

The Theory and Practice of the English Government. By Thomas Francis Moran, Ph.D.

The author is professor of History and Economics in Purdue University, and the purpose of the book is to place before American readers a concise account of the theory and practice of the English government.

Karl of Erbash. A Tale of Lichenstein and Solgau. By H. C. Bailey.

Longman's Magazine published this story under the title "Prince Karl," but the title had to be changed because of Mr. Archibald Claverling Gunter's play of the same name.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

The Chameleon. By James Weber Linn.

A novel of every-day life, in which the author makes a study of the character of a man who acts the hypocrite and the liar in order to make himself appear of greater importance. Mr. Linn is also the author of *The Second Generation*. The present book is not by any means an ordinary novel, and for further notice of it, see the review published elsewhere in this number.

Lees and Leaven. By Edward W. Townsend.

This is a New York story of to-day, by the creator of *Chimmie Fadden*. Newspaper circles, Wall Street, the Rialto, and the tenements form the background.

The Squireen. By Shan F. Bullock.

A novel of the North of Ireland, in which an exceedingly headstrong herd dominates everything.

Youth. By Joseph Conrad.

A volume of three adventurous tales, the other two of which are entitled "Heart of Darkness" and "The End of the Tether." One English critic has gone so far as to say that *Youth* is "sufficient to place the author with the foremost writers of fiction in any language."

True Love. By Fdith Wyatt.

The author describes this book as a comedy of the affections. It is a light, readable story about people of to-day.

The Posy Ring. A Book of Verse for Children. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith.

The verses in this volume have been chosen and classified with great care by

the editors, under the following headings: "A Year's Windfalls," "The Child's World," "Hiawatha's Chickens," "The Flower Folk," "Hiawatha's Brothers," "Other Little Children," "Play-Time," "Story-Time," "Bed-Time," "For Sunday's Child," "Bells of Christmas." This is a companion volume to *Golden Numbers*.

The Prayers of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

W. A. Bradley has edited this little volume, and William Jordan has done the decorative work. A portrait of Dr. Johnson by Sir Joshua Reynolds is used as a frontispiece.

Anna of the Five Towns. By Arnold Bennett.

Mr. Bennett has written a novel of considerable power, and one which has already been likened to *The House with the Green Shutters*. Anna is the daughter of a miser, prominent in a Methodist Church, and the five towns are situated in the pottery districts of England.

Macmillan:

A Woman's Hardy Garden. By Helena Rutherford Ely.

Another book on gardens. The illustrations are from photographs taken in the author's garden by Professor C. F. Chandler. "This little book," explains the preface, "is only meant to tell briefly of a few shrubs, hardy perennials, biennials, and annuals of simple culture."

Happiness. By Carl Hilty.

A collection of essays on the meaning of life, translated by Francis Greenwood Peabody, Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University, Cambridge. Carl Hilty was born at Chur, Switzerland, and since 1874 he has been Professor of Constitutional Law in the University of Berne. The essays should prove healthy and helpful reading.

The Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. The Paris Sketch Book. Edited by Walter Jerrold, with illustrations by Charles E. Brock.

A new volume in the Dent edition of Thackeray. A portrait of Thackeray taken from a bust by N. N. Burnard is used as a frontispiece.

The Story of Siena and San Gimignano. By Edmund G. Gardner.

An imported volume, illustrated by Helen M. James, and with many reproductions from the works of painters and sculptors. The book is intended to "provide a popular history of the great Republic of Siena, in such a form that it can also serve as a guide-book to that most fascinating of Tuscan cities and its neighbourhood."

A Few of Hamilton's Letters. Selected by Gertrude Atherton.

In an introduction, Mrs. Atherton says "that this selection has been made with a view to throw as much light as possible on the *man*. They reveal him in many of his moods, and although they have not, in every case, the high literary quality peculiar to his great reports and pamphlets, a few, the letter to Laurens, describing the capture and death of André, for instance, could hardly be improved upon." The description of the great West Indian hurricane of 1772 will be found among the letters.

The Grey Wig. By I. Zangwill.

A collection of short stories which have not before been published. In addition to the story which gives the title to the volume, there are "Chassé Croisé," "The Woman Beater," "The Eternal Feminine," "The Big Bow Mystery," and "Merely Mary Ann." The name of Israel Zangwill as a story writer is closely associated with the Ghetto of London.

Laws of Ancient Rome. By Thomas Babington Macaulay.

One of the small imported books which the Macmillans bring out from time to time. The first edition of this work was published in 1842.

From the Unvarying Star. By Elsworth Lawson.

The scene of this novel is laid in Yorkshire, where the author lives. The hero is a young minister whose sister has committed a social fault. He keeps his sister's secret, and he is slandered in consequence.

Ostermoor and Company:

The Witchery of Sleep. Compiled by Wilfrid Moyer.

The compiler begins with the allegorical and mythological literature on the subject of sleep, and he conducts the reader through the realms of sleep from the earliest times to the present day. In addition to this, the book contains a symposium of sleep by such persons as Chauncey M. Depew, Thomas A. Edison, Edward Everett Hale, Nat C. Goodwin, Dr. Cyrus Edson, and Wu Ting Fang.

Pott and Company:

Robert Louis Stevenson.

This volume belongs to the series of Bookman Biographies which are being brought out by Messrs. Pott and Company. The book contains over forty illustrations. Other writers who have formed the subject of these illustrated monographs are Carlyle, Dickens, and Tolstoy.

Putnam's Sons:

Experiments on Animals. By Stephen

Paget. With an Introduction by Lord Lister. New and Revised Edition.

The preface tells us that for twelve years it was the author's business, as Secretary to the Association for the Advancement of Medicine by Research, to know something about experiments on animals, and to follow the working of the Act of 1876. Believing that an account of these experiments, and of the conditions imposed upon them by the Act, might serve a useful purpose, he proposed to the Council that he should write a book on the subject, which should be prepared for general reading. This proposition was accepted.

The American Republic and Its Government. By James Albert Woodburn.

An analysis of the government of the United States with a consideration of its fundamental principles and of its relations to the States and Territories, by the Professor of American History and Politics in the Indiana University. "It is the purpose of this book," writes the author, "to attempt an addition to the works designed for the encouragement of the study of American politics. This volume has to do with the original principles of the Republic as announced by the Fathers in the struggle for Independence, and with the principal institutions and organs of government created by the Constitution."

Augustus Cæsar and the Organisation of the Empire of Rome. By John B. Firth, B.A.

A new volume in the series "The Heroes of the Nations." The author has attempted to give a clear account of what Augustus achieved in the establishment of the Roman Empire, and at the same time to reveal the man, in so far as he reveals himself by his actions.

Rand, McNally and Company:

Hand-Loom Weaving. By Mattie Phipps Todd.

This is a manual for school and home, and Alice W. Cooley has written the introduction.

The Sunbonnet Babies' Primer. By Eulalie Osgood Grover.

An attractive book for the little ones, with coloured pictures, and music by W. H. Neidlinger, composer of music for kindergartens.

Eskimo Stories. By Mary E. Smith.

The story of Eskimo life as it is actually lived in the far North is given in this volume for children in the primary grades. The book is profusely illustrated by Howard V. Brown.

A Child's Garden of Verse. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

This is the first time, we understand, that Stevenson's verses have been published in this form, that is, as a supple-

mentary reader for the primary grades. There are sixty-one illustrations in the book, by Miss Mars and Miss Squire.

Russell:

Abenike Caldwell. A Burlesque Historical Novel. By Carolyn Wells.

Many readers will find amusement in Miss Wells's humorous burlesque, and they will doubtless find it a pleasant antidote to the modern historical novel. The book is illustrated with a series of old wood-cuts printed from the original blocks.

Lives of the Haunted. By Oscar H. Von Gottschalck.

A collection of pictures in colour, accompanied by amusing rhymes.

A Century of Sonnets. By S. B. Herrick.

Among the poets represented in this collection of sonnets are Wordsworth, Dante, Spenser, Shakespeare, the Brownings, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Petrarch, Burns, Byron, Holmes, Longfellow, Keats, and many others. The book is bound in white and gold.

Emblemland. By John Kendrick Bangs and Charles Raymond Macauley.

An illustrated book written in a humorous vein, and intended primarily for the young reader.

Scribner's Sons:

The Meaning of Pictures. By John C. Van Dyke.

Six lectures which were given for Columbia University at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The author has dedicated them to William Crary Brownell. The book contains many illustrations. The six subjects are: "Truth in Painting," "Individuality, or the Personal Element," "Imagination of the Artist," "Pictorial Poetry," "The Decorative Quality," and "Subject in Painting."

Calvert of Strathore. By Carter Goodloe.

A romantic novel of the France of 1789. It is an attractively bound book of nearly four hundred pages, with a frontispiece in colour, done by Howard Chandler Christy.

The Turquoise Cup. By Arthur Cosslett Smith.

This is a companion volume to *The Monk and the Dancer*, by the same author, and it contains two stories, "The Turquoise Cup" and "The Desert." Mr. Smith's stories are somewhat out of the ordinary.

The Better Sort. By Henry James.

Under this title Mr. James has collected together eleven short stories, among them being "Broken Wings," "The Beldonald Holbein," "The Two Faces," "The Story In It," "The Beast in the Jungle," "The Birthplace," and "The Papers."

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Literary Pilgrimages in New England. By Edwin M. Bacon.

A most interesting book about the homes of famous makers of American literature. The author has made pilgrimages to their haunts and the scenes of their writings, and he has accompanied his text with a large number of photographs and other illustrations. A map showing the route pursued is used as a frontispiece.

Stokes Company:

Letters of an Actress.

Books of this character generally appear anonymously, therefore this one is no exception to the general rule. At the request of the author, it is stated by one of her friends that she is an actress, that the people mentioned in the "letters" do exist, and that the events have actually taken place.

The Star Dreamer. By Agnes and Egerton Castle.

It seems a long time since *The Secret Orchard* appeared, and the persons who found that a charming story will not be disappointed in *The Star Dreamer*, which has already been pronounced the best novel that the Castles have written. A review of this book will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Studio Library:

Representative Art of Our Time. Parts II. and III.

These portfolios contain original etchings and lithographs, also reproductions of oil and water-colour paintings and pastels. Part II. contains an introduction by Joseph Pennell on "The Modern Aspect of Artistic Lithography," and Part III. an introduction by Percy Bates on "The Future Development of Oil Painting."

Wessels Company:

Barbizon Days. By Charles Sprague Smith.

The author does not consider these sketches art criticism, although he hopes that they will make clearer the relation between nature and art. The book is beautifully illustrated, and it is divided into five parts: "The Forest of Fontainebleau," "Millet," "Corot," "Rousseau," "Barye."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Ferris and Leach:

The Doubhobors. By Joseph Elkington.

An illustrated book about the Russian Quakers, their history in Russia, their migration to Canada. The publishers announce that all the proceeds from its sale will go toward the education of the Doubhobors.

Sally Wister's Journal. A True Narrative. Being a Quaker Maiden's Account of her Experiences with Officers of the Continental Army—1777—1778. Edited by Albert Cook Myers.

Sally Wister, according to the publishers, began to keep this journal in September, 1777, intended for her friend Deborah Norris, who, in later years, as the wife of Dr. George Logan, was celebrated as one of the most beautiful and highly cultured social leaders of the then capital city of Philadelphia. This journal was continued at intervals, as matters of interest occurred, until the following June, when the British evacuated Philadelphia and the Wisters returned to their own home.

Holman and Company:

Explorations in Bible Lands During the 19th Century. By H. V. Hilprecht.

The editor explains in the preface that this book is intended to fill a serious gap in our modern literature by presenting in a systematic but popular form a fascinating subject, equal in importance to the Bible student, historian, archæologist, and philologist. The volume contains nearly two hundred illustrations and four maps.

Lippincott Company:

A Tar-Heel Baron. By Mabell Shippie Clarke Pelton.

A novel of North Carolina, in which the strange figure of the Baron is conspicuous. The illustrations by Edward Stratton Holloway are drawn from scenes in the Baron's neighbourhood.

Research Publishing Company:

The Light of China. The Tào King of Láo Tsze: 604-504, B.C. By I. W. Heysinger, M.A., M.D.

According to the title page, this book is "an accurate metrical rendering, translated directly from the Chinese text, and critically compared with the standard translations, the ancient and modern Chinese commentaries, and all accessible authorities."

BOSTON, MASS.

Clark Publishing Company:

On Satan's Mount. By Dwight Tilton.

A sensational novel which is commented upon in the Chronicle of the present number.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

A Daughter of the Pit. By Margaret Doyle Jackson.

This is Mrs. Jackson's first novel, and it deals with the people of the coal mines, which sounds very much as though she had made herself familiar with Zola's

Germinal. The publishers say that the memory of long daily journeys to and from school, the picturesqueness of the colliers trooping home of an evening with their bright, sharp picks glancing under the lamplight, inspired Mrs. Jackson to write this book. A portrait of Mrs. Jackson appears in the Chronicle and Comment of the current number.

American Diplomacy in the Orient. By John W. Foster.

In this volume the author shows the part which the United States has taken, and the position it now occupies in respect to the political, commercial, and race questions in the Orient. Mr. Foster's earlier book, *A Century of American Diplomacy*, is now in its seventh edition.

Mutual Book Company:

Mrs. McPiggs of the Very Old Scratch. A Half-Grown Novel by Frank C. Voorhies.

A parody on Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, which perhaps may be considered amusing by some persons. Mr. Voorhies is also the author of *Love Letters of an Irishwoman* and *Reflections of Bridget McNulty*.

AUSTIN, TEXAS.

The Texas State Historical Association:

The Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association. Volume V.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Friedenwald Company:

Optimism and Pessimism in the Old and New Testaments. By Adolf Gutmacher, Ph.D.

The author admits in his preface that the subject of his investigation is too broad and too complex to receive exhaustive treatment within the pages of one volume. The many problems involved in the investigation have been discussed in an impartial philosophical spirit, uninfluenced by theological bias.

Jewish Ceremonial Institutions and Customs. By William Rosenau, Ph.D.

This volume is based upon lectures which the author delivered before the Oriental Seminary of the Johns Hopkins University in the winter of 1901.

BETHLEHEM, PA.

With the Lepers in Surinam.

A copy of this pamphlet has been sent to THE BOOKMAN, with the announcement that it will be sent to any one addressing the Reverend Henry T. Weiss, 12 Church Street, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Seymour:

Twelve Songs by Maurice Maeterlinck. With Illustrations by Charles Doudelet. Translated from the French by Martin Schutze.

In a Foreword, we are told that "the twelve poems that are reproduced in this volume are the echoes of the struggles that have come to a splendid ending in the 'Treasure,' to which he has given voice out of the fulness of his new knowledge." The book is artistic in appearance, and will be welcomed by the admirers of Maeterlinck's work.

The Song of Demeter and Persephone. In Homeric Hymn. Walter Pater's Translation.

. A tiny book, bound in black and gold, which bears the imprint of Ralph Fletcher Seymour.

Paulo and Francesca. A Translation by Leigh Hunt. From Canto V, the Inferno of Dante Alighieri in the Triple Rhyme of the Original. With the Italian from the edition of G. Barbera and a literal translation newly made for this edition by Katherine Reed. Together with a Commentary from the Writings of Leigh Hunt.

An elaborate edition of this poem, which the publisher dedicates to Otis Skinner.

The Art of the People. By William Morris.

An address which William Morris delivered before the Birmingham Society of Arts, February 19, 1879. This edition is the first book in which is used the type designed by and cast for Mr. Seymour.

CLINTON, N. Y.

Cedarine Allen Company:

Uncle George's Letters to the Garcia Club. By George H. Allen.

The Garcia Club is composed of twenty American boys, and it is the publisher of *The Garcia Monthly Magazine*, to which "Uncle George's Letters" were written. The letters are concerned principally with Uncle George's trip to the Philippines.

LONDON.

Dent and Company:

Written in Florence. By Hugh McCulloch.

The last verses of Mr. McCulloch, the author of *The Quest of Heracles*. The volume contains a portrait of the author, taken from a painting by Stephen Hills Parker.

NOTRE DAME, IND.

The Ave Maria:

A Royal Son and Mother. By Baroness Pauline Von Hugel.

This small volume is the biography of

Prince Demetrius Gallitzin, the "pioneer priest of the Alleghenies," and is republished from the pages of the *Ave Maria*.

RINGOS, N. J.

Fonic Publishing House:

Hwot is the Sol? Haz the Dog a Sol? By C. W. Larisun, M.D.

We notice that the catalogue in which these publishers advertise their books is printed in sane English.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Herder:

The Discoveries of the Norsemen in America. With Special Relation to Their Early Cartographical Representation. By Joseph Fischer, S. J.

The author of this book is Professor of Geography at the Jesuit College, Feldkirch, Austria, and the translator, Basil H. Soulsby, B.A., is Superintendent of the Map Room in the British Museum. The frontispiece gives in facsimile the title page of the Wolfegg Ptolemy Manuscript. There are also other illustrations in the book, of interest to persons familiar with cartography.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Robertson:

The Humpback, The Cripple, and The One-Eyed Man. By Lionel Josaphare.

This rather remarkable title describes a paper-covered book containing a collection of poems on the "State of Labour." It is a relief to note that "poetry can contemplate physical misery and lose none of its own elemental grandeur, if it is true and intrinsically divine." This valuable information is imparted by the author in his preface.

STAUNTON, VA.

Schultz:

The Gay Gordons. Ballads of an Ancient Scottish Clan. Edited with Introduction by Armisted C. Gordon.

This small book of verse is limited to two hundred and fifty copies.

WASHINGTON.

Government Printing Office:

Tsimshian Texts. By Franz Boas.

This is Bulletin 27 in the Publications of the Bureau of American Ethnology, of which J. W. Powell is the Director.

Neale Publishing Company:

Under the Darkness of the Night. By Ellen Chazal Chapeau.

An historical romance, the scenes of which are laid in the northwestern part of the West Indian Island.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between February and March, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Intrusions of Peggy. Hope. (Harper.) \$1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Luncheons. Ronald. (Century Co.) \$1.40 net.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$2.00.
4. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Master of Appleby. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
3. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$2.00.
4. The Reflections of Ambrosine. Glyn. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$2.00.
2. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Love Lyrics. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.25.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) \$1.75 net.
2. Social Unrest. Brooks. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 net.
3. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Americans in Process. Woods. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50 net.
5. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.25.
4. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. Castle Cranecrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) \$1.50.
6. Journeys End. Forman. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.25.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Right Princess. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.08.
2. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.08.
3. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.08.
4. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.08.
5. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.08.
6. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.08.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Right Princess. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Up From Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50 net.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Last Word. Macgowan. (Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Master of Appleby. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Pride of Tellfair. Peake. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Master of Appleby. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. A Speckled Bird. Wilson. (Dillingham.) \$1.50.
4. Bayou Triste. Nicholls. (Barnes.) \$1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$2.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. A Virginia Girl in the Civil War. Avary. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
5. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$2.00.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Reflections of Ambrosine. Glyn. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Pride of Tellfair. Peake. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Pinturicchio. Ricci. (Lippincott.) \$20.00.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Master of Warlock. Eggleston. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
4. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. For a Maiden Brave. Hotchkiss. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Confessions of a Wife. Adams. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Oregon Literature. Hornes. (Gill.) \$1.00 net.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Journeys End. Forman. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Six Trees. Wilkins-Freeman. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. Calvert of Strathore. Goodloe. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. For a Maiden Brave. Hotchkiss. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$2.00.
6. The Turquoise Cup. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Right Princess. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Founder of Mormonism. Riley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50 net.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Seedy Gentleman. Robertson. (Robertson.) \$1.50 net.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Morang.) \$1.50.
2. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (McLeod & Allen.) \$2.00.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Briggs.) 75 cents.
4. The Blazed Trail. White. (Morang.) \$1.50.
5. The Confessions of a Wife. Adams. (Copp-Clark Co.) \$1.25.
6. Moth and Rust. Cholmondeley. (Morang Co.) \$1.50.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) \$1.25.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
5. Donna Diana. Bagot. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Journeys End. Forman. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

5. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.00.
6. Nonsense Anthology. Wells. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

						POINTS
A book standing 1st on any list receives	1st	"	"	"	"	10
" " 2d	2d	"	"	"	"	8
" " 3d	3d	"	"	"	"	7
" " 4th	4th	"	"	"	"	6
" " 5th	5th	"	"	"	"	5
" " 6th	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.....	259	
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50	120	
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.....	115	
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.....	107	
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.....	37	
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50	34	



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THE BOOKMAN

MAY NUMBER

THE SHERRODS

by

George Barr McCutcheon

Author of

"GRAUSTARK"

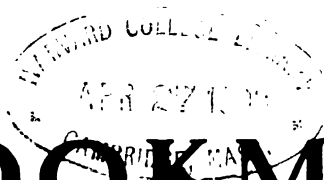
BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER

P. R I C E 2 5 C E N T S

SAPOLIO

*Saves time
in the kitchen*





MAY, 1903.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN should be addressed to "The Editors of THE BOOKMAN." Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.

With this number of THE BOOKMAN we begin the publication of a six-part serial from the pen of Mr. George Barr McCutcheon. In *The Sherrods* Mr. McCutcheon has broken away entirely from the manner of *Graustark* and *Castle Cranecrow*, with excellent results. We are not going to say just how good *The Sherrods* is; we shall leave that to our readers.

In addition to the regular features which have marked THE BOOKMAN since its beginning and to those which have been added from time to time, we are now presenting each month a short story or the instalment of a two- or three-part serial. Limiting ourselves to one story to a number, it is our aim to have each a real story—and the best that can be had. The story for the May BOOKMAN is "Their Quest," and is by Brand Whitlock, the author of *The Thirteenth District*, a novel which has been ranked with Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread*. "Their Quest" is the story of the Bertrands, a married couple of Columbus, Ohio, representative types of the Middle West, who go to a summer resort in Maine to spend the hot months of the year, and incidentally to search ardently for a certain person who, when found, proves very vague and unsatisfactory. The husband, loyal to his own Ohio, keeps his watch going according to Central time, and in this and numerous similar little touches the author has brought into humorous contrast the conservatism of the East and the defiant, though somewhat uneasy, radicalism of the Middle West. "The Shadow and the Flash,"

which is to appear in the next issue, is from the pen of Jack London, the well-known writer of tales of Alaska and the Klondike. This, however, is not a story of the Arctic zone, but a tale of scientific horror, with the scene laid in the United States at the present time.



GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON. AUTHOR OF "THE SHERRODS."

The late Gaston Paris, the subject of an article elsewhere in this number, was born at Avenay (Marne), August 9th, 1839. In 1856 he went from the Collège Rollin in Paris to the University of Göttingen, and in 1857 he studied under Friedrich Diez at Bonn. The great Goethe had encouraged Diez to enter upon the career that made him the illustrious founder of Romance philology. At the centenary celebration of the birth of Diez, held at Paris in 1893, Gaston Paris told how in his eighteenth year he dwelt nine months in Bonn—months filled with pleasant

Gaston Paris.

memories. "Of him" (Diez), said Paris, "I shall always keep a precious and sweet remembrance, made up of veneration, of smiles and tenderness. The veneration is due to what was brought forth by that man, so modest and so naturally retiring; the smiles come involuntarily to my lips when I see him again with his timidity, all the greater for his extreme near-sightedness, with his green cap with the long visor, his embarrassed manners, the constraint with which he owned (and proved) that he spoke only after a fashion these Romance tongues which he knew so well; but the smiles soon give way to tender emotion when I look back



THE LATE GASTON PARIS.

upon his extreme good will toward the unknown schoolboy who had come to him one fine day from Paris, and on the kindness that lighted up his face when his weak eyes had recognised me at last in the dim light of his quiet study; when I think once more of the walks that he let me take beside him, answering in French, despite the effort he had to make, my questions, often hasty; and when I consider how he encouraged my first endeavours." From 1858 to 1861 Gaston Paris studied at the *École des Chartes* (a kind of Record Training Office), where he got his diploma as an *archiviste-paléographe*, his thesis being a study of the function of Latin accent in the growth of the French tongue. In 1869 he became an instructor in the newly founded *École Pratique des Hautes Études*. In 1872 he won with his *Life of St. Alexis* the



ALEXANDRE JEAN ALBERT LAVIGNAC, DOYEN OF
THE FRENCH CONSERVATOIRE.



The late M. Legouvé, the famous French novelist and dramatist, was born in 1807, and saw the Allies in Paris after Waterloo. His first work was published so long ago as 1827. In 1833 he published *Max*, a novel; in 1834, "The Old Men," a poem; and in 1840, *Edith de Falsen*, another novel. His chief dramatic triumph was *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, which was written for Rachel in 1849, and in collaboration with Scribe. *La Bataille de Dames* and *Les Contes de la Reine de Navarre* followed in 1851, and the number of his other works is legion. He was the Dean of the French Academy.

Prix Gobert, and in 1872 he and Paul Meyer started the *Romania*. In 1876 he became a member of the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*, and in 1896 he was elected to the *Académie Française*, a year after he had become Director of the *Collège de France*, where he had been chosen to fill the chair left vacant by the death of his distinguished father in 1872. About the 1st of March, 1903, he and Madame Paris went to Cannes; and friends were more hopeful then than they had been for months, but he died there on the 6th of March.

■

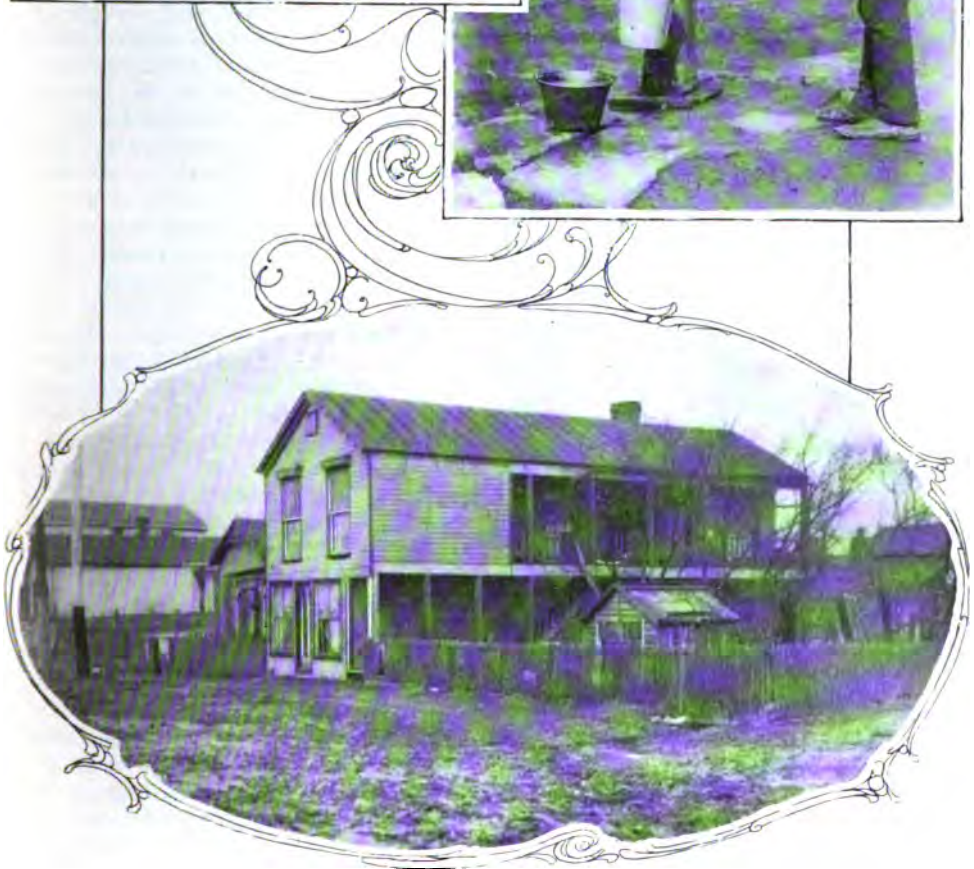
If, with the present issue of THE BOOKMAN, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* is to be found among the "Six Best Selling Books" it will be for the thirteenth consecutive time, and there will be reason to believe that by the time the July number appears the book will have established a new record, supplanting the one of fourteen consecutive months held by Mr. Major's *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. And, moreover, long before *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* shall have ceased to be among the best selling books, its sequel, *Lovey Mary*, will undoubt-



I. HOME OF ALICE HEGAN RICE, 410 VICTORIA PLACE, LOUISVILLE. HERE "LOVEY MARY" WAS WRITTEN.

II. THE REAL MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH.

III. THE CABBAGE PATCH.



- I. GIRLHOOD HOME OF ALICE HEGAN RICE, 1705 FOURTH AVENUE, LOUISVILLE. HERE "MRS. WIGGS" WAS WRITTEN.
- II. THE CABBAGE PATCH PUMP. "TRULY, THE WORKS OF MAN ARE WONDERFUL."
- III. MRS. WIGGS'S HOME. "THE HOUSE WITH THE TWO FRONT DOORS."

edly be in the full swing of success, so that it would not surprise us in the least if the name of Miss Hegan, or Mrs. Rice, if you will, in connection with these two books, should continue to appear in our list until well into 1904. The success of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* is one of the few successes of recent years which we have not, in a measure, begrudged. Not that in any way it is an

should greet warmly from her a story about a personally conducted tour of incompletely developed Americans, either at home or abroad, for instance, believing that she would write with freshness and quaintness of the tea-pot tempests, the petty squabbles and the amusing and harmless, but thoroughly exasperating, *gaucheries* that mark such a tour.

✱

If you read *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* and liked it—you probably did—you will read *Lovey Mary* and like that too, no more and no less. Neither book is likely to go thundering very far down the corridors of time, but in each there are half an hour of pleasant reading, and several laughs that are not at all forced. Ten years from now, as a reading people, we probably shall not be entirely satisfied with the *Lovey Marys* and the *Mrs. Wiggses*, which are really nothing but very excellent types of stories for Sunday-school children of tender years, with a dash of humour which has proved attractive to people of more mature age; but very much less shall we be satisfied with such books as _____ and _____ and _____ and _____; there are so many of these "great sellers" that selection is embarrassing, and we shall leave that to the reader. Whatever they may not be, Mrs. Wiggs and Lovey Mary are genuine. The latter lady is so from the beginning, when we meet her as a very small girl, discontented and rather miserable, in a children's home near Louisville and the Cabbage Patch. Into the home comes Tommy, aged one, the child of Kate Rider, a former inmate of the home, who, since her departure, has fallen upon evil ways. Installed as a sort of foster-mother to the child, Lovey Mary finds her former dislike for the mother intensified in her devotion to Tommy; and when, two years later, Kate Rider comes to the home to reclaim him, Mary and Tommy go away early the next morning and begin the brief wanderings which lead them to the shelter and warm-hearted hospitality of the Cabbage Patch. Mrs. Wiggs is much the same as before, and Billy and Asia and Europeana and Australia have in no way been altered by the prosperity which overtook them at the end of the earlier story. So Mary and



MISS M. IMLAY TAYLOR. AUTHOR OF "THE REBELLION OF THE PRINCESS."

extraordinary book. It is very slight—intentionally so—but it is original and very genuine, and it is written with real humour. We liked it and we like *Lovey Mary*, and we sincerely hope that Mrs. Rice will be content with these two so far as the Cabbage Patch is concerned. We hope that she is going to turn her attention to other fields, and

Tommy take up their abode in the Patch, and find it to their liking. Miss Hazy, tempted by the alluring and mysterious prospectus of a matrimonial agency, and urged by Mrs. Wiggs, marries a husband, who does not prove a success. So the Cabbage Patch take the unsatisfactory Mr. Stubbins one night when he is sleeping off a debauch and throw him into a freight car that is going so far out West that there is little or no chance of his return. And a few chapters farther on, after sundry adventures, the book comes to an end and we take leave of Mary and Tommy and the Cabbage Patch with the old, old assurance that they all lived happy ever after.

✱

M. Imlay Taylor is a name that has given reviewers a good deal of trouble. It is so completely genderless that writers have referred to it impartially as "he" or "she." For the sake of those who are still floundering let it be recorded here that it belongs to a woman, but one, however, who chooses a most masculine field for her story-telling. Miss M. Imlay Taylor's novels have so far been historical romances, two of them based upon Russian political upheavals, and her latest, *The Rebellion of the Princess*, deals with the court at Moscow during the revolt of the Streltsi, or National Guard, at the selection of Peter the Great. Miss Taylor is a Washington woman, with a most distinguished ancestry. She is descended from the Imlays—Scotch-Irish settlers, who came early to New Jersey and founded a town named after them, Imlaystown. Her great-grandfather was one of the founders of the New York Chamber of Commerce, a member of the famous Committee of Safety, and Commissioner of Loans for the State of Connecticut under Washington. Her great-granduncle was the historic Elias Hicks, Quaker preacher, and founder of the sect of Hicksites that split Quakerdom in two; and her great-aunt, Rachel Hicks, was also a preacher. Miss Taylor's school-days were spent in Washington under private tutors. She has written poems, prose and plays since her childhood, but her first literary success was the winning of a prize in the *Chicago Record* for a serial story. She then

started work on her first novel, *On the Red Staircase*, which was immediately accepted. She has written continuously and successfully since then half a dozen or more novels. Miss Taylor is especially well equipped to write of Russia's historical characters, because Russian history has been the study of her life. She had been five years delving among dusty books before she put pen to paper for her first novel on the subject. The accuracy of her work is so well recognised that one of her novels at least has been adopted as a text-book for school use.



MR. FRANK L. NASON. AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE GOOSE."

To the end of his days Bret Harte wrote of the "Forty-niner" and the Forty-nine mining camp, oblivious to the changes brought about by time. The Forty-nine mining camp has held its place in fiction

Frank L. Nason.

persistently, almost undisputedly, since he invented it, and there are few writers who have had the courage to suggest that there might be any other kind of mining camp. One of the few is Mr. Nason. He has realised that passing times have brought changes, and has had the imagination and wit to see that these changes have not made the life of the miner one iota less picturesque or dramatic. Mr.

Nason's mining camp—as pictured in his *To the End of the Trail* and his latest book, *The Blue Goose*—is the mining camp of to-day—of 1903—or pretty near that date. Mr. Nason has a right to write about it, because he has been part and parcel of it, had lived into its life and traditions. He is a practical mining engineer, who has served a long apprenticeship with the striving miner below



DR. WEIR MITCHELL.

From a Recent Portrait by Hollinger.

and above ground as a shift-boss, mine superintendent and mill superintendent. He was of strong bent before he went West and began his mining life, but had up to that time written only on scientific subjects. Contact with the strange and intense types which desert drouth and mountain solitude produce when acting in conjunction with the lust for gold, roused the story-teller in him. Their picturesqueness, their brutality, their homely philosophy and quaint wit allured him and he fell to novel-making. His activity has so far produced *To the End of the Trail* and *The Blue Goose*. He is a son of the great Northwest, born in New London, Wisconsin, May 12th, 1856. He began his struggle early, for, left fatherless at seven, he came East with his mother and two other children to work on a New England farm. At fourteen he entered a machine shop and earned enough money to pay his way through High School. He wanted a college education, and earned it with his hands, being graduated from Amherst in 1882. He was an instructor in mathematics, a student of theology, a member of various State geological surveys, before he finally went to the West and launched himself in the career of mining engineering, which brought him the experience and knowledge out of which his novels have grown.

In these days when the American landscape is literally plastered with advertisements of more or less *outré* design, and the traveller unconsciously becomes intimately acquainted with the various soaps and breakfast foods and brands of cigars and whiskies and corsets, a cartoon such as appeared in the March number of *The Princeton Tiger* has much more than a merely local or university interest, and we wish to call attention to it as one of the brightest hits that we have seen for some time. President Woodrow Wilson, since he succeeded Dr. Patton as the head of Princeton University, has, among other things, been "stiffening up" the course. As a result, a number of undergraduates were dropped after the last mid-year examinations. Among them were a few trackmen and baseball men, whose loss threatened somewhat the ath-

letic prestige of the University and caused a little momentary discontent in the undergraduate body. The *Tiger*, which, by the way, was responsible for the recent outbreak of "Nantucket" limericks, seized upon this feeling of discontent as the subject for its March cartoon. The editors were entirely in sympathy with President Wilson's policy, and the cartoon was designed and printed entirely in a spirit of fun, and was appreciated by no one more than by the president himself. It showed the steps of Nassau Hall as they might appear seven years hence, moss-covered by disuse and splotted with huge cobwebs. In the centre sat the lone figure of President Wilson, the last Princetonian, gazing thoughtfully and sorrowfully into space. The point of the cartoon was in the legend, which read: "1910. WILSON—THAT'S ALL." The drawing was suggested by Raymond B. Mixsell, 1903, the managing editor of the *Tiger*, and executed by Ralph C. DeMange, 1904.



"1910. WILSON—THAT'S ALL."

The "Princeton Spirit," but of a very different kind and period, is to be found in *Glimpses of Colonial Society and the Life of Princeton College, 1766-1773*, by one of the class of 1763, William Patterson, who was Attorney-General of New Jersey during the Revolution, a framer of the Federal Constitution, United States Senator, Governor of New Jersey, and at the time of his death an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The book is edited by Mr. W. Jay Mills, the author of *Historic Houses of New Jersey*, and is not only an important addition to the literature of the Colonial period, but is in itself a quaint and delightful volume. To those who know the Princeton of to-day, there is an odd, Old-World narrowness about

the college which William Patterson knew one hundred and fifty years ago. The Nassau elms were then but young saplings. On the main thoroughfare there reposed a tavern, a general store and several small tinkers' shops. Along this thoroughfare the students gathered during recess to meet the "Flying Wagons," as the great coaches from New York were called. When Patterson was a fourteen-year-old Freshman the students were obliged to attend their classes in a style of dress prescribed by the president. Every youth during his first days at college was set to copying the long parchment of laws. Fines were imposed for absence from church or prayers. No student was permitted to keep his head covered within ten rods of the president and five rods of the tutors. Something of the formal, old-time collegiate manners can be learned from the fact that Samuel Stanhope Smith, when president, refused to speak to his own nephew for a period of six months, owing to the young man's breach of etiquette in calling him "Doctor" instead of "Doctor Smith."



Not the least interesting part of the book is that which includes the songs sung by the Princeton undergraduate of the eighteenth century. The old saying about the songs of a nation may be or may not be obsolete, but certainly nothing is more typical of the spirit of the American undergraduate of to-day than his songs and his college cheer. Those old eighteenth-century Princeton melodies, "Pauvre Madelon," "Cupid Triumphant," "Lullaby" and "Roger," are in strange contrast to what singing Princetonians are offering us in the early years of the twentieth. Not that the college spirit is any stronger, but its note is more certain. We hear the ringing and defiant "Boola" of Yale; the exultant, inspiring strains of "Old Nassau," and the pathos of "Fair Harvard." But this is only one side of college melody. For instance, many of the songs sung to-day by President Woodrow Wilson's strong-lunged young men allude satirically to certain persons known as "Elis." "The Elis are up in the air," we are informed. "Here come the Elis" is the burden of another song, of which the last line points out the utter uselessness of

any attempt on the part of the said "Elis" to "twist the Tiger's tail." The "Elis," on the other hand, confidently retort that they are going to "twist the Tiger's tail," and announce ominously that there is going to be "more work for the undertaker; another little job for the tombstone-maker," and that there really isn't any hope at all for Princeton. And so they go; and so they are ironically flung back and forth, and we wonder how it would all have sounded to the eighteenth-century undergraduate who used to sing:

To arms once more, our Heroines
Sedition lives, and order dies,
To peace and ease then bid adieu,
And dash to the mountains Jersey Blue.

Chorus

Jersey Blue, Jersey Blue.
And dash to the mountains Jersey Blue!

Since proud ambition rears her head,
And murderous rage and discord spread,
To save from spoil the virtuous few,
Dash to the mountains Jersey Blue.

Rous'd at the call, with magic sound,
The drums and trumpets circle round
As soon the corps their rout pursues,
So dash to the mountains Jersey Blues.



Anna Katherine Green's *The Filigree Ball*, which is about as good a murder story as she has written since *The Leavenworth Case*, tends

to strengthen two convictions of our own. In the first place, we believe that had Anna Katherine Green been a man she would have written very fine detective stories indeed; and secondly, that no woman can ever quite write a detective story as it should be written, for the good detective story is essentially logical. The first few chapters of *The Filigree Ball* describe the finding, in a house of melancholy tradition, of the dead body of a bride of two weeks. The discovery of the body was meant to be and should be a dramatic episode. But in leading up to it the author exhausted so much horror and gloom in picturing the aspect of the house itself, its corners and its shadows, that the actual discovery itself left us quite unmoved. She has so overloaded each one of her pages with the gruesome

and tragic that the general impression is all blurred and vague and hazy. Nevertheless, *The Filigree Ball* is a very good detective story—of the Anna Katherine Green type—and it contains at least one episode that is original and that makes it well worth a reading. By the way, this reminds us that probably twenty thousand readers of *THE BOOKMAN* have during the last two months remarked that the Burdick tragedy at Buffalo was typically an Anna Katherine Green murder story down to the last detail. The Buffalo tragedy lacked only the *dénouement*.

Mrs. Mabel Shippie Clarke Pelton, the author of *A Tar-Heel Baron*, is a Boston woman who has lived for some time in North Carolina in the Asheville Plateau. She is a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and Colonial Dames. She was educated at the Girls' Latin School, and afterward at Boston University. She also took an ac-

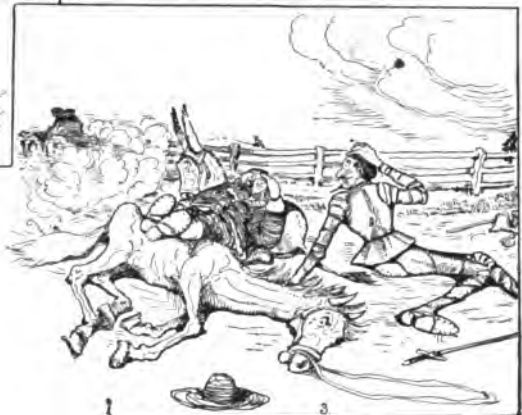
tive part in student life, being editor of a college paper. Since graduation she has spent much time in travelling, and has contributed many articles to the Boston and Philadelphia papers. More recently she began to write fiction. In North Carolina her home is a small white house tucked away at the foot of great blue mountains, and on the porch of that house she spends most of her time. The present novel is her first book of fiction, and the material in it was drawn from personal observation and experience while in her summer home.

There is an odd little story connected with the genesis of the name Ruderick Clowd, through which Josiah Flynt introduces the hero of his recent novel dealing with the seamy side of life. Ruderick Clowd was not the invention of a moment; it was a name under which the author tried to live for a week in a Hoboken lodging-house. It was at the time when Josiah Flynt's arti-

AN ADVENTURE OF DON QUIXOTE.



"Friend Sancho, the affair of the windmills was as nothing compared to the—"



roarings, and hissings of that Red Demon."

BEST SELLING BOOKS FOR EIGHT YEARS (1895-1902, INCLUSIVE). "THE BOOKMAN" RECORD

Title	Author	Years in which Quoted			Points		Times Quoted			Relative Rank				
										By number of points	By point average	By number of times quoted	By percentage of firsts	Sum of four Rankings
					Total number of points	Point average	Number of times	Times quoted first	Percentage of firsts	By number of points	By point average	By number of times quoted	By percentage of firsts	Sum of four Rankings
Quo Vadis.....	H. Sienkiewicz.....	1896	1897	1898	2913	7.98	365	152	.41	1	9	1	9	20
David Harum.....	E. N. Westcott.....	1898	1899	1900	2756	8.42	327	166	.50	2	3	2	3	10
The Crisis.....	Winston Churchill.....	1901	1902	2036	8.55	238	135	.56	3	1	5	2	11
When Knighthood Was in Flower...	Charles Major.....	1898	1899	1900	2000	6.62	302	21	.07	4	24	3	26	57
Richard Carvel.....	Winston Churchill.....	1899	1900	1901	1916	7.95	241	83	.34	5	10	4	10	29
Beside the Bonnie Erier Bush	Rev. John Watson.....	1895	1896	1864	8.17	228	109	.47	6	6	7	6	25
Alice of Old Vincennes.....	Maurice Thompson.....	1900	1901	1737	7.39	235	53	.22	7	17	6	19	49
The Right of Way.....	Gilbert Parker.....	1901	1902	1654	8.10	204	89	.43	8	8	9	7	32
To Have and to Hold	Mary Johnston.....	1900	1901	1902	1643	8.48	194	114	.59	9	2	12	1	24
Eben Holden.....	Irving Bacheller.....	1900	1901	1902	1532	7.58	202	65	.32	10	14	10	12	46
The Virginian.....	Owen Wister.....	1902	1514	8.13	186	79	.42	11	7	13	8	39
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch....	Alice Caldwell Hegan.....	1901	1902	1487	6.85	217	32	.12	12	21	8	22	63
The Choir Invisible.....	James Lane Allen.....	1897	1898	1899	1452	6.40	196	43	.21	13	25	11	20	69
Janice Meredith.....	Paul Leicester Ford.....	1899	1900	1901	1321	7.77	170	54	.31	14	11	14	13	52
The Day's Work.....	Rudyard Kipling.....	1898	1899	1037	7.52	138	45	.326	15	15	16	11	57
Soldiers of Fortune.....	Richard Harding Davis.....	1897	1898	1035	7.61	136	40	.29	16	12	17	14	59
Hugh Wynne.....	S. Weir Mitchell.....	1897	1898	1899	1022	7.04	145	34	.234	17	19	15	18	69
The Mississippi Bubble.....	Emerson Hough.....	1902	937	7.45	126	35	.27	18	16	18	15	67
The Reign of Law.....	James Lane Allen.....	1900	1901	902	8.35	108	52	.481	19	4	23	5	51
Audrey.....	Mary Johnston.....	1902	843	8.18	107	52	.486	20	5	25	4	54
Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall....	Charles Major.....	1902	843	7.6	111	28	.25	21	13	21	16	71
The Seats of the Mighty.....	Gilbert Parker.....	1896	1897	790	6.75	117	24	.20	22	22	19	21	84
Red Pottage.....	Mary Cholmondeley.....	1899	1900	748	6.73	111	9	.08	23	23	21	24	91
The Christian.....	Hall Caine.....	1897	1898	745	7.30	102	24	.235	24	18	27	17	86
The Helmet of Navarre	Bertha Runkle.....	1901	1902	731	7.02	104	10	.09	25	20	26	23	94
Red Rock	Thomas Nelson Page.....	1898	1899	711	6.29	113	7	.061	26	26	20	27	99
Mr. Dooley [3 books].....	Frank J. Peter Dunne.....	1898	1899	1900	659	6.10	108	6	.05	27	27	24	27	106
The Hon. Peter Stirling.....	Paul Leicester Ford.....	1895	1896	1897	613	6.06	101	8	.07	28	28	28	25	109

SUCCESSFUL AUTHORS, 1895-1902 (INCLUSIVE). FROM THE RECORD OF
ALL THEIR BOOKS QUOTED IN "THE BOOKMAN"

Author	Number of Books	Points		Times Quoted			Relative Rank					
		Number of points	Point average	Whole number of times quoted	Number of times quoted first	Percentage of firsts	By number of points	By number of times quoted	By point average	By percentage of firsts	Sum of four rankings	Final rank
Winston Churchill.....	3	4102	8.15	503	222	.44	1	1	2	3	7	1
Gilbert Parker.....	12	3438	7.22	476	128	.268	2	2	9	5	18	2
Rev. John Watson.....	9	3208	7.76	413	39	.09	3	4	5	22	34	7
James Lane Allen.....	6	3066	7.46	411	110	.267	4	5	6	6	21	3
H. Sienkiewicz....	6	3043	7.86	387	154	.39	5	9	4	4	22	4
Charles Major.....	3	2849	6.88	414	49	.118	6	3	14	19	42	10
Anthony Hope.....	18	2827	6.96	406	92	.22	7	8	11	9	34	8
Paul Leicester Ford.....	8	2807	6.84	410	77	.187	8	6	17	12	43	11
Mary Johnston.....	3	2770	7.97	347	166	.47	9	10	3	2	24	5
Richard Harding Davis.....	13	2762	6.78	408	66	.16	10	7	18	14	49	13
Edward N. Westcott.....	1	2756	8.42	327	166	.50	11	11	1	1	24	5
Rudyard Kipling.....	13	2175	6.86	317	60	.189	12	12	15	11	50	15
Irving Bacheller.....	2	2072	7.34	282	73	.25	13	13	8	7	41	9
Maurice Thompson.....	3	1776	7.36	241	53	.21	14	16	7	10	47	12
F. Marion Crawford.....	11	1752	6.25	280	21	.07	15	14	22	24	75	19
F. Hopkinson Smith.....	6	1730	7.09	244	57	.23	16	15	10	8	49	13
Hall Caine.....	6	1588	6.904	230	36	.156	17	17	12	15	61	16
S. Weir Mitchell.....	6	1498	6.903	217	40	.184	18	21	13	13	65	17
Alice Caldwell Hegan.....	1	1487	6.85	217	32	.1474	19	21	16	18	74	18
James M. Barrie.....	5	1424	6.71	212	34	.150	20	23	19	16	78	20
Arthur Conan Doyle.....	13	1388	6.28	221	26	.117	21	18	21	20	80	21
Mrs. Humphry Ward.....	5	1348	6.63	203	30	.1477	22	24	20	17	83	22
Henry Seton Merriman.....	15	1338	6.13	218	18	.08	23	19	23	23	88	23
Samuel Rutherford Crockett....	24	1257	5.76	218	13	.05	24	19	24	25	92	24
Booth Tarkington.....	3	1145	5.66	202	21	.10	25	25	25	21	96	25

cles in the magazines on the subject of "graft" and police corruption were causing something of a stir, and Captain Titus was threatening what he was going to do to the author in case he could lay hands upon him. So one day Flynt, for reasons best known to himself, left New York by the ferry-boat and sought quiet and seclusion across the river. A day or so later his close friend, Mr. Alfred Hodder, the author of *The New Americans*, *Yesterday's Madness*, and joint author of *The Powers That Prey*, was called up on the telephone by Flynt, who piteously announced that he was lonely over on the Jersey side and begged his friend to come over and cheer him up. A few hours later Mr. Hodder found the fugitive reformer in the reading-room of an hotel in Hoboken, contemplating admiringly those newspapers which were adorned with alleged portraits of himself, and every few minutes sending out enthusiastically for fresh editions. It required considerable urging to wean him from

this pleasant pastime, but after one last lingering, admiring look he was persuaded to discuss his plan of future action. He was not quite ready to return to New York and to present himself at the police headquarters, because he was busily at work and could not afford to be so disturbed. They decided that he should remain in Hoboken for a week or so as Mr. Ruderick Clowd. Arrangements were made at a lodging-house for a room, and "Mr. Ruderick Clowd" took possession. Mr. Hodder enlisted the

services of some of Josiah Flynt's other intimate friends, and an imposing correspondence was directed to Mr. Ruderick Clowd in order to divert any suspicion. For a time all went well. At the end of a week, however, Mr. Hodder received an urgent telephone message "to come over." He found his friend wearing an expression unutterably woebegone, "What's the matter?" he asked. "Matter?" rejoined Flynt, "Ruderick Clowd may be all very well, but it won't work after this." And he pointed to a package which had just been returned from

the Hoboken laundry addressed to "Mr. Josiah Flynt Willard."



JOSIAH FLYNT AS SEEN BY CARICATURIST WALKER.

The Rise of Ruderick Clowd seems to us the most important book that Josiah Flynt has yet written, and we have followed his work very closely since *Tramping With Tramps* appeared four or five years ago. It is an astonishing picture of the Under World. Clowd, whose story we understand has been based on the career of a certain "Old Joe," decides

on crime as a profession just as in more conventional circles a young man makes up his mind that he is going to follow the law or become a banker, or an apothecary, or a veterinary surgeon. The child of a young man of high social and financial standing, by an East Side girl who has been ruined and deserted and then appeased by a settlement made through the young man's unctuous lawyer, Ruderick grows up in the noxious, poisonous atmosphere of a notorious New York ward, where the pursuit of crime is

regarded from the Spartan standpoint, and stigma comes only with detection and conviction. From petty theft, which leads him to a term in the Reform School, he rises step by step to a position which makes him a personage to the Under World of the United States and England. Small thefts and swindles are beneath his notice; he is of the aristocracy of crime; the "jobs" which stir him to energy concern thousands of dollars. When about to "crack" a bank, he prefers working from the inside, corrupting the watchman and the policeman on the beat. For a time he basks in the sunshine of uninterrupted prosperity. His first love affair brings to his feet "Susan the Gun," a female "crook" who reigns over the Chicago Under World, and who bestows on Clowd the one great, mad passion of her life. But detection soon overtakes him, he is sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, and thereafter his life is one of vicissitude, of ups and downs, of brief enjoyments of the fruits of successful *coups* and longer periods of anguish within prison walls; until, after his final reform, we take leave of him an old and broken man living on a pittance, but comfortable in the knowledge that he will be left to spend that in peace. It is a curious picture. We don't know how straight it is, but it is worth while to look into it.

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Wee Macgreegor, by Mr. James Joy Bell, which has just been published in this country, comes with the recommendation of a sale of over one hundred thousand copies in Great Britain within the last three months. Mr. Bell, like his diminutive hero, is a Glasgow man, thirty years old, and it was while working on the staff of the *Glasgow Evening Times* that the idea of writing the *Wee Macgreegor* sketches in its columns came to him. In fact, the first of the sketches was sent in with an apology to his editor one day to fill space. It was Mr. Neil Munro, the novelist, who instigated Mr. Bell to have the sketches published in book form. Several publishers refused them; one was offered them for nothing. Mr. Bell finally published the book at his own expense, and at the last hearing he had cleared \$15,000 profit on the venture.

Not long ago a very eminent man of letters asked us to name offhand, "without stopping to think about it," the greatest four American writers.

Emerson.

He laid a special stress upon the word "American," so that we took his question to mean the four writers of American nationality who owed the least to Europe and whose work is the most imbued with the native American spirit. We mentioned the following names in the order given here: Lowell, Cooper, Hawthorne, and Emerson—with a sort of mental reservation to the effect that Walt Whitman ought somewhere or other to have got into the list. The gentleman who asked the question said that the first three names would also have been his



JAMES JOY BELL.

choice, but that he doubted whether Emerson was distinctively American. "Why," said he, "Emerson's philosophy is altogether German—diluted a good deal and Yankeeified, but German all the same."

✱

At first sight there seemed to be something in this; but the more we thought of it the more were we convinced that everything in Emerson that is going to live is

American and nothing else. Emerson dabbled a good deal in German thought and he let Carlyle reflect upon him the German influence. Dr. William T. Harris explains the Concord philosopher, on the other hand, as a Puritan streaked with Neo-Platonism. This is rather clever, too; but after all, when you get right down to the root of the matter, the Emerson whom we all care for, whose iridescent suggestiveness we admire, and whose delicate beauty of expression charms us, is neither a Yankee Hegel nor yet a Yankee Proclus, but just—Emerson. In his first successful oration—the one which he delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard—he spoke with regret of our intellectual dependence upon foreign lands. "We have listened too much," said he, "to the courtly Muses of Europe." And then he added: "What is the remedy? If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts and there abide, the huge world will come round to him." Could anything be more independently and courageously American than that? It was, indeed, his Americanism, his native sense of humour, which kept him out of the absurdities into which many of his contemporaries furiously rushed. Disliking slavery, he at the same time drew back from the frantic fanaticism of Garrison and Phillips. Appreciating the sincerity of the Brook Farm experimentalists, he nevertheless refused to share the project with them. The wild Transcendentalists talked as Dickens made "the lady in the wig" talk in *Martin Chuzzlewit*; but to him they were simply amusing and in nowise to be taken seriously. Altogether he was American in his innate humour, in his idealism, and in his never-failing optimism. A kindly, quiet, serene, and gentle soul with a certain spiritual aloofness, he, no less than Hawthorne, was the child of New England, possessed of a rich nature and a beautiful and flawless soul.

As to his philosophy, never mind. It is best read, not in consecutive pages, but in those wonderful gems of thought about which, as we know, he wove the texture of his meditations. No American ever put so much suggestion into so few words. You cannot think of the man

without recalling some of these. Take the following, for example:

We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count.

Nature never sends a great man into the planet without confiding the secret to another soul.

What greater calamity can fall upon a nation than the loss of worship?

A great soul will be strong to live as well as to think.

The beautiful rests on the foundation of the necessary.

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

The hundredth anniversary of Emerson's birth will occur on the 25th of May, and it will be especially celebrated in Boston, where he was born, in Concord, and in New York. How truly Emerson has affected the national consciousness will, however, be seen in the fact that his centenary will not pass without some kind of recognition in every city and town and hamlet throughout the land.

The accompanying picture will show the sort of entertainment offered to an Eastern tenderfoot by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.

The traditions of the Owl, indeed, were on this occasion enlivened by fusillades of pistol shots that nearly made this dinner notorious, even in the woolly West; and, although the cartridges were blank, a more deadly battery is disclosed in the manuscripts, plays and drawings with which the table is decorated. This group of San Francisco men has been called also the "Produce Exchange," on account of the work they have accomplished, and in it will be found most of the young men who are being heard from on the Pacific Slope. Of the men of the older "Lark" days there are three in the party: Mr. Bruce Porter, Gelett Burgess and Porter Garnett. Of the younger men several are well known. Will Irwin, the Sunday editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, has collaborated

with Charles K. Field in *Stanford Stories*, and with Mr. Burgess in *The Picares* and *The Reign of Queen Isyl*. His brother, Wallace Irwin, is the author of *The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum* and *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam, Junior*. Mr. Field, a cousin of Eugene Field, has published a volume of verse. Besides these are Robert Aitken, the sculptor of the McKinley memorial statue which President Roosevelt is now on his way to dedicate in San Francisco; Francis McComus, a young Australian painter who has made a reputation for himself by his studies of California landscapes; Maynard Dixon, an artist who nearly approaches Remington in his portrayal of

in, the attitudes of their proud proprietors, and the general responsibilities and predicaments of the editors whose business it is to pass upon them. In some quarters these paragraphs have apparently proved a failure, for manuscripts still continue to come in "personally addressed." On the other hand, the comments which have been made about them in various newspapers and the letters which have come to this office prove very conclusively that they have not been entirely ignored. The writers of some of these letters disagreed with us very frankly, and two told of experiences which would at first seem to overthrow our contention entirely, for they



THE BOHEMIAN CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO HOLDING UP AN EASTERN LITERARY TENDERFOOT.

Western types, and is the illustrator of Charles F. Lummis's Indian investigations; Dr. Arnold Genthe, who has elevated photography to an art in California, and is himself the author of several German books; and Charles F. Bryant, who comes this summer to New York to direct the production of plays in Belasco's new theatre.

v.

On Magazines
and Manuscripts
Again.

In the March number we printed some paragraphs on the subject of the manuscripts which are submitted to magazines and the manner in which they are sent in or brought

proved decidedly the existence of a "pull" and of intentional editorial discourtesy. Only the writers forget the fact that in our paragraphs we spoke only for those magazines which were in good standing and reliably established, and not the mushroom publications which spring up in a night, and after a single issue, or perchance one, or three, or five, disappear, leaving a trail of disaster and ill-will behind them. So if the correspondents in question will think it over, they will see that, after all, we were right. The "ambulance-chaser," so to speak, is to be found in the literary shop as well as in the law courts, and you can think

what you please of a publisher, and roll Byron's opinion under your tongue with great relish and absolute sincerity, if your experience has been with the sort of publisher whose financial success depends, not on the quality and the popularity of the books which he brings out, but upon the adroit exploitation of the vanity of the unfledged author. This type of publisher has been very prevalent of recent years, and on more than one occasion he has been known to have "sailed very close to the wind." One of these days we are going to say something about him and his methods. They are not the most scrupulous methods in the world, nor the nicest, and when he undertakes to establish a magazine, you will of course, find that he introduces them there, too, and will feel a very natural irritation. Turning from this subject, which is merely parenthet-

ical, to the one at issue, we find one letter which we are unable to answer without hesitation. There may be no personal pull, concedes this gentleman, strong enough to induce an editor wilfully to discard an excellent piece of work in favour of one that is manifestly inferior, but were all other conditions equal, would you not accept the article submitted by a regular contributor in preference to one coming from an entire stranger? In other words, suppose that the articles came in at the same time, on the same subject, and all of the same merit. And suppose nine of them were by unknown writers and the tenth by a writer with whom you were acquainted. Would not the tenth stand the best chance? We have never been confronted by just these conditions, but probably it would.

A COIN OF RHODES

Thy dust is sprinkled to the sea
Or eddies in a desert place,
And all that men discern of thee—
Alas, the greatness and the grace!—
This coin with its classic face.

Clay is the hand that took the clay
To shape it with the finger-tips,
And did he dream that souls for aye
Should feel the soul that almost slips
In music through the perfect lips?

Who was she? But a mortal shape,
Mere ashes, whose immortal fire
Imprisoned here may not escape,
That loved, and sung, and touched the
lyre,
The lady of his heart's desire?
Or was he one who dwelt apart,
And, counting all as loss beside,
Yearned only to arrest with Art
The loveliness that will not bide,
And wedded Beauty for a bride?

Alice Lena Cole.

COMIC OPERA: PAST AND PRESENT

(In two papers.)

I. OFFENBACH AND OPÉRA BOUFFE.

It may sound pessimistic to say that the golden age of operetta is gone; but when, after considering the present outlook of musical comedies and farces, one turns back thirty years and sees how a former generation fared in this particular, the remark seems justified by the facts. Thirty years ago, opéra bouffe was in its prime; and Offenbach and Lecocq

were household names. Gilbert and Sullivan had effected their collaboration in the first of an inimitable series of operettas, included in which are *Pinafore* and *The Mikado*. Johann Strauss, prince of waltz writers, had just entered the dramatic field with *Indigo*, soon to be followed by *Der Fledermaus* and *The Merry War*; and Suppe was writing his melodious scores, of which *Boccaccio* is, perhaps, best known. What a contrast presents



OFFENBACH. BY NADAR.



OFFENBACH.

itself to-day! It is difficult to realise that the modern light musical works for the stage are related to the masterpieces of Offenbach, Sullivan and Strauss; and yet the change has come about gradually. After *The Mikado* there were *Erminie* and *Poor Jonathan* and *Robin Hood*, and only lately followed the English musical comedy and the burlesque. Can public taste have so degenerated as to demand pieces of the calibre of *The Silver Slipper* in preference to the kind of a generation ago? It is improbable that the public have made a deliberate choice. A more reasonable explanation of the evolutionary phenomenon is the inconstancy of the general public on whose favour this *genre* of entertainment is mainly dependent for its existence. They have an insatiable desire for something new. Novelty is the bait with which they are best tempted. And so they are drawn on from one year to the next, never turning back, never regretting, never thinking on the things that are past. If they could be induced to pause and survey in retrospect the course events have taken, a change of front might be looked for. If the public at large are properly prepared for it, there can be no doubt of the successful issue of an extensive revival of operetta.

The experiment of re-establishing opéra bouffe was attempted last year by one of our theatrical managers, but its comparative failure does not necessarily prove the case hopeless. The productions were quite inadequate. Old-time theatre-goers who retain fond memories of opéra bouffe in the days of Tostée, Aimée and Aujac, and who went to these performances filled with pleasant reminiscences, must have been rudely disappointed. But those of the younger generation who attended them probably received some hint of the fascination exercised by Offenbach and those other unequalled purveyors of light refreshment in the days gone by. At least, to any thoughtful person it must have occurred that the breath of life is still there, requiring only to be stirred to make revivification complete.

To say that opéra bouffe is a species of comic opera is to give an explanation in the manner of Lewis Carroll: "For the snark is a boojum, you see." The term comic opera is itself ill defined. It embraces practically all the light musical

works written for the stage except the Italian opera buffo, which is generally classed with grand opera because of the composers' prestige. Operetta, opéra bouffe, musical comedy, burlesque—all come within the broad genus comic opera. French opéra bouffe is a type that originated in the middle of the nineteenth century. It was the result of an endeavour to catch the essence of the popular taste of the day and crystallise it. By the genius of one man it was carried to a definite point and given a distinct and characteristic stamp. Offenbach was not only the first to bring to the treatment of burlesque the methods of composers of more serious dramatic pieces, but his opéra bouffes represent the best that has been produced in this peculiarly French style of work.

Musical critics are poor prophets. So, although they shook their heads when Paris took hold of Offenbach and his music, it is not surprising to find that their predictions of short-lived success were wrong. Offenbach was of German-Jewish extraction, and was born at Cologne in 1819. He gave no signs of musical precocity. His father, cantor of the synagogue, and his elder brother were musicians of humble achievement, and Jacques was taught the violoncello with the expectation that he would follow in their steps. But he was more ambitious, and, dissatisfied with the local forecast, he early went to Paris, the Mecca of art life. This was in 1842. As yet, he had no definite aims and was compelled to make the usual struggle for existence. For a year or two he studied at the Conservatoire, then under the rigorous *régime* of Cherubini. But thorough bass and counterpoint were not to his liking, and impatient of study, made a record by no means brilliant. He had, however, attained a fair degree of proficiency on the 'cello. He played this instrument at the Opéra Comique, and later, in 1848, became leader of the orchestra of the Théâtre Français. In this way he picked up much that was useful to him as a composer, a rôle he soon after attempted. He first set to music some chansonettes, parodies on La Fontaine's fables; and they were sufficiently successful to gain him the good will of the music publishers. Next, a short piece, *Pepito*, was produced at the Opéra Comique in

1853, but it attracted scarcely any attention. Offenbach was trying his hand and feeling the popular pulse at the same time. For it was evidently his aim to write what the general public wanted. He felt no mission and made no pretence to high ideals. Art for art's sake was never his creed. What he craved was the favour of the many, and he set himself frankly to win it. He had an immense fund of vanity mixed with self-confidence, and when the theatrical managers did not at once open their doors to him, he hired a small theatre of his own in the Champs Elysées, and wrote for it a number of one-act pieces of slight musical texture. It was a daring thing to do, but approved by the result. The Parisians, always eager for new palatable dishes, were soon attracted. After the music-hall farces and the ditties of the café chantant type with which they had been satiated, these trifles proved piquant and refreshing. *Le Mariage aux Lanternes*, *Le Chanson de Fortunio*, *Une Nuit Blanche* and *Les Deux Aveugles* are among the best of them.

Having obtained applause to his heart's content, Offenbach was stimulated to further efforts, and with *Orphée aux Enfers* he struck the vein which was to furnish so rich a lode of ore. This was produced in 1855 at another and more commodious theatre, called the Bouffes Parisiens. Paris, fully alive to the possibilities of the new *genre* of entertainment, flocked to the place in large and enthusiastic numbers. Offenbach was the idol of the hour. The ill-defined visions of the young German immigrant had become golden realities. And now, having courted and won his public, he was able to lead them whither he would. Everything he wrote was certain to be warmly received. At first, musicians too saw in his music, if not the spark of genius, a sparkle of something akin to it. Rossini, more than half serious, dubbed him the Mozart of the Champs Elysées. His fame soon spread through Europe and America. Companies were organised and dedicated to the performance of the works which his facile pen threw out one after another with breath-taking rapidity. *La Belle Hélène*, *Barbe Bleue*, *La Grande Duchesse*, *Geneviève de Brabant*, *La Princesse de Trébizonde*, *La Périhole*, *Les Brigands*—to name but a few,

the best known—were all written in a short space of time. In twenty-five years he composed an almost incredible number of pieces. The Opéra Comique, from which foreigners were usually barred, and the Académie were opened to him. At the latter place, a pantomime ballet, *Le Papillon*, achieved some success. From the serious-minded among musicians and critics there now came remonstrance. They saw in Offenbach but a clever musical demagogue who was in danger of being taken too seriously. His first efforts had seemed promising; but now he was confessedly writing for popular favour, and his success in capturing it only increased the chorus of dispraise—which, truth to tell, neither troubled Offenbach nor affected his popularity. In 1866, he gave up the management of the Bouffes Parisiens, and his works were produced at a number of different theatres in Paris, their drawing powers apparently undiminished. The decade between 1860 and 1870 was his most fertile period.

In 1876, the year of the Philadelphia Exposition, Offenbach came to America, where his operas had enjoyed an immense vogue ever since 1867, when Bateman's troupe, headed by Tostée, brought out *La Grande Duchesse*. He gave concerts at Gilmore's Garden in New York, and also conducted some of the performances of the Aimée Opera Company. In Philadelphia a special Offenbach garden was built. His visit, however, cannot be considered one of the crowning triumphs of his career. But it helped to restore a fortune somewhat shattered by an ill-advised theatrical speculation. He died in 1880, at work, like Meyerbeer, on his most ambitious and cherished effort. It was an opéra comique, *Les Contes d'Hoffman*, given with brilliant success the following year.

Offenbach first modelled himself on Auber, and in the *chic* and piquancy of some of his melodies was scarcely his inferior. His little one-act comediettas are in their way charming. Naively simple, joyously melodious and sparkling with vivacity, their appeal is direct and the response immediate. He must indeed be jaded and hard to please who can resist the bustling gaiety and unpretentious good humour of *Le Mariage aux Lanternes* or *Le Chanson de Fortunio*. A

fetching melody in the composer's best vein, set to the poem of De Musset, commencing "Si vous croyez je vais dire" runs through the latter. It is curious that this transplanted German should strive with one of the most intimately French composers, on his own ground, with so much success. But environment had completely changed Offenbach. He went to Paris at an age when surroundings make their deepest effect and he became thoroughly Gallicised. In the field of opéra bouffe, essentially a product of the French soil and the Second Empire, he was and remains *facile princeps*.

With all its faults of taste, style and construction, Offenbach's music is a real art product. Often marred as they are by crudities and trivial effects, nevertheless, his opéras bouffes command recognition from musicians. The condemnation they once received from the latter has been gradually lessened, as a clearer perspective made plain their merits; although there still survives among certain classes the prejudice with which art works in great popular favour are so often viewed. For example, those who desire to be thought musically cultured commonly affect to despise the soldiers' chorus in *Faust* and the Toreador song from *Carmen*, simply because they are so universally admired by *hoi polloi*. In the case of Offenbach, too, the reaction which follows upon the high tide of popularity has in part caused his present effacement. But the opéras bouffes have that in them that will survive temporary neglect. What are their claims to recognition? In the first place, Offenbach was distinctly original. When he threw off the influence of Auber his music lost something in grace and refinement, but it became—Offenbachian. Even in its weakest portions it bears the unmistakable impress. It is rollicking, melodious, irresistible. It is as genuine and unaffected as folk-music. Through it all, in a French translation, breathes the Epicurean spirit. What especially appealed to French taste was the wit and *diablerie*, of which it is brim full. Offenbach's caricatures are wonderfully clever, and no race is quicker than the French to appreciate humour of this kind. Gluck, Meyerbeer, Boieldieu and other composers were hit off to a dot. Nothing escaped his irreverent touch. The gods were brought down from Olympus and

made to cut capers for the delectation of the audience. The most serious things in life he turned to comedy, and so fertile was his wit, so exquisite his humour, they could not give offence. The censor must needs laugh while he condemned. Ingenious as were his librettists, Meilhac and Halévy, in devising a comic situation, the music always accentuated and gave point to it. Where their ideas were vulgar or suggestive, they were rendered a hundred times more so by the composer. Ethically indeed, there is a great deal to condemn in Offenbach, who was largely responsible for the improprieties, to give them no worse name, which abound in his works. But in criticising him on this score, one is merely criticising the Second Empire, the gaiety, frivolity and immorality of which is all faithfully reflected in these *buffoneries musicales*. Louis Ehlert, a German musical critic and teacher of distinction, wrote of Offenbach: "What he produced was but Parisian life in all its decomposition, represented with the irresistible facetiousness of an accessory in the guilt."

Another characteristic of Offenbach's genius which appeals strongly to the musician is his remarkable faculty of suiting the music to the text—a gift denied to composers of a much higher rank. An example of this musical adaptability occurs in *Barbe Bleue*, where the man bewails the death of his various wives in pathetic accents, which gradually change into lively expressions of glee at the thought of a new victim, the song ending in a melody of the gayest description. Such pieces as the snoring chorus from *Orphée*, and the toothache song from the *Princesse de Trébizonde* may be further instanced. It is not merely in imitative passages that the composer shows his skill, but in actually compassing a mood. Contrast the simple pathos of the ballad "Dites lui" from *La Grande Duchesse* with the mock sorrow expressed in Prince Paul's song from the same opera. How much more telling than any words are the bars that introduce Orestes and his companions in the first act of *La Belle Hélène*! Instances of this felicitous knack of characterisation might be multiplied. It indicates talent of a far higher order than that of the musical comedy writers of to-day.

Offenbach was melodically fecund.

Andantino
Dites lui from *La Grande Duchesse* *de*

Allegro
de

Allegretto
Song of Brute from *La Belle Helene* *de*

Andantino
de

Allegro moderato
Letter Song from *La Perichole* *de*

Finale from *La Grande Duchesse* *de*

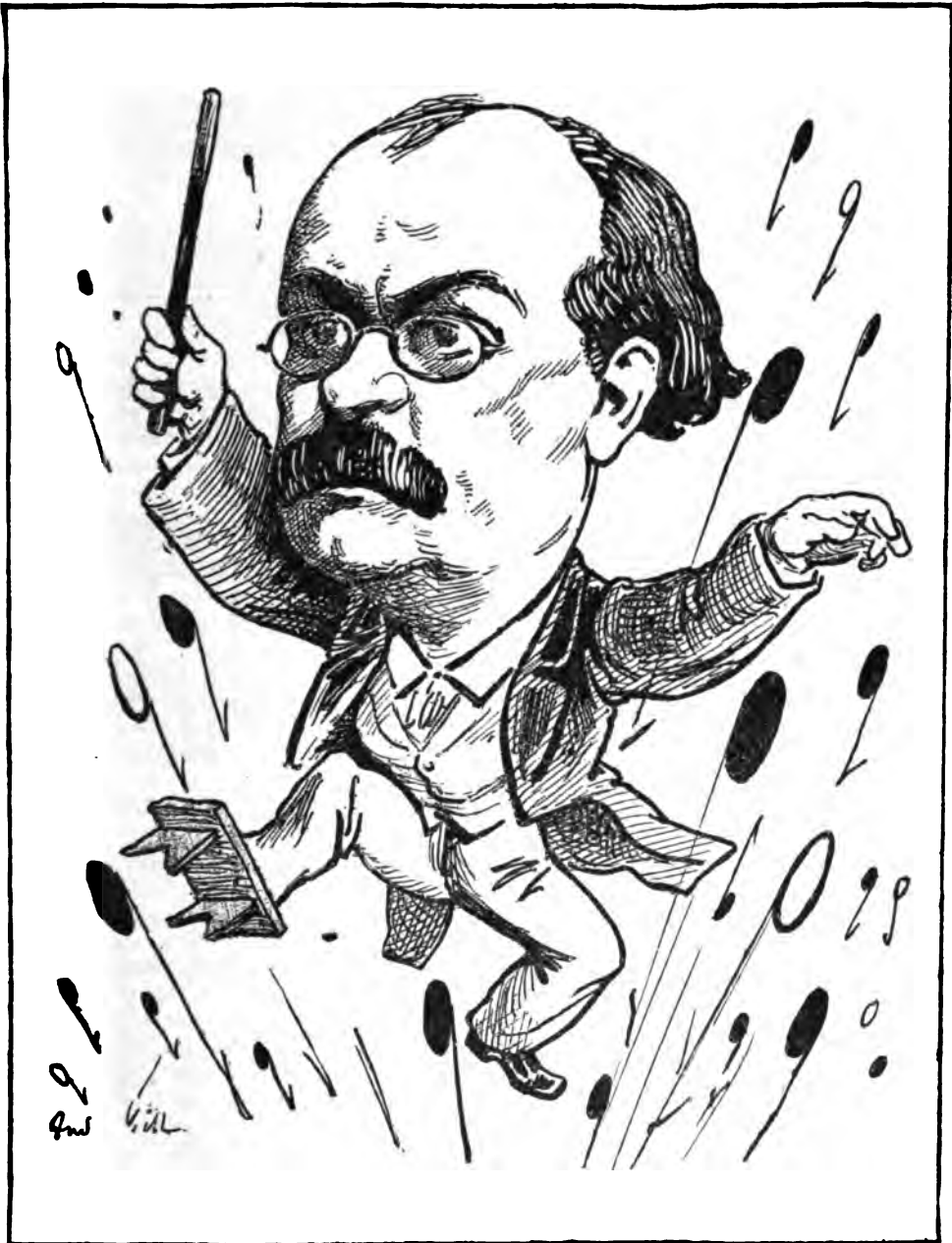
The large number of his works extant attest this fact. As may easily be inferred, such astonishing facility of utterance did not go hand in hand with the best artistic finish. There are faults of construction which the merest amateur would not have allowed to pass uncorrected. Much of the music is *banal*, and the best is inextricably bound up with the worst. It is quite a common occurrence to find a melody of fresh and simple fragrance or one of irresistible rhythmic swing, sparkling and foaming over with brilliancy, followed by a flip-pant tune utterly vulgar and worthless. It is idle to try to account for these irregularities. One can only point out the fact that they exist. The composer never hesitated to borrow a phrase or repeat himself in the coolest fashion; but with an ingenuity worthy of a better cause he generally concealed the defects beautifully. His music has character, and in the narrow limits afforded by his operas it expresses considerable variety. There is appealing senti-

ment in "Dites lui," already referred to, and still more in the "Letter Song" from *La Perichole*. *Vert-Vert*, one of the very best of the operas, contains a barcarolle quite equal in charm of style and refinement to the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The use of a pedal point (if the technicality be pardoned), of which the English composer was so fond, helps the comparison. A duet, "Faut il en faire," also has some of the characteristics of Sullivan's work. Generally speaking, however, Offenbach's merits are distinct, and lie in another direction from those of his English successor. He excels in the dash-and-go type of melody, the rollicking *canaille* rhythm, such as in the finale to *La Grande Duchesse*, the song of the regiment in *Vert-Vert* and the "Bruscambille" song from *La Jolie Parfumeuse*. The manner in which he follows up one melody with another in his finales and keeps the music going is sometimes masterly. There are constant melodic and harmonic surprises and changes of rhythm, creating a steady

current of sportive humour and demonstrating his superlative talents as a comic musician. Outside of his especial field, Offenbach cut a small figure. When he attempted to soar into more ambitious regions, his wings failed him. His opéras-comiques *Barkouf* and *Robinson Crusoe* were complete failures. But to the end of his life he continued writing op-

éras bouffes, and although his mine of melody showed signs of exhaustion, still *Madame Favart* and *La Fille du Tambour Major* contain nuggets of pure gold.

Offenbach's orchestration is generally beneath criticism. Bare, noisy and commonplace, it is the work of an evident tyro. But even here, the composer's ingenuity did not fail him, and the results



CHARLES ALEXANDRE LEOCOCQ.

Marguile

Moderate *Song of the Regiment from Vert-Vert*

Berceuse from Vert-Vert

he obtained from so clumsily managed an instrument are surprising. The remark of some witty musician *à propos* of Tchaikowsky, that his music sounds better than it is, may be applied with great force to Offenbach. In fact, his slight musical training more than any other cause militates against the survival of his operas. In a greater degree than the other arts, music is dependent on so-called externalities. Form is of equal importance with substance, and cannot safely be sacrificed to it. This is what Offenbach did. With his eye on the results to be attained, he rode ruthlessly over the demands of formal expression, and the

longevity of his music hangs in the balance. On the other hand, if he had possessed that musical learning the absence of which is deplored, who can say that his works would have preserved their spontaneity, their absolute carelessness and buoyancy of manner which is their greatest charm? The conclusion is that Offenbach must be taken with his faults as well as his merits, and one can only hope that the veil of oblivion which now covers his *opéras bouffes* will soon be lifted. Works which have added so materially to the gaiety of nations can ill be spared.

In the later years of his career Offen-

bach had a rival whose popularity bade fair to exceed his own. Charles Alexandre Lecocq, a student and prize winner at the Conservatoire, received his first encouragement in this direction, singularly enough, from Offenbach himself. The latter had opened a competition for an operetta in 1856, and Lecocq's work, *Le Docteur Miracle*, was selected and produced at the Bouffes Parisiens the following year. Lecocq did not at once advance into popular favour. He was a struggling music teacher, accomplished and talented, but unknown. The glamour of the stage teased him, however, and he continued writing for it in his spare moments. Finally, in 1868, a three-act opera, *Fleur de Thé*, made a brilliant hit and he found himself at the wished-for goal. He continued to pour forth operas in abundance. *La Fille de Madame Angot*, given in 1873, enjoyed a run of five hundred consecutive nights. *Giroflé-Girofla* was written the following year, and *Le Petit Duc*, another of his best-known works, in 1878. *Plutus*, performed at the Opéra Comique in 1886, was a distinct failure. *Ali Baba*, in the next year, was better; but he never equalled the four pieces first mentioned.

As respects musical training, Lecocq was head and shoulders above Offenbach, and this, while probably helping him little in popular esteem, certainly gives strength and vitality to his music that may carry it beyond that of his greater predecessor. It is animated, easy flowing and unpretentiously ear-tickling. But with more polish than Offenbach's, it is

less original and lacks the expressiveness of the latter. There were a number of other French composers who followed with considerable success the lead of Offenbach. Of these Hervé, Serpette, Varney, Planquette and Audran are the most prominent. The last two are familiar names to the present-day theatre-goer; for *Les Cloches de Corneville* and *La Mascotte* and *Olivette* still enjoy occasional revivals.

Opéra bouffe has a place in art, though not a very exalted one, it is true. But the unquestioned talent expended on it, the perfect adaptation of means to end and its positive formal merits—distinctness of outline and completeness of design—give it claims that cannot be ignored. To urge them upon the attention of the public is the object of this essay. Above all should the fact be emphasised, that opéra bouffe is not a thing of the irrevocable past. Human interests do not change so in a generation. The wit, humour and irrepressible gaiety to be found in the works of Offenbach and his followers are perennially fresh, and need only to be recalled to the popular mind to make their effect oncemore. Of course, improvements may be suggested, the librettos retouched so as to accord more with our modern ideas of propriety, the music re-scored by a musician who thoroughly understands his orchestra; but these may not be practicable. Shall we take opéra bouffe as it is or let it sink finally into the limbo of forgotten things? Those familiar with Offenbach can make but one answer.

Lewis M. Isaacs.





LIFE AND NEW LIFE

BY FRANKLIN DOWD.

I.

How warm the sand is, and how cool the soft-sweet land breeze seeking the sea. The skies hail the moon to-night as queen, and the sheen on the water hails her queen—embassy from her demesne.

The things that live in the sand delight in the incoming tide; the things that cling to the rocks exult in the high-flung spray; and all the great movement of the waters—the rhythm of the sea music—how it nourishes the things of the sea, and unites the beings of the sea, and strews sea seed.

The surf sings "life," and the swell sings "life"; the rolling roar on the rocks sings "life," and the still, swift wash at our feet sings "life." Life and new life, the song of the sea! Ah, love, it is good that you are with me!

II.

Rambling in spring woods we heard the wind singing in the trees—in the dark deep-wood where orchids opened and ferns unfurled. Lover birds called and mother birds answered in the deep-wood where we heard the wind.

At the edge of the wood we saw the wind: the stripling grass blades swayed in the breeze; the tender birch leaves trembled in the breeze; the young tree-tops tumbled in the breeze. And athwart the dazzling day the wind bore myriad life-things that shone in the swim on the sun: pollen and pollen borne to its own, seeds and seeds wind-strewn, winged seeds, downy seeds, far blown.

At the edge of the wood the wind sang "life"—sister song to the song of the sea. Ah, love, it is good that you are with me!

III.

Sauntering in summer fields we heard the singing of ripe grain. In wide, sunny fields where the heavy-head stalks swayed lazily—where broad reaches of lavish life rolled in bright waves. We heard the drone of full-grown grain—the rustling of gold-ripe wheat—singing the song of life and new life, the song that is singing here on the sea. Ah, love, it is good that you are with me!

IV.

Strolling in great cities we heard the making and moving of things: the scuffle and stress in the crowd-press, the hubbub and dingdong in the traffic-throng, the hiss of steam, the crackle of sparks, the panting of engines, the clatter of cogs, the whirl and rattle of fabrics weaving, the hammering clangor of houses building, the ring of beams where metal gleams to sheathe ships and span streams.

Din hurry-scurry, bare turbulent noise below! But when we looked down from the bell-tower these busy things sang—sang a rough-hewn tune of life's high noon, sang of man's life-worth to foal in new birth the yield of the earth.

Life and new life, the song of the sea. Ah, love, it is good that you are with me!

V.

Oh, the dignity of the sea! breaking beach-long in rolling chimes! Oh, the solemnity, the stately psalmody of the sea, chanting, chanting unceasingly! Oh, the majesty of the sea in the ever-new monotony of its far, far symphony, leading away with waving sway, singing: "I, the sea, am eternity."

There is magic might in this symphony.

It soothes us to seize us, to bear us away to the swelling sweep of another deep—to eternity in another sea where small night-stars make bright sun-day, as we swirl in the sway of the milky way.

So fast, so fast that the flashing lights from the clashing flights of two meteorites lag to flutter and flurry at gnat-pace—a fallen flake dissolved in our wake.

So far, so far that looking back from far-space we can scarce perceive the faint twinkle of the earth-sun, æons of light-pace from the sun-star with us in far-space.

And the stars sing as the sea sings: of life and new life eternally—of nebulous nurture, gravity growth, centripetal travail, fiery birth.

The stars sing as the sea sings: of life and new life eternally—the song of the life-love I bear to thee. Ah, love, it is good that you are with me!

VI.

Ah, the sea-song makes our dream souls soar, for the sand is warm and the land-breeze cool—the soft-sweet land

breeze sweeping to sea. Ah, Moon, thou art a matchless queen, thy light on the water a matchless sheen, fair embassy from thy demesne.

Sing, bright sea, to celebrate the lot of living things to mate; sing nature's destiny, life's kindly fate to mate and sate and procreate.

How your heart is beating! Yes, and my heart, how my heart is beating! It is the sea music in our veins, the caress of the song of the sea in the soft light of the bland night.

How fondly the singing of the sea wraps us in soft folds to make halves whole, two hearts one perfect heart-soul! Ah, wife, my life, life of new life to be, hear our hearts beat! My heart is calling to you and your heart is calling to me—singing the song of life and new life, singing the song of the sea. Wife-love, it is good that you are with me!

VII.

With ceaseless voice the sea sings constancy.

THE END.

GASTON PARIS

Nothing is more commonplace than death. By day and by night untold thousands return to the earth's bosom, and though the memory of them may linger a while in the hearts of their friends or their enemies, they are mostly soon forgotten. Others take their places, and the world's work goes on as well as before. But when a great man dies we suffer an irreparable loss, and therefore we need not wonder that primitive hero-worshippers made their idols live to be incredibly old. The children of Israel lengthened the lives of their patriarchs by centuries; in mediæval legend Charlemagne was more than two centuries old, and knights sought King Arthur long after he had disappeared. Beneath this lies the wish that men who benefit their fellows may stay longer, in order that they may benefit them more, and the sadness that follows their loss seems to arise from the conviction that a creative power has been quenched and that no similar

personality is likely to fill the void and go on with the interrupted work.

If we examine the personality of Gaston Paris, we shall find in him a distinct and rare claim to be remembered; and if a kind of immortality consists in living on in men's hearts, we believe that he will have that immortality.

In an essay written in 1897, Professor Henry Alfred Todd gave a scholarly, even a close view of the savant's work and of his character.* To add something more is my aim; to tell what is ready at hand.

Gaston Paris was taller than most Frenchmen by a palm or more and very straight. He was stately to all, and almost forbidding to those who came to him without good reason. But if he felt that a man was come in dead earnest to

*Gaston Paris, Romance Philologist and Member of the French Academy. In the Publications of the Modern Language Association, Baltimore, 1897.

learn Romance philology, he made him welcome and did not inquire too closely into claims. In 1895, before he became director of the Collège de France, he lived in his *hôtel*, some two or three miles from the Sorbonne, and there he received, after correspondence, students from almost everywhere. Most of them were French, but many came from Germany and some from the United States. Of an American who called on him in 1893 he asked, "Where have you studied?"

"At Yale, monsieur."

"Who is there?" he asked—an embarrassing question indeed; for until 1895 no one taught Romance philology at Yale. The caller had to be bold or lose. So he uttered a great name. "Le Professeur Whitney," said he.

"Mais, mon dieu!" exclaimed Paris, "c'est le sanskrit qu'il fait!" But he had read his caller's heart and the ice was broken. The American was even complimented on his French and given a seat at a long table in a dingy room at the *École des Hautes Études*.

Into that room entered little light, and the air in it seemed to have been breathed by generations. The very books gave forth a musty smell, for books often grow rank as they grow old. No usher with a chain of flat, square links around his neck, and a jug of water with sugar loaves, glass and spoon, preceded Gaston Paris into this dry old bookish den, in the traditional manner of the Collège de France; but he came alone, and, as he entered, his pupils rose, not merely because custom so decreed, but, also, because they revered the man. It is easy to see him there, at the end of the table. His head was round, and through a thin white beard one saw a roundish chin. No racial mark was on him, but you knew in a second that he was a rare gentleman. Whether from much reading or from other causes he was very near-sighted. Indeed, in one eye he seemed almost blind. He used eyeglasses rimmed with tortoise shell, and these he folded into a monocle which he wore over his left eye. His voice was like that of many Parisians, soft and slightly rumbling, but pleasantly sonorous when he chose, and he spoke with simplicity, clearness and grace. He seemed to know every word in the French language, but he contrived to

express the most delicate shades of thought with very few. In hearing him, you had always a sense of his power, of his grasp on every cluster of facts that might serve to explain a phenomenon. I dare say he knew more tongues than Mithridates; for in Europe there seemed to be few that he could not understand. Whether he spoke English I cannot say. Certainly he always said Ply-mouth and Mon-mouth conscientiously. What he would have done with Beauchamp and Cholmondeley is harder to say; but his knowledge was immense. The whole Middle Age—its learning, its religion, its morals and its lack of them, its gossip and its jests, its costumes, its most homely habits and its point of view, to say nothing of its wars, government and laws—all these he seemed to understand as if he had shared in them all from Merovingian times to Francis of Valois. Nor was he limited to France. His classical lore also was far greater than that of many a specialist in "Greece and Rome," who never heard of the four sons of Aimon, of Berthe aux grands pieds, of Roncevaux or Avalon. Yet with all his learning he had a shrewd knowledge of living men. One Sunday after his séminaire a tall American of eccentric mien—to say nothing of an impediment in his speech—went up to the great scholar excitedly. He shook his fist and sputtered, "Monsieur Paris, ce que vous avez dit là est tout à fait faux!" The academician mastered his astonishment and listened to the charge. Afterward, in describing the incident, Gaston Paris said, "Dame! il est drôle, ce monsieur X. Il s'approche, il vous domine, il a l'air d'être votre conscience!" How delicious! Could one choose a neater phrase to make you see "ce monsieur X.?"

With a depth and earnestness hard to match anywhere, Gaston Paris had an elegance that made his spoken words as charming as his words of pen. He could write with the depth and beauty, with the undertone of sentiment, with the subdued and noble humour of a Leslie Stephen, but he seldom mingled in controversy. Though he has given the *coup de grâce* to many a dullard or humbug, and though he could lay his finger unerringly on the weak spot of an adversary's armour, he was by nature kind and ready to praise good work. In re-

viewing an American lady's study of "Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight"—that Gawayne who had been made out such a rogue by Tennyson—he closed by saying that Sir Gawayne in his long poetical career had guarded or avenged the honour of so many ladies and damsels as to deserve that one of them should stand up for his own.

Reared as he was amid great writers, Gaston Paris was imbued from the first with a love of good literature. From his father's lips he heard wonderful stories that charmed him long before he began to study them as a scientist, yet still as a lover. He had a living interest in literature and in writers. When his friend Sully-Prudhomme had published his first volume of poems, Gaston Paris took a copy of them with a discreet note to be put in the hands of Sainte-Beuve. The mighty critic remained silent. Ardent admirers of the new poet were, it is said, on the verge of going to *conspuer* that literary tyrant when he broke his silence with an article that made Sully-Prudhomme famous.

Some thirty years later, years filled with labours that won him honour everywhere, Gaston Paris was living in his apartments at the Collège de France, where Renan had been before him. In his great library he was a king at his ease, and somehow, almost without words, he drew men to him and found them out. Here he welcomed not merely celebrities but others who were only making their way. Too often a caller was but some hopeful genius with the manuscript of a comedy, but Gaston Paris was not scornful. He read and helped where he could, and might even sketch something quite new. Those who have felt his strength, his wit and his imagination may well hope that he has left something purely creative to show his well-rounded genius.

Without a first-hand acquaintance with life no man can understand literature, which is the written expression of life. Dates and sources, plots, names, similarities and dissimilarities, history and traditions—all these a man may know, but they avail him little if he has no gift to feel the soul beneath them all. Few

men have ever held such sway over outer facts as did Paris, but he knew how to go to the heart of things. As a philologist in the narrow sense he was almost without a peer; yet he was a psychologist, marvellously endowed to discover intricately scattered facts and to build out of them the story of a life. His biography of that baffling vagabond Villon* is not surpassed in the world's literature as a work of reconstructing the personality of a man so hard to discern amid the clouds of untruth and legend.

Were it advisable, one might further analyse the character of this many-sided man, but it will suffice if these words have shown why he was great. In him the indispensable elements of genius, which seem rather to shun each other than, by uniting, to form an individuality worthy of remembrance and esteem, were gathered. But inborn talent requires an ideal, and to succeed in full measure it must pursue that ideal constantly. This was true of Gaston Paris, in whose own words we find the revelation of his science, which was also his religion. In a lecture delivered at the Collège de France in 1870, Gaston Paris uttered this noble creed:

I profess absolutely and without reserve this doctrine that science has no other aim than truth, and truth for its own sake, without care of the consequences, good or ill, regrettable or happy, which that truth might have in practice. He who from a patriotic, religious, or even from a moral motive, allows himself in the facts that he is studying, in the conclusions that he draws, the smallest dissimulation, the slightest alteration, is not worthy of a place in the great laboratory to which truthfulness is a more indispensable claim to admission than skill. Thus understood, studies in common carried on in the same spirit in all civilised countries, form, above restricted, diverse and often hostile nationalities, a great fatherland which no war soils, which no conqueror threatens, wherein souls find the refuge and the unity which the citadel of God gave them of old.

Richard Thayer Holbrook.

* This work will be reviewed at length in an early number of THE BOOKMAN.

THEIR QUEST

By Brand Whitlock

Author of "The Thirteenth District"

I.

The Bertrands reached their decision to go East only at the last minute. They had been projecting the trip ever since the Ohio summer began in earnest, and in speaking of the matter to her friends, Mrs. Bertrand would shake her head hopelessly, so that they knew it was really Mr. Bertrand's vacillation that was responsible for the postponements. But Bertrand came home Wednesday at noon, spent with the insatiable heat, and asked her if she could get ready to go the following day. He impatiently snapped the lid of his watch meanwhile, just as he did when he was waiting for her to go out in the evening, though the watch was not a calendar and made no pretence of measuring time by divisions any longer than hours. Mrs. Bertrand, however, whose attitude all along had avouched her ability to start at a moment's notice, pleaded for a reprieve until Monday, and it was decided to leave on that day. Every summer the Bertrands planned to go East for their vacation, but somehow it always ended in their going to Mrs. Bertrand's mother in Greenfield. Once they had gone to Put-in-Bay, which they found quite as hot as Columbus, and on another occasion they had gone to Mackinaw on one of the upper lake steamers. Each time the Eastern trip was postponed until the following summer. Had the friends of the Bertrands known how serious was the financial question involved for Mr. Bertrand, they must have had a better opinion of his character; they did not know this, just as they did not know that if the Barline case had not been affirmed in the Supreme Court in June, so that Mr. Bertrand got his fee, they could not have gone this summer. Mrs. Bertrand knew of course, but she did not choose to tell. She preferred to have her neighbours think her husband lacking in decision rather than in money.

The decision once reached, however, they found themselves looking forward

to the trip with youthful excitement. The children were to go to their grandmother's in Greenfield, and, as there was no reason for their delay, they were sent off at once. Left thus alone in the house for the few days before their departure, Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand found themselves repeating some of the emotions of their early wedded life, and they discovered a new delight in the serious pretence that in the tour they were about to take they would renew the joys of their wedding journey. They forsook the veranda, and spent their evenings indoors, under the flaring gas jets, drawing up itineraries, subject, of course, to the changes the ticket agent invariably made when Bertrand submitted them to him the next day. Bertrand at last discovered that none but a specialist could hope to understand a railroad time-table, and so gave up the task; and the agent routed them, as he phrased it, by Niagara Falls, where they were to stop for a day, thence eastward by way of New York and Boston, and so on to Scoggin's Point. They chose Scoggin's Point because the Talbotts had been there, and they felt an acquaintance with it from having heard the Talbotts talk so much about it. Mrs. Bertrand regretted the choice immediately because of the deference it paid to the Talbotts' wider knowledge of the world, but she destroyed the effect of this with the Talbotts by somehow conveying the impression that the place was one long familiar to Mr. Bertrand from the fact that his family came originally from New England. This, however, was not until after Bertrand had bought the tickets and engaged their section.

The sweltering days between the Wednesday of the decision and the Monday of the departure were occupied by Mrs. Bertrand in visits to the dressmakers. She gave her plain sewing to a woman whom she discovered in a little flat over a store in Long Street. Returning from her daily visits one afternoon, she found Bertrand on the veranda in his shirt

sleeves, his cravat and collar unfastened, fanning himself desperately with the evening paper. She met him with the cry:

"What do you think?"

"What?"

"The strangest thing you ever heard of!"

"Well, let's have it," he replied.

"Why, that woman who's doing my sewing used to live in Scoggin!"

"Well, that's pleasant," said Bertrand.

Mrs. Bertrand gave him a look that showed her disgust. He did not see the look, but he felt it and glanced up suddenly. The tragic interest in his wife's face almost frightened him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Why, can't you see?" his wife replied.

"Can't you see that it spoils our trip?"

"What in the world are you talking about?" said Bertrand helplessly.

Mrs. Bertrand shook her head.

"My dear," she said slowly, as if she were beginning all over, "if you could have seen her!"

Bertrand waited for his wife to go on.

"Well?" he said presently in a man's curiosity.

"The poor old thing!" Mrs. Bertrand grieved. "I wish you could see her!"

"You might take me around to call some evening," said Bertrand out of the sarcastic spirit his impatience and the heat brought up within him.

"It's no joking matter, Frank, let me tell you; no joking matter at all."

"Then tell me what it's all about," he commanded.

"Well," Mrs. Bertrand began, with the reluctance of one who quails before a long narrative, "she lives up there over a grocery, and she toils with her needle from morning till night. It's the hottest place you ever saw; not a breath of air; you know the walls are blank on either side. The place, though, was furnished with the grandest old furniture—a high-boy and a sideboard that would make your mouth water! And then the bureau—one of those old, old ones, with glass knobs, and every bit mahogany! I wish we could get hold of it. I haven't dared mention it to her as yet. She brought it all from Maine with her, and it has been in their family a long time. When we come back, I intend to go to see her; if I can get in with her, maybe we can get

hold of it. You remember that sideboard of the Tallbotts'? Well, she has one that would throw that completely in the shade! Do you think she'd sell it?"

"Doubtless, if she's as poor as you make her out, though with such furniture—"

"Ah, yes, poor—poor's no name! She has a husband who is an invalid and she supports him by sewing. She can't get much to do either; that is, much that will pay very well. She isn't a very good seamstress of course. But let me tell you."

Bertrand smiled.

"All right," he said, "you may."

"Well," she went on, "you know when I went there I told her I'd have to have my work out by Friday, as we were going away Saturday."

"But we're not going until Monday," said Bertrand.

"How stupid you are!" replied Mrs. Bertrand. "You don't know these dress-makers." She paused a moment before she continued. "She said she could get it out by working nights."

She seemed then lost in reflection. Bertrand had a vision of the woman sewing late at night, under the flat roof of the brick building, beside a blazing coal-oil lamp, with insects wheeling around, and her brow bathed in perspiration. Partly to escape this vision he aroused his wife with a

"Well?"

Mrs. Bertrand started.

"I was going to tell you," she said. "After a while the poor thing sighed and said: 'I wish we could go away. This hot weather here in Ohio is very trying on Mr. Lewis. Where are you going if I may ask?' 'Scoggin's Point, Maine,' I said, and, Frank, I wish you could have seen her! She let her hands fall in her lap, and the look she gave me!" Mrs. Bertrand dropped her own hands into her lap and gave her husband a look. Presently she resumed:

"She couldn't speak for an instant, and then she said: 'Scoggin!' Just that, and nothing more. There were tears in her eyes."

Mrs. Bertrand paused, on the point of tears herself.

"She used to live in Scoggin. She was born and raised there. Her father was a minister. After she met Mr. Lewis and

married him, they came West, because Mr. Lewis thought he could better his fortunes out here; but he didn't; he fell sick, and they've had an awful time."

Mrs. Bertrand paused again and was lost in silence and sadness.

"They've never been able to go back," she mused, "even for a visit, and they never will. That man has death written on his face."

Bertrand stirred uneasily.

"The poor thing," Mrs. Bertrand went on, seeming to find a fascination in the tragedy. "She could hardly speak; I can hear her now crying out at the last:

"'Oh, Mrs. Bertrand, to think of your going to Scoggin! To Scoggin—Scoggin!' She said the word over and over. 'And I—I wish we'd never left there. We've never had a day's luck since!' She became almost fierce. But of course I couldn't help it, could I?"

"Finally," said Mrs. Bertrand, with the calmer air of resuming her narrative, "she seemed better able to talk of it, and she told me all about Scoggin and the places we must go to see. And at last she gave me the name of a woman I'm to look up. She's an old friend of hers; Martha Stone, and she lives—let's see, she gave me all the directions and had me write them down—she lives in a little white house back from the sea, on a road that turns off to the left, just beyond the church. She said anybody could show us. They were great friends, and Mrs. Lewis says she'll be glad to hear from her."

"Did she give you a letter?" asked Bertrand.

"No," replied Mrs. Bertrand, "she said, 'Just tell her Abigail Lewis sent her love, that'll be enough.' We must look her up at once, just as soon as we get there."

The Bertrands were silent that evening; silent at the supper table, and silent as they sat on the veranda afterward. Bertrand, since their determination to go East for their vacation, had found it hard to settle down to the common things of his every-day life; this evening he found it harder than ever. It was too hot indoors to read, and he smoked a while, and then he said he guessed he'd go to bed; there seemed to be nothing to do.

"I wish we'd arranged to go to-morrow," he said finally. "I don't see how

I'm going to stand this heat another day."

"I wish I could get that woman out of my mind," said Mrs. Bertrand; "somehow she haunts me."

Bertrand rose and went to the end of the veranda to examine the faint and intermittent flashes in the western sky.

"It's just heat lightning," he said, in a hopeless tone.

"It isn't fair," Mrs. Bertrand broke out after a long silence, "it just isn't fair, that's all there is about it. For us to go there to her home, on a visit, a vacation trip, and that poor thing, who longs so to go, to have to stay here and broil; she said if she could only get her husband back there and let him taste that salt air again, she knew he'd get well!"

Bertrand said nothing.

"Of course it's just going to spoil our vacation," Mrs. Bertrand exclaimed bitterly, when her husband would not help her out. "I knew something would; it always does. And we'd looked forward to going East for so many summers!"

"Yes," Bertrand said sorrowfully, "the fates never grant a wish in any but the ironical spirit."

"Well, it isn't our fault," Mrs. Bertrand resented. "I don't see how we—"

Bertrand had gone down on to the lawn to turn off the water which had been playing through the garden hose all evening. His wife was still speaking when he stepped out of the wet grass back on to the veranda.

"She says Martha Stone has a house full of old things. Maybe we can get something to bring back."

"For Mrs. Lewis?" he asked, wiping his hands on his handkerchief.

Mrs. Bertrand paused with her hands on the back of a chair she was to take in for the night. She peered through the darkness at her husband.

"Well," she said, resumptively dragging the chair, "we can bring her *something*, of course."

II.

The Bertrands reached Scoggin in the evening. When the impatient train hurried on and left them standing alone with their luggage on the platform of the little station, the mystery of a strange place come upon at twilight depressed them,

and momentarily they wished themselves back in Columbus. But they were reassured when a negro suddenly appeared with the cry:

"Massasoit! Hotel Massasoit!"

His cry had the ring of welcome, and he smiled upon them with the obsequiousness trained into him by long years of menial service. He sprang forward and seized their bags, and then briskly led the way to the buckboard he had in waiting. They felt an importance when they found that they were the only arrivals that night, and as they leaned back in the rear seat of the buckboard, with their black driver erect and proud on the front seat, they exchanged surreptitious glances of conscious satisfaction. They were weary after their long ride from Boston, though the weariness had as its primary cause the day at Niagara, and the subsequent sight-seeing in New York. But in the crisp air, in which they fancied they could already sniff the salt of the sea, though they could not see the sea, they plucked up their spirits and Mrs. Bertrand at once asked the driver how long he had lived in Scoggin. The negro hastened to disclaim a residence there by proclaiming Kentucky as his home, and he boasted of his great desire to get back to it. He confided certain grievances he had against his employer, the proprietor of the hotel, and declared that if it were not for some injustice of the Maine statutes which, as it seemed from his imperfect idea of it, permitted the master to withhold the servant's wages at his pleasure, he would return to Kentucky at once. As a lawyer, Bertrand was not able to enter into the man's proper disgust at such a law, but as a Westerner he discovered a fellowship with him that he would have scorned to own to a negro at home. But here away from home, he was glad of some common human kinship. Mrs. Bertrand, however, revealed her motive at once, by asking:

"Do you know an old lady named Martha Stone who lives here?"

Bertrand started. He was enjoying the drive along a road whose vagrant whims led it here and there through the pines, with now and then slender birches gleaming whitely in the failing evening light. And so, when his wife suddenly reminded him of the burden he had forgotten, he said irritably:

"Can't you let her rest till morning?"

"The sooner I find her, the sooner I'll get her off my mind," Mrs. Bertrand whispered. The man, however, hastily denied acquaintance with any one at Scoggin, or with Yankees anywhere; he much preferred to discuss Kentucky, or even Ohio. He told them that he used to work at the Gibson House in Cincinnati, and he and Bertrand compared memories until they drew up at the steps of the hotel.

When they had stood helplessly about for a while under the glances of the people who were already on enviable terms of ease and familiarity with the place, the Bertrands were glad to escape to the deserted dining-room. The disdainful waitresses burst through the swinging doors from the kitchen now and then, but were too much absorbed in their quarrels over the clattering dishes to notice the new and belated guests, and it was not until the head waiter could bring himself to the point of suffering them the remnants of a meal long since grown cold that they destroyed their appetites, if they did not appease their hunger. Then in their weariness they were glad to seek the retirement of the room the Massasoit finally remembered it had reserved for them.

The next morning Bertrand awoke and sprang immediately to his window to look out on the sea, but a fog had fallen; he could discern nothing but the sheen of the piazza's dripping roof. All that day they remained indoors; they heard a fog horn blowing at intervals of a minute; between the blasts of the fog horn a bell tolled. The Bertrands as yet had no real conception of Scoggin; they had not seen it; it was as if the mystery which enveloped it when they came at night had given its cloak to the fog. All day long the grey brume hung over sea and shore, and life paused, waiting for it to lift. The Bertrands knew no one in the hotel, and no one cared to know them; such was the attitude of the other summer boarders at least. Bertrand thought he would write some letters, but half a dozen matrons had commanded the only table in the writing-room and were loudly playing at cards; the clerk talked with him, of course, for that was one of his duties, when he could spare himself from the girls who were always clamouring

over the counter to know if the mail had got in. But the day wore heavily even on their young spirits, until the retired naval officer, who constituted the big attraction of the hotel, came down and began to pace the long quarter-deck, as the piazza must be considered in any relation it bore to him, and cast an eye now and then toward the sea in the wisest of weather-wise ways.

The Bertrands boldly tried to pace the piazza themselves, but they felt that the effort was a failure. If this slight attempt at asserting themselves was not openly resented by the other boarders it was plainly discountenanced, and the Bertrands shrank again, and gave over the piazza entirely to the men and women who walked heavily up and down wrapped in rain coats, smiling a familiar recognition on the commodore each time they passed him.

Bertrand achieved what was perhaps the slight beginnings of a distinction by having an enormous bottle of mineral water placed on his table at the noon dinner, and by recklessly leaving it there when the meal was done; the other guests at his table plainly lost something in position at this, though they resolutely braved it out with the germs in the hotel water, ostentatiously gulping large quantities and praising its qualities to each other. But on the whole the day was a failure, and the Bertrands went early to bed once more, openly wishing they were back in Ohio.

"After all, Minnie," said Bertrand, seriously contemplating the face of the watch he was winding, "Put-in-Bay's good enough for me."

"Or Middle Bass," said Mrs. Bertrand, "that is, if you belong to the club."

"Yes," Bertrand assented, "if you belong to the club."

"I don't see what Mrs. Lewis saw in *this* place," said Mrs. Bertrand. She spoke with a kind of relief, the first she had ever felt with respect to Mrs. Lewis.

"Maybe she belongs to the club here," Bertrand went on bitterly. "I'm sure we don't."

He mused a while and came to himself with a sigh.

"Well," he remarked, "I hope I'll dream I'm home to-night, as Willie said the time I took him up into Mercer

County and we stayed all night in the log cabin."

The mention of Willie gave them a homesick pang, and they began to worry about the children.

"Poor little things!" Mrs. Bertrand said tearfully. "I suppose mother is putting them to bed just about this time."

"It's only eight o'clock out there," said Bertrand, looking at his watch, which in stubborn loyalty to the Middle West he had refused to set according to Eastern time. "Your mother would never make them go to bed that early."

"You can't drive away the feeling that way," persisted Mrs. Bertrand.

They talked about the children for some time, and Bertrand fell asleep saying that if they could find Martha Stone the next morning and deliver Mrs. Lewis's message they could get back to Boston by night and by taking the Albany sleeper be home Tuesday.

III.

But the next morning Bertrand was awakened by the silvery notes of a bugle. He lay for an instant entranced; a fine, new air poured through the open window, and with it came the light of a brilliant sun. He sprang up, and went to the window. There below him, beyond the grassy sward that stretched down to the rocks along the shore, lay the sparkling bay; its entrance was guarded on the one side by the fort, on its other point the lighthouse stood. In the harbour the tiny sailboats dipped at their moorings; farther out a white yacht lay gracefully at anchor. In the offing was a mackerel seiner, standing out to sea; far off in the Atlantic he could see the misty Isles of Shoals. The bugle was blowing mess, and he listened until its notes died away. Going to the side window, he could see the fields with their low stone walls; an arm of the sea, gleaming like steel in the light, threw itself around the hotel; far away were the pine trees and the hills, and over all the clear blue sky. A new energy sprang within him; he felt as a boy again; he was hungry; and he realised all at once that it was cool.

They hastened down to breakfast. They were full of projects; they must make a trip to the fort, visit the old town of Portsmouth, and go to the Navy Yard

at Kittery; they even planned a sail. They were cheered as they thought of all these things to do, and after breakfast they boldly sat on the piazza while Bertrand smoked his cigar.

"Well, it isn't so bad after all," he ventured.

They gazed for a while in silence out to sea.

"It doesn't look any bigger than Lake Erie, does it? Nor much different," complained Mrs. Bertrand presently.

"But do you realise that it's cool?" argued Bertrand somewhat irrelevantly, "actually cool?"

"And think how hot it is back home!" said his wife.

"That only adds to our pleasure here," said Bertrand.

"You're cruel," said Mrs. Bertrand. "You forget the children."

"Oh, they won't mind the heat!" said Bertrand roundly.

"No, I suppose not," mused Mrs. Bertrand. "But think of Mrs. Lewis."

Bertrand could have resented Mrs. Lewis, but he thought better of it, and tried to change the subject.

"What do you say to going into Portsmouth to-day?"

"Very well," Mrs. Bertrand assented, "we might inquire for Martha Stone on the way."

They inquired in the most improbable places: of the conductor on the trolley car, of a man on the ferry that churned its way across Portsmouth harbour, even of the clerk at the hotel, and they pretended to each other that they were seriously performing a duty that had laid itself heavily on their consciences.

By evening the ladies at their table showed the beginnings of a propitiatory spirit, and admitted Mrs. Bertrand to a probationary acquaintance. Bertrand had the good fortune to meet a fellow Ohioan, and in the free masonry of men who hail, however remotely, from that State, they exchanged the old pleasantries about the Ohioan's ubiquitousness, and smoked the ceremonial cigars of a summer friendship. The Ohioan promised to introduce Bertrand to the naval officer, from which his social standing at the hotel must inevitably follow. In their new intimacy Bertrand told the Ohioan the story of Mrs. Lewis and the search for Martha Stone. The Ohioan gen-

erously promised to make inquiries in his wanderings in those parts, and Bertrand felt altogether as if he had made progress in what somehow had forced itself upon them as their chief business in Scoggin.

IV.

The distractions of the seaside kept the Bertrands fully employed for a fortnight. They did none of the things they had planned to do; they visited neither the fort nor the Isles of Shoals; the trips on the trolley were left undone, and the studious excursions in which they should explore into the past of that region, so full of the colour of colonial history, were never ventured upon. For when the colony finally accepted them, it was without reservation; if their residence in what the Easterners indefinitely called the West was not forgotten, it was, at least, never referred to, so that the Bertrands themselves could at times forget it. They spent their days in sailing, and in strolling, and in waiting for the mail, and sometimes Bertrand and the Ohioan went fishing. They had their card parties on rainy days, and once they had a hop, which was distinguished by the presence of two young ensigns who came over from the Navy Yard and permitted the girls to waltz with them.

The Bertrands had not been able to find Martha Stone; if now and then they reproached each other for not engaging in the search more seriously, they consoled themselves by saying there was ample time, and in some one of her occasional rebellions against the hopeless tyranny of the thought of Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Bertrand cried:

"We've suffered enough, surely, just from thinking of her, and if you *suffer*, I suppose that's all they can ask of you in this life."

"All who can ask of you, my dear?" said Bertrand in a solemnity she did not see was half a mockery.

"Well—" she hesitated superstitiously before the idea of naming any but a heathen divinity, and yet she desired always the modern cast in her thought—"Well, fatality, or whatever rules us."

"Oh," he replied. "I didn't know just what you meant."

Mrs. Bertrand laughed rather weakly.

"Perhaps I meant the Puritans—they

personalise the whole thing better than any idea I know of."

But the long days went by uncounted, the air sparkled, the sun glistened on the sea, and fresh winds blew landward. At evening white yachts on their way to Bar Harbour dropped into the bay for a night's anchorage, the bugles from the fort blew retreat, the sunset gun was fired, the flag fell, and the twilight came in from the sea. The yachts hung out their lights, twinkling all over the bay. Far away in the offing the lighthouse blinked, and in the deep sky the stars hung low in myriads. The nights were odorous and brought sleep to Bertrand, as if from the cool depths of the balsamic pines.

A Sunday morning came on which Mrs. Bertrand had promised to attend the services in the little Episcopal chapel that added so much to the picturesqueness of the place and made an attraction which the hotel-keeper was shrewd enough to advertise. Mrs. Bertrand was not an Episcopalian at home, though she had moments of wishing she were, but she allowed the other ladies at the hotel to think she was. Bertrand declined to accompany her, and on second thought Mrs. Bertrand was pleased by this, for it confirmed her in the part she happened to be playing that day, and made it all the more convincing. When the ladies had disappeared, Bertrand with a book and cigar strolled down the shore until he came to the old cemetery. He clambered over the stone wall, grown with so many vines and mosses. The grass was long, and there were no mounds as in those cemeteries that take the place of parks in Western towns, for where the graves were not sunken in, they were level with the ground.

It occurred to him suddenly that Martha Stone might be dead, and if he could find her tomb he would have a little sensation for Mrs. Bertrand at dinner time. He wandered about in the tangled grass, reading the quaint inscriptions on the slate tombstones, carved evidently by the same hand a century ago. To one coming from the young West a century was as a thousand years; for Bertrand there was the sentimental pleasure of hoary mystery in these ancient tombs; he imagined that long dead artist, and the position of importance he occupied among a sea-faring folk who lived where

deep calleth unto deep, face to face with tragedy. The stones all showed the touch of his sculptor's hand, stayed so long before; they showed it in the death's heads, in the skeletons that flanked the inscriptions, in the weeping willows, in all the grewsome symbols of a day that accepted death literally. Bertrand went about reading the inscriptions. Stone after stone told of the same fate:

"Lost at sea."

Bertrand paused, gazing out on the Atlantic, smooth and smiling on this still morning, far from its mood of tragedy; yet his thoughts were with those who had been lost at sea. He had not found the grave of Martha Stone; perhaps she too had been lost at sea. Presently he was aware of some one drawing near. The man was dressed in black, and his clothes were just like those which village men wore on Sundays out in Ohio; in the lapel of his coat was the bronze button of the G. A. R., another familiar thing; Bertrand imagined him fighting in some Maine regiment. They fell to speaking softly and at last Bertrand learned what he had wished to know.

"Yes, she's lived here many a year. You go down the road about a mile, till you come to where the other road turns off. Just beyond, on the left-hand side, is a church. Then you keep on maybe a quarter of a mile, and finally you come to a white house on the right just beyond a brown one."

Bertrand went back to the hotel at noon with a great virtue glowing in his heart.

"Well, Minnie, I've found her," he said.

Mrs. Bertrand gasped.

"Martha Stone?"

"Yes."

Bertrand was trying to bear himself modestly.

"What is she like? did you give her Mrs. Lewis's message?"

"No, not that," he faltered. "I—I—didn't mean I'd seen her. I met a man who knows her."

"Oh!" the smallness of the tone showed Bertrand how his sudden importance had shrunk.

"He gave me directions," Bertrand went on.

"We must go this afternoon," said Mrs. Bertrand, "and have it over. It has worried us long enough."

And so in the afternoon they set out. The trolley cars were crowded with natives in their Sunday finery, and summer visitors in the pretty costumes of the season's fashion. They waited an hour, and at last, despairing of seats, Bertrand thrust his wife aboard one of the cars, where she wedged herself against the knees of the good-natured excursionists, and stood precariously, her dignity menaced by the lurches the car gave in coming to a stop and in getting a start again. Bertrand had to content himself with standing room on the running board, holding on desperately, and repeating the thrill of hairbreadth escapes each time a post flashed by and left him whole, instead of sweeping him into the ditch to expire in a few broken gasps. They plunged along thus for a reckless mile, and then coming to what Bertrand took to be the road to Martha Stone's, they thankfully alighted, and turned into it. Trudging along its hard and rocky course, they found the church at last, but there was no white house in sight. Mrs. Bertrand declared that she could not go another step. She had Bertrand look at his watch; it was already five o'clock; they must be starting if they were to get back by supper. Bertrand was in favour of pressing on, but his wife finally manœuvred him into an admission that his directions had been of a general and hazy nature. And, declaring that she had known it all along, she turned and began the retreat. She would have to walk, she said, the cars were so jammed. She spoke of the cars as if Bertrand were responsible. Bertrand put her on the car when she cried she could not go another inch, but he preferred to walk. When he reached the hotel his wife had had time to lie down for awhile and to change her dress; and he found her regretting that they had not pushed on when they were so near. She was positive that the very next house would have proved to be Martha Stone's; she had caught a glimpse of it through the trees; it had appeared to her white, and she had even noticed its green shutters. She could not see why Bertrand had not been willing to go on, after all the trouble they had taken. She said they must get up

early in the morning and devote the whole day, if necessary, to finding Martha Stone; and they would have to get an early start, because they would have to walk; she could not trust herself again in the trolley car; the road-bed was not firm and the curves were dangerous.

"It's our last day, dear," said Bertrand.

"I know," his wife replied firmly, "but we must do it, even if it is."

"We haven't been over to the fort yet or down to the Navy Yard," he went on. "And we haven't seen the things the Thompsons told us to, or the Wheelers, or the Nortons, or Commodore Levins, or the old house my friend from Dayton knows of—none of them."

"I know," Mrs. Bertrand admitted, "but it can't be helped now. You should have thought of all that before. You always put everything off till the last minute. We must devote to-morrow to poor Mrs. Lewis. Think of her moiling and broiling away in that hot town, while we're off here enjoying ourselves!"

Bertrand saw that the spirit of the martyrs was upon her.

V.

They did set off in earnest the next morning, and in an hour they were standing in the door of the little white house. The atmosphere of the past enveloped them the moment they stepped into the low porch; Bertrand instinctively stooped as he went under the plastered ceiling. Mrs. Bertrand sprang to the polished brass knocker. She whispered that she'd like to steal it, and then reluctantly, as if it would sound the relinquishment of her larcenous desire, she raised it in her gloved fingers and let it fall thrice; it awoke hollow echoes within.

"What if she isn't at home?" asked Mrs. Bertrand, and then she went on: "I do hope we can get a peep inside—it's a perfect mine of treasure. Why didn't we come sooner?"

She looked at Bertrand reproachfully. They waited, and Mrs. Bertrand was lifting the knocker again when they heard bolts grating with ancient reluctance, and then the panelled door slowly opened. A young woman scowled out suspiciously. Bertrand shrank, but Mrs. Bertrand stepped forward with a smile.

"I beg your pardon," she began, in a tone as sweet as her smile, "but does Mrs. Martha Stone live here?"

She had produced her card case. The woman watched the little slips of tissue paper flutter to the door sill, and then raising her eyes, she said:

"Yes, 'um, she does."

"Will you give her these, then, and tell her we'd like very much to see her? We bring messages from an old friend of hers."

The woman scrutinised her callers: finally she opened the door and admitted them to the parlour. Their feet sank into the carpet that was laid over straw, and they could scarcely see for the darkness that filled the room. The darkness seemed to be a part of the effect of the room's having long been closed, and the musty odour was inhaled eagerly by Mrs. Bertrand as an evidence that they were in the midst of things long past and gone. The woman said:

"Take chairs."

And then she disappeared.

When the door had closed on the bright sunlight outside, Bertrand felt as if he had left the present and stepped back into the past. Something of the same sensation he had felt in the old graveyard down by the sea stole over him. In effect they had gone back fifty years. As their eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, Mrs. Bertrand peered about covetously, at the old chairs standing solemnly against the walls; they lingered on the sofa that matched the chairs, they took in the quaint side table, that stood, with half of its top folded demurely over against the wall, its slender legs suggesting Sheraton, and they rested finally on the spinnet that occupied one corner of the room. She could scarcely repress a cry, and she gesticulated frantically at her husband for him to admire and appreciate it with her, but he solemnly pointed to the wide mantel that overhung the fireplace, now disused and hidden by a large front that had been covered with wall paper. On the mantelpiece, in all their olden dignity, stood two candelabra, their graceful silver arms outstretched for the candles they had held so long ago.

"Isn't it all perfect and beautiful?" Mrs. Bertrand whispered. She could not sit still; she had risen and was inspecting

the slender old Boston rocker in which she had been sitting.

"It's every bit mahogany," she whispered. "It's priceless. Oh, if we only could!"

She went boldly to the mantelpiece. Over it hung two little pictures, one a faded pencil drawing of an old woman, its gilt frame tarnished and broken, its paper yellowed by time. The other was a tiny thing, done by some unskilled hand that yet had strained for the effect of a miniature, and almost caught it in its portrayal of a young woman, who sat as erect and straight in her long bodice as if she had been a Copley, her sweet and pensive face looking out solemnly on the world just as it had looked so many years before. The little chain that encircled her neck was pencilled in gilt, a pathetic attempt at realism in the new country's young art.

"It's her picture," said Mrs. Bertrand.

Bertrand could not reply before the door opened, slowly and tremblingly, and an aged woman came into the room. She proceeded carefully, peering about from behind her spectacles until her weak and faded eyes made out her callers, and then she hesitated. The Bertrands had risen. Mrs. Bertrand's interest in the old parlour was lost in the deference she suddenly showed the old lady.

"I am Mrs. Bertrand," she began, "and this—"

The old woman bent forward to listen, and Mrs. Bertrand spoke in a louder voice.

"Is this Mrs. Martha Stone?"

The old lady smiled:

"Yes, I'm Martha Stone," she said.

"I am Mrs. Bertrand, and this is my husband."

The old woman shifted her position painfully.

"Won't you be seated?" she said with a gesture that was of the time of the furniture. She moved forward in her prunella gaiters a few steps, and then looked at the chairs helplessly.

"Get them, Frank," commanded Mrs. Bertrand, and Bertrand drew up the rocker. Mrs. Stone bowed, and when they were seated she lowered herself into the rocker carefully, while Bertrand and Mrs. Bertrand watched her in silence and solicitude. When she had sunk into it she gave a sigh, and smoothed her skirts

with her wrinkled hands. The young woman who had admitted them had left the front door ajar, and the sunlight streamed in on the carpet. With it came a breath of the wind of the sea. The old woman stirred, and glanced uneasily at the path of the sunbeam. In its light, faint though it was when it reached her, she blinked her eyes.

"We came all the way from Ohio," Mrs. Bertrand began. "We bring a message to you from an old friend, Mrs. Abram Lewis. She sent you her love. She lives in the town we do, Columbus."

The old lady glanced curiously, first at Mrs. Bertrand, then at her husband. Instinctively she placed her hand behind her ear, but quickly withdrew it, though she could not repress her habitual

"Heh?"

She hung in a listening, waiting attitude. Her hands rested on the worn arms of her chair, her hands that were white almost to transparency, outlining every bone, and showing their network of swollen blue veins. She passed her tongue uncertainly over her lower lip.

"I say we come from out West, from Ohio—and Mrs. Abram Lewis—Abigail Lewis—sent her love to you."

"Your name is Lewis?" said the old woman in a high, shrill voice.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Bertrand exclaimed, "my name is Bertrand—but I *know* Mrs. Lewis, and she sent you her love."

"Oh," said the old woman, dropping back into her chair.

Mrs. Bertrand leaned forward.

"She thinks a great deal of you."

The old lady started again.

"I say Mrs. Lewis thinks a great deal of you."

Mrs. Bertrand shouted it at her.

"Indeed?" the old lady said, and she smiled with a polite interest.

"She's living in Columbus now."

"Ah?"

Again the old woman sank back, and Mrs. Bertrand was silent, until she deemed it her duty to go on.

"Her husband hasn't been very well lately."

"He hasn't? Well, I hadn't heard; I don't get out much any more."

"We've had an awfully hard time finding you," Mrs. Bertrand struggled on, striving after a smile. "We looked

everywhere. But I was determined to give you the message sent by Mrs. Lewis."

"Heh?" The old woman came forward again into her attentive attitude, though she seemed always to regret it, as she regretted her deaf exclamation.

"I say I was bound to find you and give you Mrs. Lewis's message."

The old woman hesitated a moment, and breathed slowly as if to gather strength. Then she said:

"She must be a new-comer here. I don't know any of the new ones."

"Oh, you misunderstand me," said Mrs. Bertrand. "Mrs. Lewis doesn't live here now. She used to; her father was pastor of the church here. She lives out in Ohio now, and she told me you and she were old friends, and she asked me to give you her love."

Mrs. Bertrand sank back in exhaustion.

"She doesn't understand a word," muttered Bertrand. Martha Stone sat in silence, gazing now at her wrinkled hands crossed in her lap, now at her callers. She rocked gently all the while, and her white head shook slowly from side to side, her lips moved incessantly, and incessantly she thrust her moist and ductile tongue between them. Now and then her fragile hands smoothed the lap of her black gown. A moment later she looked up.

"Maybe she lives on the upper fore-side," she piped. "We've always lived on the lower foreshore."

Mrs. Bertrand gathered herself for another effort.

"Oh, no," she cried. "She doesn't live here now, she used to, years ago, but she doesn't any more. She said that when she lived here you and she were great friends. She said that she had known you all her life, ever since she was a little girl. Don't you remember? Her name was Lewis—Abigail Lewis."

The old lady knit her brows and meditated for a long time. But her concentration resulted in nothing; her features relaxed, and twisting painfully about in her old chair she called in her quavering voice toward the back part of the house:

"Sairry, do you know Mrs. Lewis—wan't that her name?" The old lady turned, her hands still clasping the arms of the chair, and addressed the latter part of her question to Mrs. Bertrand. The

voice that answered was the voice of the young woman who had admitted them and so contemptuously declined any interest in them, and it answered so quickly that it was plain the young woman had not missed a word of all that had been said; it shrilled:

"How should I know, I'd like to know?"

The old woman turned, meek under the sharp treatment that must have been her daily portion, and, folding her hands in an effort to recover and represent the lost dignity of the establishment, she said:

"No, ma'am, I don't know her."

Mrs. Bertrand glanced at her husband.

"We might as well go," she said. She turned again to glance at Martha Stone. The old woman was once more thinking.

"I may have known her," she said presently, "but I don't just now recall. My memory isn't what it used to be." She looked from Mrs. Bertrand to Mr. Bertrand, a smile wavering on her lips as her tongue wavered there with something like an apology. Then she twisted about in her chair again, and called:

"Sairry, you fetch some cake and a little wine."

"Oh, no," Mrs. Bertrand said, stretching forth her gloved hand in protest. "Thank you very much, but you mustn't give yourself the trouble. We must go. We're very glad to have met you, indeed."

Martha Stone smiled, perhaps in relief that the burden of hospitality had been lifted from her.

"Must you go?" she quavered.

Somehow the reflection of the sadness there is in all partings was in this for the old lady and her eyes grew dim.

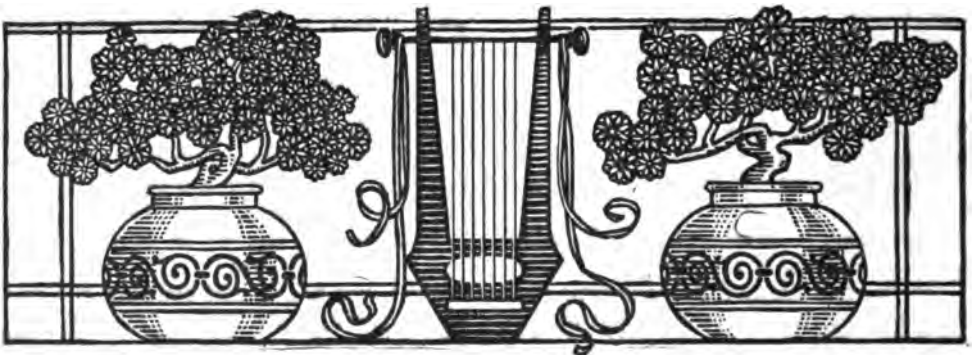
"Won't you call again?" she said, as if she had already and long ago had more than her share of good-byes.

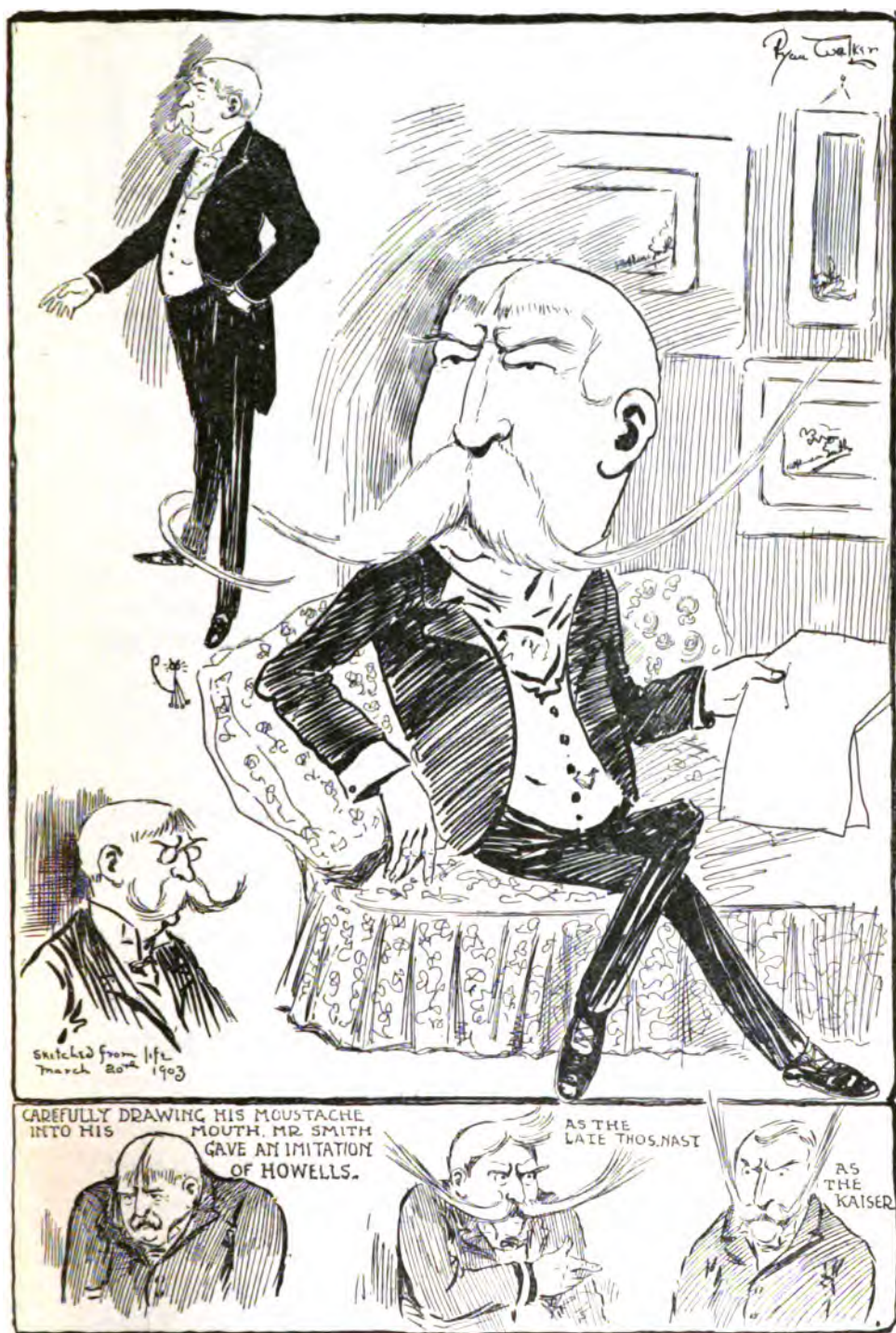
"Yes, when we come again," smiled Mrs. Bertrand, taking the withered hand in her own. "Don't get up—good-bye. We'll come to see you some time. Good-bye."

The old lady smiled, and her tongue hesitated on the edge of her lips. She rose and followed them to her door; as she bowed the sunbeam fell on her thin white hair. And she smiled and said: "Good-bye, Mrs. Bertrand; good-bye, sir."

When the Bertrands turned off the porch into the yard, and so on down to the gate, they caught a glimpse of Sairry peering at them around the corner of the house. She had a clump of flaming hollyhocks for a background; two or three children peeped from her skirts, and a pup by their side pricked his ears forward in comic interest. So they were glad of this glimpse of the young life that still throbbed in the old house just as they were glad to walk silently in the warm sun that lay along the stony road. They trudged on slowly through the thin dust for a quarter of a mile; then suddenly, Mrs. Bertrand halted. She clutched her husband by the sleeve.

"Frank," she said, "what shall I tell Mrs. Lewis?"





Illustrated Edition of The Authors.
F. Hopkinson Smith.

F. HOPKINSON SMITH IN VARIOUS IMPERSONATIONS.

PAYING THE PIPER

The Piper sat by the river, his tireless pipe in his hand,
But ere the sun set and the white stars met

He scratched with a stick on the sand.

"My bills are due," quoth the Piper, "and now they pay,"
quoth he,

"Who danced and played from the sun into shade,
Now render account to me.

"Here is one for a year," quoth the Piper; "a year of love's
delight;

A heart that is dead and a soul unwed
Shall cancel a debt so trite!

I need not dun," quoth the Piper—and laughed, but nobody
heard,

A chill in the air, and a shudder somewhere—
"They will render without one word.

"And this for my maddest playing"—oh, he wrote as he
chuckled and laughed—

"I will make my dole an immortal soul;
They shall drain where they only quaffed!"

So, he did his sum in addition, till the rose and the star had met,
But although he tried to thrust it aside
One name lay unchallenged yet.

Complacently knave and sinner, apportioned he each his due,
But when it was o'er there remained one more,
And its pattern the Piper knew.

"Rascal or thief," mused the Piper, "I play for their dancing
and smile.

They have their way for a little day,
I have mine after a while.

"I can score each knave," quoth the Piper, "in Life's ill-sorted
school,

For they take and they take their greed to slake,
But I am no match for the Fool!

For he pays as he goes," frowned the Piper, "pain, laughter,
passion or tears!

He claims no pelf from Life for himself,
But gives his all without tears.

"The rest of my dancers laugh not, and I hold each one as a tool,
But he pays as he goes, be it rapture or woes,

And I have no bill for the Fool!

He loves and he lives," frowned the Piper, "and such poor
returns suffice,

For he cries, '*Voilà le diable!*' and gives himself as the price!"
Then, with chagrin and reluctance as the star sank into the pool,

The Piper made claim on each separate name,
But receipted in full—for the Fool.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.



SIX NOVELS OF THE MOMENT

I.

ZOLA'S "TRUTH" *

Vérité is not only the last but the longest of M. Zola's many long books. It comes third in what was intended to be a series of four—*Fécondité*, *Travail*, *Vérité*, *Justice*—each of which should expose some existing evil in the national life of France, and preach its cure by the virtue named on the title-page. But I gather that the final volume, *Justice*, was not even begun at the time of M. Zola's sudden and lamentable death. One read in the newspapers at the time that the enemies he had made by his attitude in the Dreyfus affair openly exulted over his asphyxiation. If *Vérité* had been in their hands at the time, they might have detected in his death the swift vengeance of Heaven.

For *Vérité* is simply the Dreyfus case retold from M. Zola's point of belief, with a different crime for the basis of the plot, and altered names for the *dramatis personæ*. The crime is the murder of a schoolboy in a small provincial town; the innocent accused is a Jew schoolmaster; and the villain of the piece is not the French military ring, but the clerical party which backed the Generals against Dreyfus. In this story the Church and the Army change places—or rather, the Army almost disappears in the background, while the Roman Catholic priesthood steps into the front place of ignominy. M. Zola's is indeed a tremendous attack, delivered, I cannot say with what amount of justice, but with unquestion-

able courage, and sustained by a passionate conviction which sweeps the reader through its long and complicated story, and makes this by far the most animated of all M. Zola's later works.

As for the truth of the charge, I lifted a humble voice at the time of the Rennes trial to say that if, on the one side, the Generals and the priests in France were resorting to the vilest methods of frustrating truth, we in England could form no trustworthy judgment on the merits of the case while our newspapers, taking the other side, were with common consent garbling the evidence for all they were worth. To pervert truth in the cause of truth may be for the moment effective against opponents who are perverting it in the interest of falsehood; but such counterstrokes postpone, if they do not quite annul, the final victory. So while M. Zola unfolds his case, I am impressed by his passionate conviction, but cannot help remembering that on our side of the Channel the Generals' case against Dreyfus not only never obtained a hearing, but was subjected to daily falsifications almost as flagrant as those against which M. Zola inveighs. Also, making all allowance for the fine organisation of the Roman Catholic priesthood, I am not entirely convinced by the "conspiracy" in this story. Large bodies of men are not clever enough for conspiracies—they take more naturally to stampedes; and an aptness to believe in conspiracies seldom goes with complete mental health either in the individual or in the body politic. We have recently had too much of this kind of thing in France and in England. There was (we were told) a military conspiracy against Dreyfus, a Jew conspiracy

*Truth (*Vérité*). By Émile Zola. Translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. New York: John Lane.

lect. Whatever her defects, whatever her shortcomings, Mrs. Ward has the wisdom to use her trained capacity and ripe cultivation in portraying the men and women of her own day and generation as she has seen and known them.

The result of this is that, although helped and hampered by the tragic tale on which it is founded, dislocated by the transition from a real to an imaginary history, smothered in description, in spite of all these faults *Lady Rose's Daughter* still belongs in that small class of novels which are undeniably worth a grown person's while to read.

Mary Moss.

III.

I. ZANGWILL'S "THE GREY WIG."*

The incessant interplay of fun and melancholy which is one of the salient characteristics of the genius of Israel Zangwill finds personified reflection in the heroine of the "Serio-Comic Governess," the closing novelette in his latest volume, *The Grey Wig*. Zangwill could say with Heine that he "cannot speak of his own pain without the thing becoming ludicrous," and he could say with his serio-comic governess that life is to him "too horribly amusing."

While at the theatre the governess found the melodrama she was seeing "killingly comic as soon as she understood that it was serious," and "it was not till a comic opera came along that she was able to take the theatre seriously." This is precisely the way the author seems to be impressed by what is going on on the stage of life. He cannot paint the ludicrous without tinging it with sadness—with the deep-rooted sadness of the Jewish race; nor can he give vent to his human sympathies without having the tragic note drowned in the uncontrollable rush of his humour. Sometimes excellent literature will thus be injured by the impetuous, overbearing flow of his wit. When the art of creating lifelike images is coupled with the gift of being unremittingly clever, an occasional falling out between the two Muses is only too natural.

*The Grey Wig: Stories and Novelettes. By I. Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Sometimes an exquisite piece of dialogue is turned into burlesque, marring the artistic illusion of the entire scene by the epigrammatic genius of the author forcing a Zangwill joke into the mouth of a character that is distinctly not a Zangwill. There are not many Zangwills in this world of ours, at any rate, and the brilliancy which adorns the speech of his creations is sometimes suggestive of the effulgence of a woman whose manner of wearing her diamonds betrays the fact that they are not hers.

The title story of the collection under review, which is also one of the best the author has given us, suffers from this discrepancy between character and diction in several notable instances. This is especially to be regretted, because the story is brimful of unspoken comedy of the higher order; of that sort of mirth which is above the mere coincidence of sound, which cannot and need not be put in the form of words because it springs from the inherent meaning of the situation. In this respect the underlying situation of *The Grey Wig* is one of the strongest Zangwill has conceived since his inimitable *King of Schnorers* established his place in literature as "easily the wittiest Jew after Heine," as Mr. Howells has put it. And yet, while the tale is full of irresistible fun, the human interest which gives it vitality is touching in the highest degree. If, like Heine, Zangwill is a painter of "laughing tears," he equally resembles the German poet in the force with which he depicts the tearful laughter of the human comedy; and in this sense *The Grey Wig* is a little masterpiece.

It must be owned, too, that while the epigrammatic repartee which bears the name of unepigrammatic persons may interfere with the artistic effect of the individual passages in which it occurs, the vividness of the general picture remains undimmed. The two impecunious Frenchwomen who have grown grey and decrepit under their brown wigs, and who are now pinching and scrimping and putting themselves into all sorts of tragicomic positions in their effort to save up the price of a grey wig, which they are to wear by turns, are convincing, marvelously individualised living creatures. The story palpitates with life and, upon a whole, is instinct with reality.

What has here been said as to the occa-

sional piece of typically Zangwillian humour which finds its way into the speech of people who are not meant to be humorous has no bearing upon the last story in the volume. The serio-comic governess, who was created in the image of her Maker, is certainly intended to be bubbling over with cleverness and felicity of expression. So the shower of epigram and "fine writing" which comes from her lips is in perfect harmony with the fundamental traits of the whole character. Her prayer, which is the result of one of those moods of hers when she pays for "all this fever and gaiety by fits of the blackest melancholy," is in a certain respect as characteristic of herself as it is of her author and of Heinrich Heine:

... Oh, Holy Mother of God! ... You will say cling to the cross, but is not my whole life also a crucifixion? I am rent in twain. ... Oh, Holy Mother, make me at one with myself. Send me the child's heart and I will light a hundred candles to you. Or do you now prefer electricity? Oh, Maria-mavourneen, I cannot pray to you, for there is a mocking devil within me and you will not cast him out.

It is this mocking devil whose special predilection is the direction of epigram which sometimes spoils a bit of the most lifelike dialogue in Zangwill's works.

The volume contains the author's newest and oldest stories, including—"for the sake of uniformity of edition," so we are told in brief prefatory note—two novellettes that have seen the light before, but are now out of print. Of these *The Big Bow Mystery* is a fair-sized novel, in fact, and has had quite a large circulation on both sides of the water.

The other short stories in the collection are each as full of the brilliancy and the force of delineation which marks everything Zangwill does.

Abraham Cahan.

IV.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE'S "CONJUROR'S HOUSE." *

Mr. White has had the satisfaction of seeing his earlier book, *The Blazed Trail*,

**Conjuror's House*. By Stewart Edward White. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

win its way into popular appreciation by sheer worth. That able and invigorating romance of the lumberman and the forest is in larger evidence to-day than it was a year ago. It is more the pity, then, that he should follow it with a piece of work which lacks the measure of its predecessor. *Conjuror's House* in fact is a long short story. It is admirable considered as such, but it provokes the thought that it would have been better if it had made half as many chapters in a novel, the rest of which is here condensed into a few pages of retrospect. Having said so much, it is only fair to add that the present book, within its limits, exhibits a growing sense of proportion, and, in general, an advance in literary method. Mr. White certainly is one of the few men now writing to whom we may look for fiction which will continue to be read for its convincing reflection of American life, as well as for its entertainment. His books, whatever they have not been up to this time, are sound in intention, and as clean and tonic as the woods from which they draw their inspiration. With time their author may be expected to develop larger constructive ability, and acquire that deeper understanding of the play of the emotions, especially of sex, which will enable him to interpret these with the delicacy and sureness which are essential to the command of universal sympathy.

Conjuror's House is a Hudson Bay trading post. Within the confines of this little, half civilised community of a few whites and some score of half-breeds and Indians, and all in two days, revenge; commercial allegiance to an employer, grown into a sort of fierce sentiment; obedience akin to fear; the inborn sense of independence; an elemental discrimination between right and wrong; and a love which casts everything else aside work out their ends. It is all boldly done, intense and rapid; there is no wasted word. In those two days a daughter of the Company meets a young free-trader who has been caught on the forbidden ground and brought a prisoner to the post; by his physical vigour, his half scornful courage, his moveless will, and his almost hopeless situation she is swept from the moorings of her convent training and worship of her autocratic old father, the head of the station; in contact with the

threat of a slow and horrible death which hangs over the young man's head she furnishes him with the means of escape, and knows then that she loves him. Behind these swift happenings is a chain of circumstances which illustrates how often we are proceeding in a circle when we believe that our path is direct and well known to us. A dramatic, if decidedly abrupt, crisis brings the strength and weakness of the three principal characters into high relief. I do not remember to have read another piece of fiction which makes more enticing certain aspects of the almost feudal life in that wild stretch of country to the north whose story might fittingly be written upon a beaver skin. Indeed, the perspective in which stands Mr. White's story offers hints of the masterful qualities and achievements of the men who were that country's actual rulers, of its austere yet always picturesque life, of the romance of its adventure which sharpen regret that he did not fill in the larger scheme upon which it seems that his book should have been built. Here we have but glimpses into the arches of the forest. The mighty Moose which whispers in summer to Virginia tells us but a small part of the secrets of the place whence it came. A journey that way either in the company of Galen Albret and his young wife before Albret became the factor of Conjuror's House, or with Ned Trent on the trail of his enemy, would have been well worth while with Mr. White for our guide and interpreter.

But it may not be all regrets for what is not in the story. The fact that we do look back is a tribute to the stimulation of the characters. Done largely in outline, they are definite, individual, suggestive. There is a strain of fine sentiment, as well as bone and muscle, in the hardy person of the free-trader which is awakened at the touch of Virginia, and which, with escape within his grasp, brings him back to what seems certain death. Virginia, illusive as she is at times, comes nearer to being a real woman than any feminine figure Mr. White has given us, with the possible exception of Molly in *The Westerners*. There are fine and unsuspected depths in the nature of the stern old factor, who, till the last almost, makes us believe that he lives only for the opportunity of the present. And there are some

sketches in miniature of the *voyageur* which add a brighter touch of colour to the scene, a note of mingled gaiety and wistful reminiscence which speak much for Mr. White's understanding.

Churchill Williams.

V.

MR. OPPENHEIM'S "THE TRAITORS."*

Of the various sorts of romantic stories, perhaps the most to be preferred is that which has the least pretence to historical truth of colour and background. In *The Traitors*, for instance, the plot and the telling, that is, the multiplicity of dramatic effects and the smoothness and rapidity with which these follow one upon another, are everything; no space is taken up with description—none is needed, for the action occurs in a principality called Theos, a kingdom invented for the occasion and inserted in the map of Europe for the Powers to plot against and quarrel over. The civilisation of Theos is mediæval, its people intensely aristocratic; they are great fighters and passionate patriots, cherishing their independence for the dearest thing they have, and maintaining it in spite of their insignificance in numbers and resources. But at the time the story opens they have been trying an experiment in government and their rulers are about to sell them out to the Czar, so that the time is ripe for the return of a descendant of their exiled royalty to step into the throne and fight the great battle for independence. He is Prince Ughtred of Tyrnaus, once the famous Captain Erlito of the English army—a soldier of fortune and a good fellow. His careless democracy is strange and out of place in Theos, and, while his soldierly qualities make him solid with the populace, his intimacy with an American capitalist and love for this millionaire's daughter raise up powerful enemies in the Duke Nicholas of Reist and the Duke's sister. In Walter Brand, an English newspaper man, the new king has, however, a most useful friend. Brand stands by him from first to last; his coolness and audacity in dealing with the in-

*The Traitors. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

triguing Russian minister, Domiloff, his indefatigable courage and equally unflinching cleverness—the whole inimitable part which this correspondent for the *Daily Courier* plays in the troublous situation of the little kingdom, makes him almost the hero of the novel, although the king is, nevertheless, the central figure. These characters, Ughtred, Nicholas, the Countess Marie, Hiram Van Decht and his daughter Sara, Domiloff and Walter Brand, are constantly in motion before the reader; there is a plentiful supply of generals, lawmakers and villagers—not too many but just the number to fill out the story; and, against a sufficient background amply suggesting the kind of place the kingdom of Theos is intended to be, the narrative moves swiftly and easily from encounter to encounter, from intrigue to intrigue, from passion to complication of passion, until the tumultuous train of events leads to a deadly war with the Turks—and the original complications thrown in.

So it may be seen that there is plenty of action in *The Traitors*, and that it contains the materials which make such novels popular and readable, and that it is cleverly written.

Carl Hovey.

VI.

ARTHUR COLTON'S "TIOBA."*

Among the younger writers of fiction Arthur Colton holds definite position as master of a style thoroughly finished, contained and pregnant. His stories have not always the absorbing interest, the romantic quality, with which Robert W. Chambers invests his tales; their humour is more subtle, though none the less enjoyable, while, on the other hand, where Chambers now and again strikes you as a big boy plunging into and enjoying the adventure he describes—as his own hero

for the time being—with inevitable dashes of a certain buoyant, don't-care amateurishness, Colton is always the artist observer, adding stroke upon stroke with the surest of sure pens, powerful, balanced, masterful, and often brilliant. In these days of slipshod work done and overdone by the horde of men, women and children who purvey fiction for the admirers of *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, an author who recalls the old traditions that there were once such things as good writing and good storytelling may well receive something more than passing comment; nor do I use the word "style" in an exclusive, much less in the slighting, sense with which current tendencies have come to invest it. Free from all affectation of "fine writing," Colton not only says well what he has to say, but he distinctly *has* it. Perhaps the story is not always the main thing, but it is never lacking, much less slighted or scorned.

Tioba is a collection of short tales that have appeared, for the most part, in different magazines. Naturally they are of varying merit, but none is poor or poorly written, and if I were inclined to criticise any severely, it would be because in such a collection one is prone to compare each with the best. That best is, in my opinion, *The Spiral Stone*. When I read this little sketch several years ago in *The Atlantic Monthly*, it struck me at once as being as nearly perfect in its line as a thing could well be. Atmosphere, feeling, originality, balance between what is said and what is suggested, all were there, set to the portrayal of an idea, the weird mystery of which needed but the slightest failing of either to carry it from a consummate bit of literature to a thing flat and commonplace. As for the other stories, personal taste goes for much, but "A Man for a That," "The Green Grasshopper," "Enemies" and the title story seem to me to be especially worth reading.

**Tioba*. By Arthur Colton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Duffield Osborne.



HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE.

By

Frederic Taber Cooper and Arthur Bartlett Maurice

Part Third.—1848—1861.

The close of the first half of the nineteenth century marks a convenient moment for a backward glance. These fifty years which began with the consulship of the first Napoleon and closed on the eve of the third Napoleon's *coup d'état*, witnessed the rise and fall of more than one Napoleonic spirit in the realm of comic art. It was essentially a period of individualism, of the one-man power in caricature. Existing conditions forbade a logical and unbroken development of the political cartoon; it evolved only by fits and starts. It was often less an expression of the popular mood than a vehicle for personal enthusiasm or personal rancour; at the hands of just a few masters, it verged upon the despotic. At intervals, first in one country and then in another, a Gillray, a Rowlandson, a Daumier, would blaze forth, brilliant, erratic, meteor-like, leaving behind them a trail of scintillating suggestion, destined to fire some new fuse, to start caricature along some new curve of eccentricity. The importance of these fifty years, the lasting influence of these forerunners of the modern cartoonists, must not be underrated. Without the inspiration of their brilliant successes, and, it may also be added, the useful lessons of their errors and failures, the cartoon of to-day would be radically different, and probably greatly inferior to what it is. Above all, they taught, by two tremendous object lessons, the potent force that lies in pictorial satire—by the share which English cartoonists had in the overthrow of Napoleon I.; and which French cartoonists had in the downfall of Louis Phil-

ippe. But it was only with the advent of the modern comic weekly of the high type represented by *Punch* that it became possible to develop schools of caricature with definite aims and established traditions—schools that have tended steadily to eliminate and reject the old-time elements of vulgarity and exaggeration, to gain the increased influence that comes from sobriety of method and higher artistic excellence, and to hold erratic individuality in check. Few people who are not directly concerned in its making ever realise how essentially the modern caricature is a composite production. Take, for example, the big, double-page cartoon which has become such a familiar weekly feature in *Puck* or *Judge*, with its complicated group of figures, its suggestive background, its multitude of clever minor points; the germ idea has been picked out from perhaps a dozen others, as the result of careful deliberation, and from this starting point the whole design has been built up, detail by detail, representing the joint cleverness of the entire editorial staff. But the collaboration reaches further back than this. A political cartoon resembles in a way a composite photograph, which embodies not merely the superimposed features of the men who sat before the camera, but something also of the countless generations before them who have made their features what they are by transmitting from father to son something of their own personality. In the same way, the political cartoon of to-day is the product of a gradual evolution, mirroring back the familiar features of many a cartoon of the past. It is not merely an embodiment of the ideas of the satirists who suggested it and the artist

NOTE.—The fourth paper in this series will deal entirely with the American Civil War.



UNCLE SAM'S TAYLORIFICS



Can I believe my spectacles? Durs these "Northern Barbarians" thus insult the "magnanimous Mexican Nation." They have taken Texas—They grasp at Oregon—Now they lay their "rapacious hand" on Mexico! "And a Liberty!" when is my friend John Bull?

PUB. BY THE STRONG, ORNSTEIN & CO.

who drew it, but also of many a traditional and stereotyped symbol, bequeathed from generation to generation by artists dead and gone. The very essence of pictorial satire, its alpha and omega, so to speak, is symbolism, the use of certain established types, conventional personifications of Peace and War, Death and Famine and Disease, Father Time with his scythe, the Old Year and the New; the Russian Bear, the British Lion and the American Eagle; Uncle Sam and Columbia, Britannia and John Bull. These figures, as we have them to-day, cannot point to any one creator. They are not an inspiration of the moment, a stroke of genius, like Daumier's "Macaire" or Travies's "Mayeux." They are the product of a century of evolution, a gradual survival of the fittest, resulting from the unconscious natural selection of popular approval. No better specific instance can be taken than that of the fa-

something, a touch here, a line there, toward making him what he is to-day. As Mr. Spielmann has pointed out, the earliest prototype of *Punch's* John Bull is to be sought in Gillray's conception of "Farmer George," that figured in a long series of malevolent caricatures depicting George III. as a gaping country lout, a heavy, dull-witted Yokel. There is no more curious paradox in the history of caricature than that this figure of "Farmer George," conceived in pure malice as a means of inspiring resentment against a king popularly believed to care more for his farmyard than for the interests of his subjects, should by gradual transition have come to be accepted as the symbolic figure of the nation. Yet the successive steps are easy enough to understand. When Gillray's point of attack had shifted from the throne of England to the throne of France, his type of "Farmer George"



From the Collection of the New York Historical Society.

miliar figure of John Bull as he appears from week to week in the contemporary pages of *Punch*, for his descent may be traced in an unbroken line—there are no missing links. No single British caricaturist, from Gillray to Du Maurier, can claim the credit for having invented him; yet each in his turn has contributed

needed but slight modification to become a huge, ungainly ogre, the incarnation of British wrath against "Little Boney"—shaking a formidable fist at the coast of Calais, wading knee-deep across the channel, or greedily opening a cavernous jaw to take in a soul-satisfying meal of French frigates. But beneath the exag-

gerated ferocity of Gillray's extreme type, the idea of a farmer as the national figure is never quite lost sight of. In Gillray's later cartoons the conception of John Bull had already taken on a more consistent and definite form. At the

squire, the colonel and the admiral are to be at once expressed, together with all that they legislate or fight for, in the symbolic figure of the nation, to present the incarnate Mr. Bull always as a farmer—never as a manufacturer or



From the Collection of the New York Historical Society.

hands of Rowlandson and Woodward he lost much of his uncouthness and began to assume a more benign and mellow aspect; a cartoon by the latter, entitled "Genial Rays," pictures him reclining luxuriously upon a bed of roses, basking in "the sun of patriotism," the image of agricultural contentment. A certain coarseness and vulgarity, however, clung to him until well down into the forties, when the refining touch of Leech and Tenniel gradually idealised him into the portly, choleric, well-to-do rural gentleman who is to-day such a familiar figure the world over. This type of John Bull as the representative Briton once called forth some thoroughly characteristic comments from John Ruskin. "Is it not surely," he asks, "some overruling power in the nature of things, quite other than the desire of his readers, which compels Mr. Punch, when the

shopkeeper?" Such a view on the part of Mr. Ruskin is consistent with his life-long insistence upon literal truth in art. But he was obviously mistaken when he questioned that John Bull is the deliberate choice of the British public. The average Englishman, whether soldier or sailor, statesman, merchant or manufacturer, approves and enjoys the pleasant fiction that the representative type is a good, old-fashioned country gentleman, conservative and rather insular, a supporter of landed interests, a patron of country sports; in short, one who lives his life close to his native soil, who seems to personify the rolling down, the close-clipped hedge, the trim garden-plot, the neat thatched roof, things which typify England the world over.

Not only are most of the accepted symbolic figures—John Bull, Uncle Sam and the rest—what they are because they meet



"THE ONLY LAMPS AUTHORISED TO LIGHT THE PATH OF THE GOVERNMENT," BY VERNIER IN "CHARIVARI."

with popular approval, but no cartoonist to-day could venture upon any radical departure from the established type—a bearded John Bull, a smooth-shaven Uncle Sam—without calling down public disfavour upon his head. If one stops to think of it, our own accepted national type, the tall, lank, awkward figure, the thin, angular Yankee face with a shrewd and kindly twinkle in the eye, is even less representative of the average American than John Bull is of the average Briton. It is interesting to recall that before the Civil War our national type frequently took the form of a Southerner—regular—in the pages of *Punch*. To-day, in England and in America, there is but one type of Uncle Sam, and we would not tolerate a change. It may be that in the gaunt, loose-knit frame, the strong and rugged features we recognise a kinship to that sterling and essentially American type of man which found its best exponent in Lincoln, and that this is the reason why Uncle Sam has become the most universally accepted and the best beloved of all our conventional types.

It was only natural that caricature, like every other form of free expression of opinion, should feel the consequences of the general political upheaval of 1848; and these consequences differed widely

in the different countries of Europe, according to the degree of civic liberty which that revolutionary movement had effected. In Germany, for example, it resulted in the establishment of a whole group of comic weeklies, with a license for touching upon political topics quite unprecedented in that land of imperialism and censorship. In France, on the contrary, political caricature came to an abrupt close just at a time when it had begun to give promise of exceptional interest. Louis Napoleon, who owed his elevation to the presidency of the republic chiefly to the popular belief in his absolute harmlessness, developed a most unexpected and disconcerting strength of character. His capacity for cunning and unscrupulousness was yet to be learned; but a feeling of distrust was already in the air, and the caricaturists were quick to reflect it. Louis Napoleon, however, was keenly alive to the deadly harm wrought to his predecessor by Philipon's pictorial sharpshooters, and he did not propose to let history repeat itself by holding him up to public ridicule, after the fashion of the poor old "Poire," the citizen king. Accordingly the *coup d'état* was hardly an accom-



LOUIS NAPOLEON AND MADAME FRANCE.

"Deign to accept my arm."
"Monsieur, your passion is entirely too sudden. I have no faith in it."

By Daumier in "Charivari."

plished fact when press laws were passed of such a stringent nature that the public press, and pictorial satire along with it, was reduced to a state of vassalage, dependent upon the imperial caprice, a condition that lasted upward of fifteen years. Consequently, the few cartoons satirising Napoleon III. that emanate from French sources either belong to the closing years of his reign or else antedate the law of 1851, which denied trial by jury to all cases of infringement of the press laws. The latter cartoons, however, are of special interest, for they serve to throw important light upon the popular state of mind just prior to the famous *coup d'état*.

The majority of these cartoons appeared in the pages of *Charivari*, and some of the best are due to the caustic pencil of Charles Vernier. A good specimen of this artist's work is a lithograph entitled "The Only Lamps Authorised for the Present to Light up the Path of the Government," showing Louis Napoleon marching along sedately, his hands clasped behind his back and his way illuminated by three lantern bearers. The lanterns are, respectively, *La Patrie du Soir*, *Le Moniteur du Soir* and *La Gazette de France*, newspapers then in favour with the government. Just in front of Louis Napoleon, however, may be seen a dark and ominous manhole. Another of Vernier's cartoons is called "The Shooting Match in the Champs Elysées." The target is the head of the Constitution surmounting a pole. Napoleon is directing the efforts of the contestants. "The man who knocks the target over completely," he is saying, "I will make my Prime Minister." The contrast between the great Napoleon and the man whom Victor Hugo liked so to call "Napoleon the Little" suggested another pictorial effort of Vernier. A veteran of the Grand Army is watching the coach of the state passing by Napoleon holding the reins. "What! That my Emperor!" exclaims the veteran shading his eyes. "Those rascally Englishmen, how they have changed my vision!" The methods by which Louis Napoleon obtained his election first as President for ten years, and secondly as Emperor of the French, were satirised in *Charivari* by Daumier in a cartoon called "Les Aveugles" (The Blind). In the

centre of this cartoon is a huge ballot jar marked "Universal Suffrage." Around this the sightless voters are laboriously groping.

Many were the designs by which Daumier in *Charivari* satirised Louis Napoleon's flirtation with the French republic. In one of them the Prince, bearing a remote resemblance in manner and in dress to Robert Macaire, is offering the lady his arm. "Belle dame," he is saying, "will you accept my escort?" To which she replies coldly: "Monsieur, your passion is entirely too sudden. I can place no great faith in it."



LOUIS NAPOLEON'S PROCLAMATION. BY GILL.

Pictorial expressions of opinion regarding the "great crime" of 1851, which once more replaced a republic with an empire, must be sought for outside of France. But there was one subject at this time upon which even the strictest of edicts could not enforce silence, and that was the subject of Napoleon's marriage to Eugenie. The Emperor's Spanish bride was never popular, not even during the first years of the Second Empire, before she began to meddle with affairs of state; and in many incisive ways



From the Collection of the New York Historical Society.

the Parisians heaped ridicule upon her. A curious little pamphlet with text and illustrations about the new Empress was sold in Paris at the time of the marriage. This pamphlet was entirely complimentary and harmless. The biting humour of it was on the title-page, which the vendors went about crying in the streets: "The portrait and virtues of the Empress, all for two sous!" But for a frank expression of what the world thought of the new master of the destinies of France, it is necessary to turn to the contemporary pages of *Punch*. The "London Charivari" was at this time just entering upon its most glorious epoch of political caricature. John Leech, one of the two great English cartoonists of the past half century, had arrived at the maturity of his talent; the second, John Tenniel, was destined soon to join the staff of *Punch* in place of Richard Doyle, who resigned in protest against the editorial policy of attacking the Roman Catholic Church. Both of these artists possessed a technical skill and a degree of artistic inspiration that raised them far above the level of the mere caricaturist. And as it happened, the world was entering upon a long succession of stormy scenes, des-

tined to furnish them with matter worthy of their pencils. After forty years of peace, Europe was about to incur an epidemic of war. The clash between Turkey and Russia in 1853 was destined to assume international proportions in the Crimean War; England's troubles were to be augmented by the revolt of her Indian mercenaries; the Russian war was to be closely followed by another between France and Austria; by the enfranchisement of Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic; the bitter struggle between Prussia and Austria; and the breaking up of the Confederation of the Rhine, with the Franco-Prussian War looming up in the near future. It was on the threshold of such troublous times, and as if prophetic of the end of European tranquillity, that Leech signalled the accession of Napoleon III. as Emperor with the significant cartoon, "France is Tranquil!!!" Poor France cannot well be otherwise than tranquil, for Mr. Leech depicts her bound hand and foot, a chain-shot fastened to her feet and a sentry standing guard over her with a bayonet. The artist soon followed this up with another cartoon, evidently suggested by the initial plate of "The Rake's Progress," by Hogarth.

The Prince President, in the character of the Rake, has just come into his inheritance, and has cast aside his former mistress, *Liberté*, to whom he is offering money, her mother (France) standing by, an indignant witness to the scene. His military tailor is measuring him for a new imperial uniform, while behind him a priest (in allusion to the financial aid which the Papal party was receiving from Napoleon) is helping himself from a plate of money standing beside the President. On the floor is a confused litter of swords, knapsacks, bayonets, crowns, crosses of the Legion of Honour, the *Code*, Napoleon, and other miscellaneous reminders of Louis's well-known craze on the subject of his uncle and his uncle's ideas. Mr. Tenniel's early cartoons of Louis Napoleon are scarcely more kindly. The Emperor's approaching marriage is hit off in one entitled "The Eagle in Love," in which Eugenie, represented with the most unflattering likeness, is employed in paring the imperial eagle's talons. In 1853, Tenniel depicts an "International Poultry Show," where we see among the entries a variety of eagles—the Prussian eagle, the American eagle, the two-headed Russian and Austrian eagles—and among them a

wretched mongrel, more closely akin to a bedraggled barn-door fowl than to the "French Eagle" which it claims to be. Queen Victoria, who is visiting the show, under escort of Mr. Punch, remarks: "We have nothing of that sort, Mr. Punch; but should there be a *lion* show, we can send a specimen!!"

The grim struggle of the Crimean War for a time checked Mr. Punch's attacks upon Napoleon III. and turned his attention in another direction. Although the war cloud in the East was assuming portentous dimensions, there were many in England, the Peace Society, the members of the peace-at-any-price party, with Messrs. Bright and Cobden at their head, and most conspicuous of all the Prime Minister, Lord Aberdeen, who deliberately blinded themselves to the possibility of war. It was for the enlightenment of these gentlemen that Mr. Leech designed his cartoon "No Danger," representing a donkey eloquent in his stolid stupidity, tranquilly braying in front of a loaded cannon. In still another cartoon Lord Aberdeen himself is placidly smoking "The Pipe of Peace" over a brimming barrel of gurpowder. John Bull, however, has already become wide awake to the danger, for he is nailing the



AN AMERICAN CARTOON ON THE CRIMEAN WAR.

From the Collection of the New York Historical Society.

Russian eagle to his barn door, remarking to his French neighbour that *he* won't worry the Turkies any more. At this time England had begun to watch with growing jealousy the cordial *entente* between Russia and Austria, for the Emperor Nicholas was strongly suspected of

viding a bottle of port between them. "Now then, Austria," says Nicholas, "just help me finish the Port(e)." Meanwhile, hostilities between Turkey and Russia had begun, and the latter had already received a serious setback at Oltenitza, an event commemorated by Ten-



PROGRAMME OF A THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE GIVEN BY THE FRENCH SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

having offered to Austria a slice of his prospective prize, Turkey. This rumour forms the basis of an effective cartoon by Leech, "The Old 'Un and the Young 'Un," in which the Russian and Austrian Emperors are seated at table genially di-

niel in his cartoon of "A Bear with a Sore Head." In spite of his blind optimism, Lord Aberdeen was by this time finding it decidedly difficult to handle the reins of foreign affairs. One of the best satires of the year is by Tenniel, entitled

"The Unpopular Act of the Courier of St. Petersburg," depicting Aberdeen performing the dangerous feat of driving a team of vicious horses. The mettlesome leaders, Russia and Turkey, have already taken the bit between their teeth, while Austria, catching the contagion of their viciousness, is plunging dangerously. This cartoon was soon followed by another still more notable, entitled "What It Has Come To," one of those splendid animal pictures in which John Tenniel

especially excelled. It shows us the Russian bear, scampering off in the distance, while in the foreground Lord Aberdeen is clinging desperately to the British lion which has started in mad pursuit, with his mane erect and his tail stiffened like a ramrod; the lion plunges along dragging behind him the terrified premier, who is gasping out that he can no longer hold him and is forced to "let him go." At the same time Mr. Leech also represented pic-

torially Lord Aberdeen awakening to the necessity of war in his "Bombardment of Odessa." The cartoon is in two parts, representing respectively the English Premier and the Russian Emperor reading their morning paper. "Bombardment of Odessa," says Aberdeen! "Dear me, this will be very disagreeable to my imperial friend." "Bombardment of Odessa," says Nicholas; "confound it!

This will be very annoying to dear old Aberdeen!" In the following November the British victory of Inkermann, won against almost hopeless odds, was witnessed by two members of the Russian imperial family. Leech promptly commemorated this fact in his picture of "The Russian Bear's Licked Cubs, Nicholas and Michael." The cartoon entitled the "Bursting of the Russian Bubble" appeared in *Punch*, October 14th, 1854, just after the battle of the Alma had taken

place and part of the Russian fleet had been destroyed by the English and French ships at Sebastopol. This cartoon is by the hand of Leech. The Russian Emperor, Nicholas I., had boasted of the "irresistible power" which was to enable him to overthrow the allied forces gathered in the Crimea, and here the artist shows very graphically the shattering of this "irresistible power" and of the "unlimited means." Of all the car-



toon which Leech produced there is none which enjoys a more enduring fame than the one entitled "General Février Turned Traitor." Certainly no other in the whole series of Crimean War cartoons appearing in *Punch* compares with it in power. Yet splendid and effective as it is there is in it a cruelty worthy of Grandville or Gillray, and when it appeared it caused a shudder to run through all England. The



Russian Emperor had boasted in a speech on the subject of the Crimean War that whatever forces France and England might be able to send to the front, Russia possessed two generals on whom she could always rely, General Janvier, and General Février. In other words, Nicholas I. cynically alluded to the hardship of the Russian winter, on which he counted to reduce greatly by death the armies of the allies in the Crimea. But toward the end of the winter, the Emperor himself died of pulmonary apoplexy, after an attack of influenza. In a flash, Leech seized upon the idea. *General Février had turned traitor*. Under this title, the cartoon was published by *Punch* in its issue of March 10th, 1855. General Février (Death in the uniform of a Russian general) is placing his deadly hand on the breast of Nicholas, and the icy cold of the Russian winter—the ally in whom the Emperor had placed his trust—has recoiled upon himself. The tragic dignity and grim significance of this cartoon made a deep impression upon Ruskin, who regarded it as representing in the art of caricature what Hood's "Song of the Shirt" represents in poetry. "The reception of the last-named wood cut," he says, "was in several respects a curious test of modern feeling. . . . There are

some points to be regretted in the execution of the design, but the thought was a grand one; the memory of the word spoken and of its answer could hardly in any more impressive way have been recorded for the people; and I believe that to all persons accustomed to the earnest forms of art it contained a profound and touching lesson. The notable thing was, however, that it offended persons *not* in earnest, and was loudly cried out against by the polite journalism of Society. This fate is, I believe, the almost inevitable one of thoroughly genuine work in these days, whether poetry or painting; but what added to the singularity in this case was that *coarse* heartlessness was even more offended than polite heartlessness."

As was but natural, the Anglo-French alliance against Russia is alluded to in more than one of Mr. Punch's Crimean War cartoons. One of the earliest is a fine drawing by Tenniel of England and France typified by two fine specimens of Guards of both nations standing back to back in friendly rivalry of height, and Mr. Spielmann records in his *History of Punch* that the cut proved so popular that under its title of "The United Service" it was reproduced broadcast on many articles of current use and even served as



BROTHERS IN ARMS. THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH TROOPS IN THE CRIMEA.

a decoration for the backs of playing cards. Still another cartoon, entitled "The Split Crow in the Crimea," represents England and France as two huntsmen, hard on the track of a wounded and fleeing two-headed bird! "He's hit hard!—follow him up!" exclaimed the huntsmen. In a French reproduction of this cartoon, which is to be found in Armand Dayot's *Le Second Empire*, "Crow" is amusingly translated as *couronne* (crown), and the publishers of *Punch* are given as "MM. Breadburg, Agnew, et Cie." Another cartoon of the same period is called "Brothers in Arms." It shows a British soldier carrying on his back a wounded French soldier, and a French soldier carrying on his

interesting as an evidence that American sympathy during the war was in a measure on the Russian side. The Russian General Menchikoff is standing on the heights of Sebastopol looking down smilingly and serenely on the discomforted allies, saying: "How do you, gentlemen? Very happy to see you. You must be tired. Won't you walk in and take something?" John Bull, seriously wounded, is lying prostrate, bawling out: "Come, come, Turk, no dodging. Hul-loa there! Is that the way you stick to your friends? The coat of my stomach is ruined, my wind nearly gone. I won't be able to blow for a month. Pull me out of this at any price! The devil take one party and his dam the other. I am get-



back a wounded Englishman. The two wounded men are clasping hands. There is no better evidence of the utter dearth of French caricature at this period than the fact that M. Dayot, whose indefatigable research has brought together a highly interesting collection of pictorial documents of all classes upon this period of French history, could find nothing in the way of a cartoon in his own country and was forced to borrow from *Punch* the few that he reproduces.

Among the crude American lithographs of this period the Crimean War was not forgotten. A rather rare cartoon, entitled "Turkey, John Bull and M. Frog-Eater in a Bad Fix," is especially

ting sick of this business." By his side is the figure of a Frenchman just hit by a cannon-ball from one of the Russian guns, and crying out: "O! By damn! I not like such treat. I come tousand mile and spend ver much money to take something from wid you, and you treat me as I vas von Villin! Scoundrell! Robbare!!!"

In closing the subject of the Crimean War, it is worth while to call attention to one curious phase of the war as contained in the programme of a theatrical entertainment given by the French soldiers in the trenches of Sebastopol, December 23d, 1855. The programme is headed "The Little Comic Review of the Crimea." It

contains the announcement of the Tchernia Theatre, which four days later is to present three dramatic pieces. The drawing is by Lucien Salmont.

One final echo of the struggle in the Crimea is found in another of Tenniel's graphic animal pictures, "The British Lion Smelled a Rat," which depicts an

Sepoy rebels. The Cawnpore massacre of women and children ordered by the infamous Nána Sâhib had taken place in June, and when this cartoon appeared in *Punch*, August 22d, 1857, England had just sent thirty thousand troops to India. In the picture the British lion is springing at the throat of the Bengal



From the Collection of the New York Historical Society.

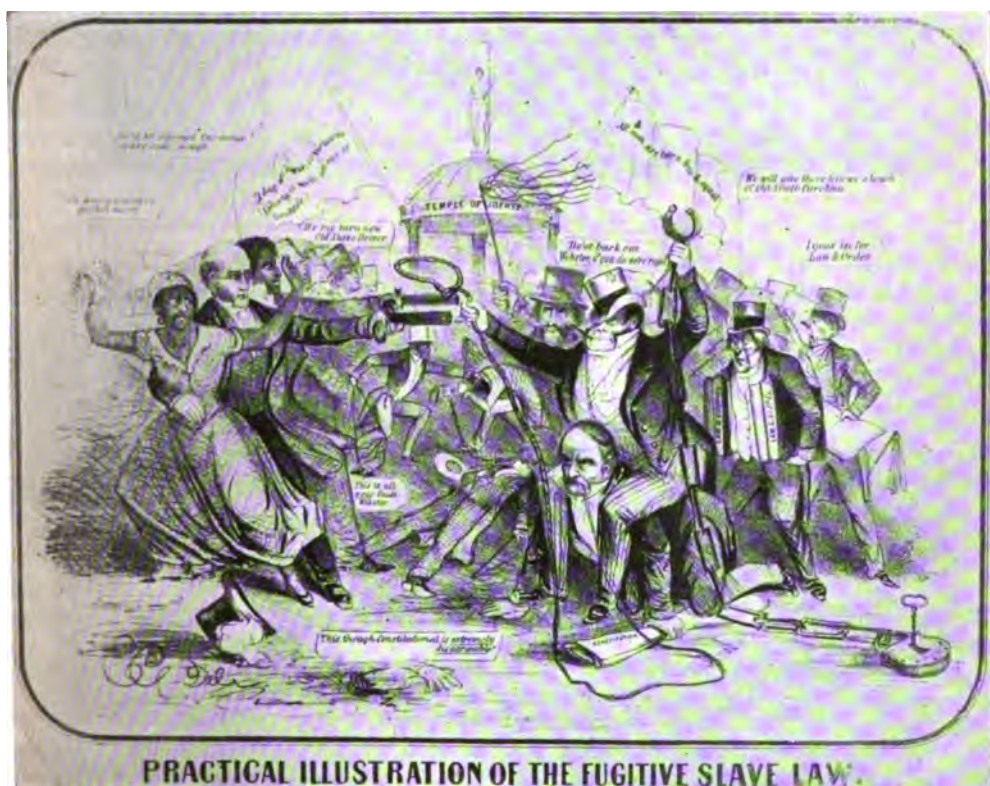
angry lion sniffing suspiciously at the crack of a door behind which is being held the conference which followed the fall of Sebastopol. But by far the most famous instance of Tenniel's work is his series of Cawnpore cartoons, the series bearing upon the Indian mutiny of 1857; and one of the finest, if not the very finest, of them all is that entitled "The British Lion's vengeance on the Bengal Tiger." It represents in the life work of Tenniel what "General F vrier Turns Traitor" stands for in the life work of John Leech. The subject was suggested to Tenniel by Shirley Brooks. It summed up all the horror and thirst for revenge which animated England when the news came of the treacherous atrocities of the

tiger, which is standing over the prostrate bodies of a woman and a child. The tiger, fearful of being robbed of its prey, is snarling at the avenging lion. Another of the famous Cawnpore cartoons of Tenniel is descriptive of British vengeance on the Sepoy mutineers. The English troops were simply wild for revenge when the stories came to them of the atrocities which had been perpetrated on English women and children, and their vengeance knew no bounds. The Sepoys were blown from the mouths of the English cannon. It was the custom of the English soldiers to pile up a heap of Sepoys, dead or wounded, pour oil over them, and then set fire to the pile. The Tenniel cartoon, entitled "Justice," pub-

lished September 12th, 1857, shows the figure of justice with sword and shield cutting down the mutineers, while behind her are the British troops working destruction with their bayonets.

No sooner had the English-French alliance against Russia come to an end than *Punch* once more began to give expression to his disapproval of Napoleon. A hostile spirit toward Frenchmen was ingrained in the very nature of John Leech, and he vented it freely in such cartoons as his celebrated "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" in which the French cock, clad in the uniform of a colonel, is crowing lustily over the results of a war of which Great Britain had borne the brunt. Or again, in "Some Foreign Produce that Mr. Bull

the direct cause of Thackeray's resignation from the staff of *Punch* in the winter of 1854. In a letter written in the following March, Thackeray explains that he had had some serious differences regarding the editorial policy of *Punch*, and more specifically about the abuse of Louis Napoleon which, he says, "I think and thought was writing unjustly at that time and dangerously for the welfare and peace of the country;" and he then adds the specific instance which prompted him to sever connections: "Coming from Edinburgh I bought a *Punch* containing the picture of a beggar on horseback, in which the Emperor was represented galloping to hell with a sword reeking with blood. As soon as ever I could,



From the Collection of the New York Historical Society.

can very well Spare," a cut which includes French conspirators, vile French women, organ-grinders (Mr. Leech was abnormally sensitive to street noises) and other objectionable foreign refuse. It is interesting in this connection to note that Leech's hostility to Louis Napoleon was

after my return, I went to Bouverie Street and gave in my resignation." Thackeray's act had no influence upon the policy of *Punch*. Leech's cartoons grew steadily more incisive in character. One of the most extraordinary is that known as "The French Porcupine." It repre-



From the Collection of the New York Historical Society.

sents Napoleon III. as a porcupine, bristling with French bayonets in place of quills. One of Napoleon's favourite sayings was "L'Empire c'est la paix." But this saying was very often contradicted by events, and the first ten years of his occupation of the French throne showed France embroiled in the Crimean War and the war with Austria. In preparation for the latter conflict a large increase was being made in the French military armament; and Leech seized upon the Emperor's dictum only to express his scepticism. The cartoon appeared in March, 1859. As a matter of fact the idea in this cartoon had previously been used in another called "The Puppet Show," published in June, 1854, depicting the Czar Nicholas in a manner closely similar; yet Mr. Spielmann, who notes this fact, adds that Mr. Leech had probably never seen, or else had forgotten, the earlier caricature. This "French Porcupine" is cited as an instance of Leech's extraordinary speed in executing a cartoon directly upon the wooden block. The regular *Punch* dinner had that week been held a day late. "Every moment was precious, and Leech proposed the idea for the cartoon, drew it in two hours, and caught

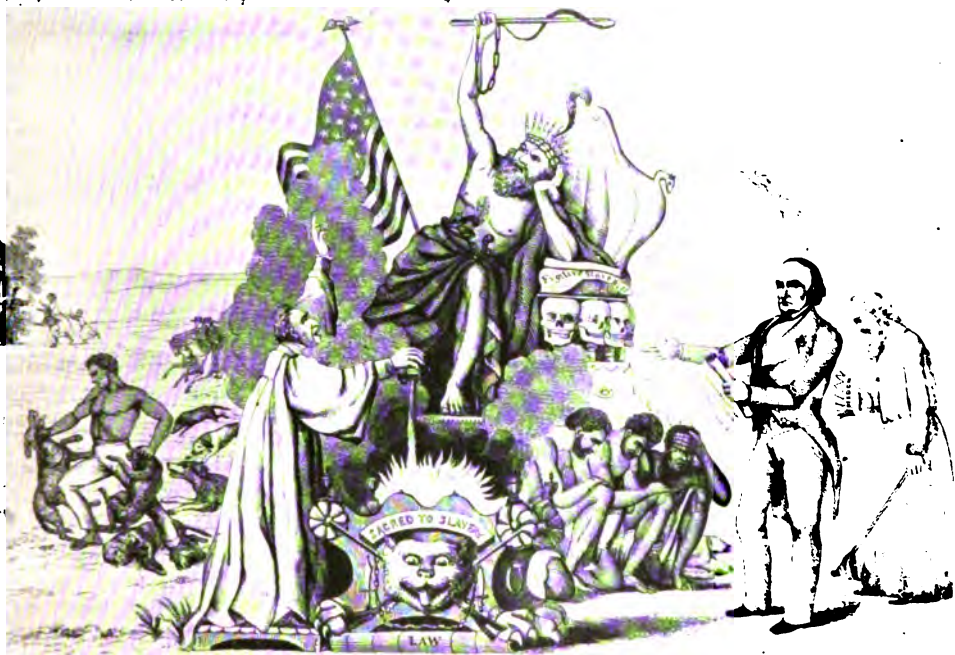
his mid-day train on the following day, speeding away into the country with John Tenniel for their usual Saturday hunt." It was during this same year, 1859, at the close of the war which humbled Austria and forced her to surrender Venetia to Sardinia, that Leech voiced the suspicion that Louis was casting longing eyes upon Italian territory in a cartoon entitled "A Scene from the New Pantomime." Napoleon III. here figures as a clown, a revolver in his hand, a goose labelled Italy protruding from his capacious pocket. He is earnestly assuring Britannia, represented as a stout, elderly woman, eyeing him suspiciously, that his intentions are strictly honourable.

In this country the political cartoon, which practically began with William Charles's parodies upon Gillray, developed in a fitful and spasmodic fashion until about the middle of the century. Their basis was the Gillray group of many figures, and they had also much of the Gillray coarseness and indecency, with a minimum of artistic skill. They were mostly lithographs of the crudest sort, designed to pass from hand to hand or to be tacked up on the wall. It was not until the first administration of An-

drew Jackson that a school of distinctly American political caricature can be said to have existed. It was in 1848 that the firm of Currier and Ives, with an office in Nassau Street in New York City, began the publication of a series of campaign caricatures of sufficient merit to have been a serious factor in influencing public opinion. Crude as they are, these lithographs are exceedingly interesting to study in detail. They tell their story very plainly, even apart from the legends enclosed in the huge balloon-like loops issuing from the lips of each member of the group—loops that suggest a grotesque resemblance to a soap-bubble party on a large scale. There is an amusing stiffness about the figures. They stand in such painfully precise attitudes that at a little distance they might readily be mistaken for some antiquated fashion plates. The faces, however, are in most cases excellent likenesses; they are neither distorted nor exaggerated. The artists are sadly behind the times in turning the use of the loop which Continental cartoonists discarded much earlier, were quite up to date in adopting the

method of the elder Doyle, whose great contribution to caricature was that of drawing absolutely faithful likenesses of the statesmen he wished to ridicule, relying for the humour of the cartoon upon the situation in which he placed them. It was only natural that the events of the Mexican War should have inspired a number of cartoons. One of these is entitled "Uncle Sam's Taylorifics," and shows a complacent Yankee coolly snipping a Mexican in two with a huge pair of shears. One blade bears the inscription "Volunteers," and the other "General Taylor." The Yankee's left arm is labelled "Eastern States," the tail of his coat "Oregon," his belt "Union," his left leg "Western States," and his right leg, which he is using vigorously on the Mexican, "Southern States," and the boot "Texas." Below the discomfited Mexican yawns the Rio Grande. Behind the Yankee's back John Bull—a John Bull of the type introduced by William Charles during the War of 1812—is looking on enviously.

American national feeling on the subject of the European Powers deriving



"NO HIGHER LAW."

benefit from the discovery of gold in California is illustrated by a cartoon which shows the United States ready to defend her possessions by false alarms. The various Powers have crossed the sea and are very near to our coast. Queen Victoria, mounted on a bull, is in the lead. She is saying: "Oh, dear Albert, don't you cry for me. I'm off for California with my shovel on my knee." Behind her is the figure of Russia, saying: "As something is Bruin, I'll put in my paw, while the Nations around me are making a Jaw." Louis Napoleon, who at the

you poor d—s! Nor a squabble engender, for our Gold unto you we will never surrender. Right about face! Double quick to the rear! And back to your keepers all hands of you steer."

The presidential election of 1852 was cartooned under the title "Great Foot Race for the Presidential Purse (\$100,000 and Pickings) Over the Union Course, 1852." The Whigs, encouraged by their success with General Taylor, put forth another military officer, General Scott, as their candidate, but in this cartoon Daniel Webster is shown to be well



From the Collection of the New York Historical Society.

time had just been elected President of the French, is drawn in the form of a bird. He is flying over the heads of Victoria and Russia, and singing: "As you have gold for all creation, den please give some to La Grand Nation. I have just become de President, and back I shall not like to went." In the distance may be seen Spain, and beyond the United States fleet. Along the shore stretches the tents of an American army. Ominously coiled up on the rocks is the American rattlesnake with the head of President Taylor. Back of the camp is a battery of American guns directed by the American eagle, which wears the head of General Scott, saying: "Retreat,

in the lead and receiving the plaudits of most of the spectators. Behind him is Scott, and a little way back is Franklin Pierce, who proved the ultimate winner. "I can beat you both, and walk in at that, although you had a hundred yards the start of me," is Webster's conviction. "Confound Webster!" cries Scott. "What does he want to get right in my way for? If he don't give out, or Pierce don't faint, I shall be beaten." "No, no, old Fuss and Feathers," retorts Pierce, "you don't catch this child fainting now. I am going to make good time! Whether I win or not, Legs, do your duty."

Caricature dealing with the presidential campaign of 1856 is represented

by the cartoon called "The Presidential Campaign of '56." Buchanan, who proved the successful candidate, is mounted on a hideous monster resembling a snake, and marked "Slavery." The monster is being wheeled along on a low, flat car drawn by Pierce, Douglas and Cass. A star bearing the word "Kansas" is about to disappear down the monster's throat. In the distance Fremont, on horseback, is calling out: "Hold on! Take that animal back! We don't want it this side of the fence." Buchanan is saying, "Pull down that fence and make way for the Peculiar Institution." The fence in question is the Mason and Dixon's line. The faces of Cass, Douglas and Pierce, who are drawing along the monster, are obliterated—they are absolutely formless.

The evils of slavery from a Northern point of view are shown in a cartoon called "No Higher Law." King Slavery is seated on his throne holding aloft a lash and a chain. Under his left elbow is the Fugitive Slave Bill, resting on three human skulls. Daniel Webster stands beside the throne, holding in his hand the scroll on which is printed, "I propose to support that bill to the fullest extent—to

the fullest extent." A runaway slave is fighting off the bloodhounds that are worrying him, and in the distance, on a hill, the figure of Liberty is toppling from her pedestal.

The cartoon "Practical Illustration of the Fugitive Slave Law" sums up very completely Abolitionist sentiment on the subject. The slaveholder, with a noose in one hand and a chain in the other, a cigar in his mouth and his top-hat decorated with the single star, which was the sign of the Southern Confederacy, is astride of the back of Daniel Webster, who is crawling on all fours. In Webster's left hand is the Constitution. "Don't back out, Webster," says the slaveholder. "If you do, we're ruined." The slave-woman who is being pursued has taken refuge with William Lloyd Garrison, of the Boston *Liberator*, who is saying: "Don't be alarmed, Susanna, you're safe enough." One of Garrison's arms is encircling the negress's waist, at the end of the other is a pistol. In the back of the picture is the Temple of Liberty, over which two flags are flying. On one flag we read: "All men are born free and equal;" on the other, "A day, an hour, of virtuous Liberty is worth an Age of servitude."

(To be continued.)



EASY LESSONS IN FICTION

HOW TO WRITE A SOCIETY NOVEL OF THE BITTERLY SATIRICAL EPIGRAM- MATIC SCHOOL.

There is very little pecuniary profit in fiction of this school, but to the young novelist of independent means it offers such generous rewards in social prestige and the adoration of those deserving women who are on the lookout for adolescent genius that I feel justified in commending it to the serious consideration of the idle. To be really successful as a writer of brilliant society epigram, the young beginner should be the possessor of a large, airy room, well lighted from the north and handsomely adorned with skins, rugs, tapestries and carved furniture. He will remember to call this room his "studio," to write only on one side of the paper, and to enclose an abundance of return postage stamps.

Thus equipped, the young novelist may set about his work, remembering that the path that he has chosen leads not to wealth but to the spot prepared for him in the Hall of Fame by a generous press, which will literally teem with notices of him in every one of its departments.

The literary editor will say of him: "Mr. Herbert Fenwyck-Tantrum, one of the most brilliant writers of rapier-like epigram that this country has produced, gives us another taste of his quality as a satirist in his new novel, *Koko*, the scene of which is laid in the most exclusive circles of New York society. In this book the author, with a brilliancy and daring that must command the admiration of even those whom he flagellates with his wit, has sketched certain characters in such a way that those familiar with the very best social circles cannot fail to recognise them. The book abounds in caustic epigrams, clever bits of description and scarcely veiled allusions to certain recent happenings in the smart set. Never before has the author been more happy in that peculiar etching of human character which has always been his forte."

The society editor will say of him: "Mr. Herbert Fenwyck-Tantrum, the author of the brilliant novel of modern society, *Koko*, has been entertained con-

tinuously since his arrival in Bar Harbour. Yesterday Mrs. Quick Push, who is spending a fortnight here on her social march between Watch Hill and Newport, entertained him at dinner at 'The Seaweeds,' which she has leased for her short stay. To-morrow he will read a paper on municipal politics before the Ladies' Political League of Non-voters, and on Friday he will be a guest of honour at the special meeting of the Saturday Morning Club. On this occasion he will deliver an address about himself, describing his entire literary career and telling how he came to write such a brilliant novel as *Koko*."

The dramatic editor will say: "An event of unusual importance this season will be the first production on any stage of Mr. Herbert Fenwyck-Tantrum's dramatisation of his own brilliantly successful novel, *Koko*, which is scheduled by Manager Frohman for the 21st instant. The demand for tickets for the first representation of this, the author's first play, far exceeds the capacity of the house, and it is expected that the audience will be made up chiefly from members of the fashionable, intellectual and literary set to which Mr. Fenwyck-Tantrum belongs."

In addition to these pæans of praise the editor of the "Fashions in Men's Clothes" column will record the growing popularity of the "Koko cuff" and the "Fenwyck-Tantrum lounging coat," while the engagement of Barker, the author's valet, to the French maid of Mrs. Pushton will be chronicled in the "Upper West Side Society Notes."

It is, indeed, a gorgeous picture of literary achievement and fame that fancy has painted, and none the less pleasant because its realisation lies within the grasp of almost any young man of average ability, for the mere writing of an epigrammatic novel is a very simple matter.

The young beginner who is really in earnest must not lose sight of the fact that in order to write about society he must be very sarcastic. For that purpose he should never take up his pen without assuming the "hall bedroom sneer," by which I mean the peculiar attitude of

mind of those philosophers who dwell in cheap boarding houses and ask one another with a knowing wink whether Mrs. Willie Winklesop will be long away from Newport now that Tommy Tipton has taken rooms there for the summer. The very house shakes as these philosophers shudder at the mere idea of their demeaning themselves by allowing their sisters or aunts to sit at the same table with such a creature as Mrs. Willie; their voices break with emotion as, with solemnly wagging heads, they deplore the low ebb to which society has come "nowadays"—for all the world as if they had been familiar with it from infancy.

Safely ensconced in this sardonic frame of mind, the young epigrammatist may perfect himself in the polite art of reducing the hoary sayings of wise copy-books to idiocy, remembering always that a really brilliant flash of wit must be aimed at the sex that we love to regard as gentle. For example, to say that "A woman will turn her back upon the man she adores, if there be a looking-glass at the other end of the room," is to utter an epigram worthy of Heine; but to say that a man is aware of his good points, or that a hyena or a small boy or a parrot likes to look in the mirror, is but to court the cold sneer of contempt and indifference. The public is glad to believe that there is

a touch of brilliant cynicism in even the clumsiest shaft that selects womankind as its intended target.

From the primitive beginning that I have indicated it is but a single step to the reversal of commonplace maxims, while the art of filling in the interstices with "the convincing touch of one born in the purple of exclusive society"—as some reviewer will have it—may be acquired in a single lesson, with a result like the following:

"The good die old," replied Lord Throgmorton to the remark of the curate.

"Be happy and you'll not be good," replied Lady Fenwick merrily as she buttered her hot muffin. Lady Fenwick was generally dull and uninteresting at the breakfast table, but this morning she was in her maddest, most brilliant mood and her dark eyes flashed with a hidden meaning as they rested for a moment on the handsome, well-groomed form of the handsome baronet who sat opposite to her.

"Sir Kit heard her and smiled slightly, as if he knew the motive and the sinister feeling that lay behind her bright persiflage. He paused a moment, and then made answer with the keen cynicism born of twenty years of London society: 'None but the brave deserve the unfair.'"

James L. Ford.

URBS DEVORATRIX

All the sorrow in the world,
All the blighted souls,
All who strive in the dark,
I, the green of the fields,
I, the freshness of the God-given winds,
I, the stretch of upland, the dip of valley,
Call, call to mine own.
My robbed breast cries,
My dry, hot eyes stare afar
To the dark city-gulf.
She, the scarlet wolf,
Has my beloved,
And lone I mourn through the whisper-
ing pines,
"May God restore."

Roscoe Crosby Gaige.

FAMOUS NOVELS AND THEIR CONTEMPORARY CRITICS

IV. "VANITY FAIR."

In Thackerayana there is an anecdote of a distinguished German meeting Thackeray at a dinner in London and speaking of *Vanity Fair* as the book from which he learned to speak English. "And there," rejoined Thackeray, "is where I learned to write it." The anecdote may be apocryphal, but as it ought to be the absolute truth, we accept it as such. But in the writing of *Vanity Fair*, Thackeray learned more than mere style; he learned to temper his fondness for burlesque; he learned for the first time his own serious power. It was Michael Angelo Titmarsh who began the novel, who described the trivial incidents of Rebecca and the dictionary, the green silk purse and the evening at Vauxhall, and who drew the absurdly exaggerated portrait of the senile Sir Pitt Crawley; it was William Makepeace Thackeray who finished it and showed us Gaunt House and Mrs. Rawdon Crawley at her apogee, and preached his sermon over the death of poor old Sedley; and one can turn to the very chapter, the very page, the very paragraph, where the book passed from hand to hand:

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

In the contemporary criticism of a book such as *Vanity Fair*, it is useless to look for any very startling diversity of opinion. Long before it was completed in the monthly parts in which it originally appeared all England knew that a new star had arisen in the literary firmament. The reviewers in the main wrote somewhat guardedly; they were not ready to say right out that *Vanity Fair* was destined to take a place among the very great novels of all English literature; there was even some hesitation in hailing Thackeray as a serious rival to Dickens, but all knew that the book was no ordinary one, and

united in sounding its praises. In after years they could adopt toward the author a different tone. They could take up *Pendennis*, for instance, and damn it, simply by saying how much better they considered *Vanity Fair*. In handling *The Adventures of Philip* one reviewer wrote that it was about time "the reading public tired of being led by the nose down another alley of Vanity Fair." But when *Vanity Fair* appeared it was practically the work of a "new man," for his contributions to *Punch* and *Frazer's* had won him a reputation which did not extend very far from Fleet Street, and *The Great Hoggarty Diamond* and *The Luck of Barry Lyndon* were read and appreciated only by the discerning few.

From the *London Times*, 1848:

Mr. Thackeray's pathos has an effect that is really refreshing. It reminds one of the exquisite touches which occur in Fielding's *Amelia*.

From the *Spectator*, August 26th, 1848:

Our impression is that the novel is distinguished by the more remarkable qualities which have created the reputation of the author—his keen perception of the weaknesses, vanities and humbug of society. *Vanity Fair* displays a depth, and at times a pathos, which we do not remember to have met with in Mr. Thackeray's previous writings; but, considered as a whole, it is rather a succession of connected scenes and characters than a well-constructed story. Both incidents and persons belong more to the sketch than the finished picture. Either from natural or long habits of composition, Mr. Thackeray seems to have looked at life rather by bits than as a whole. A half length here, a whole length there, a group in another place, a character or a clique with single actions or incidents belonging to them, have been studied, and transferred to paper with a humour, truth and spirit that have rarely been equalled. But something more than this is needed for a finished picture of human life.

From the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1848:

In forming our general estimate of this writer, we wish to be understood as referring principally, if not exclusively, to *Vanity Fair* (a novel in monthly parts), though still unfinished; so immeasurably superior, in our opinion, is this to every other known production from his pen. The great charm of this work is its entire freedom from mannerism and affectation, both in style and sentiment—the confiding frankness with which the reader is addressed—the thoroughbred carelessness with which the author permits the thoughts and feelings suggested by the situations to flow in their natural channel, as if conscious that nothing mean or unworthy, nothing requiring to be shaded, gilded or dressed up in company attire, could fall from him. In a word, the book is the work of a gentleman, which is one great merit; and not the work of a fine (or would-be fine) gentleman, which is another. Then, again, he never exhausts, elaborates or insists too much upon anything; he drops his finest remarks and happiest illustrations as Buckingham dropped his pearls, and leaves them to be picked up and appropriated as chance may bring a discriminating observer to the spot. His effects are uniformly the effects of sound, wholesome, legitimate art; and we need hardly add that we are never harrowed up with physical horrors of the Eugene Sue school in his writings, or that there are no melodramatic villains to be found in them. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and here are touches of nature by the dozen. His pathos (though not so deep as Mr. Dickens's) is exquisite; the more so, perhaps, because he seems to struggle against it, and to be half ashamed of being caught in the melting mood; but the attempt to be caustic, satirical, ironical or philosophical on such occasions is uniformly vain; and again and again we have found reason to admire how an originally fine and kind nature remains essentially free from worldliness and, in the highest pride of intellect, pays homage to the heart.

Frazer's Magazine, in a review of *Vanity Fair* (September, 1848), speaks of the time when Thackeray, as Michael Angelo Titmarsh, was contributing the "Yellowplush Correspondence" to its pages, observing that, although he was now working in more open ground, he

was "the same Michael Angelo still," with the same "grotesque exaggeration, with truth at the bottom; the same constitutional tendency for . . . turning the seamy side of society outwards." "No author ever advanced so far in reputation without advancing further in novelty of enterprise. He has never gone out of himself from the beginning, nor out of those subjects over which he possesses so complete a mastery.

The follies, vices and meannesses of society are the game hunted down by Mr. Thackeray. He keeps almost exclusively amongst the middle classes; not the fashionable circles, but the people who ape them. The distinction is important, since it gives him a larger scope with less restriction. . . . We must always bear in mind that his *Vanity Fair* is not the *Vanity Fair* of the upper ranks, where a certain equanimity of breeding absorbs all crudities of character, but the *Vanity Fair* of the vulgar great, who have no breeding at all. Into this picture all sorts of portraits are freely admissible. There is nothing too base or too low to be huddled up in a corner of the canvas. . . . The life that is here painted is that of satiric farce, and it is the business of the artist to shew you all its deformities, its cringing affectations, its paltry pride, its despicable finery, its lying, treachery and penury of soul in the broadest light. . . . We must not quarrel with Mr. Thackeray, then, for not giving Rebecca Sharp an occasional twinge of remorse or tenderness, for not suffering paternal Osborne to undergo a twitch of misgiving, and for bringing together a company of fools and rogues who cannot muster up amongst them a single grain of sincerity or good feeling. . . . But there still remains the question—important to all art that addresses itself to the laudable business of scourging the foibles and criminalities of mankind—Is there any den of vice so utterly depraved, any round of intercourse so utterly hollow and deceitful, that there is not some redeeming feature lurking somewhere, under rags or tinsel? Are there not women, even in *Vanity Fair*, capable of nobler things than are here set down for them? Are they all schemers or *intrigantes*, world-wise, shuffling, perfidious, empty-headed? With the exception of poor Amelia, there is scarcely a woman in *Vanity Fair* from whom we would not shrink in private life as from a contagion. And Amelia goes but a short way to purify the foul atmosphere. If

the author has made her patient and good . . . he has also made her a fool. . . .

The *Quarterly Review*, contrary to *Fraser's Magazine*, finds nothing grotesque nor exaggerated in Thackeray's portraiture. In its review of *Vanity Fair* (December, 1848) it says in part:

It is the reality which is at once the charm and the misery here. . . . We almost long for a little exaggeration and improbability to relieve us of the sense of dead truthfulness which weighs down our hearts, not for the Amelias and Georges of the story, but for poor kindred human nature. In one light this truthfulness is even an objection. With few exceptions the personages are too like our every-day selves and neighbours to draw any distinct moral from. We cannot see our way clearly. Palliation of the bad and disappointments in the good are continually obstructing our judgment by bringing what should decide it too close to that common standard of experience in which our only rule of opinion is charity. For it is only in fictitious characters which are highly coloured for one definite object, or in notorious personages viewed from a distance, that the course of the true novel can be seen to run straight—once bring the individual with his life and circumstances closely before you, and it is lost to the mental eye in the thousand pleas and witnesses, unseen and unheard before, which rise up to overshadow it. And what are all these personages in *Vanity Fair* but feigned names for our own beloved friends and acquaintances, seen under such a puzzling cross-light of good in evil and evil in good, of sins and sinnings against, of little-to-be-praised virtues and much-to-be-excused vices, that we cannot presume to moralise upon them—not even to judge them—content to exclaim sorrowfully with the old prophet: "Alas! my brother!"

The *Democratic Review* says in part (October, 1848):

There is no hero to this novel . . . but we have two heroines; sweet, kind, tender Amelia is certainly one; soft, yielding creature, she seems out of place in *Vanity Fair*; yet we do meet once in a while with such an exception. But the other is our favourite; Rebecca Sharp, clever, keen, pliant little Becky. What though she is heartless, selfish, designing, intriguing; we love her because she is talented, energetic—and successful.

The *Knickerbocker Magazine* (September, 1848) begins a review of *Vanity Fair* in this breezy fashion:

For acute observation and perception of the actions and motives of the English world; for humour keen and inexhaustible; for an exquisite sense of the burlesque and the *bizarre*; and for rare ability to portray those "persons and things" in which these characteristics are embodied and developed, commend us to Chawls - Yellowplush - Michael - Angelo - Titmarsh - Jeames - William - Makepeace Thackeray, Esquire, of "London Town," in Old England; and, moreover, commend us to his last work, the one now before us, as the best we have ever seen from his pen."

American Whig Review, October, 1848. Review of *Vanity Fair*:

If we wished to give an idea of Thackeray's writings to a person who had never read them, we should go to France for our first illustration; but it would be to French art, not French literature. No one who has ever been familiar with the pictured representations of Parisian life which embellish that repository of wicked wit, the *Charivari*—no one who knows *Les Lorettes*, *Les Enfants Terribles*, etc.—would think of applying to the designs of Gavarni and his brother artists the term *caricatures*. He would say: "There is no caricature about them; they are life itself." And so it is with Thackeray's writings; they present you with humorous sketches of real life—literal comic pictures—never rising to the ideal or diverging into the grotesque. Thus, while his stories are excellent as a collection of separate sketches, they have but moderate merit *as stories*; nor are his single characters great as single characters. Becky Sharp is the only one that can be called a first-rate hit. . . . But Thackeray never sets about a story of any length without having a will and a purpose. . . . He assaults all manner of social sham, humbug and flunkeyism, and gives it to them in a way that does you good to hear. . . . But some of the portraits are not fair even to *Vanity Fair*, and that of Sir Pitt, the elder Crawley, seems to us as positively unjust. . . . He is too bad to be a type of country baronets, or even of country squires; and though the high-life characters have bitter justice done them in most things, there is one point in which the men are a little wronged; *they swear too much*. . . . Becky Sharp is an original creation, not the repre-

sentative of a class, though there are traits about her that remind you of several classes. . . . Put together a number of things the practice of which is not only allowable, but successful, in *Vanity Fair*, and what a devil of a woman you will make! Such, at least, is our idea of the *moral* and theory of Rebecca Crawley, *née* Sharp.

The London *Athenæum* took a pessimistic view of the moral effect of Thackeray's books. It said:

Why must Mr. Thackeray be always "going to the Fair?" is a question which will occur to many besides ourselves. His authorship seems in some danger of becoming a performance on one string; an execution of a long *fantasia* with several variations, but all in the same key and all on the same theme of "humbug everywhere." In his preface he claims the character of a plain speaker. Such a one must also be a candid hearer. Thus, as critics who would fain be of use, we must to the utmost urge our objections to such a mon-

otonous crusade against an enemy whose existence every one admits—to such a ruthless insistence on the blemishes, incompleteness and disappointments which canker every human happiness. . . . There seems to us great need that an alarm should be rung pretty loudly in the ears of one of our most shrewd, vigorous, accomplished and kindly writers—bidding him beware of his own tendencies lest they become organic defects. The denouncer of nuisances, the omnipresent and omniloquent accuser, who cries "*Death in the pot!*" over every morsel that we put into our mouths, becomes himself of nuisances the worst; a perpetual skeleton at the banquet; in his influences nearly as deadly as the vitriols and the sulphates and the rancid particles upon which he is forever pouncing. . . . But while we protest against the soundness, the sense, nay, we must add, the sincerity, of this universal-demolition principle of making dismal effects everywhere in a work professing to give pictures from the world around us—we will willingly do honour to the power and acuteness of the painter.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.



THE SHERRODS

By George Barr McCutcheon

CHAPTER I.

THE SOFT SUMMER NIGHT.

Through the soft summer night came the sounds of the silence that is heard only when nature sleeps, imperceptible except as one feels it behind the breath he draws, or perhaps realises it in the touch of an unexpected branch or flower. The stillness of a silence that is not silent; a stillness so dead that the croaking of frogs, the chirping of crickets, the barking of dogs, the hooting of owls, the rustling of leaves are not heard, although the air is heavy with those voices of the

night—the stillness of a night in the country. All human activity apparently at an end, all sign of life lost in sombre shadows. The ceaseless croaking, the chirping, the hooting, the rustling themselves make up this unspeakable silence—this sweet, unconscious solitude.

A country lane, dark and gloomy, awaited the moon from the clouded East. Lighted only here and there by the twinkling windows in roadside homes, it lay asleep in its bed of dust. Far off it straggled into a village, but out there in the country it was lost to the world with the setting of the sun.

The faint glow from the window of a

cottage poured its feeble, but willing, self into the night, as if seeking to dispel the gloom, dimly conscious that its efforts were unappreciated and undesired. Down at the rickety front gate, cloaked in blackness, stood two persons. Darkness could not hide the world from them, for the whole world dwelt within the confines of a love-lit garden gate. For them there was no sound of life except their tender voices, no evidence that a world existed beyond the posts between which they stood, his arm about her, her head upon his breast. They spoke softly in the silence about them.

"And to-morrow night at this time you will be mine—all mine," he murmured. She looked again into his face, indistinct in the night.

"To-morrow night! Oh, Jud, it does not seem possible. We are both so young and so—so—"

"So foolish!" he smiled.

"So poor," she finished plaintively.

"But, Justine, you don't feel afraid to marry me because I am so poor, do you?" he asked.

"Do you think I have been poor only to be afraid of it? We love each other, dear, and we are rich. To-morrow night I shall be the richest girl in the world," she sighed tremulously.

"To-morrow night," he whispered. His arm tightened about her, his head dropped until his lips met hers and clung to them until the world was forgotten.

Far away in the night sounded the steady beat of a galloping horse's hoofs. Louder and nearer grew the pounding on the dry roadway, until at last the rollicking whistle of the rider could be heard. Standing in the gateway, the silent lovers, their happy young hearts beating as one, listened dreamily to the approach.

"He has been in the village," said she, at length breaking the silence that had followed their passionate kiss. Her slender body trembled slightly in his arms.

"And he is going home drunk, as usual," added the youth sententiously. "Has he annoyed you lately?"

"We must pay no attention to what he says or does," she answered evasively.

"Then he has said or done something?"

"He came to the schoolhouse yesterday morning, dear—just for a moment—and

he was not so very rude," she pleaded hurriedly.

"What did he say to you—what did he want?" persisted her lover.

"Oh, nothing—nothing, Jud. Just the same old thing. He wanted me to give you up and—and—" she hesitated.

"And wait for him, eh? If he bothers you again I'll kill him. You're mine and he knows it, and he's got to let you alone."

"But it will all be over to-morrow night, dear. I'll be yours and he'll have to give up. He's crazy now, and you must not mind what he does. When I'm your wife he'll quit—maybe he'll go away. I've told him I don't love him. Don't you see, Jud, he has hope now, because I am not married? Just as soon as the wedding's over he'll see that it's no use and—and he'll let us alone."

"The drunken hound! The idea of him daring to love you! Justine, I could kill him!"

The horseman swept past the gate, a swift black shadow amid the thunder of hoof beats, and the lovers drew closer together. Just as he roared past them his whistling ceased and a strong, bold voice shouted:

"Hello, Justine!" He was saluting in drunken gallantry the girl whom he believed to be asleep beneath a counterpane near some black window in the little house. The horse shied; his whip swished through the air and cut across the animal's flank; the ugly snort of the beast mingled with oaths from the rider.

The girl shuddered and placed her hands over her ears; her companion set his teeth and muttered:

"The dog! I wish that horse would throw him and break his neck! He's not fit to live. Justine, if there is a man who will go to hell when he dies, that man is 'Gene Crawley. And he wants you, the hound! The sweetest, gentlest, purest girl in the world! He wants you!"

They forgot the rider, and the clatter of the horse's hoofs died away in the night. The lovers turned slowly toward the house. At the door he stooped and kissed her.

"The last night we are to part like this," he whispered. She laid both hands upon his face.

"Let us pray to-night, dear, that we

may be always as happy as we now are," she said softly.

She opened the door and the two stood for a moment in the fair light from the cottage lamp. From above him on the door-sill, she laid her fingers in his curly brown hair, and said, half-timidly, half joyfully:

"The last night we shall say good-bye like this."

Then she kissed him suddenly and was gone, blushing and trembling. He looked at the closed door for an instant, and then dropped to his knees and kissed the step on which she had stood.

CHAPTER II.

"LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

The next night they were married. In the little cottage there were lights and the revelry known only in country nuptials. The doors and windows were open, and scores of young people in their best clothes flitted in and out, their merry voices ringing with excitement, their faces glowing with pleasure, their eyes sparkling with the mischief peculiar to occasions of the kind. There were the congratulations and the teasings; the timid jests and the coarse ones; the cynical bits of advice from lofty experts; the blushes of prospective brides; the red-faced denials of guilty beaux; the smiles, the winks and the songs; the feasting and the farewells.

"That boy," Jud Sherrod, and "Cap" Van's daughter, Justine, were to be married. The community would have liked to be glad. Everybody had "allowed" they would be married some day. Now that the day had come, amid the rejoicing there were doubts.

"They's a mighty nice appearin' couple, but dinged 'f I see how they're goin' to git along. Jud ain't got no more bizness workin' on a farm then a hog hez in a telegraft office. Course, his pap was a farmer, but Jud's been off to seminary. He don't give a dodgast fer the farm, no-how, an' I perdict that she'll haf to keep on teachin' school fer a livin'. Course, that little land o' hern might keep 'em goin', but I bet a barrel o' cider 'at Jud won't be wuth a bushel o' corn husks at runnin' it. He's a dern nice boy, though,

an' I'd hate like sam patch to see a mor-gidge put on the place. What she'd orter done wuz to married some big cuss like Link Overshine er Luther Hitchcock. They'd 'a' made somethin' out'n that little eighty up yander, an' she'd never need to worry. Dinged if she ain't purt' nigh the purtiest girl I ever see. Looks jest like her ma. 'Member her? Don't see what she ever could see in Jud Sherrod. He cain't do a dasted thing but draw pic-ters. His pap had orter walloped him good an' made him chop wood er some-thin', 'stead o' lettin' him go on the way he did. They do say he kin sketch things powerful fine. He tuck off a picter uv Sim Brooks'es' sucklin' calves that was a daisy, I've hearn. But that ain't farm-in', by a dern sight."

Even Jud and Justine had looked forward to the great day with anxious minds. Both realised the importance of the step they were to take, for they were possessed of a judgment and a keenness uncommon in young and ardent lovers. Justine, little more than a girl in years, knew that Jud was not and never could be a farmer; it was not in him. He knew it as well as she, though he was not indolent; he was far from that. He was ambitious and he was an indefatigable toiler—in art, not of the soil. He was a born artist. By force of circumstances he was a farmer. The tan on his hands and face, the hardness in his palms, had not been acquired unwillingly, for he was not a sluggard nor a grumbler. He ploughed, though his thoughts were not of the ploughing; he reaped, though his thoughts were not of the harvest.

They had been sweethearts from childhood. They had played together, read together, studied together and suffered together. It seemed to them that they just grew up to their wedding day, a perfectly natural growth. Had this marriage come five years earlier, everything would have been different. Instead of the little cottage, clean, cosy and poor, there would have been the big white house on the hill, surrounded by maples and oaks; instead of the simple gown of white lawn, there would have been a magnificent silk or satin; instead of the sympathy and the sombre head-shakings of wedding guests, there would have been rejoicing and approval.

To-night, as the little clock on Justine's

bureau struck eight she left her room and met Jud in the narrow hall upstairs. Downstairs could be heard the muffled voices of an expectant crowd, an occasional giggle breaking through the buzz. He kissed her and both were silent, thinking of other homes. One remembered the big white house on the hill; the other, the old yellow farmhouse, large and rambling, "over on the pike." To-night they faced the minister in the parlour of one of the lowliest dwellings in the neighbourhood. The boy had not an acre of all his father's lands; the girl was poor, at the gates of the famous Van homestead. They were married not in his house, but in hers. The cottage stood in the corner of an eighty-acre farm that had come to her through her grandmother. This was all, except memories, that the child had to connect her present life with the comfortable days of the past.

Old Mrs. Crane, who lived with Justine in the little cot, met them at the foot of the creaking stairway and threw open the door to the parlour. Before the boy and girl gleamed the faces of a score or more of eager, excited friends. There was hardly a girl in the crowd who was not dressed more expensively than the bride. Justine was proudly aware of the critical, simpering gaze that swept over her simple gown; she could almost read the exultant thoughts of her guests, as they compared her plain lawn to the ridiculous finery that hid their sunburned necks, scrawny arms and perspiring bodies.

Her face was fresh and flushed with happiness, pride—perhaps disdain; their faces had, at least, been washed and lavishly powdered. Most of them wore absurd white gloves over their red arms. Yet they were the *élite* of the county. There were red dresses, blue dresses, yellow dresses, and there were other dresses in which the colours of the rainbow shone, all made to fit women other than those who wore them. The men, old and young, bearded and beardless, were the most uncouth aristocrats that ever lorded it over a country-side. True, they had put on their store clothes and had blackened their boots and shoes; they had shaved, and they had plastered their hair faultlessly; they had cast aside their quids of tobacco and they were as circumspect as they were at church.

Justine and Jud stood with clasped hands before the young minister, listening to his lengthy and timely discourse on the blessedness of matrimony. Then came the vows. Their eyes met. The answers! They breathed them—the yes and the yes and the yes—almost unconsciously. Then the last words, "Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder!"

For the next two or three hours they were in a whirl of emotions; everything was hazy, uncertain, misty to them. They had taken up each other's burdens, each other's joys for life; they had begun a new existence. She was no longer Justine Van, he was no longer the thoughtless boy. They were husband and wife. The laughter, the jests, the quips and the taunts of their merry friends were a jangle of discordant sounds, unpleasant, untimely, and kindly as they were meant, unkind. There were aimless hand-shakings, palsied kisses, inane responses to crude congratulations, and it was all over. The guests departed, singing, shouting and laughing. The last to leave was old Mrs. Crane, Justine's companion for four long years. She was going to live with her brother up near the village. Jud and Justine were to live alone.

Down at the tollgate, nearly a mile from Justine's home in the direction of the village, a small and select company of loungers spent that evening. The tollgate, kept by Jim Hardesty and his wife, Matilda, was at the junction of the big gravel pike which led to the county seat and the slim, shady lane that passed Justine's cottage. Here of evenings the "hired hands" of the neighbourhood gathered to gossip, tell lies and "talk ugly" about the farmers by whom they were employed. On the night of the wedding there were five or six slouchy, sweat-smelling rustics lounging on the porch. The wedding formed the only topic of conversation.

They talked of Justine's good looks and how "they'd liked to be in Jud's boots;" and of the days when old "Cap" Van lived and the bride of the night had not had to teach school; of the days when she rode horses of her own and went to the city to make purchases, instead of to the humble village, as now; they talked of her kindly in their rough way. They discussed Jud with enthusiasm. Everybody

liked him. His two years at college had not "swelled his head." He was "jest the feller fer Justine Van, an' she got him, too, 'g'inst ever' girl in the township—an' ever' one of 'em had set their caps fer him, too, you bet." The loungers agreed it was "too bad that Jud and Justine was so derned pore, but mebber they'd make out somehow er 'nother."

They laughed about 'Gene Crawley's affection for Justine Van. 'Gene Crawley! A "hand" over at Martin Grimes's place—a plain, every-day hired man, working for eighteen dollars a month for the meanest, stingiest farmer in Clay Township! He was not any better than the rest of the hands on the place, "'s fer as learnin' an' manners wuz concerned." Hadn't no more license to be skylarkin' 'round after Justine Van 'n he had after Queen Williminy—'s if she'd notice sech a derned cuss as him; allus cussin' an' drinkin' an' fightin'. No 'spectabull girl would want to be saw with him."

About nine o'clock a dark figure approached the tollgate afoot. It was a man, and he came from the night somewhere to the east, probably from the village of Glenville. There was no mistaking his identity. The heavy, swift tread told the watchers that it was 'Gene Crawley long before he came within the radius of light that shot through the open doorway. Some one in the crowd called out:

"H' are ye, 'Gene? Thought you'd be up to the weddin'."

'Gene did not reply. He strode up to the porch and threw himself into a vacant chair near the window. The light from within shone fairly upon his dark, sullen face, his scowling brow and his flushed, unshaven cheeks. An ugly gleam was in his black eyes. He had been drinking, but he was not intoxicated. His hickory shirt, dirty and almost buttonless, was open at the throat, as if it had been torn that its wearer might save himself from choking. He wore no coat, and his faded, patched blue overalls were pushed into the tops of his heavy boots. An old straw hat lay where he had cast it behind his chair. The black, coarse hair, rumpled and unkempt, grew low on his scowling forehead. His face was hard and deeply marked, not unlike that of an Indian. The jaw was firm, the chin square and defiant, the mouth broad and cruel, the nose

large and straight, the eyes coal-black and set far apart beneath heavy brows. The arm which rested on the sill was bare to the elbow; it was rugged with cords of muscle that looked like ropes interlaced. A glimpse of the arm revealed, as if he stood stark naked, the strength of this young Sampson. He was not a large, unwieldy man, not above medium height; he might have weighed one hundred and seventy pounds; but with his square shoulders, broad chest and an unusually erect carriage for an overworked farm boy, he looked larger than he really was.

"You ain't got your Sunday-go-to-meetin' close on, 'Gene," commented Jim Hardesty, tilting back in his chair and spitting tobacco juice half-way across the road.

"Did 'n' y' git a bid to the weddin'?" asked Harve Crose, with mock sympathy.

A flush of anger and humiliation reddened the face of Grimes's hired man, but it was gone in a second.

"No; I didn' git no bid," he answered a trifle hoarsely. "Guess they didn' want me. I ain't good 'nough, 'pears like."

"Seems to me she'd orter ast you, 'Gene. 'You be'n kinder hangin' 'round an' teasin' her to have you, an' seems no more'n right fer her to have give you a bid to the weddin'," said Doc Ramsey, meaningly. "She'd orter done that, jest to show you why she wouldn' have you, don't y' see?"

Crawley's only reply was a baleful glare.

"How does it feel to be cut out by another feller, 'Gene?" asked Crose tauntingly.

"I'd never let a feller like Jud Sherrod beat my time," added Joe Perkins.

"Course, Jud's been to college and learned how to spoon with the girls, so I guess it's no wonder he ketched Justine. She's jest like all girls, I reckon. Smooth cuss kin ketch 'em all, b'gosh! Never seed it fail yit. Trouble with you, 'Gene, is 'at you—"

'Gene sprang to his feet with an oath so ugly that the jesters shrank back. For several minutes he tramped up and down the porch like a caged animal, cursing hoarsely to himself, his broad shoulders hunched forward as if he were bent on crushing everything before them. Finally he came to a standstill in front of

the expectant crowd. The devil was in his face.

"Don't none o' you fellers ever say anything more to me about this. Ef you do I'll break somebody's neck. It's none o' your damned business how I feel, an' I won't have no more of it. Do y' hear me?" he snarled.

"I on'y ast fer information—" began Crose apologetically.

"Well, I'll give you some, dang ye! You say I'm cut out, eh? Mebbe I am—mebbe I am! But you'll see—you'll see! By God, I'll make him sorry fer it. He's whupped me this time, but I'll win yet! D' y' hear? I'll win yet!"

His face was almost white under the coat of tan, his eyes glowed, his voice was low and intense. The loungers waited in suspense.

"He thinks he's won! But I'll show him—I'll show him! She's like all women! She kin be won ag'in—she kin love more'n once! You say he's cut me out! Mebbe he has, mebbe he has! But this ain't a marker to the way I'll cut him out. I'll take her away from him, I will, so he'p me God! D' y' hear that? She'll shake him fer me some day, sure's there's a hell, an' then! Then where'll he be? She'll be mine! Fair 'r foul, I'll have her! An' she won't be my wife, nuther! God, I won't give up tell I take her 'way from him! An' she'll come, too; she'll come! She'll leave him, jest like other women have done, an' then who'll be cut out? Answer, damn ye! Who'll be cut out?"

He was facing them, and his lips were almost as white as the gleaming teeth beneath them. For a moment no one dared to reply. At last Doc Ramsey scrambled to his feet.

"Consarn ye, 'Gene Crawley," he exclaimed, "you can't stan' up there an' say that 'bout Justine Van! She's a good girl, an' you're a dern hound fer talkin' like thet! They ain't a bad drop o' blood in her body—they ain't a wrong thought in her head, an' you know it. You kin lick me, I know, but dern ef you kin say them things to me. She won't look at you no more'n she'd look at that dog o' Jim's over yander."

'Gene Crawley's arm struck out and Doc Ramsey crashed to the floor of the porch. He lay motionless for a long time. The dealer of the blow stood over

him like a wild beast waiting for its prey to move. Not another man in the group lifted a hand against him.

At last he stooped and picked up his hat.

"That's what you'll all git ef you open your heads," he grated. "What I said about her goes!"

He fixed his hat roughly on his head and swung away in the darkness.

In the open door of the cottage down the lane Jud and Justine stood side by side, her hand in his, long after the last guest had departed. It was near midnight, and behind them the lamps flickered and sputtered with the last gasps of waning life. Silhouetted in the long, bright frame of the doorway the silent lovers presented a picture of a new life begun, youth on the threshold of a new world.

His arm drew her to his breast, and her fluttering hands went slowly, gently to his cheeks. He bent and kissed the up-turned lips. Then the door closed and the picture was gone.

Across the road, beside the great oak that sent its branches almost to the little gateway, a man fell away from the fence upon which, with murder in his heart, he had been leaning. His hands were clasped to his eyes, his strong figure writhed convulsively in the damp grass; his breath came almost in sobs. At last, taking his hands from his hot eyes, he raised his head and looked again toward the cottage. One by one the bright windows grew dark, until at last the house was as black as the night about it. Then he sprang to his feet, clutching blindly at the darkness, uttering inarticulate moans and curses. For the first time in his life he knew a sense of loneliness and despair.

He turned his back to the cottage and fled across the meadow.

CHAPTER III.

JUD AND JUSTINE.

Dudley Sherrod was the only son of John Sherrod, who had died about four years before the marriage. Up to the day of his death he was considered the wealthiest farmer in Clay Township. On that day he was a pauper; his lands were no longer his own; his wife and his son

were penniless. In an upstairs room of the great old farmhouse, built by his grandfather when the country was new, he blew out his brains, unable to face the ruin that fate had brought to his door.

His father had been a member of the legislature and the boy had spent two years in the city, attending a medical college. When the diploma came he went back to the old home and hung out his shingle in quaint little Glenville. In less than a year he brought a bride to the farm, Cora Bloodgood, the daughter of a banker in the capital city of his State. Before the end of another year he was, as heir, owner of all his father's acres. So it was that John and Cora Sherrod began life rich and happy. Their boy was born, grew up a bright and sprightly lad, and was sent to college. From the rude country school-house and its simple teachings he was sent to the busy university, among city boys and city girls, miserable in ungainly self-consciousness, altogether out of place. He left behind him the country lads and lasses, the tow-heads and the barefoots, and his heart was sore. But in the beginning of his second year the simplicity of his rural heart showed signs of giving way to urban improvements. His strength won for him a place on the football team, and the sense of dignity of this position displaced his self-consciousness and taught him to be interested in the world beyond his home. He began to know something besides the memory of green fields and meadows and clear blue skies.

All these months he was faithful to a slip of a girl down in the country, to whom he had feared to utter a word of love. She knew she loved him because she had cried when he went away and had cried when he came back. Letters, stiff and painfully correct as to spelling and chirography, came each week from dear little Justine Van. To her his long letters, homesickness crowding between the lines, although she could not see it, were like messages from paradise. A dozen times a day she read each letter as she sat in her room, or in the hated school-room at Glenville, or in the shady orchard, or in the lonely lane. She longed to have him back at home, to hear his merry laugh, to romp with him as they had romped before we went away to school—but here she blushed and remembered that he was

tall now and dreadfully old and grand, and she was—she was fifteen! Jud thrashed a fellow-student one day because he poked fun at an old tintype of Justine that he happened to see in the boy's room. The victim had laughed at the green bonnet, the long pigtails and the wide eyes of the girl in the picture—"just as if they were looking for the photographer's bird, you know."

Near the middle of his second year at college the crash came and the half-dazed boy hurried home. His father was dead, and the whole country was telling the stories of his great financial losses. Every dollar, every foot of land, had been swept away by reverses rising from investments in Arizona mines. Captain James Van went down in the same disaster. When word reached his home of the suicide of John Sherrod he was on his way to the barn with a pistol hidden over his heart. Horror and the awakening of courage made him cast the pistol aside and turn to face the blow as a brave man should, with his wife and child behind his back.

Jud and Justine could not at first, and did not for many days, realise the force of the blow. One had lost father as well as home, the other had lost home and had sunken to a depth of poverty that grew more and more appalling as her young mind began to understand. The boy, when he finally grasped the situation, bared his arms and set forth to support himself and his mother by hard work. The shock of the suicide was too great for Mrs. Sherrod. Her reason fled soon after her husband was laid in the grave, but it was a year before death took her to him. During that last year of life she lived in the old place, a helpless invalid mentally and physically, although the property belonged to another. David Strong held a mortgage on the home place, but he did not foreclose it until she was gone.

For a year Jud cared for his mother and worked in the fields with David Strong's men at wages of twelve dollars a month. Half of the year's crop Strong gave to the widow of John Sherrod, although not a penny's worth of it was hers by right. After her death Strong and his family moved into the big old house, and Jud Sherrod lived in a room in what had been his house.

Justine Van's grandmother, in her will,

left to the girl an eighty-acre piece of ground, half timber, half cultivated, about a mile from the white house in which the beneficiary was born, and which was swallowed up by the great disaster. Bereft of every penny, James Van took his wife and daughter to the miserable little cottage. The girl shouldered as much of the burden of poverty as her young and tender shoulders could carry. She begged for an appointment as teacher in the humble school-house where her a-b-abs had been learned, and for two years and a half before her marriage she had taught the little flock of boys and girls. Especially necessary did this means of earning a livelihood become when, two years after the failure, her father died. Then Mrs. Van followed him, and Justine, not nineteen, was face to face with the world, a trembling, guileless child.

Her wages at the school-house were twenty-five dollars a month for six months in a year, and the yield of grain from her poorly tilled farm was barely enough to pay the taxes and the help hire. Old Jim Hardesty farmed the place for her, and he robbed her. For six months after the mother's death she lived alone, in the cottage; and then the neighbours finally took the matter in hand, insisting that she be provided with a companion, and her old nurse, Mrs. Crane, came to the place. She was shrewd from years of adversity and persuaded Justine to send Jim Hardesty packing—and that was the hardest duty Justine had ever had to meet.

The discouraged boy over on David Strong's place, worn thin with hard work and sickness, deprived of every chance, as he thought, to realise his ambitions, found in the girl a sympathetic comrade. Of all the people in his world, she was the only one who understood his desires and could, in a way, share with him the despair that made life as he lived it seem like a narrow cell from which he could look longingly with no hope of escape. Tired and sore from misfortune, these two simple, loving natures turned to each other. His first trembling kiss upon her surprised, parted lips was a treasure that never left her memory. The bloom came to her cheeks, lightness touched her flagging heart, happiness shone through the gloom, and the whole countryside marvelled at her growing beauty. This

slim, budding maid of the meadow and wood was as fair a bit as nature ever perfected. The sweetness and purity of womanhood undefiled dwelt in her body and soul. No taint of worldliness had blighted her. She was a pure, simple country girl, ignorant of wile, sinless and trustful.

Justine was like her father, fair-faced and straight of form. Her hair was long and reddish-brown, her brow was broad and full, her eyes big and brown and soft with love, her cheeks smooth and clear. A trifle above the medium height, straight and strong, of slender mould, she was as graceful as a gazelle. Health seemed to glow in the atmosphere about her.

With Jud, too, the realisation of love and the feeling that there was something to live for brought a change. His stooping shoulders straightened, his eyes brightened, his steps became springy. He whistled and sang at his work, took an interest in life, and presently even resumed his drawing. The country-folk winked knowingly. The two were constantly together when opportunity afforded, so it soon became common report that he was her "feller, fer sure," and she was his "girl."

One evening, as they sat in the dusk down by the creek which ran through her bit of pasture land, Jud drew his mother's plain gold ring from his little finger and slipped it upon Justine's third. They were betrothed.

Never were such sweethearts as Jud and Justine. They were lovers, friends, comrades. Her sweet, serious face took a new life, new colour at his approach, her dreamy eyes grew softer and more wistful, her low voice more musical. Her soul was his, her life belonged to him, her heart beat only for him. Jud's famished hopes of something beyond the farm found fresh encouragement in her simple, wondering praise. She was his critic, his unconscious mentor. Beneath her untrained eye he sketched as he never sketched before. Looking over his shoulder as he lay stretched upon the grass, she marvelled at the skill with which his pencil transferred the world about them to the dearly bought drawing pads, and her enthusiastic little cries of delight were tributes that brought confidence to the heart of the artist.

The girl had scores of admirers. Every boy, every man in the township, longed to

"make up" to her, but she gave no thought to them. Half a dozen widowers with children asked her to marry them. She and Jud laughed when Eversole Baker besought her to become mother to his nine children, including two daughters older than herself.

But there was one determined suitor, and she feared him with an uncanny dread that knew no rest until she was safely Jud's on the wedding night. That one was Eugene Crawley, drunkard and blasphemer.

Crawley was born in the dense timberland north of Glenville. His father had been a wood-chopper, hunter and fisherman. Hard stories came down to town about Sam Crawley. Of 'Gene, the boy, nothing against his honesty, at least, could be said. He was a vile wretch when drinking, little better when sober, but he was as honest as the sun.

He had gone to school with Jud and Justine when they were little "tads," and his rough affection for her began when they were mastering the "first reader." He and Jud had fought over her twice and each had been a victor. The girl despised him from childhood, and he knew it. Still he clung to the hope that he could take her away from his rival. He dogged her footsteps, frightened her with his mad protestations, and finally alarmed her by his threats. The day before the wedding he had met her as she left the school-house and had sworn to kill Jud Sherrod. She did not tell Jud of this, nor did she tell him that she had pleaded with Crawley to spare her lover's life. Had she told Jud all this she would have been obliged to tell him how the brute had suddenly burst into tears and promised he would not harm Jud if he could help it.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. HARDESTY'S CHARITY.

For many days after their marriage Jud and Justine were obliged to endure coarse jokes, kindly meant if out of tune with their sensitive minds. Happy weeks sped by, weeks replete with the fulness of joy known only to the newly wedded. Days of toil, that had once been long and irksome, now were flitting seasons of antici-

pation between real joys. At dusk he came home with eyes glowing in the delight that knows no fatigue, with a heart leaping with the love that is young and eager, and blood carousing under the intoxication of passion's wine. In the kitchen door of the little cot, no longer dismal in its weather-worn plainness, there always stood the slim, supple girl, her heart leaping with the eagerness to be clasped in his arms. She was growing into perfect womanhood, perfect in figure, perfect in love, perfect in all its mysteries. Her whole life before now appeared as a dreamless sleep to her; the present was the beginning of a divine dream that softens the rest of life into mellow forgetfulness.

She walked with him in the hayfield from choice, delighted to toil near him, to breathe the same air, to endure the same sun, to enjoy the same moments of rest beneath the great oaks, to drink from the same brown jug of spring water, to sing, to laugh, to play with him. It was not work. Then came the harvesting, the threshing and the fall sowing. Six months were soon gone, and still these children played like cupids. Other married people in the neighbourhood, whose honeymoons had not been more than a week old before they began to show callous spots, wondered dumbly at the beautiful girl who grew prettier and straighter, instead of turning sour, frowsy and bent under the rigours of conjugal joy—as they had found it. They could not understand how the husband could be so blithe and cheery, so upstanding and strong, and so devoted. The wives of the neighbourhood pondered over the latter condition. The husbands did not deem it worth while or expedient to wonder—they merely called Jud a "dinged shif'less boy, that'll wake up some time er 'nother an' understand more'n he does now." Yet they had to admit that Jud was conducting the little farm faultlessly, even though he did find time to moon with his wife, to bask in the sunshine of her love, to wander over wood and field with her beside him, sketching, sketching, eternally sketching.

Rainy days and Sundays brought hours of sweet communion to the happy, simple young couple. So thoroughly were they devoted to each other that their lack of

attention to the neighbours was the source of more or less indignation on the part of those who "knewed that Jud and her hadn't no right to be so infernal stuck up." And yet these same discontents were won over in the briefest conversation with the pair when they chanced to meet. Even the most snappish and envious were overcome by the gentle good humour, the proud simplicity of these young sweethearts, who saw no ugliness, who knew no bitterness, who found life and its hardships no struggle at all.

They were desperately poor, but they made no complaint. The vigour of life was theirs and they sang as they suffered, looking forward with bright, confident eyes to the east of their dreams in which their sun of fortune was to rise.

Justine was to have the school another year, beginning in October, after a six-months' vacation. Jud's pride revolted at first against this decision of hers, but she overcame every argument, and he loved her more than ever for the share she was taking in the dull battle against poverty. The land he tilled was not fertile; it had been overworked for years. The crops were growing thinner; the timber was slowly falling beneath the stove-wood axe; the meadow plot was almost barren of grass. It was not a productive "eighty," and they knew it. There was a bare existence in it when crops were good, but there was, as yet, no mortgage to face. Jud owned a team of horses, and Justine two cows and a dozen hogs. They had no other vehicle than a farm wagon, old and rattling. When they went to the village it was in this wagon; when to church, they walked, although the distance was two miles, so tender was their pride.

Little Justine was the politic one. Jud was proud, and was ever ready to resent the kindly offices of neighbours. Had it been left to him, young Henry Bossman would have been summarily dismissed when he offered to help Jud stack the hay, "jes' fer ole times' sake." It was Justine who welcomed poor, awkward Henry, and it was she who sent him away rejoicing over a good deed, determined to help "Jud and Justine ever' time he had a chanst."

It was she who accepted the proffer to thrash their thirty acres of wheat free of charge from David Strong,

stopping off one day as his separator and engine passed by. She thanked him so graciously that he went his way wondering whether he was indebted to them or they to him. And when Harve Crose offered to get their mail at the crossroads post-office every day and leave it at the cottage gate as he rode by, she thanked him so beautifully that he felt as though she ought to scold him when he was late on rare occasions. Doc Ramsey, the man who was knocked down by 'Gene Crawley at the tollgate one night, helped Jud build a rail fence over half a mile long, and said he "guessed he'd call it square if Jud 'd give him that picter he drewed of Justine summer 'fore las'. Kinder like to have that picter, 'y ginger; skeer the rats away with," ending with a roar of apologetic laughter at his homely excuse.

'Gene Crawley was never to be seen in the little lane. Sullen and savage, he frequented the tollgate, but not so much as formerly. He drank more than ever, and it was said that Martin Grimes had taken him out of jail twice at the county seat, both times on a charge of "drunk and disorderly conduct." It seemed that he avoided all possible chance of meeting Jud and his wife. Curious people speculated on the outcome of his increasing moroseness, and not a few saw something tragic in the scowl that seldom left his swarthy brow.

For many weeks after her marriage Justine dreamed of the fierce eyes and the desperate threats of this lover, and the only bar to complete happiness was the fear that 'Gene Crawley would some day wreak vengeance upon her husband. As the weeks wore away this fear dwindled, until now she felt secure in the hope that he had forgotten her. And yet, when his name was mentioned in her presence she could not restrain the sudden leaping of her heart or the troubled look that widened her tender brown eyes. When Jud bitterly alluded to him and assured her, with more or less boyish braggadocio, that he would whip him if he ever so much as spoke to her or him again, she felt a dread that seemed almost a presentiment of evil. She did not fear Crawley for herself, but for Jud.

'Gene's boast before the men at the tollgate created a sensation in the usually unruffled community. The blow that felled Doc Ramsey was universally condemned,

yet no man had the courage to take to task the man who delivered it. The story of his mad declaration concerning Justine spread like wildfire. Of course, no one believed that his boast could be carried out, or attempted, for that matter; but as gossip travelled the substance of his vow increased. Within a week the tale had grown in vileness until Crawley was credited with having given utterance to the most unheard-of assertions. Black and foul as his actual words had been, they were tame and weak in comparison with the things the honest farmers and their wives convinced themselves and others that he had said.

In the course of time the incident which made historical her wedding night reached the ears of Justine Sherrod. She had seen 'Gene but two or three times in the four months that intervened between that time and the day on which she heard the wretched story from Mrs. Hardesty—an honest soul, who had heard 'Gene's words plainly, and was therefore qualified to exaggerate if she saw fit. Once the girl passed him in the lane near the tollgate. He was leaning on the fence at the roadside as she passed. She had seen him looking at her hungrily as she approached, but when she lifted her eyes again his broad back was toward her and he was looking across the fields. There was something foreboding in the strong shoulders and corded brown arms that bore down upon the fence in an evident effort at self-control. She felt the panic which makes one wish to fly from an unknown danger. Not daring to look back, she walked swiftly by, possessed of the fear that he was following, that he was ready to clutch her from behind. But he stood there until she turned into the gate a half mile down the lane.

It remained for Mrs. Hardesty to tell Justine the story. The bony wife of the tollgate keeper carried her busy presence up to the cottage one afternoon late in September, and found the young wife resting after a hard, hot ironing. Her pretty face was warm and rosy, her strong arms were bare to the shoulder, her full, deep breast was heaving wearily beneath the loose blue-and-white figured calico. As Mrs. Hardesty came up the path from the gate she could not resist saying to herself as she looked admiringly, but with womanly envy, upon the

straight figure leaning against the door casing, fanning a hot face with an old newspaper:

"I don' blame 'Gene Crawley er enny other man fer wantin' to have her. They ain't no one like her in the hull State, er this country, either, fer that matter."

Justine greeted her cordially.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hardesty? Aren't you almost baked in this sun? Come into the shade and sit down. I'll get you a dipper of water and a fan."

"Don't put yourself out enny—don't trouble yourself a bit now, Jestine. Jes' git me a sup o' water an' I'll be all hunky-dory. I don't mind the sun very much. My, I'm glad to set down in the shade, though. Never saw the roads so dusty, did you? Thank ye, Jestine—much obliged. You must have a grand spring here to git such fine water. It's as cold, purt' nigh, as the ice water you git up to town. Set down, my dear; you look hot an' tired. I know you look nice standin' up like that, but you'll be a heap sight more comfortable ef you set down an' rest them tired legs o' yourn. Where's Jed?"

"He's gone over to Hawkins's blacksmith shop on the pike to have Randy shod. She cast two shoes yesterday," explained the girl, sitting on the doorstep. "Do you want to see him about anything in particular, Mrs. Hardesty? He said he'd be home by six."

"No; I jes' ast. Thought ef he was aroun' I'd like to see his good-lookin' face fer a minnit er two. I reckon, though, he don't look at other women when you're aroun'," tittered the visitor, who was not a day under sixty.

"Oh, yes he does," laughed Justine, turning a shade rosier. "He's getting tired of seeing me around all the time. You see, I'm an old married woman now."

"Good heavens, child! wait tell you've been married thirty-nine years like I have, an' then you kin begin to talk about gettin' tired o' seein' certain people all the time. I know I could see Jim Hardesty ef I was as blind as a bat. I kin almost tell how menny hairs they is in his whiskers."

"Well, how many, for instance?" asked Justine gaily.

"Two hundred and ninety-seven," answered Mrs. Jim promptly and positively. She regaled the young wife with a long

and far from original dissertation on married life as she had encountered it with James. Finally she paused and changed the subject abruptly, leaping to a question that had doubtless been on her mind for days.

"Have you saw much of 'Gene Crawley lately, Jestine?" The question was so unexpected that the girl stared, and stammered in replying.

"No; very little. I don't believe I've seen him more than twice in several months. Is he still working for Martin?"

"Oh, yes. They was some talk o' his goin' over to Rumley to work in a saw-mill, but seems as though he can't leave this part o' the country." After a moment's hesitation she went on boldly, smiling with the awkwardness of one who is determined to learn something at any cost. "I s'posed he'd been comin' 'roun' here quite a little."

"Coming here, Mrs. Hardesty?" cried the girl in surprise. "Why, he'll never come here. He and Jud are not friends, and he knows I don't like him. Whatever put that into your head?"

"Oh, I dunno," said Mrs. Hardesty evasively. "I heered somethin' 'bout his sayin' he was a great frien' o' yourn, so I thought, like as not, he was—er—that is, he might 'a' drapped in onct in awhile, you know—jes' like fellers will, you know."

"Well, you may be sure 'Gene will never come here."

"He wouldn't be welcome, I take it."

"I don't like to say that anybody would not be welcome, Mrs. Hardesty. I hardly think he'd *care* to come," said the girl nervously.

"Him an' Jed have had some words, hain't they? Never been friends sence they was boys, I've heered. Do you think he's afeared o' Jed?"

"Why should he be afraid of Jed? So long as each attends to his own business there is nothing to be afraid of. They're not good friends, that's all."

"Well, 'Gene's been doin' some ugly talkin'," said the visitor doggedly.

"What do you mean?" asked Justine. A strange chill seized her heart—a fear for Jud.

"He's been very unwise to say the things he has. I tole Jim Hardesty ef they ever got to Jed's ears 'Gene 'd pay

purty dearly fer them. But Jim says 'twouldn't be good fer Jed ef he tackled 'Gene. He's wuss 'n pison."

"Why, Mrs. Hardesty, I don't—I don't know what you're talking about," cried the poor girl. "What has 'Gene been saying?"

"Oh, it wouldn't be right fer me to git mixed up in it. It's none o' my funeral," said Mrs. Hardesty, now in the full delight of keeping a listener tortured with suspense. It was a quarter of an hour before she could be induced to relate the very tales she had come to tell in the first place.

"'Gene tole the boys that night that he'd made love to you ever sence you was childern, and that he could tell Jed Sherrod some things ef he was a mind to. He said he could take you away from him any time, an' that Jed 'd have to stay 'roun' home purty close ef he wanted to be sure o' you."

"Oh, oh, oh!" moaned the dumb-founded girl.

"An' then he went on to say that you'd promised to—to—well—well, to leave Jed some time an' go away with him. That's the mildest way to put it. I couldn't say it the way 'Gene did. Don't look so put out about it, Jestine—really, you look like you want to faint. Shell I git you some water?"

"Did—did he say all of that?" Justine whispered hoarsely.

"Yes, he did. I heered him. I was in the house, an'—"

"Mrs. Hardesty, don't tell me any more. I cannot bear it. How could he have said it—how could he have been so mean?" she wailed, struggling to her feet.

"Of course, they wasn't any truth in what 'Gene said," Mrs. Hardesty volunteered, but the declaration bore distinct marks of a question. Justine's eyes blazed, her body trembled, her lips quivered. Never had any one seen such a look upon that sweet, gentle face.

"No!" burst from her lips so fiercely that Mrs. Jim's eyes wavered and fell. "No!" And everybody knows it! How can you ask?"

"I didn't ast—you know I didn't, Jestine," stammered the guest.

"You *did* ask! God forgive 'Gene Crawley for those awful lies—God forgive him! Oh, Matilda, how could he—

how could he have said such things? I never did him any wrong—”

“Jed ought to kill him—the mean snake! He ought to go right over to Martin Grimes’s an’—” began Mrs. Hardesty excitedly.

“No, no! He must not know!” cried Justine with a new terror. She clutched Mrs. Hardesty by the shoulders so that the old lady winced. “Jud must never know! Don’t you see how it would end? There would be a murder—a murder! Jud would kill him. Let it be as it is; I can stand it—yes, I can! We must keep it from him. You will help me, won’t you? You will see that nobody goes to Jud with this awful story—I know you will! Oh, God! They would fight and—one of them would be killed. How can we keep Jud from hearing?”

Mrs. Hardesty stared up at her, and after a moment laid a hard hand upon the clinging one upon her shoulder.

“You are right,” she agreed. “Jed mus’ never be tole. Him an’ ’Gene would settle it, an’ I’m afeared fer Jed’s sake. ’Gene’s so vicious like.”

CHAPTER V.

WHEN THE CLASH CAME.

Despite her apparent cheerfulness, Jud could not but note the ever-recurring look of trouble in her eyes. Those wistful eyes, when they were not merry with smiles, were following him with an anxious look like that of a faithful dog. Sometimes he came upon her suddenly and found her staring into space. At such times he saw indignation in the soft brown eyes, or wrath, or terror. He wondered and his soul was troubled. Was she unhappy? Was she tired of him? He thought of asking her to confide in him, but his simple heart could not find courage to draw forth the confession he feared might hurt him endlessly.

Early in October she resumed her work in the school-house. There was not an evening or a noon that did not see her hurrying home, dreading that ’Gene and Jud had met. One day when she saw ’Gene gallop past the school-house, coming from the direction of the farm, she dismissed the school early and ran almost all the way home. When Jud met her near the gate she was sobbing with joy.

He never forgot the kisses she burned upon his lips.

How she loathed and feared ’Gene Crawley! She had dismal nightmares in which he was strangling her husband. In her waking hours she dreamed of the dreadful boast he had made. One night she was startled by the fear that people might believe the words the wretch had uttered.

One Friday evening they were coming home across the meadows from the Bossman farm. The sun was almost below the ridge of trees in the west and long shadows darkened the edges of the pastureland. The evening was cool and bright and they were as happy as children. Reaching the little creek which ran through a corner of Justine’s land, not far from the house, they sat down to watch the antics of two sportive calves. Peace was in their hearts, quiet in the world about them. She was like a delighted child as she laughed with him at the inane caperings of the calves, those poor little clowns in spots and stripes. He looked more often at her radiant, joyous face than at their entertainers, and his heart throbbed with the pride of possessing her.

Suddenly she gasped and he felt her hand clasp his arm with the grip of a vise. A glare of horror drove the merriment from her eyes.

“It’s ’Gene Crawley!” she whispered. “He’s coming this way. Oh, Jud!”

“What’s the matter, Justine? He won’t hurt you while I’m here. Let him come. Good Lord, dear, don’t look like that!” he laughed. Crawley was approaching from down the creek, walking rapidly and glancing covertly toward the house. It was evident he had not seen the couple on the bank.

“Let us go in, Jud. Please do! I don’t want to see him,” she begged.

“I’d like to know what in thunder he’s doing in our pasture,” growled Jud, with a sudden flame of anger.

“Maybe he’s drunk and has lost his way. He’ll find the way out, Jud. Come to the house—quick!” She was on her feet and was dragging him up.

“You go in, Justine, if you want to. I’m going to find out what he’s doing here. This isn’t a—”

“No, no! You must not stay—you must not have words with him. If you

stay, I'll stay! Won't you please come in, Jud?" she implored, but his eyes were not for her. They were glaring angrily at the trespasser, who, seeing them, had stopped in some confusion twenty feet away.

"Do you think I'm afraid of the derved scoundrel?" he demanded, loud enough for 'Gene to hear. The man down on the bank put his hand out and steadied himself against a sapling. For an instant his black eyes shot fire toward Sherrod, but turned away when they met the wild, dark eyes of the girl. He had not been drinking and he was truly surprised by the meeting. There was a stillness for a moment. The two men again glared at each other, all the hatred in their hearts coming to the surface. The girl was suffocating with the knowledge that she could do nothing to stay the catastrophe.

"Get off this place and don't you ever step your foot on here again," said Jud savagely. Justine's hand fell tremblingly from his rigid arm and she looked a mute appeal to 'Gene, who, still holding to the sapling, was trying to control his rage.

"I was jest takin' a short cut to Bossman's," he began hoarsely through his teeth. "I'll git off yer place, if you say so. I didn't think you'd mind my cuttin' off a mtle er so. Mrs. Grimes's baby's sick an'—"

"You needn't explain. Get out! that's all!"

"Oh, Jud," moaned the girl, helplessly.

"Don't be afraid, Justine. I won't hurt your doll baby. I'll git off yer place. If it wasn't fer you, though, I'd pund his head into dog meat," sneered 'Gene.

"You would, would you? You're a liar, dem you! A liar! Are you coward enough to take that?" cried Jud, taking a step forward. She threw her arms about him and tried to drag him away.

"Let go, Justine!" he shouted. "How can I protect myself with you hanging—let go, I say!" She was stunned by the first angry words he had ever spoken to her. Her arms dropped and she staggered back.

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" she half whispered. "Jud, Jud, don't! He will kill you!"

"Let him try it! Justine, dear, I'm no coward, and I owe him a licking, anyhow. Now's as good a time as any other.

Go to the house, dear—it won't do for you to see it," said her husband, very pale and breathing heavily. He was throwing his coat to the ground, where his hat already lay.

"You must not—you shall not fight, Jud! Do you want to kill me? Mrs. Hardesty says he is a devil! Don't, don't, don't Jud! If you love me, don't fight him, Jud!" she threw herself between the men. Crawley had not moved from his tracks, but the wild glare of the beast was fighting its way to his eyes. He was fast losing control. Try as he would he could not retreat; he could not turn coward before his old enemy.

"Will you fight, 'Gene Crawley?" demanded Jud over her shoulder. "Or will you run like a whipped pup?"

In a second Crawley's coat was off and he was rolling up his sleeves. Jud pushed Justine aside.

"You'd better go to the house," 'Gene said to her. "It ain't right fer you to see us fight. I didn't want to, remember, but, dern him, he can't call me a coward. I'll fight him till I'm dead."

"We'll settle up old scores, too," said Jud. "You've annoyed Justine and you ain't fit to breathe the same air as she does."

"Damn you, Jud Sherrod, I keer as much fer her as you do. I'd die fer her, if she'd let me. You took her from me an' we've got to have it out now. You kin kill me, but you cain't make me say I don't love her!"

"I despise you, 'Gene Crawley! Oh, how I hate you!" cried the girl. "I've always hated you."

"I know it! I know it! You needn't throw it up to me! But I'll make you sorry fer it, see if I don't—"

"Stop that! Don't you talk that way to my wife! Are you ready to fight?" cried Jud, advancing. She made a clutch at his arm and then sank back powerless, against the great oak.

"As soon as she goes to the house," replied the other.

"Go to the house, Justine," cried Jud, impatiently, but she did not move.

"I'll stay right here!" she said mechanically. "If he murders you, I'll kill him!"

Crawley ground his teeth and backed away.

"I won't fight before her. 'Tain't

right, Jud, 'n you know it. Le's go over to the lane," he said.

"If she's bound to stay, let her stay. And I want her to see me lick you! She's a brave girl; you needn't worry so dern much. Why don't you want to fight before her?"

"'Cause I'll git mad an' I'll say things she ortn't to hear. I don't want her to hear me cuss an' go on like that. I cain't help cussin' an'—"

"Oh, you're backin' out!" sneered Jud, and he made a rush at his adversary. Before 'Gene could prevent it, a heavy blow landed on his neck and he went to the ground. Justine saw and her heart throbbed with joy. As the man fell she turned her back upon the thrilling scene, insantly throwing her arms about the oak as if to claim its protection.

But Crawley was not conquered by that blow. He was on his feet in an instant, his face livid with rage, his mouth twitching with pain. There were tears in his black eyes, but they were tears of fury. With a bull-like rush he was upon Sherrod. The girl heard the renewed struggling and turned her face in alarm, still clinging to the tree. Fascinated beyond the power of movement, she watched the combat. Her eyes never left Jud's white, convulsed face, and she prayed, prayed as she had never prayed in her life.

Jud was the taller, but 'Gene was the heavier. Almost at the beginning of the hand-to-hand struggle their shirts were stripped from their bodies. Both were well muscled—one clean, wiry and like a tiger, the other like a Greek Hercules. One had the advantage of a quick brain and a nimble strength, offsetting the brute-like power and slower mind of the other. Never in her life had Justine seen two strong men fight.

Sherrod's coolness returned the instant he dealt the first mad blow. Neither knew the first rudiment of the boxer's art, but he was the quicker witted, the more strategic. He knew that 'Gene's wild swings would fell him if he allowed them to land, so he avoided a close fight, dodging away and rushing in with the quickness of a cat. He was landing light blows constantly on the face of his foe, and was escaping punishment so surprisingly well that a confident smile twitched at the corners of his mouth. Crawley, blinded by anger and half stunned by the

constant blows, wasted his strength in impotent rushes. Jud was not in reach when he struck those mighty, overbalancing blows.

"Don't be afraid, Justine," panted Jud; "he can't hurt me."

"I can't, eh?" roared 'Gene savagely. "You'll see!" And there followed a storm of oaths.

In spite of herself, the girl could not turn her eyes away. The fierceness, the relentless fury of the fighters, fascinated her. They were so quick, so strong, so savage that she could see but one end—death for one or the other. Their panting sounded like the snarl of dogs, their rushing feet were like the trampling of cattle; in their faces murder alone was dominant. She prayed that some one might come to separate them. In her terror she even feared that her husband might win. Jud the victor—a murderer! If only she could call for help! But her tongue was like ice, her voice was gone. Murder came into her own heart. Could she have moved from the tree she would have tried to kill 'Gene Crawley. Rather be the slayer herself than Jud. She even thought of the hanging that would follow Jud's deed.

Gradually 'Gene's tremendous strength began to gain ascendancy. His face was bleeding from many cuts, his white shoulders were covered with blood from a lacerated lip, but his great muscles retained their power. Jud was gasping. The girl began to see in his dulling eyes that the tide was turning. An unconscious shriek came with the conviction that her loved one was losing. She saw the triumphant gleam in 'Gene's eyes, recognised the sudden increase of energy in his attack.

"'Gene! 'Gene!" she tried to cry, but her throat was in the clutch of a terror so great that the appeal was no more than a whisper.

An instant later Crawley succeeded in doing what he had tried to accomplish for ten minutes. He clinched with his tired antagonist and all Jud's skill was beaten down. The big arms closed about his shoulders and waist, and a strong leg locked the loser's knee. Jud bent backward. They swayed and writhed in that deadly embrace, Jud striking savagely upon the unprotected face of his foe, 'Gene forcing a resolute hand slowly tow-

ard Jud's throat. Jud's blows made no impression upon the brutal power of the man whose burning, wide-staring eyes saw only the coveted throat, as a beast sees its prey.

A strangling cry came from Jud's lips as the fingers touched his throat. He knew it was all over. He was being crushed—he was helpless. God! If he could only escape that hand! The fingers closed down upon his neck; the hot breath of his foe poured into his face; the big tree in front of him seemed suddenly to whirl upside down; something was spinning in his head. As they turned he caught a glimpse of Justine still standing at the tree. He tried to call out to her to help him—to save him—help! But there was no sound except a gurgle. His hands tore at the merciless thing in his throat. He must tear it away quickly or he would—he was suffocating! He was blind! He felt himself crashing for miles and miles down a precipice.

Justine saw them plunge to the foot-torn turf, 'Gene above. Beneath she saw the agonised face of her husband, her life, her world. With a rush those awful dreams came back to her and she screamed aloud.

"'Gene!"

Her voice roused the reason of the man, and his blood-shot eyes for the first time sought the object that stood paralysed, immovable against the tree.

"I'll kill him!" he panted malignantly.

"Oh, God! Mercy, 'Gene! Mercy! For my sake!" she moaned. She tried to throw herself upon her knees before him, but her forces were benumbed. The look in her eyes brought the conqueror to his senses. His eyes, still looking into hers, lost their murderous glare and his knotted fingers drew slowly away from the blue neck.

He moved his knee from the other's breast and sank away from him, half lying upon the grass, his heaving body clear of her loved one. The action brought life to the girl.

With a cry she threw herself beside Jud's rigid figure.

"He is dead! Jud! Jud!" she wailed. "Don't look like that!"

Crawley raised himself from the ground, bewildered and dumb. To his brain came the knowledge that he had killed a man. Terror supplanted fury in

his closing eyes, a pallor crept over his swarthy face. For the first time he looked into the wide eyes in the strangled face. He did not hear the cries of the woman; he heard only the gasping of that throttled man as they had plunged to the ground.

"I hope I haven't—haven't killed him," struggled through his bleeding lips, tremulously. "God a'mighty! He's dead!" Like a hunted beast he looked about for some place in which to hide, for some way to escape. "They'll hang me! They'll lynch me!" He leaped to his feet and with a yell turned to plunge across the fields toward the woods.

But the reaction had come upon him. His strength was gone. His knees gave way beneath him and he dropped helplessly to the ground, his eyes again falling upon the face of his victim. Trembling in every nerve, he tried to look away, but could not.

Suddenly he started as if struck from behind. His intense eyes had seen a quiver on Jud's lips, a convulsive twitching of the jaws; his ears caught the sound of a small, choking gasp. The world cleared for him. Jud was not dead!

"He's alive!" burst from his lips. He flung the convulsed form of the girl from the breast of the man who was struggling back to life.

As he raised the prostrate man's head, overjoyed to see the blackness receding, to hear the gasp grow louder and faster, a heavy body struck him and something like a steel trap tightened on his neck. Writhing backward he found the infuriated face of the girl close to his. Her hands were upon his throat.

"You killed him and I'll kill you!" she hissed in his ear, and he knew she was mad! It was but a short struggle; he overpowered her and held her to the ground. She looked up at him with such a malevolent glare that he cowered and shivered. Those tender eyes of Justine Van!

"He ain't dead!" he gasped. "Be quiet, Justine! For God's sake, be quiet! Look! Don't you see he's alive? I'll help you bring him to—I won't tech him again! Be quiet an' we'll have him aroun' all right in a minute! Lookee! He's got his eyes closed! I'll git some water!"

He released her and staggered down

the bank to the little stream. He heard her scream with the discovery that her husband was breathing. In his nervous haste, inspired by fear that Jud might die before he could return, the victor made half a dozen futile efforts before he could scoop up a double handful of water from the creek.

When he reached Jud's side again, he found that she was holding his head in her lap and was rubbing his throat and breast. The purple face was fast growing white and great, heaving gasps came from the contracted throat. 'Gene dashed the water in his face, only to receive from her a cry of anger and a look of scorn so bitter that it made her face unrecognisable. He shrank back and in rebellious wonder watched her dry the dripping face.

For many minutes they remained as a tableau, she alone speaking. All her heart was pouring itself out in the loving words that were meant for Jud's ears alone. His ears could not hear them, but 'Gene Crawley's did, and his face grew black with jealousy. He could not tear himself away; he stood there, rigid, listening to phrases of love for another that mingled with words of hatred for him. He could not believe it was gentle Justine Van who was pouring out those wild words. At last he passed his unsteady hand across his eyes and spoke.

"I—I guess I'll be goin', Justine. Hope Jud'll not—" he began nervously. She turned upon him.

"You! You here? Why don't you go? For God's sake, go, and don't let me see your face again as long as I live!" she cried. "Don't stand there and let him see you when he comes to. The blood is terrible! Go away!"

He wiped the blood from his face, conscious for the first time that it was there.

Then he tore down to the brook and bathed his swollen face, scrubbing the stains from his broad chest and arms. Going back, he quickly put on his coat, ashamed of his nakedness. Then he picked up Jud's coat and threw it to her, feeling a desire, in spite of all, to help her in some way. She did not glance toward him, and he saw the reason. Jud's eyes were conscious and were looking up into hers, dumb and bewildered. With a muttered oath, 'Gene started away, taking a dozen steps down the creek before a sudden reversal of mind came over him. He stopped and turned to her, and something actually imploring sounded in his voice.

"Cain't I carry him to the house fer you?" he asked.

"Oh!" she cried, turning a terrified face toward him and shielding Jud with her body. "Don't you dare come near him! Don't you touch him! You dog!"

A snarl of rage escaped his lips.

"I s'pose you'll try to have me arrested, won't you? He'd 'a' killed me if he could an' I didn't kill him jest because you ast me not to. But I s'pose that won't make no difference. You'll have the constable after me. Well, lookee here! All the constables in Clay Township cain't take me an' I won't run from 'em, either. I'll kill the hull damn crowd! Go on an' have me arrested if you want to. You c'n tell that husband o' yours that I let him go fer your sake, but if he ever forces me into a fight ag'in all hell cain't save him. You tell him to go his way an' I'll go mine. As fer you—well, I won't say what I'll do!"

"Oh, I'm not afraid of you!" she cried defiantly. He strode away without another word. From afar, long afterward, he saw her assist Jud to his feet and support him as he dragged himself feebly toward the house.

(To be continued.)



EMERSON THE INDIVIDUALIST

The individual is God differentiated. Mankind is One reduced to fractions. Each soul is a segment of the primal circle—an arc curved over the deeps of Being. The roots of the soul, like the roots of islands, meet and conjoin in the depths where individual differences cease. The individual mind is a gaunt, isolated peak that rises sheer and stark from the unplumbed abysses of the divine. And, like mountains that crumble to the sea to lay the foundations of future ranges that shall and shall not be the same, so does the individual return atom by atom to its source. Those emotions, desires, thoughts, that make us what we are shall drift back silently and inevitably to the great spiritual reservoir, and the many-tongued soul is at last resumed in God, whence it sprung. Difference is shrouded in like, and like undulates to difference in perpetual circles. Such, in brief, is the metaphysics of individualism as expounded by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The greatest thing in the world is self-love. Love yourself, reverence yourself, and it must inexorably follow that you can then hate no man. He loves himself best who hates himself most. You must learn to detest the petty that battens on your soul like maggots on rotten fish, and the gnawing envies that dart through your veins like hungry rats in a wall, and the furtive-eyed insincerities that shape the soul to obscene curves and amble after place and power like a crétin begging alms. Self-love is not selfishness, but self-ishness. He who loves another loves the best in himself. He who hates another loves the worst in himself.

We hear much of altruism. Altruism is Envy turned saint. It is the creed of soggy souls and sultry moralists. Altruism is a subtle form of egotism. It aims at self-expansion by denying self. Altruists are moral smugglers, and they have the contraband in their cellars. They do good that they may receive good in return. The absurdest thing in the world is the story of how Adam named the animals; almost as absurd is the doctrine of disinterested motives. It is easier to balance Sirius on a hair than to conceive of an action that is not motivated in

self-love. The tops and bottoms of being cannot reach beyond the Self, in which we are shrouded like the sun in its fires. Except a thing tend to glorify you it is worthless.

The sublimest sacrifice that the world has ever seen was but the immolation of the lower on the higher, of the mortal individual on the cosmic individual. On the pyres of aspiration, Christ burned His lower nature. Hence we call Him the perfect man.

It was Emerson who first gave us leave to worship ourselves. In his high nothing he skirted the open polar seas of the spirit; and his eye at least beheld the spot where all lines meet. The forked lightnings of his soul struck steeple and capitol, and the thunders that reverberated from Self-Reliance rumbled around the world. The prim proprieties that feed on shredded wheat, and mediocrity that lives by oatmeal alone were set a-crooning, and the "home virtues"—parlour magic for children—were scared into a death-chatter. The sham gods that dwell in their tinselled social pagodas were rocked from their embossed pedestals, and the shrivelled souls of a manikin mankind—all neatly wrapped in the tinfoil virtues—were set a-squeaking and a-gibbering with horror. All the essays and poems are, in the last analysis, a celebration of Emerson. His own soul was the most important fact in his life. He knew nobody worthier than himself. Revolutionist, transcendentalist, sage, stoic, bond-servant to the Spirit that dwells in the unlimned spaces of the Oversoul, he flung the age-long cadavers that had staled in his doorway over the parapets of his castle, and sounded a clarion-blast of defiance to the worm-eaten faiths of the world.

It is the hardest thing in the world to preserve your individuality. All things tend to absorb you. The world is avid of your soul. The very stars are wolves upon your trail. Society is an un-kennelled bloodhound that roams our cities seeking whom it may devour. Time is shod in rubber, and its ferret eyes leer with delight as it watches your soul crumble to the common level. Threatening missives are borne to you upon

the winds, and the hint of penalties falls on your ear like rain-patter on a tin roof. Fear—that "obscene bird," Emerson calls it—circles over your soul like a kite amorous of carrion. The cabals of Doubt are always in session, and your tiny spirit flutters and flickers like a candle set near a wind-swept chimney. The whispering negations play over your soul like lambent flames on troubled waters. All things conspire against you. The thongs of habit rib your soul. You are striated with elemental slime. The life of man from bib to coffin is a vicarious atonement; he does daily penance for the sins of his ancestors. The insinuating imps of temptation swarm in and out of your clay like worms in a corpse. If you rise to the level of your instincts, you will be pelted by pebbled epithets, and senile old women, of both sexes, will run into the highway and fling at you the "Nay!" "Nay!" from the slungshots of their hatred. And there are those who will crouch behind the hedges of humility and fling their dirt at the traveller along the Open Road. The man who dares to be himself is a wild hair blown into the eye of his generation.

"Let us have done with conformity!" cries Emerson. Were the mighty currents of Being set in motion merely to float bloated bladders? He who can walk the waters of life is truly a saviour—at least, of himself. We amble and shamble through life. Walking is a lost art. We pay court here, we doff our hat there; we crook the knee to that senescent lie and fawn upon this pimpled villainy; and our backs grow round, and, like pigs with snout to the ground, are our senses riveted to smut. Conformity is cowardice, and all concessions are made to the devil. It is better to die on the Horeb of isolation, knowing that you have been true to yourself, than to rot away inch by inch in the mephitic alleys of the commonplace. It is better to go *your* way among men, defiant of their scorn, than to go men's ways and scorn yourself. The cerebral activity of the average man consists of a series of apologetic molecular movements that discharge shrimp-like impressions which he dignifies by the name of thought.

Action is thought tempered by illusion. Most of our actions are cowardly. They aim at something the world prizes—fame,

honour, riches. No man dares to act from himself. He borrows his light. If he has an original thought he conceals it. It is his; hence it is unworthy. His humility is cowardice. His apologies are the dry cough of a consumptive soul. He yawns and gapes when the world is not by. His life is as artificial and as useless as civilisation. His body is but the inflated bladder of a dead ego. "Don't be a mush of concessions," Emerson admonishes us. Dare to affirm—or to deny. There is a negative bravery. There is a courage that is immobile. A pygmy may do and dare. It takes a Hercules to achieve inaction. Dare not to do, and you will find it harder than daring to do. The man who aims at nothing, whose heart is set upon nothing, whose eye lusteth not, whose soul floats with the endless currents of being in a joyful, willing willessness, has achieved that calm and repose that are the basic motives of the strenuous act—the act that confuses means with ends and subsists *en passant*. Emerson's soul stood poised in a measureless calm—like a shaft of alabaster towering to the multitudinous stars. His mind was an Alhambra of beauties, and his head wore the turban of dreams. God stole on tip-toe to his soul and messaged to the world the great Saga of Self.

"Trust thyself." Why should I make believe that I like the world-famed book I am reading if it run counter to my deepest convictions? Why am I bound to believe what is said in any book, though it come with the imprint of Mount Sinai? Why should I hold to any law, church, institution, if there is that within me which spurns it? Each man is unique. He may live again, but under other masks. My thoughts are best because they are my own. Each of us is a relative absolute—relative in his qualities, absolute in his unique potentialities. The man firmly mortised in the granite of Self must spurn gifts merely because they are gifts. What can I use?—not What can I get?—is the question the egoist asks himself. Each thought, however humble, that is rightfully ours, is of use. The despised trivial is often the crumbling fragment of ancient buried sublimities. The carrion hours gorged with the filth of decayed cycles spit their bribes at our feet. But your great man will have none of them. Time is a rhymed undula-

tion. The things he needs will flow to his feet. Let the social hucksters peddle their wares. The man who drinks his own spirit will no longer harpoon sardines; he baits for Eternity.

In so far as a man concedes and takes is he weak. In so far as he resists and refuses is he strong. Shall we be affronting reefs in this wild, unsounded sea of lawless law, or corks swirling anywhither? That flowering differentiation which is called individuation was begun in the affirmation of a denial—the affirmation of the rights of the single over the many and the denial of the power of environment. Things develop in inverse ratio to their likenesses. Life is conditioned on contention. At bottom there is war. Whether the battle for the preservation of self is carried on in the open or in the midnight silences of the soul—it is one and the same. It is the soul's demand for breathing space. It is the battle for the redemption of the self from the slavery of limitation. The law of self-preservation is the law of salvation. To preserve yourself at the expense of your neighbour is Nature's first ordinance. Attraction is secondary—an afterthought. Love is an efflorescence. Resistance is the primal law. Your molecules are surrounded by an impenetrable sphere of force. Your soul was made to withstand impact. Emerson never tires of emphasising this truth. In "Self-Reliance" he says: "I must be myself. I will not hide my tastes or aversions." He will not sell his liberty and power to save other men's sensibilities. It is better to wound than play the hypocrite. "I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is not an apology, but a life." It is the weak man who smilingly weaves his silken threads of craft around the strong man. But the strong man has need for neither craft nor apology. He slashes his way to liberty.

"Behold! I teach you the Overman," might have been enunciated by Emerson. The Overman of Nietzsche aimed at a beyond-man. The Overman of Emerson is to be evolved in man. Nietzsche sought to manufacture a God; Emerson sought to fabricate a man. Nietzsche conceived power as something that primarily flowed out of man; Emerson conceived it as something flowing into

man from the Oversoul—the shoreless sunken seas of the potential.

There is a conspiracy among the underfed to palm off the emaciated for the ethereal. We cringe to words; we fawn before proverbs; we are the paid sycophants of Mumbo-Jumbo. We are ruled by the senescent and the obsolescent. Men are afraid to violate. Virtue is a papier-maché monument that Impotence has erected over the grave of Hope. At most there is a thin, piping "No," and a scamper to cover. Men seek to do the "proper thing"—which is generally the improper thing. Most laws are obeyed through fear—and presto! we have the "virtue" styled obedience. The Ideal is the Cockayne of the lost. The weak man dreams his darling sin, and calls it "Heaven." The strong man enacts his darling sin, and the world cries "Bravo!"—sometimes—and another "virtue" comes to being. "Do the thing you are afraid to do," Emerson tells us. Shock the decorous. Defy the customary, and let us raise altars to the rebels! It is inability that wears the mask of patience, and we are ruled by the unfittest. Conscience?—the tribute that weakness pays to capacity. Strong men and their consciences must part. Each original act smashes a scruple. The highest Man is not a moral being, but an æsthetic. Life for him is a spectacle, not an aspiration. What we call progress is but the primitive love of the novel. We are dying of an overdose of "moralic acid."

At bottom we reverence power. We have an instinctive love for the heroic. And we twist moral values to suit our desires. We love might more than right. The bandit Bonaparte has dazzled the world; we love him for his strength. He was a good animal. We secretly admire the great law-breakers and build private fanes to the great Anarchs,—witness Musolino.

The Greek Prometheus is the soul of man in eternal rebellion. We like to linger over the image of Ajax defying the lightning. The Byron legend will fascinate the world when *Childe Harold* shall no longer be extant. And America shall one day count Ralph Waldo Emerson her chiefest rebel and her greatest glory.

Benjamin De Casseres.

THE AVATAR OF THE EPIGRAM

France was once described as an absolute monarchy tempered by epigrams. This was in the days (not yet ended even in republican France) when every melodramatic incident, real or invented, must be accompanied by a phrase to match. *A chaque coup son mot*: "To every deed its word." The equipment of a hero demanded a trumpet as well as a sword. Even when he sheathed or surrendered the sword, he must needs blow a simultaneous fanfaronade upon the trumpet. Hence General Cambronne's fabled reply—"The Old Guard dies but never surrenders,"—to the English demand at Waterloo that the remnants of his veterans should yield. In vain he protested in after life that he had never used the phrase. In vain he pointed out that the excellent body of men to whom he referred did not die, but did surrender. French history insisted on being invented. To this day, in his native town of Nantes, a "tall column lifts its head and lies," for the *mot* is engraved on a commemorative shaft raised to General Cambronne by his fellow citizens in the year 1835.

Kings found it as difficult as generals or commoners to discard the popular *mots* attributed to them. Francis I. has come down to us as the author of the gallant phrase, "All is lost save honour," although he merely wrote something analogous to this in a letter to his mother. To Louis XIV. is still ascribed the Louis-like saying, "*L'état, c'est moi!*" although there is no evidence to support the ascription. Even when the Comte d'Artois rose to be Charles X., he found that nobody would accept his denial of a famous epigram attributed to him during his countship. The story of how this epigram was begotten and brought forth has been told by witnesses who were in at the birth, and is so full of illumination that it is worth pausing over.

Monsieur le Comte d'Artois had been deputed to make a public address on the occasion (April 12th, 1814) of the restoration of his brother, Louis XVIII., to the throne of the Bourbons. Unaccustomed to speaking, he succeeded only in murmuring a few confused sentences. That evening Talleyrand assembled a brilliant

company at his hotel. "What did the Prince say?" he asked.

"Nothing at all," was the disappointing answer.

"Oh, but he must have said something," cried Talleyrand; and turning to Minister Beugnot of the Interior, a man famous for impromptu wit, he said, "Beugnot, go into my closet and make a *mot*." After three attempts had been voted down by the company, Beugnot reappeared for a fourth time with this apt and pithy saying, "There is nothing changed. There is only one Frenchman more." A hearty round of applause followed. A speech was built up around the epigram. Next morning it appeared in the *Moniteur*. The speech was soon forgotten. The epigram remained. It was quoted, admired, sneered at, parodied. It had a powerful effect on public opinion.

Such was the France of yesterday. Such to a certain extent it is to-day. But France has gallicised the United States. She has inoculated us with her own *esprit*. Columbia on her part has recently started out on her mission to Americanise the world, including all Gaul. She has carried coals to Newcastle as well as to other ports. She has instructed her grandmother of Britain to suck French eggs. To-day the epigram has, through American influence, achieved a new birth of astonishing vigour throughout Anglo-Saxondom, even where it was formerly a mere moribund reminiscence from classic antiquity.

As far back as the Revolution, America had her phrase-makers. The Declaration of Independence scintillates with verbal brilliants. It is true that Rufus Choate once denounced them as "glittering generalities;" but a greater than Choate—the serene-minded Emerson—retorted by calling them "blazing ubiquities." In the phrase "millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute," an American ambassador summed up America's answer to France's complaint against the Anglo-American treaty of 1796. In another phrase, "Our country: may she always be in the right; but right or wrong, our country!" an American admiral in 1816 minted an argument that

has decided the laggard and recalcitrant citizen in many a sequent emergency.

But despite occasional precursors, it was Lincoln who first forged the epigram into an ever-present weapon of offence and defence. His speeches were bundles of barbed shafts. His occasional sayings were pointed with a wit that was venom to the wrong and balsam to the right. The cardinal feature of his administration, in short, was military law, tempered by epigram.

To make the Gallic analogy complete, phrases were invented for him. It is said that the *mot* about Grant and whiskey—"Tell me what brand he drinks and I'll give it to my other generals"—was put imaginatively into Lincoln's mouth by Charles G. Halpine ("Major Miles O'Reilly"), in a burlesque report of a Delmonico banquet in 1863. It was certainly anticipated by a jest of George II., who, on being told that General Wolfe was mad, expressed a hope that he "would bite some of my other generals."

Our Civil War, indeed, occurred at a period when America was coming into a peculiar birthright of fun-making, which, though original in most of its aspects, had, none the less, hereditary affiliations on the one hand, with the grotesque qualities of Rabelais, and, on the other, with the *finesse* of Rochefoucauld. It therefore doubly derives from the French. In turn, Artemus Ward and our Mark Twains have inspired imitators in the Jerome K. Jeromes and W. W. Jacobeses of England, while our Howellses and Jameses have by their own example stimulated their British contemporaries to a like study of the finer French models.

It is wit rather than humour of which the French are masters (in humour the British are preëminent), and the essence of wit, as we know, is brevity. Now the essence of brevity distils itself into the epigram. What is an epigram? Etymologically it means "an inscription." In classic usage that term was confined to something written in poetry. In the larger use of to-day it occupies the same place in written literature that the proverb occupies in the unwritten. Both depend for their acceptance and popularity upon a single shaft driven right home, and eliciting the spontaneous exclamation, "How true! How well hit!" Hence it may always be divorced from its con-

text. It is this feature that has made it so peculiarly adapted for advertising an author or his work—even in the gross commercial sense.

Thus a happy phrase of this sort has frequently helped to make the fortune of a play or novel. It need not be original. It need not be new—provided always it is old enough to have been forgotten. Fifteen years ago, in Philadelphia, a friend of mine, a peripatetic encyclopedia of current humour, told me as the latest in his repertoire the following: "Fleas are a good thing for a yellow dog. They make him forget he is a yellow dog." I jotted the phrase down in my notebook at the time. Ten years later the same jest made the rounds of the press as the most characteristic of all the sayings of David Harum. Mr. Westcott, also, had jotted it down into his notebook and made an (entirely legitimate) use of it before I had my chance.

Novelists and dramatists, in short, have all learned the value of the epigram. Book reviews and dramatic critics pounce upon every good thing of this sort and exploit it. Newspapers and periodicals vie with one another in printing columns headed "Flashes from the Footlights," or "Scintillations from the Novelists." The public seems avid for this sort of literary food. Caterers to the public are anxious to supply it. Our E. B. Bensons, our Gertrude Athertons, our Harlands, our Edith Whartons, our Merriamans, our John Oliver Hobbeses, our Hichenses (not to mention our Henry Jameses and our Howellses), fairly bristle with these single shafts ready at any time to be fitted to the journalistic bow.

The great protagonist of this sort of thing may be said to have been Oscar Wilde. He is the English epigrammatist, par excellence, if we estimate by quantity rather than quality. Nor was his quality inconsiderable. He had not the wholesomeness of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who was, in a sort, his pioneer; but even the toxic properties of his wit possessed their anti-toxic value:

One fire burns out another's burning.

The air was full of cant. Oscar Wilde's grapes, like Mr. Gilbert's shells, were levelled against the British Philistine, and the portentous platitudes

wherewith he buttressed his chubby conservatism. Wilde's favourite trick was to take the worn-out proverbs—the so-called axioms and truisms which Philistine respectability accepted as portions of eternal verities—and, by inverting them, to show that they sounded as smart and as wise in one way as in the other. So far, so good. The aim was an artistic one. But the Wilde method lacked spontaneity and variety. In the end it became almost as tiresome as the thing he satirised. And he often lost sight of any true satiric aim in the mere effort to raise a laugh at all hazards.

For example, here are two good old sayings that have degenerated into what is currently known as the stage of banality: "Marriages are made in heaven." "Two is a company, three is a crowd." Wilde took these and twisted them as follows: "Divorces are made in heaven." "In married life three is a company, two is none." These, it must be admitted, are extreme instances. We see the epigram machine at work here, and recognise the simplicity and even crudeness of the mechanism. But even in his better jests (those that never failed to set an audience in a roar), the same system is utilised, with only an additional cog or wheel brought into play. I take at random from *Lady Windermere's Fan* and *The Importance of being Earnest* a few illustrative examples: "There is nothing like the devotion of a married woman when you are not married to her." "The conduct of women in London who flirt with their own husbands is perfectly scandalous. It looks so bad. It is simply washing one's clean linen in public." "You must realise, dear doctor,

that by persistently remaining single, a man converts himself into a permanent public temptation. Men should be more careful; this very celibacy leads weaker vessels astray." "Who was your father? He seems to have been a man of wealth. Was he born in the purple of commerce, or did he rise from the ranks of the aristocracy?"

Now in these epigrams there is something of the topsy-turvy method, in which Gilbert was the precursor of Wilde and remained the master. Compare the last one, for example, with that admirable bit of wit in *Iolanthe*:

Blame not the highly-born,
Nor treat with lofty scorn
The well-connected.
* * * * *
Hearts just as pure and fair
May beat in Belgrave Square
As in the lowly air
Of Seven Dials.

In short, Wilde may have been more phosphorescent; but Gilbert had a more serious satiric meaning beneath his external brilliancy. Was it of Gilbert, by the way (or of Whistler), that the story is told: Wilde applauding a *mot* of the other, exclaimed, "Ah, I wish I had said that!" "Never mind, Oscar, you will!" was the ready retort. And while asking questions, I should like to know the name of the New York politician who, long before Wilde's time, turned out one of the best epigrams ever made by the process which the late playwright subsequently mastered,—“We must pander to the moral sense of the community.”

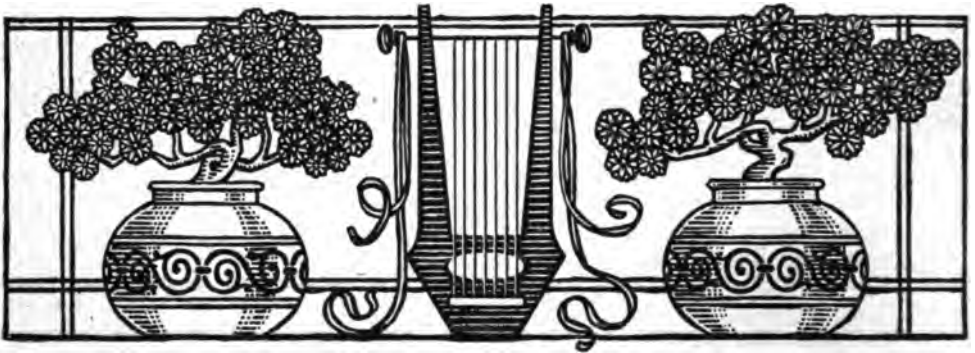
William S. Walsh.



always a pity to see such books go into the mill. Ouida's are the things to dramatise, and Hall Caine's and Augusta J. Evans's, if need be. For Thackeray or Tolstoy, one must brace himself against the shock. But *Resurrection* on the stage was far better than might have been expected. Naturally there was little plot and time was lacking for the development of character, but the dialogue was mainly Tolstoy's, and Prince Nekhlúdoff in his syncopated form was recognisable. So was Katusha in her fallen state, but in

her innocence and after her redemption she was not realised either by the playwright or by Miss Walsh. When the Prince was first seized with remorse, Mr. Haworth's sobs could have been heard on Broadway; but apart from the physical violence of the first act his Nekhlúdoff was very good. The play was interesting—ten pages of the book picked out anywhere would be interesting—and better than the general run of dramatisations.

F. M. Colby.



STEWART EDWARD WHITE

What a young man of twenty-nine would like to do is of no particular consequence except to himself. But when he has begun to prove that he can do the things he would like to do, his work is certainly worth consideration. A boyhood spent in the untracked woods of the Northwest, where the advance guard of our civilisation has been groping its way forward, convinced Stewart Edward White that there is still a frontier, and that the conflict between things as they were in the beginning and things as they are to be in time to come is still throwing out in high relief the national qualities which we have rather come to believe have been averaged down to a flat dull grey since the days of Fenimore Cooper and Bret Harte's California. Mr. White, saturated with the conviction that the American pioneer has not yet faded into a romantic memory, began some four years ago to write it out. He had no training as a writer. He had none of that sort of inspiration which leads a man to compose pretty things as practice against the day when he shall hope to

find a subject worthy of his ability. He began writing because his subject made him write.

Along in 1897, Brander Matthews had Mr. White in a graduate class at Columbia. Professor Matthews liked the truthfulness and the ring of Mr. White's exercises; he advised his student, as he has advised many another, to attempt publication. Since then Mr. White has had published three novels and thirty-one short stories; there is a fourth novel almost ready for publication. His controlling impulse or inspiration, or whatever else we may choose to call it, has been justified not only by the success of his books, but by the warmest expressions of appreciation by men to whom the mere fact of the ready sale of a book means nothing at all, but to whom the ring of truth and the breath of free open air through a written page mean everything. One of the first approving letters received by Mr. White after the publication of *The Blazed Trail* was from Theodore Roosevelt. The President did not know Mr. White, but he could not help

speaking out for a book that seemed to him to handle so well the life of the big, open West which has meant and which means so much to him.

Mr. White began his explorations of all outdoors at the tender age when kilts give way to the dignity of "short pants." His father had been a land-looker, a man who lived in the woods on his own resources, with only such baggage as he could carry on his back. Later, as a lumberman on a big scale, he still spent months at a time in the forests. He took the small Stewart with him on many excursions, so that before he was ten years old the boy knew much more of woodcraft and wood creatures than is given to most men in a lifetime. Then came four years of outdoor living in California,

where his father had another home, and four years more of travelling all over the West. As a boy, Mr. White made his outdoor living the means of a very earnest study of birds. Before he entered the University of Michigan he had made a collection of fourteen hundred bird skins, and had written a pamphlet on the birds of Mackinac Island, which was published by the American Ornithologists' Union. What school-book studying he had was done at home in the evenings, until by special arrangement he was allowed to take a half-day course in the public high school, so that he could spend the rest of his time in the woods. The University of Michigan was not quite as flexible in its requirements of attendance as the High School



STEWART EDWARD WHITE BREAKING THROUGH THE BRUSH.

had been, and Mr. White's roamings were for a time restricted to the summer vacations. Part of his academic training, however, was the learning of the ways of sailboats, and he explored hundreds of miles of nooks and corners of North Country lakes and rivers where white faces had very seldom been seen before.

It is believed by some of Mr. White's friends that his first step after leaving college was the result of a difference of opinion between himself and his parents as to the lengths to which indulgence in outdoor living should be carried. He has



MR. WHITE CROSSING THE PLAINS.

not said so directly, but there are grounds for inference that "it was thought best" that he should settle down in Grand Rapids to a desk in his father's great establishment and to the tyranny of an office boy and a stenographer. He did not. He took a gun and a pack and one hundred dollars in money, and struck out into the Black Hills of South Dakota.

As a miner of gold, the young man had only moderate success; he did indeed succeed in seizing upon a very valuable water right that the owners of a promising mining claim had overlooked, but a freshet came along just about as he was about to sell out and changed the course

of his stream, so that it was valueless. He undertook some financial diplomacy in settling up the affairs of a "busted" Eastern mining company, with the interesting result of being mounted on a stump by a number of disappointed creditors who put a noose around his neck and asked what word he would like to send home to his folks. Mr. White has never been otherwise known as an orator, but it is recorded that he poured out such a convincing flood of eloquence on this occasion that he convinced his audience that their only chance for further payment by the Eastern capitalists lay in the sparing of his life. It is pleasant to add that their faith in the oration was subsequently verified. He likewise encountered a person with a mask and a gun who expressed a desire for his money or his life, or both; in his hurry to oblige the stranger Mr. White dismounted from his horse in such peculiar fashion that the robber thought he had encountered a lunatic and fled incontinently. Amid such inspiring incidents as these, including a term during which he made his living by shooting game for a mining-camp grub joint, Mr. White came to feel that he had at least an understanding acquaintance with the course of life in the Black Hills mining country, where, to quote my friend Captain Seth Bullock of Deadwood, "God had elbow room to make men full size."

In all this time there was no writing. Mr. White had not gone about with a spatula and a palette collecting local colour. He had been doing things because he liked them. When the impulse came to express the experience, he found that he needed something that the woods had not taught him. He came to Columbia, entered the Law School and took a special course in the English department of the college. He spent a year and a half in Paris with his brother Gilbert, the painter, and was for a time in the book department of A. C. McClurg and Company in Chicago. He was studying the machinery of expression.

As readers of his books know, he has not even yet the complete confidence in his ability to tell things as he sees them which characterises the man whose impulse to write comes first and who fills up with his subject afterwards. Without in any other way comparing the two

books, one finds himself vaguely conscious of the same feeling about the merely literary form of *The Westerners* that he has about *David Harum*. There are places where putty has been used to fill crudely fitted joints.

It is extremely good that Mr. White knows that he has not attained the highest literary grace, and that he is constantly studying and working to make his work better and to earn more confidence in his style. He is too much in earnest with his setting forth of the later pioneer to falter. It is altogether certain that each book that comes from him will mark a long step ahead—so far as mere finish goes—of the book before. Mr. White takes his work seriously; but he lacks the unpleasant trait so common to self-serious persons of climbing a pedestal to invite the public to join him in realising the significance of his labours. I know a hearty admirer of Mr. White's novels and short stories, a newspaper reporter (and consequently one trained to intuitions and quick inferences), who met Mr. White and talked to him for two hours about the Northwest and books and writers of books, but who did not learn until two weeks later that he had been conversing with the author of *The Claim Jumpers*, *The Blazed Trail* and *The Westerners*.

Mr. White accepts criticism with cheerfulness, if not with pliability. He inclines to the belief that when he has put

into a book, with great labour and pains and thought, the elements which he thinks make that book complete, no one has the right to insist that those things ought to be radically altered or removed. He will bear the critic's suggestion in mind when he writes the next book, but the story under consideration is done. It is finished as he meant it to be finished. Let it stand. An instance is the interpolation into the plot of *The Blazed Trail* of Helen Thorpe, the hero's sister. Helen had her uses in throwing into relief the character of Thorpe. But many readers of the manuscript of the book told Mr. White with much unanimity that she and her affairs were a clog on the free running of the main story. Helen stayed in the book, nevertheless.

Mr. White's life to-day is one that very nearly justifies the breaking of the Tenth Commandment. For three years, except for short excursions to the Eastern seaboard and to Europe, he has been tramping through the unmapped parts of Canada, living with fur-traders and with wild animals, getting the material for *Conjuror's House*, his coming novel. He has ample assurance that he may profitably continue such living to the top of his bent, for as long as he cares to. He is not only chronicling the frontiersman of to-day for posterity, and making more than his own keep, but he is having a very good time.

Lindsay Denison.



A great many protests have come to us during the past few months, some of them expressing surprise and some of them expressing dissatisfaction, over the temporary omission from these pages of the Letter-Box. This dissatisfaction we regard as a high compliment; but we do not see why any one should feel surprised. We announced last January that Miss Carolyn Wells was going to present the Editors of *THE BOOKMAN* with her entire

collection of detective literature. Well, the books arrived with great promptness to the number of sixty-eight, all in good order. Under these circumstances, we think that instead of being surprised because the Letter-Box did not appear, our readers ought rather to wonder that *THE BOOKMAN* came out at all. There are detective stories in this collection of which neither the Senior Editor nor the Junior Editor had ever heard before; so the for-

mer forgot his meals and the latter left his golf-sticks in the cellar, and both of them buried themselves in large, comfortable chairs, after locking the office door and leaving word that they had gone into the country. The proceedings of the

two Editors, however, will have little interest for our readers when compared with the detective library itself. First of all, let us show it to you neatly displayed in front of one of the chairs already mentioned. Here it is:



Miss Wells has a very pretty taste in crime and its detection. Twenty-five of the volumes are by Du Boisgobey; eight are by Gaboriau; and nine by Fergus Hume. Among the others is a book by Conan Doyle, entitled *Strange Secrets*, of which we are ashamed to say that we knew nothing. We were also unaware that Maarten Maartens had ever written a detective story; but Miss Wells got hold of it. It is called *The Black Box Murder*. Some of these titles, by the way, are almost sufficient in themselves for the satisfaction of the reader. For instance, there is *The Cry of Blood*. We should like a photograph of Miss Wells reading *The Cry of Blood*. There is also a book by Archibald Clavering Gunter which is new to us—*The Surprises of an Empty Hotel*. And did you ever hear of *The Detective's Eye*, or *Five Hundred and Twenty Per Cent.*, or *All for Jack*, or *The Coral Pen*? And these are only a few of the remarkable tales which have been within the reach of the Editors at any hour of the day for the past three months. Naturally, the Letter-Box had to be suspended.

The collection is now waiting for a suitable set of shelves to be made for it, with a glass front and a lock and key. Visitors who desire to inspect it will be welcomed during the regular office hours; but no one but the Editors can read the books. Meanwhile, we express our profound and lasting gratitude to Miss Carolyn Wells. We trust that some day she will commit to paper her meditations upon the subject of mystery, detection and crime, for which the pages of THE BOOKMAN are always at her disposal.

Now, then, let us get down to the letters, of which so many have accumulated that we shall probably never catch up with them.

I.

A lady in Washington writes as follows:

I should like to have your opinion on the following points: The usage of such expressions as "I hope it rains to-day," "I hope he does come to-morrow," "He starts to-morrow," etc. A double possessive, such as "the play of Scribe's." In this connection may be cited "God of our fathers," "the son of his father"

and "The Fall of the House of Usher." But we say "a house of his;" and "a poem of Longfellow's" conveys but one meaning, while "a book of Longfellow's" might denote either ownership or authorship, it seems to me.

As to such an expression as "I hope he does come to-morrow" or "He starts to-morrow," it may be described as picturesquely colloquial, the speaker projecting himself for a moment into the future and regarding it as already present. It is the non-literary congener of what rhetoricians call the Prophetic Present. As to what she describes as the "double possessive," our correspondent seems to be somewhat confused. When one says "the play of Scribe's," the full expression is "the play of Scribe's plays," the genitive in this instance being partitive. "A poem of Longfellow's" is unambiguous in meaning only because Longfellow happens to be best known as a poet, and therefore you assume that the poem in question is one which he wrote. When, however, we say "Longfellow's book" our meaning is in reality no clearer than when we say "A book of Longfellow's." In neither case is authorship necessarily implied.

II.

The following comes to us unsigned, upon a post-card, and is respectfully and respectively referred to Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Robert Grant:

Is it possible that *The Valley of Decision* owes its name to the "multitude" of characters therein? ("Multitudes, multitudes, in the valley of decision."—Joel iii: 14.)

To what does *Unleavened Bread* owe its name? Had Selma failed to attain her ends, that might have accounted for the title, but surely she "rose," according to her own standard of elevation.

III.

A correspondent in Ripley, Ohio, starts a new line of thought in the following request:

I am tired of reading lists of the "ten best books." Just for a change, will you not please give me a list of the ten worst books—meaning by that the dullest and the feeblest, and confining yourself to books written in the English language?

It is absolutely impossible to comply with this request, because in order to do so it would be necessary to have read every book in the English language. You see, one may fairly assume that he has read all the books which anybody could by any possibility include among the best ten; but no one can be quite certain in reading an extremely wretched book that there may not exist somewhere even a worse one. Moreover, an experienced taster of books will very soon discover that a new volume which he happens to pick up is dull and feeble, and he will throw it aside unread without taking the trouble to discover precisely how dull and feeble it really is from a comparative point of view. We don't mind, however, giving a list of the worst ten books in English that we have ever read through, confining ourselves to books whose authors might have been expected to do better:

1. Philip (Thackeray).
2. Joan of Arc (Mark Twain).
3. Alton Locke (Kingsley).
4. Scottish Chiefs (Porter).
5. Aylwin (Watts-Dunton).
6. Daniel Deronda (Eliot).
7. Lothair (Disraeli).
8. Clarissa Harlowe (Richardson).
9. The Blithedale Romance (Hawthorne).
10. Hyperion (Longfellow).

IV.

The following comes to us from a lady in Mount Vernon, Ohio:

I read the list of those to be invited to the banquet in 1905, and see that the only way I can "get in" is to be accounted a Clear White Soul. Now I am sure that I *am* a C. W. S., but how am I to prove it to the Editors of *THE BOOKMAN*? Writing a poem to you might touch your heart—would you be kind, even if it were not so good a poem as Miss Wells's? Incidentally, tell me if you consider the use of "then" as an adjective correct. I know Stevenson uses it, but

(1) We are sorry to inform this lady that no one who is really and truly a Clear White Soul ever has the slightest consciousness of the fact. That lets her out.

(2) The use of "then" as an adjective in such expressions as "the then king" is admissible, but never elegant.

V.

Here is some one up in Weedsport, New York, who wants to break into the Banquet by violence. He seems also to be decidedly in a state of mind:

I wish to attend that 1905 banquet—not to eat, for I know better than to tempt fate—and my claims are:

(1) I am an Author—and, although I have no equal in modesty, yet I cannot deny that I am really the greatest author living.

(2) I never sent *THE BOOKMAN* a manuscript.

(3) I never shall.

(4) I am an old subscriber.

(5) I think your spelling is the damndest ever.

(6) I consider that—excepting myself—R. Harding Davis is the modestest man living, and that—again the exception—W. Dean Howells is the greatest novelist, past, present or future.

(7) I have read *David Harum*.

(8) I consider that the Republican Party is a pure and holy conception of the Great Eternal Ruler.

(9) Consequently, I believe in Trusts, Robbery, Jobbery, Matt Quay, Hanna, Embalmed Beef, Terrible Ted, *et al.*

VI.

The following letter comes to us from Honesdale, Pennsylvania:

Again Sherlock Holmes. Fine as Mr. Gillette's Sherlock is, he does seem to have made a slip in assuming that Moriarty would not have tried to get the pistol if he had had another. But how about Moriarty's failure to see Holmes remove the cartridges, as shown by his afterward snatching the pistol and trying to fire it? Is this up to the standard of the Doyle-Moriarty?

I do not wish to expose you to the danger of another protest such as "A Ballade of Mental Perturbation," but have wondered if any one else regarded this incident in the play as a lapse of Moriarty's usual alertness.

A BOOKMANITE.

Moriarty deserves no censure for failing to see Holmes remove the cartridges. Of course Moriarty was a genius, but of course, also, Sherlock Holmes was a still greater one. Holmes didn't want Moriarty to see the removal of the cartridges, and naturally he didn't let him see it. Had Moriarty detected him, Moriarty would have been cleverer than Sherlock Holmes, and surely, *that* would not be the Doyle Moriarty.

VII.

A plaintive letter from Boston:

A year or two ago I wrote you, signing myself "A Subscriber's Cousin." Since then I have become a subscriber myself. I notice your use of "bred up," and again I am uneasy about it. Before, you referred me to "any unabridged dictionary." Having firm faith in you, I meekly subsided and did not even consult a dictionary. But now, after having read the January number, I have taken my Webster and turned to "breed." There I find: "(5) To educate: to instruct; to form by education; often, but unnecessarily, followed by *up*; as, to 'breed a son to an occupation'; a man *bred* at a university. To *breed up* is vulgar."

I am sorry to seem disagreeable, but what can I do? A TURNING WORM.

We are afraid that you must have consulted an old, and therefore an imperfect and unauthoritative, copy of Webster. In our copy, which represents the last edition, the expression "breed up" is not characterised as vulgar, but is given as perfectly allowable; and it is supported by a citation from Locke the philosopher. Even dictionary-makers ultimately arrive at something like the truth.

VIII.

A gentleman who writes from Canandaigua, New York, anxiously asks this question:

Why have you never reviewed *The Love Story of Abner Stone*? I have waited a long while to get your opinion of the book.

We were just on the point of reviewing the book when its publishers indiscreetly made such a thing impossible for us. They sent us one of those printed slips which publishers are fond of sending to editors by way of stimulating their interest in the author. Unfortunately, a publisher can never tell exactly what sort of information is going to produce a favourable impression upon an editor, for some editors differ from some other editors. This particular printed slip had a little account of Mr. Litsey, the author of *Abner Stone*, and in it we found the following sentences:

His literary taste developed at an early age. When he wanted to write his first article for a local paper he had no stationery. He killed a cat for an old lady, thereby receiving a dime, with which he purchased writing paper.

Now this little story probably touched the heart of many an editor, and secured many a favourable review for Mr. Litsey's book. But for our part it left us as hard as flint. You see, we are fond of cats. Therefore, we shall never review Mr. Litsey's book unless he can prove to our satisfaction that the story has been in some way utterly perverted, and that in reality it was the old lady that he killed.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press:

Two Wives; or, The Marital and Other Experiences of Lammy Browning. By Lemuel P. Burnett.

Limited space makes it impossible to say much of this novel of five hundred and fifty-six pages. Lammy Browning was a Southerner who came to New

York, and, as the title indicates, gets into difficulty. The two wives are his wives "by accident."

American Book Company:

Some Useful Animals and What They Do for Us. By John Monteith, M.A., and Caroline Monteith.

The subjects treated in this book both assist in nature study and give aid in learning to read. The form of treatment was suggested by actual experience in the school and the home. The moral lessons derived from the actions of ani-

THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH



The most stirring event of the month was the turning of the successful playwright, Mr. Jones, upon his oppressor in the *London Times*. The *Times* critic has for some years been finding fault with Mr. Jones's plays and delicately chaffing their author. To legitimate criticism Mr. Jones said he did not object, but this kind of thing was persecution, for the man went out of his way to make personal insinuations, and instead of judging him as a playwright jeered at him as Jones. So he wrote an indignant letter to the editor of the *Times*, and excluded the critic from his theatre on a first night. Yet when it came to citing instances, Mr. Jones could find nothing worse to say than that his tormentor had once called him a *viveur*. In fact, the critic had not transgressed even a rule of etiquette, yet here was Mr. Jones almost on the point of calling in the police. It led to much discussion of the proper bounds of criticism.

To people of the Jones way of thinking, legitimate criticism is a high and dry body of rules judicially applied by a colourless man to the bleached bones of the drama. The author should be long since dead and the critic should be as nearly dead as possible; for the more there is of life, the greater the danger of being personal, and the stronger the pulse the deeper the human prejudice. If the author lives, he must remain to you as impersonal as a polygon. It is beyond us all. A play is an intensely personal affair. If Jones wrote it you cannot poke into it anywhere without disturbing him, and if the pokes do not go as far as Jones they are not thorough. After all is said, a play is more than mechanism or plot or problem or picture of life or moral lesson and deeper than any element of fact or form is the personal element—the ineffable element of Jones, substratum of Smith, essence

of Robinson. The most interesting part of any play is the man who wrote it. Even as an imitator he betrays himself by his selection, and the thing you really like or dislike is his particular kind of mind and not the tools he uses. To the *Times* critic, seared by long play-seeing, the amusing thing in Mr. Jones's plays was the glimpse he got of Mr. Jones. So those are Mr. Jones's standards, and that is how he must have been brought up, and this is the way the world looks to him, and here is a sample of what he thinks sublime and there his notion of the humorous. And lo! for him there is a Jones *ex machinâ*. It is the dearest pleasure of a critic's life.

Or take, for example, *The Taming of Helen*, by Richard Harding Davis. The critics have condemned it as false and ill-made, though it is technically a better play than a dozen others they have praised to the skies. The interest does not lag and the action does not go to pieces toward the end, and it is no further away from life than the majority of the successful plays this season. There is nothing whatever the matter with it but the exhibition of Mr. Davis himself. The critics happen not to like him. Perhaps if they did like him, they would not say so, for a taste for Mr. Davis is not considered a manly taste just now—so much has been said about the *matinée* girl. If the play fails, it will simply mean that it has not had a chance with the public, whom Mr. Davis is very well qualified to amuse in spite of the fact that he has mistaken a prig for a hero. Spectacular magnanimity, with a punctual reward, concealed merits that other people always detect, manners dramatically good, character conspicuously noble, every quality paid for in the end with a handsome profit—the Davis heroes are all so much alike, that we know they are his day-

dream of himself or of what he would like to be. "Philip, your love is splendid," said Helen's chaperon to the hero of the play, and Philip, who was doing the modest gentleman just then, promptly deprecated it. Nothing can match a Davis man for modesty, when modesty is the proper play. But in a few minutes Philip was telling Helen not only that his love was splendid, but that it was the grandest thing she would ever get, and that if she did not take care he might never let her have it. In fact it was going, going, gone—he was eloquent as an auctioneer—and finally in a terrible voice he warned her that no matter how much she wanted it, he would never offer it to her again, but that one day of her own accord she would come and place her hand in his and tell him she loved him. And it all worked out as it always does in Mr. Davis's paradise—a paradise of conceited men where there is never a discerning friend to whisper, What an idiot! And why not? What lovelier dream than the sweet equation between self-esteem and the world's approval? Mr. Davis adores his men, and has not the slightest sense of his and their absurdity. But how long since have people ceased to be interesting because they are absurd? And what humbug there is in those stale allusions to marshmallows and the matinée girl when there are hundreds of old codgers with the hearts of matinée girls and a sweet tooth lingering among the few that survive. To some Mr. Davis is as grand as he means to be, to others he is far more amusing than he dreams. Counting both classes, the area of entertainment is considerable, and this play is as good as his books.

In the hurried reviews of plays there is no time to pick out the little things that make the difference. For instance, *The Billionaire* has been lumped with half a dozen musical comedies, undistinguishable slot-machine affairs like the *Chinese Honeymoon* (which subsists only by a song or two and by a portion of Mr. Seabrooke's activities); whereas part of it, especially the second act, is the best farce that has been seen here in many months, better than anything in Weber and Fields or the best of the old Hoyt farces. Between good nonsense like this, spontaneous and unexpected, and the formulated sallies of Mr. George Ade or the usual

compound of newspaper jokes and horse-play there is all the difference in the world. But the writer ventured it only half the time; the other half was given up to the safe old devices which he could count on for drawing a laugh because they had always done so. He interspersed the things that he liked himself with the things that he thought we needed.

A play has at least done something if it has put you in a combative mood. You may enjoy a play in the full knowledge that it is ridiculous. It is possible to pish and pshaw and still be happy. Somebody's hero may be your clown, but the main question is not whether the effects were those which the author intended but whether there are any effects at all. The blanks are the real misfortunes. In a play like *Cynthia* there is no sign of life anywhere—not a living being either beneficial or noxious to man on the premises. It is not that it was merely improbable. The spendthrift wife who did not know that ten per cent a month was a high rate of interest was not half so preposterous as dozens of delightful stage-people. It invited none of the withering scorn that the true manhood of the press felt for *The Taming of Helen*. There was simply no sport in the making of it. The author wrote it without zest and there was no spirit in the lines. In constituting the heroine's charm he followed the old declarative method of making the other characters say how bewitching she was, but giving her no lines to prove it. The same thing happened in *Pretty Peggy*. In each play the heroine had to struggle with a deficit of fascination. In neither of these productions did the author count for anything, and such effects as they had were due to the players or the stage management. Yet authors there must have been, flesh-and-blood beings, with eyes of their own and the whole world to choose from, but preferring to anything they had felt or seen themselves the stuffy old traditions of the theatre.

It would have been a wonderful coincidence if so good a novel as the *Resurrection* had fallen into the right hands for a stage version. It was not pleasant to think of its being chopped and telescoped into a play, and the old man's fiery humanity toned down into what the paragraphers call the "heart interest." It is

mals are vivid and engaging, and some useful information is imparted.

Beginnings of Rhetoric and Composition. By Adams Sherman Hill.

In this book the author teaches young writers to express themselves correctly, not by dry mechanical devices, but by stimulating them to put their natural selves into their compositions. The book aims to remove the obstacles, small or great, that lie between what they think and what they write.

Baker and Taylor Company:

Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment of Pictures. By H. R. Poore, A.N.A.

A large illustrated volume, which is intended to serve as a handbook for students and lovers of art. The author has added hints on the critical judgment of pictures, with the hope of simplifying to the many the means of knowing pictures.

My Woodland Intimates. By Effie Bignell.

In writing these sketches of her animal friends, the author says: "I have had in mind all to whom such simple thoughts and quiet experiences might appeal, but my dearest hope has been that, to some one in sick-room or city pent, these pages might, perhaps, carry restful little messages from 'God's out-of-doors.'" Many pleasant things have been said about the author's previous book, *Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny*.

The Story of the Churches. The Baptists. By Henry A. Vedder. **The Story of the Churches. The Presbyterians.** By Charles L. Thompson.

Two volumes in a series of brief histories of the various denominations, written by the leading historian of each denomination. Dr. Vedder is lecturer in American Church History at the Crozer Theological Seminary, and Dr. Thompson is Secretary of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

Leavening the Nation. The Story of American Home Missions. By Joseph B. Clark, D.D.

Dr. Clark is Secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, and the Board granted him a leave of absence in which to prepare a non-sectarian history of the work. His book has been written with the assistance of the secretaries of the Boards of other denominations, and it is intended as a standard history of home missionary work.

Barnes and Company:

The Stumbling Block. By Edwin Pugh.

A new novel by the author of that somewhat unusual story, *Tony Drum*. Mr. Pugh writes with originality and his characterisations are well done. The present story is worth reading.

Century Company:

A Comedy of Conscience. By S. Weir Mitchell.

A humorous little story of some hundred odd pages, with a New England girl for its heroine. This New England girl, Serena Vernon by name, is troubled with the conscience that is supposed to belong to that part of the country, and when she comes into possession of a diamond ring at the moment that her own pocketbook has been stolen she begins to perplex herself with the ethics of the situation.

When Patty Went to College. By Jean Webster.

An amusing story of the undergraduate, the typical, fun-loving college girl who delights in unconventional pranks upon "men, women and Freshmen." The book is illustrated by C. D. Williams.

Winter India. By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.

An entertaining book of travel by the author of *Jinriksha Days in Japan, Java; The Garden of the East, and China: The Long-Lived Empire*. Miss Scidmore is an experienced traveller in the East, and she knows how to write of the little comedies and tragedies of Indian travel. The book is illustrated.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Our Neighbours. By Ian Maclaren.

A collection of short stories and sketches by the author of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. Persons who had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Watson lecture in this country will be particularly interested in the chapters "The Restless American," "A Scot Indeed," "The Scot at an Argument" and "Upon the Lecture Platform." This book will be reviewed at length later.

The Traitors. By E. Philipps Oppenheim.

The action of this story of love and adventure takes place in Theos, a country which is supposed to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Ruritania. An exiled king, various political intrigues, and two American women are all mixed up in the plot, which is certainly not dull. This book is reviewed elsewhere in the present number.

Lyrics of Love and Laughter. By Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Mr. Dunbar's *Lyrics of Lowly Life* and *Lyrics of the Hearthside* are among the most popular books of verse of the day, and this new volume is a welcome addition to the series. The present volume contains a large proportion of dialect poems, in which Mr. Dunbar particularly excels, and which have met with more praise than any of his other work.

Robin Brilliant. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney.

Mrs. Dudeney's new novel will be especially welcome to the persons who admire her other books. She is one of the

few really good women writers of the present day, and she has frequently been compared with Thomas Hardy. Her descriptions of village life are always excellent, and her women unusual. An advance notice of this book appeared in the February BOOKMAN.

The Gold Wolf. By Max Pemberton.

The story of a wonderfully rich man, who is obliged to face the possibility of insanity within six months. His wife is found dead under suspicious circumstances, and he is held responsible. In spite of these tragic elements, the story ends pleasantly.

Handicapped Among the Free. By Emma Rayner.

The black man's burden, the burden of the more highly developed of the race, is Miss Rayner's theme, and just at the present time this book will probably cause considerable interest. It is a story of Southern life of to-day.

The Life of Bret Harte. By T. Edgar Pemberton.

This life of a man whose life was in itself essentially picturesque is not entirely satisfactory, because the author could not possibly have had at first hand the requisite material. Nevertheless, it is a book of great interest. Mr. Pemberton, realising his limitations, allowed Bret Harte, wherever it was possible, to tell his own story by anecdote.

The New International Encyclopædia. Edited by Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., and Frank Moore Colby, M.A. Volumes IV., V., VI., VII.

The very nature of these notes makes it impossible to do more than allude to any work of really vast magnitude. Of *The New International Encyclopædia* we say without hesitation that it is a great work of reference, perhaps one of the greatest of recent years. It will be discussed critically and at length in THE BOOKMAN.

Business and Love. By Hugues LeRoux.

A title full of alluring possibilities. The book is exceedingly interesting, and is the result of the author's impressions and observations during his recent lecture tour in this country. He sets forth the difference between the French and the American point of view with regard to business and love.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

How to Make Money. Edited by Katharine Newbold Birdsall.

The articles in this book appeared serially in *Everybody's Magazine*. The volume contains eighty practical suggestions to untrained women, and it should be carefully read by all women who want to earn their living and who haven't the faintest idea how to go about it.

Veronica. By Martha W. Austin.

A novel by a new writer, in which the love-story is delicately told. The action takes place in Louisiana.

The Wind in the Rose Bush. By Mary E. Wilkins.

In this collection of short stories, the author wishes to be known by her maiden name, the name which is so widely known in this country in connection with the authorship of stories of New England life. The present stories are "ghost stories," and it is claimed that Miss Wilkins's ghosts are as real as her New Englanders.

Home Building and Furnishing. Being a Combined New Edition of *Model Houses for Little Money*, by William L. Price, and *Inside of One Hundred Homes*, by W. M. Johnson.

The articles in this volume have appeared from time to time in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and they are designed to be of help in the building of small homes. Many illustrations accompany the text.

The Story of My Life. By Helen Keller. With Her Letters (1887-1901) and a Supplementary Account of Her Education, Including Passages from the Reports and Letters of Her Teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan, by John Albert Macy.

Almost everybody knows who Helen Keller is, and therefore almost everybody will be interested in reading of her life. Her career has been a remarkable one, and her success, despite her manifold afflictions, is undoubted.

Harper and Brothers:

The Substitute. By Will N. Harben.

A story of the fortunes of George Buckler, an inhabitant of Northern Georgia. He is adopted by an old man who desires to expiate a past sin by so educating and training this boy that he may in time become his moral substitute. Mr. Harben is also the author of *West-erfelt* and *Abner Daniel*.

Walda. By Mary Holland Kinkaid.

The scenes of this story are laid in a religious co-operative community in a Western State, which the author prefers shall be nameless. This particular community discourages love and marriage, and when somebody comes along and falls in love with the prophetess of this remarkable community the trouble begins. Mrs. Kinkaid is a resident of Milwaukee.

Hobart Company:

A Daughter of the Sioux. A Tale of the Indian Frontier. By General Charles King.

A new novel by that most prolific of writers who for a long time was known as "Captain King." The present vol-

ume is illustrated by Frederic Remington and Edwin Willard Deming.

Holt and Company:

A Summer in New York. By Edward W. Townsend.

A summer in New York is not as trying as some persons are led to believe, and, according to Mr. Townsend, it is a gay, happy time. In a sub-title, Mr. Townsend calls his book "A Love Story Told in Letters."

The Triumph of Count Ostermann. By Graham Hope.

A love story of Peter the Great's German Prime Minister. In a note, the author says that the germ of the story is due to Mr. Nisbet Bain's *Daughter of Peter the Great*, and that it owes many of its details to the kindness of Professor Morrill, author of *The History of Russia*.

Red-Headed Gill By Rye Owen.

A weird story. Red-Headed Gill is a young country gentlewoman of Cornwall. She comes under the influence of an East Indian, who forces her to live over again the life of a beauty of the days of Queen Bess, the famous Gill Red-Head.

The Princess of Hanover. By Margaret L. Woods.

A drama in verse that the *London Times* says "reminds us at every turn of some of the best of the Elizabeth dramatists." In a Preface the author makes some pertinent remarks on English verse.

Jenkins:

En Son Nom. Pierre Valdo et les "Pauvres de Lyon." Par Edward Everett Hale. Traduit avec l'autorisation de l'auteur par Mary Prince Sauveteur et annoté par Lambert Sauveteur.

A French translation of Edward Everett Hale's *In His Name*, bound in paper covers.

The Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe. Edited by Edmund C. Stedman and Thomas L. Stedman.

This is a new edition of a book which has been out for some years, and which is revised from year to year. New maps and other improvements have been added to this volume.

Knickerbocker Press:

David and Bathshua. A Drama in Five Acts. By Charles Whitworth Wynne.

A poetic drama, by the author of *Ad Astra* and *Songs and Lyrics*.

Lane:

Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse. By Dora Greenwell McChesney.

A new novel which is described as an "Episode of the Ironsides." The story

opens with an early New England scene, but the reader is quickly transported to the other side. The story deals mainly with the troublous times of the Royalist and Commonwealth struggles of the seventeenth century.

The Spanish Conquest in America, and Its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By Sir Arthur Helps. A new edition, edited, with an Introduction, Maps and Notes, by M. Oppenheim. In four volumes. Volume III.

The first two volumes of the original edition of this work were published in 1855, the third in 1857 and the fourth in 1861. The present volume contains maps of North America, Guiana, Gulf of California, Peru, Chili, Brazil, South America.

The Gap in the Garden. By Vanda Wathen-Bartlett.

A new novel by the author of *Heart's Desire*. The word "garden" is a favourite one in the titles of books nowadays, and somehow always gives an English flavour to a book.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Euripides. Translated into English Rhyming Verse by Gilbert Murray, M.A., LL.D.

This is Volume III. in the series of verse translations from the Greek Dramatic Poets, commentaries and explanatory essays, for English readers. Professor Murray has translated the two plays, *Hippolytus* and *The Bacchæ*.

Pearl-Maiden. A Tale of the Fall of Jerusalem. By H. Rider Haggard.

It is many a day since *She and King Solomon's Mines* and the other wild tales of Rider Haggard were among the best selling books. He has not been lost sight of, however, and his publishers have brought out a new edition of *Pearl-Maiden*, which was first copyrighted in 1901.

Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Two volumes.

An enlarged and revised edition of a history which for many years has been out of print. It was first published anonymously in 1861, when the author was leaving the university, but in 1871 it was brought out under his own name, as by that time the publication of another book had brought his name into notice.

Macmillan Company:

A Descriptive Guide-Book to the Best Fiction. British and American. By Ernest A. Baker, M.A.

A most excellent idea. Mr. Baker begins with the fifteenth century, and carries the list up to the present time. He explains in the Preface that his object

in this book is to supply a fairly complete list of the best prose fiction in English, including all that the ordinary reader is likely to care about. Each book mentioned is described in a few condensed lines. It should prove valuable as a reference book.

Art in the Nineteenth Century. By Charles Waldstein.

Dr. Waldstein, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, has reprinted, at the request of one hundred and fifty students, his lecture which was delivered at the Theatre Royal, Cambridge, on August 2d, 1902. The lecture was entitled "The Achievement of Art in the Nineteenth Century," and served as an introduction to the section dealing with art, literature and music.

The Irish Sketch Book. By William Makepeace Thackeray.

A new volume in the Dent edition of the Prose Works of Thackeray, edited by Walter Jerrold and illustrated by Charles E. Brock. A posthumous portrait of Thackeray, painted by Samuel Laurence for the Reform Club, is used as a frontispiece.

A Selection of the Shorter Poems of Wordsworth. Edited with Introduction and Notes. By Edward Fulton, Ph.D.

The introduction to this little volume, which belongs to the Pocket Series of American and English Classics, gives a "Sketch of Wordsworth's Life," "The Influence of his Precursors," "His Theory of Poetry," "The Shorter Poems" and "His Philosophy of Life."

The Canterbury Pilgrims. By Percy Mackaye.

A comedy in verse, in which the characters are based on "The Canterbury Tales." The leading characterisation, we understand, is Chaucer himself. Mr. Mackaye dedicates the volume to Mr. E. H. Sothern, who is planning to produce the play.

The Pagan at the Shrine. By Paul Gwynne.

A story of Southern Spain in the time of the anti-Jesuit agitation, the scene of which is laid in Santa Fé. "Santa Fé," says the author in his first chapter, "even now is celebrated for its processions, but it used to be famed for religious pomp of every kind."

Greater Russia. By Wirt Gerrare.

A large, illustrated volume by the author of the *Story of Moscow*. "For obvious reasons," explains the Preface, "this treatise does not even pretend to present a complete picture of such an immense continental empire, still less to give an exhaustive account of its resources, a full description of its natural features, or minute explanation of the home and foreign policy of its government. Its object is to convey an adequate idea of Russia's advance; her in-

dustrial progress, commercial prospects, the openings presented for both capital and labour, the markets closed to foreign enterprise."

The Borough. A Poem. By the Reverend George Crabbe.

A small volume in the "Temple Classics." The first edition of this poem was published in 1810, and was reprinted in Crabbe's works in 1834. The author of the poem was born in 1754, and died in 1832.

The Bee and Other Essays. By Oliver Goldsmith.

Another volume in the "Temple Classics." The first edition of *The Bee* was published in 1759, and the first edition of *Other Essays* in 1765. The present edition is edited by Austin Dobson.

Poland. A Study of the Land, People and Literature. By George Brandes.

Mr. Brandes, the well-known Danish critic, is the author of a series entitled "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature." The present volume is divided into two parts, namely: "Observations and Appreciations—First Impression (1885), Second Impression (1886), Third Impression (1894), Fourth Impression (1899); and "The Romantic Literature of Poland in the Nineteenth Century."

McClure, Phillips and Company:

Life and Destiny. By Felix Adler.

The extracts to be found in this volume are taken from Dr. Adler's Ethical Lectures. The collection covers the period of twenty-six years since the inception of the Ethical Society in 1876.

The Rebellion of the Princess. By M. Imray Taylor.

The scene of this story is laid in Moscow at the time of the childhood of Peter the Great. A notice of the book, with a photograph of the author, appears under Chronicle and Comment in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

Conjuror's House. A Romance of the Free Forest. By Stewart Edward White.

A story of a young Free Trader, Ned Trent, who, trespassing on the land of the Hudson Bay Company, and being caught and being sentenced to death, braves the power of the company and wins the love of the fair Virginia, daughter of the company's factor and commander of the "Conjuror's House" post. An article on Mr. White appears elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN, also a review of the book.

A Lad of the O'Friels. By Seumas MacManus.

One of the most charming things about this Irish story by the young Irish author is the dedication to "Ethna Carbery," his wife, who died last year. A

portion of the dedication reads as follows:

"One day, before you looked your last on the land for which your heart beat, the dimming light in your eyes leaped up when I whispered that your name would be linked with the little story which your partial heart loved so fondly.

"And now, O Best-Beloved, ere yet the sea is green that presses upon your breast, I bring there my little offering."

The Blue Goose. By F. L. Nason.

A new story by the author of *To the End of the Trail*. Mr. Nason depicts the life of the miner, with its hours of debauchery above ground and its reckless, gambling spirit. There is plenty of villainy in the story, but a sweet, unspoiled girl redeems the book from too much gloom. A photograph of the author, with further mention of the book, appears elsewhere in the present number.

New Amsterdam Book Company:

The Trail of the Grand Seigneur. By Olin L. Lyman.

1812 is the period of this tale, and the place is Sackett's Harbour, New York. It is a war story, of course, properly mixed with romance. The illustrations are in colour.

William Penn. A History. By W. H. Dixon.

It is twenty-one years since this book first appeared under the title *William Penn: An Historical Biography*. It has long been out of print, but the author has gathered a mass of new material, and he has really rewritten the entire book.

The Mahoney Million. By Charles Townsend.

A sensational novel of New York of to-day, with some of the scenes laid in the lower West Side, and others in a more fashionable district.

Outlook Company:

British Political Portraits. By Justin McCarthy.

The British statesmen of whom Mr. McCarthy writes are: Arthur James Balfour, Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Joseph Chamberlain, Henry Labouchère, John Morley, Lord Aberdeen, John Burns, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, John E. Redmond, Sir William Harcourt, James Bryce and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Each sketch is accompanied with a portrait.

The Story of a Bird Lover. By William Earl Dodge Scott.

The author of this book is recognised by ornithologists as one of the foremost experts in America as regards the life and habits of birds. Mr. Scott occupies the post of Curator of the Department of Ornithology in Princeton University.

"The study of birds," says Mr. Scott, "develops every kind of æsthetic sensibility; it is a pleasure and a benefit to see the beauty of their colouring, the grace and ease of their motions, and to hear the sweetness of their song; and when this is awakened in you, the more vital elements of love, sympathy and helpfulness will naturally follow."

A Prairie Winter. By an Illinois Girl.

The anonymous author of this book has written her story in the form of a diary, which, by the way, is not really a story at all, merely a series of essays on the weather, the scenery and the animal kingdom.

Pott and Company:

Women Authors of Our Day in Their Homes. Edited with Additions by Francis Whiting Halsey.

The two volumes already issued in this series have dealt with men, and nearly all the sketches in the three volumes have appeared from time to time in the *New York Times Saturday Review*. Mr. Frederick Stanford has written an introduction to the present volume, entitled "The Pecuniary Rewards of Our Older Authors." Mr. William Wallace Whitelock has interviewed Bertha Runkle, Lucas Malet, Frances Hodgson Burnett, John Oliver Hobbes, Mrs. Humphry Ward; Julia R. Tutwiler has written the sketches of Jeannette L. Gilder, Edith Wharton, Gertrude Atherton, Mary Mapes Dodge, Rebecca Harding Davis, Edith M. Thomas and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Among the other authors written of are Marion Harland, Agnes Repplier, Margaret Deland, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Johnston, Amelia E. Barr, Mrs. Sherwood, Blanche Willis Howard, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Margaret E. Sangster, Mary E. Wilkins, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Julia Ward Howe and A. D. T. Whitney. The book contains a number of illustrations.

Putnam's Sons:

Penal Servitude. By W. B. N.

The author of this book is Lord William Nevill, who in 1808 was convicted and sentenced to five years at penal servitude. Since his release Lord Nevill has written the story of prison life as he found it, and the book should prove of value to all students of criminology.

Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States. By James Albert Woodburn.

The author of this book, Professor of American History and Politics in Indiana University, has written "a sketch of American party history and of the development and operations of party machinery, together with a consideration

of certain party problems in their relations to political morality."

Anthology of Russian Literature. From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By Leo Wiener. Part II. The Nineteenth Century.

Professor Wiener's first volume covered the period from the tenth century to the close of the eighteenth century, and these volumes make the first adequate anthology of Russian literature to appear in English. In his Preface the author says: "Considerations of space compel me to give but a small selection of authors from the last two decades of the nineteenth century, while some of the writers, here omitted, of the beginning of this period have been previously treated in the first volume of the Anthology."

Revell and Company:

When Angels Come to Men. By Margaret E. Sangster.

The publishers call this a "comfort book," for it is primarily intended for persons who are in mourning, and in it the author suggests the comfort that comes from the other world to the stricken ones in this.

Mary North. By Lucy Rider Meyer.

Mrs. Meyer has for many years been active in deaconess work, and her experiences have led her to give this picture of a girl's life. Mary North is a New England country girl who comes to the city and earns her living as a shop girl.

Dwellers in the Mist. By Norman MacLean.

A story of the poor islanders who get their bread from the sea that beats on the shores of the Hebrides. The author gives a picture of the Hebridean Islands and of the primitive society there.

Russell:

The Romance of Cinderella. By Ella H. Boulton.

The Romance of Cinderella told in verse, with illustrations, many of them in colour, by Beatrice Stevens.

Scribner:

The Principles of Money. By J. Laurence Laughlin.

The author of this very large volume on the subject of money is Professor of Political Economy in the University of Chicago, and the author of a number of books on kindred subjects.

Development of Muslim Theology, Jurisprudence and Constitutional Theory. By Duncan B. Macdonald, M.A., B.D.

The author of this volume in the Semitic Series is Professor of Semitic Languages in Hartford Theological

Seminary. He says in his Preface: "All the results given here have been reached or verified from the Arabic sources. These sources are seldom stated, either in the text or in the bibliography, as the book is intended to be useful to non-Arabists, but throughout they lie behind it and are its basis."

Horses Nine. By Sewell Ford.

A collection of stories of "Harness and Saddle," which should be eagerly read by lovers of horses.

The Cavalier. By George W. Cable.

A Players' Edition, illustrated from photographs of the characters and scenes in the play. It will be remembered that Julia Marlowe was the "star" of this play during the last season, and, therefore, her many admirers will probably prefer this edition to any other.

Literary Landmarks of Oxford. By Laurence Hutton.

Mr. Hutton dedicates his book to Francis Landey Patton, D.D., LL.D., "In pleasant memory of Princeton and of Oxford." The attractive illustrations in the book are from drawings by Herbert Railton. Among the places illustrated are Magdalen College, Ruskin's Rooms, Corpus Christi, Lincoln College, Dr. Johnson's Staircase, Pembroke, University College and Shelley's Window Seat, University College.

A Girl of Ideas. By Annie Flint.

The story of a girl whose business career is based on imagination rather than on good common sense. Her experiences, however, form light and pleasant reading.

The House on the Hudson. By Frances Powell.

A new novel by a new writer. The story is an unconventional one, bearing certain characteristics of the detective story, but combining with it the love interest which is too often lost sight of in tales of mystery.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

The World and Its People. Book XI. The Story of the Philippines. By Adeline Knapp.

A book arranged for use in the schools of the United States, its purpose being to teach American children something about the Philippines. Miss Knapp lived at one time among the people of whom she writes.

Wessels and Company:

The Game of Life. By Bolton Hall.

A collection of parables by the well-known reform worker and single taxer, Mr. Hall says that these parables are the work of seven years, and that many of them have appeared in various magazines and papers. This book is of

especial interest to persons familiar with the theory of the Single Tax.

White and Company:

Sea Drift; or, Tribute to the Ocean. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell.

A book of poems by the author of *The Philosophy of Individuality* and *The Physical Basis of Immortality*.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Biddle:

Her Lord and Master. An International Romance. By Martha Morton.

Her Lord and Master first appeared as a play in 1902. Miss Victoria Morton, the sister of the playwright, now presents the play as a novel. The book is illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy and Esther MacNamara.

Coates and Company:

Kent Fort Manor. By William Henry Babcock.

In his Preface the author says that Kent Fort Manor is a real tract, located as described, and that you can reach it by boat from Baltimore. The story touches upon the Civil War period, and Mr. Babcock's theories on the subject of inherited memory play an important part in the working out of the plot.

Songs and Stories from Tennessee. By John Trotwood Moore.

A collection of short stories and poems in which darkey dialect figures conspicuously. Howard Weeden and Robert Dickey have made the illustrations.

The Archierey of Samara. By Henry Iliowizi.

A semi-historic romance of Russian life, in which many horrors are dwelt upon. The author has been an eye-witness of most of the incidents, and in the midst of the scenes he describes he has lived and suffered.

Jewish Publication Society of America:

Jewish History. An Essay in the Philosophy of History. By S. M. Dubnow.

The author of the present essay is known in Russian-Jewish literature as an historian and an acute critic. The English translation is based upon the authorised German translation, which was made from the original Russian.

Lippincott Company:

Spinners of Life. By Vance Thompson.

Mr. Thompson's name is quite well known to the reading public, as stories and criticisms from his pen have appeared in various magazines and news-

papers. This, we believe, is his first long novel, and it is written in Vance Thompson's own particular vein. It is a story of to-day in which New York club and society life figure, and the publishers claim that "it will especially appeal to those who are interested in the esoteric."

Glimpses of Colonial Society and the Life at Princeton College. 1766-1773. By One of the Class of 1763. Edited by W. Jay Mills.

The papers contained in this volume belonged to William Paterson, a graduate of the College of New Jersey in 1763, who succeeded William Livingston as Governor of New Jersey. The volume is illustrated. W. Jay Mills is the author of *Historic Houses of New Jersey* and *Through the Gates of Old Romance*.

Ecclesiasticus. Edited by N. Schmidt, D.D., LL.D.

A new volume in the "Temple Bible" edition, of which the Lippincotts are the publishers in this country.

Ethics of the Body. By George Dana Boardman.

A little book which the author dedicates to "all who long to make their body-life tributary to their spirit-life."

The Variorum Shakespeare. Macbeth. Volume II. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Revised edition by Horace Howard Furness, Jr.

In the present volume the editor has gathered from all sources such notes and comments as he has deemed worthy of preservation, either for the purpose of elucidating the text, or as illustrations of the history of Shakespeare criticism.

BOSTON, MASS.

Clark Publishing Company:

Tito. By William Henry Carson.

A new novel by the author of *Hester Blair* and *The Fool*. The story opens in Florence, at the death-bed of a young Italian woman, the mother of Tito. The child's father thinks he died at birth, and thereby hangs the tale.

Dickerman Publishing Company:

Reflections of Bridget McNulty. By Frank C. Voorhies.

This little book is written in much the same vein as *Mrs. Piggs of the Very Old Scratch*, by the same author. Bridget McNulty has some things to say about the Christian Scientists, which fact, according to the publishers, has increased the circulation of the book.

Ginn and Company:

Triumphs of Science. Edited by M. A. L. Lane.

A text-book in the Youth's Companion Series of Supplementary Readers, the

material of which has appeared in the *Youth's Companion*. Among the contributors to the book are Cyrus W. Field, Edward S. Holden, John B. Briggs, Hilary A. Herbert, Curtis Brown, S. C. W. Benjamin and James Parton.

Hardy. Pratt and Company:

Letters of Mademoiselle Julie de Lespinasse. With Notes on Her Life and Character. By D'Alembert, Marmontel, De Guibert, etc., and an Introduction by C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley.

The popularity and the large sales of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Lady Rose's Daughter* add to the interest of the present volume, which is now in its fourth edition. Some comment on the similarity of these two books appeared in the April BOOKMAN, and a review of *Lady Rose's Daughter* is published in the present issue.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

John Percyfield. By C. Hanford Henderson.

The scenes of the story, which is a romance, not a novel, are laid in Switzerland and America, and the publishers claim that it combines the admirable qualities of *The Reveries of a Bachelor*, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* and *John Inglesant*.

The Lieutenant-Governor. By Guy Wetmore Carryl.

Mr. Carryl is well known as a short-story writer and as a writer of verse. *The Lieutenant-Governor*, which appeared in *The Smart Set* not long ago, is the story of labour troubles with the scene of action in the coal regions during a strike period. The Governor of the imaginary State of Alleghenia is assassinated, and the Lieutenant-Governor steps in and assumes control of the State.

Phillips Brooks. By William Lawrence.

This study of the late Phillips Brooks by the Bishop of Massachusetts should prove a suitable Easter gift. It was delivered as an address from the pulpit of Phillips Brooks in Trinity Church, Boston, January 23d, 1903, upon the tenth anniversary of his death.

William Ellery Channing. By John W. Chadwick.

In his Preface, Dr. Chadwick says: "I have been impelled to write a new life of Channing by several motives, two of which have a somewhat contradictory appearance, one of them being the deeper interest in Channing which has of late been manifested in quarters where there had been imperfect knowledge of his qualities, too little sympathy with his spirit, and the other the disproportion which, I thought, existed between the significance of his thought and message

and their limited appreciation." A photograph of the "minister of religion" at the age of fifty-nine is used as a frontispiece.

The Poets of Transcendentalism. An Anthology. Edited by George Willis Cooke.

In this anthology the editor has included figures like Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Ellery Channing, Jones Very, Higginson, Christopher Cranch, and a number of others not as well known. An Introductory Essay and Biographical Notes by Mr. Cooke accompany the collection.

The Legatee. By Alice Prescott Smith.

A novel of life in a Wisconsin lumber town. The hero inherits a lumber mill, and with it the legacy of his uncle's relations to the townspeople, who are not congenial to him. The book, like so many other of its predecessors, gives a vivid description of a forest fire. Mrs. Smith is of New England ancestry, and at present lives in San Francisco.

The Enjoyment of Art. By Carleton Noyes.

An untechnical volume, written with the definite purpose of interesting the layman. The author includes under the term Art not only paintings, sculpture, literature, music and architecture, but also the lesser branches lately developed by the societies of arts and crafts, and shown in the designing of a rug, a tile or a candlestick.

Young People's History of Holland. By William Elliot Griffis.

Much detail and many dates are avoided in this history for the young readers. It gives the picturesque and dramatic side of the subject, and it is illustrated with twenty-four full-page historical pictures.

The Mannerings. By Alice Brown.

Miss Brown's previous books, *Meadow Grass*, *Tiverton Tales* and *Margaret Warrener* in especial, have many admirers, and as this book is said to be the strongest work which she has yet produced, it should receive a cordial reception. A double love story runs through *The Mannerings*, the action of which takes place in or near a country house not far from the commercial interests of the city.

Lee and Shepard:

Spiritual Evolution or Regeneration. By R. C. Douglass.

"These Private Lessons in Practical Christian Metaphysics are offered to the public," says the Preface, "in response to many requests from our students, some of whom came into the Spiritual Consciousness through them. They are offered in the same spirit of assurance in which they have always been given in class work."

The Blow from Behind. A Defence of the Flag in the Philippines. By Fred C. Chamberlin, LL.D.

This volume, which is made up of the manuscript prepared as the foundation of the address delivered by the author upon Memorial Day, 1902, at Burlington, Vermont, gives some features of the anti-imperialist movement attending the war with Spain, together with a consideration of our Philippine policy from its inception to the present time.

Young Explorers of the Isthmus; or, American Boys in Central America. By Edward Stratemeyer.

The third volume in the Pan-American Series, the first two being *Lost on the Orinoco* and *The Young Volcano Explorers*. Mr. Stratemeyer is one of the best-known writers for boys.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

Clevedon. By Kenyon West.

Another historical romance of Revolutionary times. The scene of the story centres in the Chew House, in Germantown, at the time when the battles of Brandywine and Germantown were being fought. Kenyon West is the pen name of a woman who is the author of several books of fiction and criticism.

A Social Cockatrice. By Frederick W. Eldridge.

The "social cockatrice" is a woman whose only ambition is to gain social recognition, and who does not hesitate to wreck the lives of men and women in order to gain her purpose. The story is a modern one, with the scenes laid in New York and the fashionable watering-places.

Exits and Entrances. By Charles Warren Stoddard.

A series of essays and sketches in which Mr. Stoddard gives his personal reminiscences of Kingsley, George Eliot, Stevenson, Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Mr. Stoddard is the author of *South Sea Idyls*, which has been called one of the little classics of American literature.

Page and Company:

The Spoilsmen. By Elliott Flower.

A novel of Chicago politics, by the author of *Policeman Flynn*. The book has been favourably received, as there are always a number of persons who like to read about the inner workings of political life.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Townsend:

Every Day With Emerson. Compiled by Harriet A. Townsend.

The compiler of this little book has been kind enough to send us copies of each edition. The book is published under a special arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, the au-

thorised publishers of Emerson's works. Both editions are attractively bound and printed, and are of particular interest at this time of commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of Emerson's birth.

CHICAGO, ILL.

McClurg and Company:

Felicitas. A Romance. By Felix Dahn. Translated from the German by Mary J. Safford.

This is the second in the German author's trio of historical romances, based on the early struggles between Germany and Rome. The third, we believe, is in preparation.

Monarch Book Company:

Control of Heredity. A Study of the Genesis of Evolution and Degeneracy. By Casper Lavater Redfield.

Mr. Redfield has been delivering lectures before the Biographical Department of the Chicago University on a new phase of heredity, and it is this phase of which he treats in this book. He deals directly with social organism, and he attempts to show the causes of progress and decay. The volume is illustrated by diagrams and types of character.

Scott, Foresman and Company:

The Private Life of the Romans. By Harold Whetstone Johnston.

A text-book which is intended for Seniors in high schools and Freshmen in colleges, and is meant to give such an account of the private life of the Romans in the later Republic and earlier Empire as will enable them to understand the references to it in the Latin texts which they read in the class-room. The author is Professor of Latin in the Indiana University.

Greek Composition for Schools. With Exercises based on Anabasis, I.-III. College Entrance Papers, and Original Selections. By Robert J. Bonner.

A text-book belonging to the Intercollegiate Classical Series by one of the professors in the John B. Stetson University.

Maria Stuart. Ein Trauerspiel von Friedrich Schiller. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Carl Edgar Eggert, Ph.D.

The present book is the first of a series of annotated texts in German literature to be known as the Lake German Classics. Dr. Eggert is an instructor of German in the University of Michigan.

DENVER, COL.

Reed Publishing Company:

Black Hill Ballads. By Robert V. Carr.

A collection of poems, dedicated to the "people of the Black Hills of South Dakota."

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Filigree Ball: Being a Full and True Account of the Solution of the Mystery Concerning the Jeffrey-Moore Affair. By Anna Katherine Green.

A new mystery story by the author of *The Leavenworth Case*, which will undoubtedly prove a pleasant diversion to the novel readers who like detective stories. A more extended notice of this book will be found under the Chronicle and Comment in this number.

The Works of Shakespeare. The Tragedy of Othello. Edited by H. C. Hart.

The sixth volume in the Dowden edition of Shakespeare. Mr. Hart, the well-known Shakespearean editor, was chosen as the annotator for *Othello*, and under the editorial supervision of Professor Edward Dowden he has annotated the play and written an introduction.

KANSAS CITY, KAN.

Harvey:

Glimpses of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. By Henry G. Peabody.

A collection of views of the Grand Canyon, with an introduction by the lecturer on this subject.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South:

The Old and the New Renaissance. A Group of Studies in Art and Letters. By Edwin Wiley.

The author has used most of the material found in this book in his lectures. The chapter headings are "The Spirit of the Renaissance and Its Interpretation by Painting," "Albrecht Dürer and the German Renaissance," "Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites," "William Morris—Master Craftsman," "George Inness: A Painter of the Inward Light."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Oceanic Steamship Company:

Tahiti the Golden. By Charles Keeler.

An illustrated brochure on Tahiti and its people.

PARIS.

Picard et Fils

Une Enigme Littéraire: "Le Don Quichotte" D'Avellaneda. Par Paul Groussac.

A collection of essays dealing with the literature, the language and the customs of Spain. In addition to the essays from which the book takes its title, the author discusses the Spanish drama, Victor Hugo's *Hernani* and the *Carmen* of Prosper Mérimée.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Government Printing Office:

Report of the Commissioner of Education. For the Year 1900-01. Volume II.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between March and April, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. A Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) \$1.75 net.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.00.
4. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Journeys End. Forman. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
- 6.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His

- Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
 5. A Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) \$1.75 net.
 6. Social Unrest. Brooks. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 net.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. A Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) \$1.75 net.
4. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. Social Unrest. Brooks. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 net.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.00.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Pride of Tellfair. Peake. (Harper.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Shute. (Everett Press.) \$1.00.
5. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Shute. (Everett.) \$1.00.
6. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
6. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips Co.) \$1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Master of Appleby. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Master of Appleby. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Stories of Old New Haven. Baldwin. (Abbey Press.) \$1.00.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. A Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) \$1.75 net.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Captain. Williams. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Southerners. Brady. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Explorations in Bible Lands. Hilprecht. (Holman.) \$3.00.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. For a Maiden Brave. Hotchkiss. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.25.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Little Green God. Mason. (Revell.) 75 cents.
6. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Right Princess. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Socialist and the Prince. Older. (Funk & Wagnalls.) \$1.50.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Briggs.) \$1.00.
2. The Blazed Trail. White. (Morang Co.) 75 cents and \$1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Briggs.) 75 cents.
4. The Circle. Thurston. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
5. Moth and Rust. Cholmondeley. (Morang.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
6. On Satan's Mount. Tilton. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and \$1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Loom of Life. Goss. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Journeys End. Forman. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. How to Attract the Birds. Blanchan. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.35.
6. Plea for Hardy Plants. Elliott. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.60.

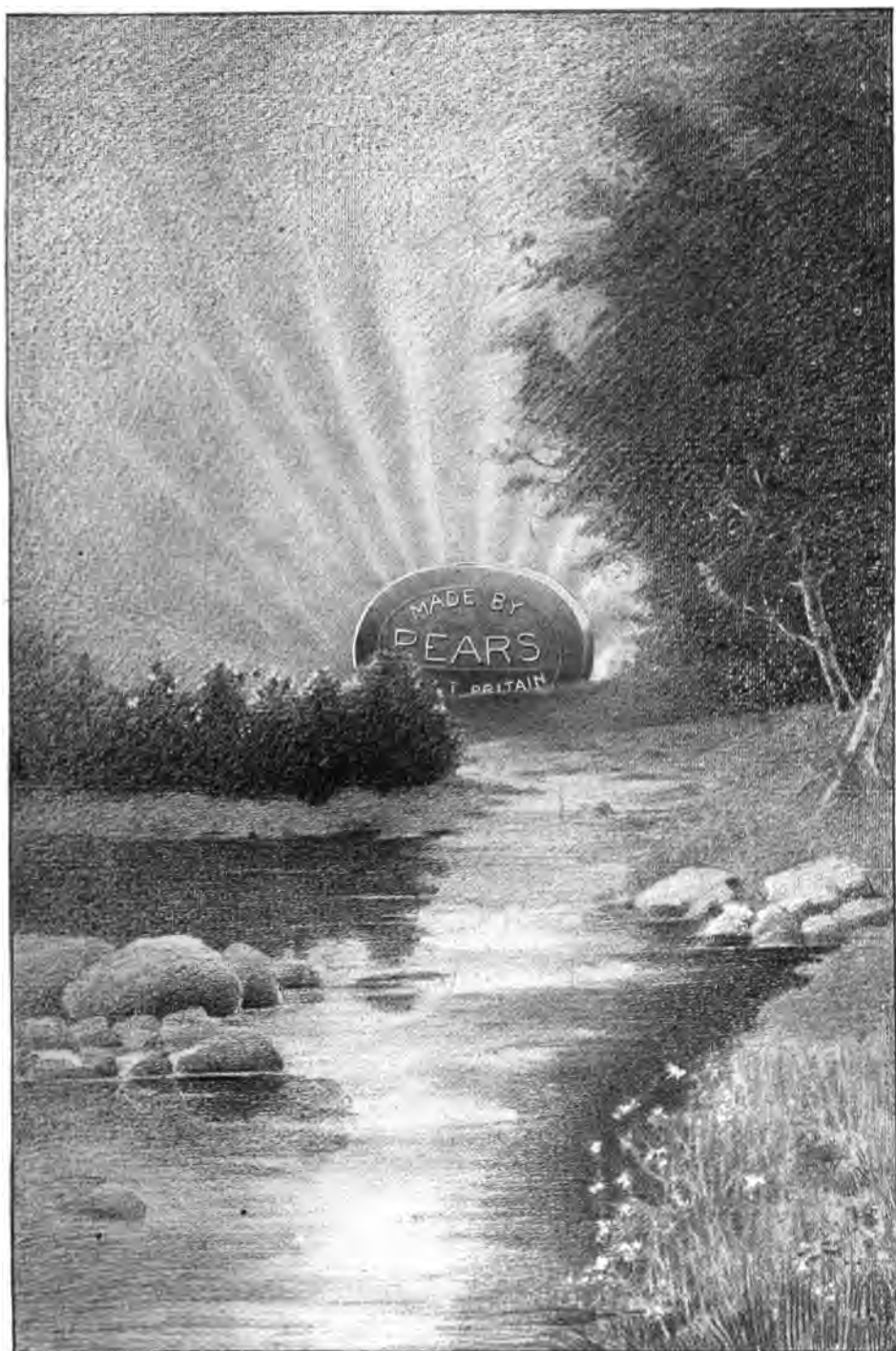
From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

				POINTS
A book standing 1st on any list receives	1st	"	"	10
" " 2d " " "	2d	"	"	8
" " 3d " " "	3d	"	"	7
" " 4th " " "	4th	"	"	6
" " 5th " " "	5th	"	"	5
" " 6th " " "	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00	272
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50	265
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50	175
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50	90
5. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50	57
6. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50	54



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All rights secured. have you used — ?*



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from a sample card, 12 different patterns, which we will send on receipt of 6c. in stamps

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WEBER PIANOS

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IS THE IDEAL
PIANO TONE



The WEBER PIANO COMPANY
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Catalogue mailed free upon request

TWO GREAT AMERICAN WRITERS




MARK TWAIN

SAYS

With a single Wirt Pen I have earned the family's living for many years. With two, I could have grown rich.

Mark Twain



PAUL E. WIRT

FOUNTAIN PEN

THE BEST

Sold on its merits the world over
for sixteen years.

Improved, beautiful line in fifty styles.
Clean, efficient, durable and reliable.

Send for Catalogue. All dealers, or address Bloomsburg, Pa.

Money to Cooks

**\$7,500.00 Donated, to be Divided
Among Family Cooks**

The sum of \$7,500.00 will be distributed between now and midsummer among family cooks, in 735 prizes ranging from \$200.00 to \$5.00.

This is done to stimulate better cooking in the family kitchen. The contest is open to paid cooks (drop the name "hired girl," call them cooks if they deserve it) or to the mistress of the household if she does the cooking. The rules for contest are plain and simple. Each of the 735 winners of money prizes will also receive an engraved certificate of merit or diploma as a cook. The diplomas bear the big gilt seal and signature of the most famous food company in the world, The Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, Mich., the well-known makers of Postum Coffee and Grape-Nuts. Write them and address Cookery Department, No. 128, for full particulars.

This remarkable contest among cooks to win the money prizes and diplomas will give thousands of families better and more delicious meals, as well as cleaner kitchens and a general improvement in the culinary department, for the cooks must show marked skill and betterment in service to win. Great sums of money devoted to such enterprises always result in putting humanity further along on the road to civilization, health, comfort and happiness.

VOSA PIANOS

have been established over 50 YEARS. By our system of payments every family in moderate circumstances can own a VOSA piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the new

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BOOKMAN
for **JUNE**

Price 25 Cents \$ 2.00 per Year.



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& COMPANY**
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MAY 27 1903
CAMBRIDGE MASS



TEDDY ON HAND SAPOLIO

I'm awful glad that those good men
Made Hand Sapolio,
Because it's just the stuff for boys,
My mamma told me so.

When in the dirt I used to play
(And sometimes in it fall),
Mamma would say, "Look at that grime!
It won't come off at all."

Or when, if just by accident,
I got in tar or ink,
Mamma would sometimes get a switch,
To help to make me think.

But now she often quite forgets
About the switch, but low
I hear her say, "Oh, thank the Fates
For Hand Sapolio!"

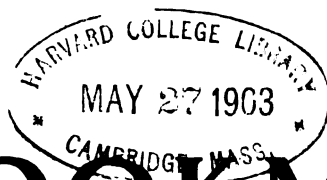
HAND SAPOLIO

IS UNLIKE ANY OTHER SOAP
IN EXISTENCE

**SOFT
SMOOTH
BLAND**

Keeps the skin in perfect condition.
Works miracles in preventing
roughness and chapping





JUNE, 1903.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN should be addressed to "The Editors of THE BOOKMAN." Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.

By way of a change, we are going to stop publishing the portraits of literary May-flies and will-o'-the-wisps that flicker over

A New Leaf.

the surface of the literary pond for a few moments and then vanish into the nothingness whence they came. Two years ago we explained, in answer to a correspondent, that we gave these portraits and the accompanying information about very new authors simply as a matter of current news, and that we did not thereby commit ourselves to optimistic opinions as to the importance of these individuals. But we found that the public failed to understand the matter in this way, but attached a great deal too much weight to these casual mentions and delineations. Perhaps this was not unnatural; for the great majority of the portraits that we reproduced were portraits of those who really count. Hereafter this will be an invariable rule.

✻

The portrait of M. Gabriel Hanotaux which is here given is from a painting by Benjamin Constant. M.

M. Hanotaux.

Hanotaux, whose *Contemporary France* will be reviewed next month, has hitherto been best known outside of France as that Minister of Foreign Affairs who made himself responsible for the Madagascar expedition. Americans will remember him as the diplomatic mediator between Spain and the United States during the late war, and especially at the time when the treaty of peace was negotiated in Paris. He is, however, very eminent as a man of letters, and his life-work is to be an elabo-

rate study of Richelieu, upon which he has for a number of years been steadily engaged. In 1897, he became a member of the French Academy.

✻

An old landmark closely associated with Anthony Trollope is about to be destroyed. This is the dilapidated farmhouse at Harrow

A Trollope Landmark.

Weald where Trollope lived while a day-scholar at Harrow, to which place he was obliged to walk back and forth four times



M. GABRIEL HANOTAUX.

a day—a total distance of some twelve miles. Trollope was then fifteen, and of this time he has written :

Perhaps the eighteen months which I passed in this condition, walking to and fro on those miserably dirty lanes, was the worst period of my life. I had not only no friends but was despised by all my companions. The farmhouse was not only no more than a farmhouse, but was one of those farmhouses which seem always to be in danger of falling into the neighbouring horse-pond. As it crept downwards from house to stables, from stables to barns, from barns to cow-sheds, and from cow-sheds to dung-heaps, one could hardly tell where one began and the other ended. . . . I was a sizar at a fashionable school, a con-

making boyish love to the bailiff's pretty daughter ; but it is not likely that even the memory of this mild pleasure would make Trollope himself, were he alive, unwilling to see the destruction of the house, whose very name always recalled to him nothing but misery and humiliation.

The third volume of Jaurès's remarkable *Histoire Socialiste* dealing with the events of 1792 and 1793, which has just reached us, contains an amusing document. This is a reproduction of the decree conferring the title of French Citizen upon "Le citoyen Gille, poète allemand." *Le citoyen Gille* here is Friedrich Schiller.



WEALDSTONE FARMHOUSE, WHERE ANTHONY TROLLOPE SPENT THE MOST MISERABLE PERIOD OF HIS LIFE.

dition never premeditated. What right had a wretched farmer's boy, reeking from a dung-hill, to sit next to the sons of peers, or much worse, still next to the sons of big tradesmen, who had made their ten thousand a year? The indignities I endured are not to be described. As I look back, it seems to me that all hands were turned against me, those of master as well as boys. I was allowed to join in no plays. Nor did I learn anything—for I was taught nothing.

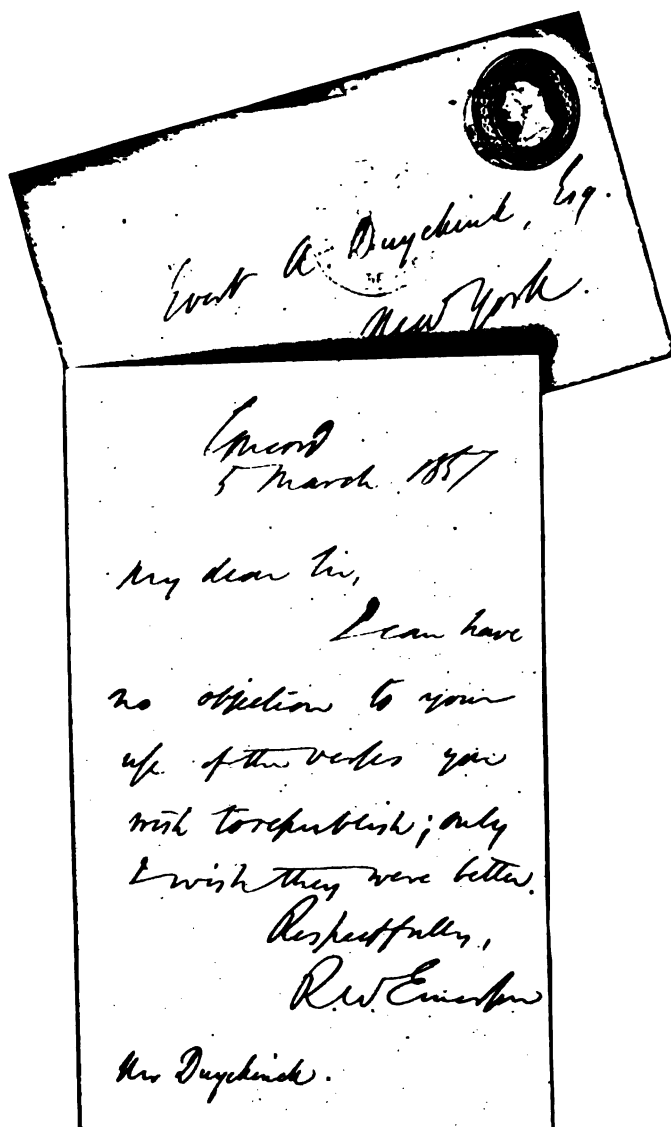
The one consolation which Trollope had seems to have been the privilege of sitting in the kitchen of the farmhouse,

The decree was proposed by Anacharsis Clootz, a young German, an enthusiastic follower of Danton, who was a member of the National Convention. He made a great speech in support of his motion, dealing not with Schiller's literary achievements, but with his love for liberty. His pronunciation of French was abominable, like that of most of the South Germans; the *g's* and *ch's*, the *b's* and *p's*, the *d's* and *t's* were mixed by him as only the Germans know how to mix them; so that whenever he said "Schiller," the French audience heard "Gille." Had he said "Shillaire" everybody would have

understood him. The result is that the Germans have to this day peddled about as a proof of French ignorance what is simply a demonstration of the South German's inability to mark the distinction between hard and soft consonants.

Dr. Weir Mitchell has excited a good deal of discussion by letting it be known that he is engaged in the study of what he calls "Cat-Fear." By this he means the extraordi-

nary feeling of repulsion which is caused in many persons by the sight, or even by the unseen presence, of a cat. Strictly speaking, this feeling is not properly to be called fear, for it is rather an indescribable loathing, which is sometimes so intense as to produce a cataleptic condition in the one who experiences it. We are sorry to see that Dr. Mitchell has not yet invented a technical term to describe this strange obsession, and we venture to suggest to him the word *Æluophobia*, which is a good Greek compound and one



FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER WRITTEN BY EMERSON
TO MR. DUYKINCK.

over whose construction we are modestly complacent. As to æluophobia itself we have many ideas upon the subject; but as we have already set them down in another place it is perhaps not worth while to repeat them here. Our own theory is that "cat-fear" is only a secondary manifestation of serpent-fear. On second thoughts, and asking our readers' indulgence, we shall quote a little bit from ourselves, because the subject is a rather novel one and has a peculiar interest for those who are either very fond of cats, or who are themselves æluophobic.

The peculiar loathing which the white man feels for the snake extends in highly sensitive natures to creatures or even inanimate ob-

jects which resemble or suggest the snake. Thus, most persons shudder and shrink back when a large eel is thrown writhing at their feet. They know perfectly well that it is not only a harmless creature, but that it is not a snake at all; yet they would not touch it, and few care to eat it. As to inanimate objects, there are many which are sufficiently condemned when they have the adjective "snaky" applied to them. Snaky locks, snaky ringlets, snaky eyes, snaky movements—all these, and a score of other expressions, connote something repulsive. Now the cat is essentially a snaky creature. Most of us do not realise this, because we lack the observing eye and the instinct of comparison, and, moreover, we are not troubled with hyperæsthesia. But just watch a cat as it moves about at ease, as it



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

From an old and very rare daguerreotype, supposed to be one of the earliest portraits of Emerson.

lies in the sun, or as it curves itself into its usual position when about to sleep. Its stealthiness, its sinuous movements, the undulations of its lithe body—these are closely comparable with what we notice in the serpent. And if the cat have glossy fur, and if it be barred with stripes, there are moments when the resemblance is so striking as almost to make us shiver. Many persons feel this at times, but only in a momentary way. Other persons, however, are conscious of it all the while, or at least are conscious of a feeling of repulsion which they cannot explain, but which in reality represents the serpent dread, the loathing of the snake and of all that suggests the snake, even when the mind is not aware of the underlying reason. This dread is, we believe, the dread to which Dr. Mitchell has given the name of "cat-fear." It may be called "cat-fear," but in the last analysis it is a secondary manifestation of snake-fear.



The Parisians seem tired of Nationalism. In a number of bye-elections to the Chamber of Deputies and the Municipal Council which have taken place recently seats were won from them by their opponents. Of these elections one attracted more attention than the others. It took place in the fifth arrondissement, and the Nationalist candidate was one of the leading men of letters of the party, Maurice Barrès. He was defeated by his Socialist competitor, Gabriel Deville, after a very sharp contest. He takes his reverse philosophically and returns to his literary pursuits. In this respect it is to be noted that time has already begun to have its sifting effect upon Barrès's productions. He is now always spoken of as "*l'auteur des Déracinés*." His other works, *Le Culte du Moi*, *Le Jardin de Bérénice*, etc., seem to have been cast entirely in the shade by this, his most ambitious novel.



There are some advantages in not being a member of the French Academy. For instance, one is thus saved the trouble of choosing successors to Gaston Paris and Ernest Legouvé from the following list: René Bazin, Janssen, Edmond Harancourt, Frédéric Masson and Georges de Porte-Riche. The best known of the candidates is M. Janssen; he has certainly

risen higher than any of his competitors, as he has a meteorological observatory at the top of Mont Blanc, where he has to be carried every once in a while (as he is the very reverse of a mountain climber) by a squad of sturdy Alpine guides. He is a great scientist, but his claims to literary fame remain to be known. Porte-Riche has produced at least two very remarkable comedies, *Amoureuse* and *Le Passé*; to Frédéric Masson we owe authoritative works on Napoleon's private life; Harancourt cleverly adapted Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, and René Bazin wrote a number of novels which have not dimmed the fame of Balzac, George Sand, Daudet and Zola, who never were in the Academy. Readers of THE BOOKMAN will be duly thankful to us for premitting this opportunity of mentioning Alexandre Dumas and *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. Waldeck-Rousseau, who had been spoken of as a possible successor to Gaston Paris, does not seem to have come forward as a candidate. Anyhow, the painful ordeal will be over before this meets the eyes of the public.

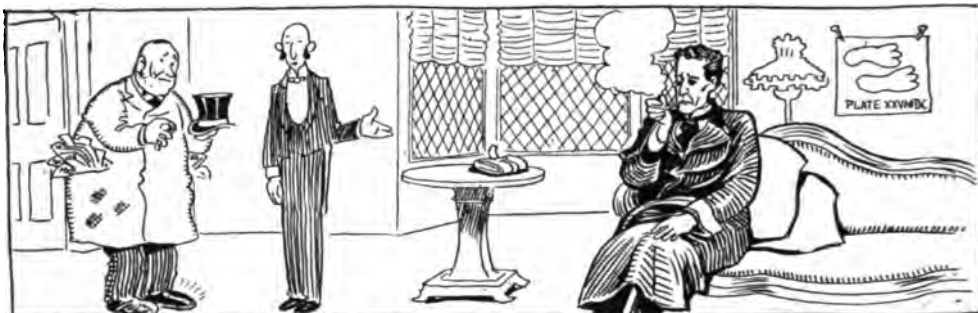


Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Company have brought out a very interesting collection of cartoons by Mr. John T. McCutcheon, selected

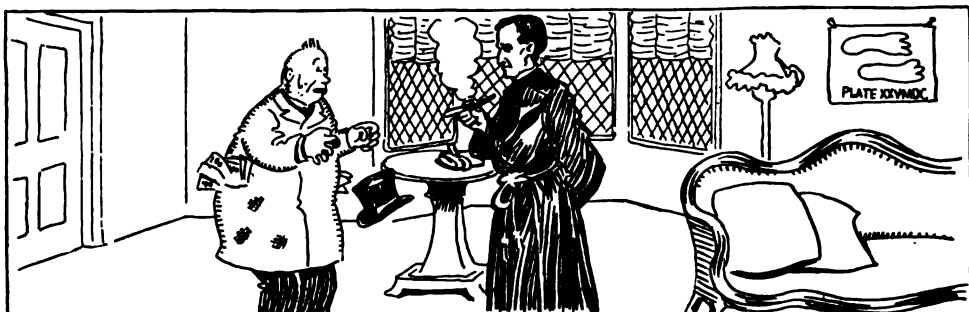
A Sherlock
Cartoon.

from his drawings which were originally contributed to the Chicago *Record-Herald*. Opening the book, which is entitled *Cartoons by McCutcheon*, our eye instantly lighted upon a cartoon, which we here reproduce, and which relates to a little transaction of a friend of ours with a member of the Coal Trust. Regarding it we can only say that while Mr. McCutcheon shows a good deal of feeling for his subject, he is not yet completely a Sherlockian. Otherwise, he would not have had the stranger ushered in by the cadaverous flunkey who is here depicted, but would instead have given us another glimpse of the active and indomitable Billy. As for the other cartoons, they include several which have already become famous, both in this country and in England. The best of them relate to Prince Henry's visit to the United States, and to the imaginary visit of Mr. Pierpont Morgan to King Edward, beginning with the one in which Mr. Morgan is entering the

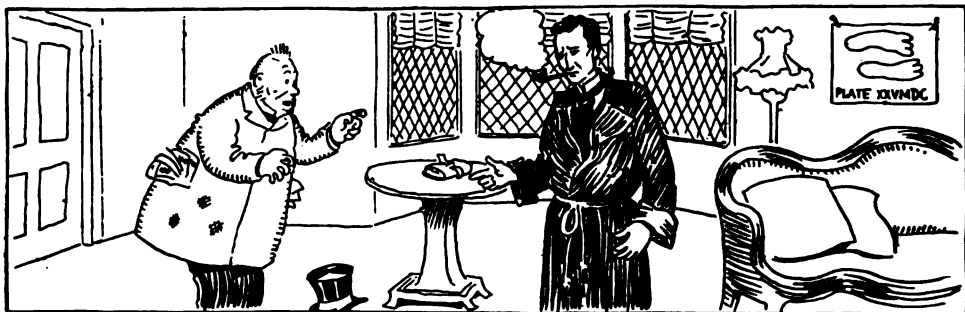
SHERLOCK HOLMES ANALYZES A PERFECT STRANGER



SHERLOCK HOLMES — "Ah, a stranger whom I've never seen before."



"How do you do, sir. I observe that you are in the coal trust; also that you have just had a narrow escape; that you have no children; that you were in a great hurry this morning; that you have been writing, and that you shaved with your left hand this morning. Are you going away on the afternoon or the evening train?"



"Why, this is simply marvelous, Mr. Holmes. Everything you've said is true. How in the world did you find out all these things about a man you've never heard of before?"



"By a very simple process of deduction. I can tell by your hands that you are in a trust, and I know it was the coal trust by the hungry way you looked at my purse there on the table, and by the fact that you glanced apprehensively around you as if expecting some one to hit you with a club. I knew that you had just had a narrow escape, by the fact that three bricks grazed you, and the brick dust is still on your coat. You have no children, for if you had you would have some consideration for poor people who have children. I knew that you expected to take a journey, because I understand the grand jury is in session. I also knew that you had shaved with your left hand because your face is cut, and there is ink on your right forefinger, showing that you were writing out an order to whomp the price of coal while shaving with your left. You were in a hurry, because you had time to have only one shoe polished. It's all very simple."

palace only to find the King frantically nailing his throne down tight and putting spikes in the Koh-i-noor.

It is with especial pleasure that we publish in this number Professor Trent's estimate of Emerson; for it represents the opinion of a cultivated representative of the South.

**A Southern Critic
on Emerson.**

point of view. Naturally, Professor Trent is less enthusiastic than are most of those gentlemen who have lately been composing eulogies on the Concord philosopher, in connection with the hundredth anniversary of his birth; but as our readers can see for themselves, his judgment is formed with perfect fairness and is based on standards that cannot be called in question.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

From a crayon drawing by Samuel Rowse.

Emerson has been much bewritten by the critics in New England and those in Old England also, while there exist as well some German appreciations of him. But it is somewhat out of the common to find a good estimate of him from the Southern

Paragraphs clipped from the little essays of Mr. G. K. Chesterton appear more frequently than formerly. They are in the same sententious manner, all crackling with

**The Strain on
Mr. Chesterton.**

paradox; but there are signs of late that his style is becoming his method, and his method outrunning his thought. So it must be with any essayist who defies the law of production, which is the law of diminishing returns, applicable alike to crops and authors, with the exception of Mr. Andrew Lang. So especially with the young writer who has a turn for quotable phrases; for the epigrammatic style is the soonest depleted, and like the seltzer bottle will often fizz quite foolishly long after it is empty. Mr. Chesterton has said many things worth quoting, for substance as well as for form, but now that he has ceased to say them, he is quoted more largely than ever. He once chose words for their uses, but he chooses them now for their looks, and he is just as emphatic about nothing as when he had something to say. He admires the writings of Miss Fowler. He disapproves of *Dodo's* treatment of the aristocracy. Unnaturally powerful paragraphs on these great themes have been quoted in both hemispheres. "Aristocracy is dangerous, but it has its beauties, like a tiger." Why compliment it "with having the wings of a butterfly"? Exchange editors care nothing for what he says, but only for the tinkle of his sentences.



Yet he must know the difference, if they do not; and he is probably young enough and honest enough to break the habit of saying more than he feels. No one should be brilliant any longer than he chooses. The strain of it tells on reader and writer, each of whom relishes his ease. One would rather go home and hear the cat purr than spend his time with a careworn literary acrobat, bent on taking your breath away at every turn. The fear of the platitude is by no means the beginning of wisdom; and in all good writings there are long, peaceful, fallow intervals, which we value in books as in other companions, knowing very well they are human necessities. We want no man to burst a blood-vessel in amusing us. Indeed, the essays we all like best are precisely those which take things as they come, and whose writers we know are not suffering for our sake, or toiling beyond their strength.

Professor Woodberry's volume on Hawthorne, in the *American Men of Letters Series*, has been described as the most discriminating biography ever written in this country. It certainly is a very solid and admirable piece of work, mingling narrative and criticism in exactly the right proportions. Some have declared it to be too unsympathetic in its tone; but we think that this opinion is wholly incorrect, and is in reality a tribute to the discriminating quality of Professor Woodberry's method, and to his critical detachment. There is so much "sympathy" in these days, so much effervescent and evanescent admiration, so much misplaced praise, and so much unintelligent enthusiasm, that a book like this braces one's intellectual muscles and gives tone to the critical nerves. It must be confessed, that with all Hawthorne's undoubted genius, there is a certain thinness in many of his books, and sometimes an air of unreality that makes them seem as though they had been dreamed and only imperfectly transferred to the printed page. This is most true, perhaps, of *The Marble Faun*, to which so much admiration has been given, but of which Professor Woodberry has spoken the true word in saying that "its structure is weak, not merely in the plot, but in its ethical meaning. If the former is left unwrought, so the latter is left unclarified." And again, the following is very keen: "One loves Donatello, and of no other character of Hawthorne can it be said that it wins affection; and one wishes that, if he must have a soul, he might have come into it in some way of natural kindness, dissociated from a moral theory. This theory—and here is the one discord—is, after all, felt to be an exotic in the Italian air. Donatello has been Puritanised, and though the character may be a perfect symbolic type, it has nothing racial in it; and to be racial was Donatello's charm. . . . It is throughout a Puritan romance, which has wandered abroad and clothed itself in strange masquerade in the Italian air."



To Hawthorne's one masterpiece, *The Scarlet Letter*, Professor Woodberry does full justice; and in writing of it he shows that genuine sympathy which springs



GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

from the union of a trained intelligence, with a rare degree of æsthetic intuition. We venture to quote the following as a model of literary interpretation :

The Scarlet Letter is a great and unique romance, standing apart by itself in fiction; there is nothing else quite like it. Of all Hawthorne's works it is most identified with his genius in popular regard, and it has the peculiar power that is apt to invest the first work of an author, in which his originality finds complete artistic expression. . . . It has in itself that decorative quality, which he sought in the physical object—the brilliant and rich effect, startling to the eye and yet more to the imagination, as it blazes forth with a

secret symbolism and almost intelligence of its own. It multiplies itself, as the tale unfolds, with greater intensity and mysterious significance and dread suggestion, as if in mirrors set round about it—in the slowly disclosed and fearful stigma on the minister's hidden heart, over which he ever holds his hand, where it has become flesh of his flesh; in the growing elf-like figure of the child, who, with her eyes always fastened on the shame of the letter on her mother's bosom, or the hidden secret of the hand on her father's breast, has become herself the symbol, half revealed and half concealed, is dressed in it; as every reader remembers, and fantastically embodies it as if the thing had taken life in her; and, as if this were not enough, the scarlet letter, at a climax of

the dark story, lightens forth over the whole heavens as a symbol of what cannot be hid, even in the intensest blackness of night. The continual presence of the letter seems to have burned into Hawthorne's own mind, till at the end of the narrative he says he would gladly erase its deep print from the brain, where long meditation had fixed it. In no other work is the physical symbol so absorbingly present, so reduplicated, so much alive in itself. It is the brand of sin on life.

•

If the oriental King Saitaphernes had, before his death, come in contact with some soothsayer, and through him become

The Tiara of Saitaphernes.

apprised of the various phases of the Dreyfus case, he would, no doubt, have felt pretty sure that his name could not possibly be linked with events from which his own life was separated by a lapse of more than two thousand years. His confidence would have been due simply to the fact that he and his contemporaries were sadly unacquainted with the practices of shady art dealers and modern political pamphleteers.



ROOM IN WHICH EMERSON WAS MARRIED.

The disagreeable plight in which the Louvre Museum now happens to be is known through the whole artistic and archæological world. A few years ago the officers of the Museum were offered a lot of antique, or supposedly antique, works of art, among them a magnificent gold tiara, covered with Greek designs and inscriptions, which was declared to have at one time reposed upon the head of King Saitaphernes.



THE WINSLOW MANSION. THE HOME OF EMERSON'S BRIDE.



THE TIARA OF SAITAPHERNES.

The price asked for the lot was two hundred thousand francs. The bargain was not easy to strike. The tiara might not be authentic; then, it was toward the end of the fiscal year and the appropriation at the disposal of the Museum for the enlargement of its collections was nearly exhausted. The thing went through, however; eminent archæologists vouched for the authenticity of the antiques, declared to have been dug out near Odessa, on territory having belonged to the old kingdom of Pontus, and friends of the Museum advanced the purchase-money. Thus there was no fear that the precious tiara might adorn the galleries of the British Museum, and remain as a reminder of a new victory of England over France. There were some sceptics, however, who were not quite convinced that the articles purchased by the Louvre were quite so old as they were claimed to be; who believed, even, that their age might be expressed more accurately with one figure, or perhaps with two, than with four. The tiara, however, brilliantly glittered, dazzling the multitude from the top of an isolated pedestal, until the German archæologist Fuertwaengler published over his own signature a dissertation maintaining by the aid of most serious arguments that the famous headpiece was entirely spurious and most humiliatingly modern. The controversy went on for awhile, for the tiara had its defenders as well as its tra-

ducers, when suddenly a man appeared who exclaimed: "*Me, me, adsum qui feci!*" His name was Elina, but he was better known under the alias of Mayence. He lived in Montmartre, and claimed that the famous Butte, made illustrious as the home of the Parisian "*Chansonniers*," had also the glory of having been the birthplace of the much-talked-of tiara. For a while he was the man of the day. But he soon had to retire into ignominious obscurity, for it was demonstrated beyond possible contradiction that, whether spurious or authentic, whether coming from an ancient Eastern palace or a modern junk shop, the costly Louvre purchase had started for its westward voyage from the neighbourhood of Odessa.

It was then that the French Government commissioned one of the leading French archæologists, Monsieur Clermont-Ganneau of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, thoroughly to examine the tiara, and report upon its authenticity. Another claimant had appeared for the fatherhood of the antique, a Russian Jew by the name of Rouchomowski. He was sent for, came to Paris at the expense of the French authorities, and seems to have satisfied the learned Academician that all the designs and inscriptions of the tiara were copied by him from books of archæology, supplied to him by people who, though he was ignorant of their purpose, simply intended to victimise some of the leading European museums. Before he makes his final report, M. Clermont-Ganneau is merely waiting until Rouchomowski, whose tools have also been sent for, has made in his presence some piece of work equalling the artistic finish and archæological accuracy of the tiara. This will be the final test, and of its result there seems to be but little doubt. In the meantime Rouchomowski takes advantage of his unexpected and newly acquired celebrity to treat the Parisians to an exhibition of his truly admirable carvings.

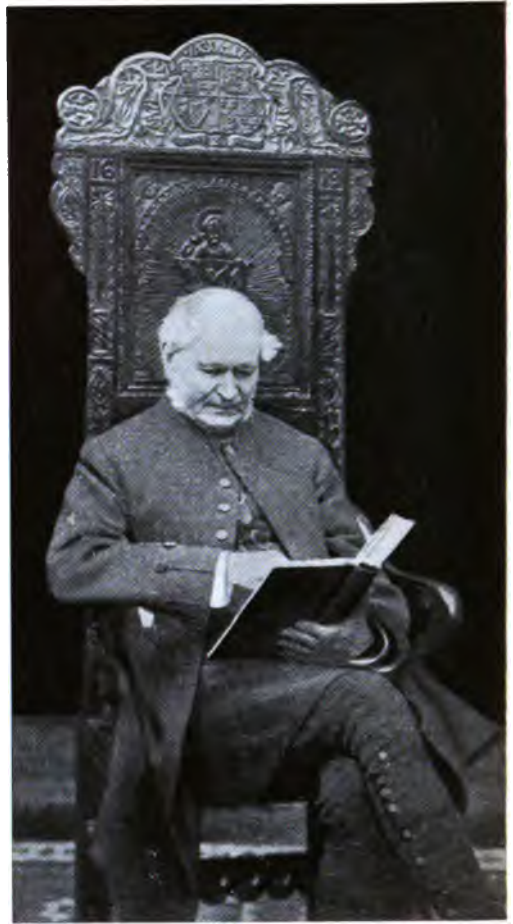
But Dreyfus? Well, it happens that the friend who enabled the Louvre by a loan (shall we call it timely or untimely?) to add the tiara to its collections was

Monsieur Théodore Reinach, the author of a well-known History of Mithridates, that the genuineness of the object was vouched for by his brother, Salomon Reinach, and that both are brothers of Joseph Reinach, whose active campaign in favour of Dreyfus is well remembered. This started Henri Rochefort. The old pamphleteer's temper has been in no way mellowed by his white hair and three and a half score of years. If the Reinachs are in a deal, it can, according to him, but be unholy from top to bottom. What else can be expected from Dreyfusards? Therefore he boldly accuses the Reinachs of having conspired to defraud the French public, and of advancing money to the Louvre only in order to divide with the people from whom the tiara was purchased. Hochman and Vogel!

■

The late Dean Frederick William Farrar was a most interesting personality. A very widely read man, he wrote on many subjects with fluency and with a display of learning which, perhaps, was somewhat in excess of his actual scholarship. An interesting speaker, his sermons, especially those upon the subject of eternal punishment, excited a vast amount of comment

**The Late
Dean Farrar.**



THE LATE DEAN FARRAR.



JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

in Great Britain. His *Life of Christ* was one of the most successful books of its kind ever published. Somewhat blunt and rough in manner, he had, nevertheless, a strain of Scotch sentimentality in his make-up, which appealed to the multitude and rather repelled the critical. All the notices of his writings that we have seen have omitted one important fact, and that is his authorship of one of the best books for boys that exist in English. This is *St. Winifred's, or the World of School*, which Dr. Farrar first published anonymously, and which is seldom included in any list of his works. To us it is more interesting than *Tom Brown at Rugby*, and some American publisher ought to reprint it; for it is full of life, and mischief, and fun, and can be read with equal interest by male persons of any age.

The announcement is made that Sir Arthur Doyle (he calls himself Sir Arthur Doyle in private life and Conan Doyle on the title-pages of his books) is going to write some new short stories containing further adventures of Sherlock Holmes. It is obvious that the publishers have been pressing him very hard, for it is well known that he never intended to continue the Sherlock cycle. If we were Sir Arthur Doyle, we should not attempt the experiment; though personally we are consumed with expectant curiosity to read these further chronicles from the pen of the good Watson. One thing, we trust, will be insisted upon; and that is that in these new stories we shall find narrated those adventures which are only hinted at in the existing memoirs of Holmes, and which have been tantalising us for many years. We append herewith a list of them as casually mentioned by Dr. Watson, and we feel that we have a right to insist that they shall all be narrated at full length:

The Darlington Substitution Scandal.
 The Arnsworth Castle Affair.
 The Adventure of the Paradol Chamber.
 The Affair of the Amateur Mendicant Society.
 The Loss of the *Sophy Anderson*.
 The Adventure of the Grice Patersons in Uffa.
 The Camberwell Poisoning Case.
 The Dundas Separation Case.
 The Affair of the Reigning Family of Holland.
 The Adventure of the Tired Captain.
 The Tragedy of the Atkinson Brothers at Trincomalee.
 The Trepoff Murder.
 The Adventure of the Second Stain.
 The Affair of the Netherland Sumatra Company.
 The Tankerville Club Scandal.
 The Case of Mrs. Etheredge.
 The Affair of the King of Scandinavia.
 The Manor House Case.
 The Tarleton Murder.
 The Affair of the Aluminium Crutch.
 The Case of Vamberry the Wine Merchant.
 Ricolletti of the Club Foot and His Abominable Wife.
 The Adventure of the Old Russian Woman.

It will be seen from this list that there is ample material here for at least two more volumes of stories like those in the *Memoirs* and the *Adventures*. What we are most anxious to read is "the Adventure of the Second Stain." The mere title of the story shows genius of a high order and rouses the most intense expectation. How important this chronicle is may be gathered from what Dr. Watson himself has said of it. In the opening lines of the Adventure of the Naval Treaty he speaks of three cases of great interest; the first is the Adventure of the Second Stain. He does not there tell it, however, and for the following reason:

It deals with interests of such importance, and implicates so many of the first families in the kingdom, that for many years it will be impossible to make it public. No case, however, in which Holmes was engaged has ever illustrated the value of his analytical methods so clearly or has impressed those who were associated with him so deeply. I still retain an almost verbatim report of the interview in which he demonstrated the true facts of the case to M. Dubugue of the Paris police and Fritz von Waldbaum, the well-known specialist of Dantzig, both of whom had wasted their energies upon what proved to be side issues. The new century will have come, however, before the story can be safely told.

As the new century has now come, it is vitally important to our peace of mind that the story should be told.

We reproduce a very characteristic portrait of Mr. Howells, from a painting just completed by Mr. Frank Fowler, N.A.

An occasional contributor to THE BOOKMAN has compiled for us the following paragraphs under the title "The Thorny Path to Fame." They are designed to show that the road to literary success is a difficult one, and that the great majority of writers who have won literary reputations have done so only after arduous labour and many rebuffs. While in

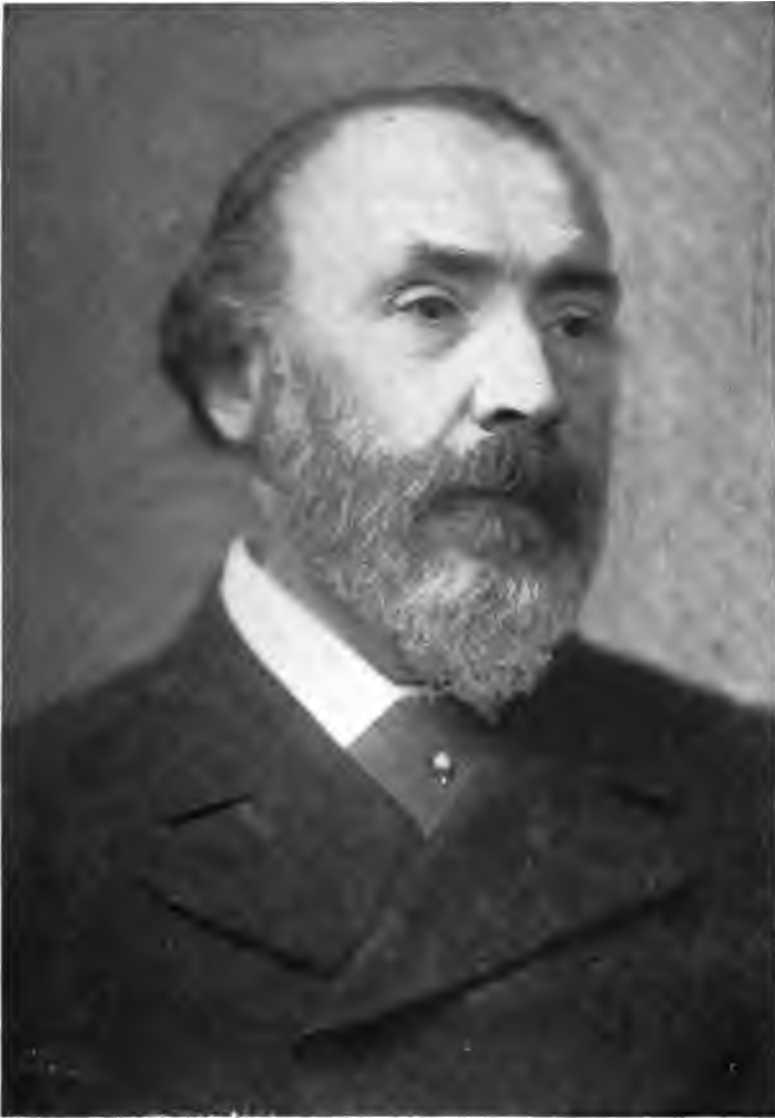
"The Second Stain."

Rejected MSS.



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

From the recent painting by Frank Fowler, N.A.



HENRY LABOUCHÈRE, M.P., EDITOR OF "TRUTH."

many cases this has undoubtedly been true, we are going to express, editorially, our conviction that under existing literary conditions no really good novel will long fail to find a publisher. A young literary genius may have to knock at many doors; but he will eventually be let in. Make no mistake about that. With this brief introduction, we are going to print the paragraphs just as they stand, although we have detected one or two little inaccuracies. For instance, Thack-

eray's *Vanity Fair* did *not* appear in *Frazer's Magazine*; and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe did *not* meet with great difficulty in trying to find a publisher for *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

■

"A magazine of recent date contains several moderately interesting letters written by Blackmore, for which the publishers undoubtedly paid a good price, yet *Lorna Doone* was offered

to eighteen publishers before it found acceptance. The original manuscript of 'The Bells,' by Poe, was considered a great bargain when it was purchased a few years ago for two hundred and seventy-five dollars; but 'The Gold Bug,' now so frequently mentioned as a perfect example of the short story, was many times rejected. Thackeray was at first laughed at when he proposed having his printed work republished in book form. Many of his novels, including *Vanity Fair*, appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*. Jane Austen was likewise unfortunate, for it took her ten years to find a publisher for her first three novels. Fielding, too, found difficulty in disposing of *Tom Jones*. Great Britain, however, did not contain all the unappreciative publishers, for Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* and Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* met with similar difficulties in America. Even Charles Dudley Warner's *My Summer in a Garden* was rejected by two Boston publishers.

"To come to more modern instances, Archibald Clavering Gunter's *Mr. Barnes of New York* was rejected by every publisher in America, and England, too, before the author published it himself, in a yellow paper cover, and made a fortune. Many a worse book has appeared since in far more sumptuous binding. Dr. Doyle's apprenticeship lasted ten years; his *Micah Clarke* was declined by Blackwood, Bentley, Cassell and several other publishers before it was accepted by the Messrs. Longman, upon the recommendation of Andrew Lang. 'John Strange Winter' wrote industriously for six years before her first cheque—for ten English shillings—came as a reward. Clara Louise Burnham's first two novellettes were declined. Walter Besant's first manuscript was refused by several publishers, and was finally destroyed by the author in a moment of despair. David Christie Murray's first book met with a similar fate. Barrie's first stories had all been many times rejected before he put them together and tried to sell them under the title *Auld Licht Idylls*. Even then the book manuscript was declined by many publishers. Edna Lyall's *Donovan*, a book that made a fortune

for its publisher, was many times rejected. Marie Corelli's *A Romance of Two Worlds* was again and again refused.

"Sarah Grand's first book, *Ideala*, was several times rejected. It was then thrown into a drawer, where it remained undisturbed for seven years before the discouraged author again offered it to a publisher. *The Heavenly Twins* was repeatedly declined. That clever bit of fiction, 'The Tenor and the Boy,' written originally as a short story, was declined by every publisher or magazine editor to whom it was offered; but as a chapter in *The Heavenly Twins* it created a furore. The author has been obliged to explain again and again why that chapter had never appeared as a short story. When Grant Allen first decided to write, he produced about a hundred magazine articles, every one of which was promptly declined by as many editors. He once confessed, too, that it was three years from the time of the publication of one of his stories in a leading magazine before he was again successful in the particular quarter. Maurice Thompson once owned to having one short story that he could not sell, although he had offered it to every important periodical in the States and Canada. Even Mr. Howells's first work went begging; his *Venetian Life* was many times refused; and he, too, owns to holding a manuscript that he once tried in vain to sell. Riley laboured for twenty years to get into one magazine; he was finally successful, but, as they used to say in the concluding chapters of most sensational novels, 'Joy does not kill,' and the Hoosier Poet lived to get into the same magazine again. Perhaps no modern writer is more popular than Anthony Hope, yet all of his first work was rejected; his first five published books were only partially successful before the appearance of *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

"The list of those whose early work was successful at the first intention is brief as yet, but it threatens to outstrip the roll of the unsuccessful great, for every year adds to it a score of new names. There is Mrs. Anna Katherine Green Rohlf, whose first novel, *The Leaven-*



Edward Lydon Bulwer

worth Case, was accepted by the first publisher to whom it was offered. The success of Miss Grace King's first story was assured before the story was fairly on paper, Bret Harte's first story, 'The Luck of Roaring Camp,' may be considered an almost instantaneous success, although the publisher of the *Overland Monthly*, of which magazine Harte was the editor, at first doubted, on the grounds of morality, the wisdom of printing the story. 'Pansy's' first book, *Helen Lester*, was successful in a prize

competition. Lilian Bell's first book, *The Love Affairs of an Old Maid*, was immediately successful. So, too, was Miss Anne Sedgwick's first novel, *The Dull Miss Archinard*. One of the earliest efforts of Arthur Stanwood Pier, the author of *The Sentimentalists*, and of *The Triumph*, now running in *McClure's*, won a hundred dollar prize in a short-story contest. Winston Churchill received seventy-five dollars from the *Century* for his first bit of fiction. Constance Fenimore Woolson's first manuscript

was accepted. Louise Chandler Moulton's first poem was published when the writer was only fourteen years of age. The late George Douglas, author of *The House with the Green Shutters*, was immediately successful with his first novel:

in particular. Perhaps I may say that two, in neither of which I have ever participated, interest me most—secondary school teaching of English and general college athletics. I have theories about both and consider both, as at present conducted, very unfortunate in their



WOODCOTE, WHERE BULWER LYTTON RESIDED AFTER HIS MARRIAGE.

and so, too was Bertha Runkle. Hall Caine's first literary work was, as he naïvely puts it, the 'autobiography' of another person, for which he received ten pounds."

As the present year is the hundredth since the birth of the first Lord Lytton, we reproduce some illustrations appropriate to the anniversary.

Mr. James Weber Linn, the author of *The Chameleon*, was born in Illinois about twenty-six years ago. After drifting casually through two Western preparatory schools, Mr. Linn found himself, quite by accident, on the quadrangles of the University of Chicago, and as yet no one has been able to drive him away from there. He was graduated in 1897, and since then has taught English composition in that university.

"So many things interest me," says Mr. Linn, "that I am hardly able to choose any one or two

effect on the young. But I fear that I would rather see a scrub football game than a magnificent sunset; and the most unkind cut I have ever received from a critic of *The Chameleon* was from a gentleman who accused me of not knowing the rules which govern modern football. As in the ten seasons which have passed since I came to the University I have never missed one game of the slightest importance, I passed this statement in high and offended silence."

The Chameleon, as originally accepted, was written in eleven days in the upper room of a stone house on the McCloud River, near Shasta, in California. The Carfax of the novel is no particular town, but to keep the geography uniform, Mr. Linn placed it at a spot upon the map occupied by Dubuque, Iowa. When asked where he got the material for the railroad wreck described in the second and third chapters, Mr. Linn replied that it was a piece of imaginative writing, but that the day following the writing of these chapters his wreck actually came, and was kind enough to duplicate certain incidents which are told in the story.

Speaking of portraits, we were rather anxious this month to secure a likeness of the author of *The House on the Hudson*, which is to be noticed later. Regarded critically, *The House on the Hudson* is defective in construction, inconsistent in detail and impossible in plot. Nevertheless, there is a rude power in it which affected us rather strangely, and inspired us with a genuine desire to know something about the personality of its author. So we got into communication with the publishers, and found that we

**An Unsolved
Mystery.**

some casual remark of the book's publishers. We made up our minds: (1) that the author is a woman; (2) that the name on her title page, "Frances Powell," is not her true name, but probably a part of her true name; (3) that she lives in, or very near, New York.

■

Having deduced this much, we again besieged the publishers, who communicated with the lady, who intimated that she might be persuaded to receive a representative of THE BOOKMAN. Then the Senior Editor, on an impulse, made up



BULWER LYTTON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE.

had run up against a mystery. The author, it seems, is averse to publicity and does not care to be generally known. This piqued our curiosity; so that, converting ourselves temporarily into a literary Sherlock Holmes, we employed our powers of deduction, having for a clue

his mind that he would go as THE BOOKMAN's representative. This, however, he did not do, and for reasons which may or may not appeal to our readers. You see, having in mind the peculiar incidents of *The House on the Hudson*, and having lately read all through the Carolyn Wells

Library of Mystery, we felt that the eternal fitness of things demanded a very special environment for the author of *The House on the Hudson*. She ought by rights to live somewhere out in the sparsely populated district of The Bronx, in a gloomy house of stone, discoloured and stained by the weather, hemmed in by umbrageous trees, and further secluded by a high wall with spikes on the



HELEN KELLER. FROM HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

top. Likewise, within the grounds and near the house there should be a tarn, such as Poe introduced with so much effect in his *Fall of the House of Usher*. Many years ago that tarn of Poe's used to give us the most interesting shudders. We didn't know what a tarn was, but it somehow fitted in with the general atmosphere of mystery and horror; and so we naturally postulated another tarn as a part of the environment of "Frances Powell." Likewise, we had an intense conviction that within the outer wall which guards her seclusion savage hounds ought to be loose and uttering deep-throated bayings. This is why we were so anxious to interview the author of *The House on the Hudson*. But this is also, curiously enough, the reason why we didn't do it. For after having made up our minds that we were going to have an adventure and that our sense of the romantic was for once about to be fully sated, we were unwilling to run the risk of destroying the illusion. Suppose the publishers should arrange the interview for us and we should then discover that the lady was living in an apartment house on Fifty-ninth Street, or (worse still) that she was the *châtelaine* of a brownstone front on Madison Avenue and that she had "afternoons" and gave pink teas. The shock would be too great. So we concluded to let the matter rest right there and thus to preserve intact our precious ideal of the weather-beaten house and the repellent wall and the savage hounds and the tarn. Especially the tarn.

✻

Every one is familiar in a general way with the remarkable story of Miss Helen Keller. This story she has now told herself in detail, in a volume entitled *The Story of My Life*, which is published by Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Drawing by Ryan Walker.

CASUS IDOLI.

Like gladsomeness of fragrant buds in spring
Unfolding soft, she came upon my sight
And, beckoning as with promise, drew me near.
A goddess pure she seemed, and fair as when
Soft-fingered morn draws back the folds of dawn
And rosiness spreads over lilies white;
Apart from earth, the substance bright of dreams.
Low at her feet I laid all I had gained
By labours manifold; the noble thoughts
Of Masters old, whose strength and grace were mine
From many years of toil. A woman's smile
Broke o'er her face for pleasure as she took
And touched them with a tender, gracious hand,
Looked deep and meaningful into my eyes
And filled my soul with courage.

Many moons,

In silence gliding, passed us by; we guessed
Their going not, so wrapt was I in rest,
In worship, in the life her presence gave;
And she allowing offerings, goddess-like.
Alone? I had been so in some dim past,
Deep-buried in forgetfulness; had sat
Apart from men, and laboured long in hope
Of this I now had found, despairing, sad.
It pleased me thus to linger near and feel,
Like draughts of balmy, Heaven-sent delight,
The dull-gold opulence of her hair, her eyes
Of sea-wave blueness, deepness infinite,
That seemed to answer in my wish to share
The joys, griefs, hopes I kept from all the world
With her.

But silence met my confidence.

A coldness came upon her, such as eve
In autumn knows, grey, cheerless, desolate;
The deep wells of her sea-wave eyes were closed,
And down upon the sand my idol fell,
To common clay fast crumbled.

Long I stood,

A deep, wild cry of anguish dread gave forth,
Slow nursing down the pain that deep had pierced
My frozen soul just opening into flower.

* * * * *

Had I but buried all my *self* for her,
Giving my best, my mind, without the ebb,
The undertone of weariness and strife,
The struggle of the *man* that is his *life*,
Could I have found true happiness in her,
So beautiful and yet so incomplete?
Was this a woman, or a thing of clay,
That all my love outpouring full had clothed
In garments of Divinity? Did I create

A shadow being, who was not more strong
Than weakest was in me?

Alone am I;

Yet not as if her image never were.
Is not my love come back to me again
As light to sun? Perchance she lives somewhere
Growing in perfectness. The beauty, goodness, love
I lavished, to my being back are come;
Through loss of her in better knowing self,
Loving, no longer worshipping, I go
In Heaven's eternal calmness on my way,
Upward and outward, gaining fuller life,
Freer and purer in a loftier air,
Till she I lost, made human through the pain
I bear for her, shall loving welcome me.

Edna St. John.



TWO WOMEN NOVELISTS.

It may perhaps be said, without unduly stretching facts, that the men of achievement whom England has produced during the last century have come from the upper middle class. Byron and Keats are the exceptions which come at once into the mind, but, nevertheless, it is a fact that the poets, artists, writers and men of science of the last hundred years have been recruited from that class which lies just below the aristocracy, and where the possession of great inherited wealth is not apt to dull the edge of effort.

To this class belong the two women who, more, perhaps, than any writers of fiction, now hold the attention of the English-speaking world. Both write of the society in which they were born, both are members of families distinguished for their literary ability, and there is even a certain facial resemblance between the two.

Mary St. Leger Harrison, better known, perhaps, by her pseudonym of "Lucas Malet," is a daughter of Charles Kingsley, poet, novelist and divine. Both of her uncles were men of distinct literary note. Henry Kingsley's novels, especially his stories of Australian life, are extremely good, and Dr. George Kingsley is still remembered as the joint author

with the Earl of Pembroke of *South Sea Bubbles*, a book of travels. Above all things, Charles Kingsley loved people; and he numbered among his friends men like Thomas Hughes, F. D. Maurice, Tennyson, Dean Stanley, Froude, and Max Müller, these last two being connections by marriage. He was also chaplain to the Queen and instructor in history to the (then) Prince of Wales at Cambridge.

In a society like this, Mrs. Harrison grew up, and it is, perhaps, to such surroundings that she owes the fine perception of social values so noticeable in her work. Her delight in country life and her ability to describe it are a direct inheritance from her father, whose love of nature was second only to his love of humanity.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is a niece of Matthew Arnold, perhaps the greatest literary critic that England has ever had, and granddaughter of Thomas Arnold, the great educator, of whose work at Rugby Thomas Hughes has finely said that "his manly piety leavened the whole school;" and not alone Rugby School, but all the public schools of England were to feel and be benefited by that influence.

Such being the inheritance of these women, it is not surprising that the ethical side of a question appeals so strongly to them, or that in their books we get a picture of what is really best in English society. Their men and women are as different as possible from the noisy crew which represents London "smart" life in many recent novels, but are probably quite as true to nature.

Both of these writers show much skill in the delineation of character, and by this is not meant that wearisome scrutiny into motive or automatic registration of every commonplace act by which some authors try to establish a reputation for character-drawing. At least one thoroughly original character can be credited to Mrs. Ward—that of Langan in *Robert Elsmere*, the man who had lived so long among books that he was not fitted to live with human beings, and who, overcome by this conviction, breaks off his engagement with a beautiful girl. In the character of Helbeck of Bannisdale she has drawn a charming picture of an English Catholic gentleman, which is, perhaps, the more surprising as her own personal views are supposed to be more in accordance with those of Robert Elsmere than with those of a follower of the ancient faith. This shows her power of taking the standpoint of others, not only mentally, but where feeling and emotion are perhaps more concerned than logic, a far more difficult task. Lucy, in *Eleanor*, is also a wonderfully correct portrayal of New England character, especially remarkable when it is considered that Mrs. Ward has never been in this country.

To enumerate Mrs. Harrison's successes in character-drawing would take too much time, but mention must be made of the Fallowfelds in *Sir Richard Calmady*; the amiable Lord Fallowfeld, with his furtive fondness for his scapegrace eldest son, Lord Shotover, that kindly prodigal himself, the clever younger son Ludovic Quayle, the three daughters, the managing Lady Louisa Barking, the less successful Lady Alicia Winterbotham, and the pretty, but rather feeble-minded, Lady Constance. All these people, as different as members of the same family often are, stand out in clear relief and are distinctly people, not puppets. Mrs. Harrison insists a little too much on the physical eccentricities of her characters;

we grow a little tired of Antony Hammond whirling his eyeglass around his finger, and of James Colthurst pulling at his collar; but these are trifles which it would be absurd to magnify into serious blemishes. As regards wit, Mrs. Harrison has the advantage of Mrs. Ward, who possesses apparently very little sense of humour. Mrs. Harrison's books, on the contrary, are filled with trenchant sayings, pithy, brilliant, often cynical, but never sinking to the level of the "clever" or "epigrammatic" school.

That Mrs. Ward's social perceptions are slightly inferior to those of Mrs. Harrison is shown in her description of Julie Le Breton's position in Lady Henry Delafield's house. The "salon" may have existed in Paris a century ago, but it was an institution that never bore transplanting; and Mrs. Ward's picture of a woman under thirty holding Prime Ministers and Ambassadors spellbound by her social gifts and influencing government appointments by her slightest wish is an absurdity.

Both women have a strong artistic sense, which in Mrs. Ward's case leads her to describe some charming interiors. She knows how to depict a room where time, money and taste have done their best, a room which harmonises with the characters she delights in drawing—characters most aptly described by the old-fashioned term of "gentlefolk." Such a room she has given us in her portrayal of Lady Henry Delafield's drawing-room in *Lady Rose's Daughter*:

It was a stately panelled room of the last century, furnished with that sure instinct both for comfort and beauty which a small minority of English rich people have always possessed. Two glorious Gainsboroughs, clad in the subtlest brilliance of pearly white and shimmering blue, hung on either side of the square opening leading to the inner room. The fair, clouded head of a girl, by Romney, looked down from the panelling above the hearth. A gowned abbé, by Vandyck, made the centre of another wall, facing the Gainsboroughs. The pictures were all famous, and had been associated for generations with the Delafield name. Beneath them the carpets were covered by fine eighteenth-century furniture, much of it of a florid Italian type subdued to a delicate and faded beauty by time and use.

Mrs. Ward does not often venture upon a description of clothes, which causes us to wonder if she has the traditional Englishwoman's lack of skill in dress. Mrs. Harrison, on the contrary, has a woman's fondness for pretty attire, and her heroines are generally well dressed:

Her close-fitting blue-grey gown, bordered with beaver, was stiff in front from throat to hem with silver embroidery. Her shadowed fair hair was surmounted by a hat or bonnet—it would be presumptuous to specify which—blue and silver, too, the distinct form of it not unlike that of a little winged helmet.

With Mrs. Harrison's artistic taste may be classed her keen love and appreciation of poetry. One of the most exquisite of modern lyrics is Charles Kingsley's song, "O That We Two Were Maying!" and she gives in a few words a characterisation of it remarkable for its terse appositeness:

those three short verses by a modern writer in which threefold love—love of lovers, love of nature, love of God—finds as pathetic, yet as simple and chastened, expression as in any verses, perhaps, in our English tongue.

Mrs. Harrison is a writer beloved of her own sex. Women of the most diverse character are united in their love for her books. It may be owing to the fact that she alone of all writers recognises the undeniable fact that in the struggle of life woman has the hardest time, that she is at a disadvantage by reason of her sex. Mrs. Harrison does not attempt to lay the blame for this state of things on "the tyrant man," nor has she

any remedy to propose for it—she simply acknowledges it, and there are few women, no matter how happy their own lot may be, who have not at one time or another looked upon the lives of their less favoured sisters and recognised with a shudder what Mrs. Harrison calls "the tragedy of womanhood."

But in one respect the work of these two women is similar. Both emphasise the development of character through suffering, the growth of the moral nature through its struggles. Innumerable instances could be cited from the books of both, but it will be sufficient to speak of David Grieve, Eleanor and Warkworth in the case of Mrs. Ward, while who that has read *The Wages of Sin* can forget the touching, yet thrilling, scene of James Colthurst's farewell interview with Mary Crookenden, where the artist bids his last farewell to the woman whom he loves so deeply and turns from her to minister to the wants of his dying and discarded mistress?

Both of these authors have the merit—the supreme merit in fiction—of being interesting. With the exception, perhaps, of Mrs. Ward's *David Grieve* and Mrs. Harrison's *Gateless Barrier*, it is hard to lay aside one of their books when it is once begun. But it is Mrs. Harrison, perhaps, who goes the deeper into the heart of things, and who with a powerful grasp tears off the covering of conventionality and discloses the primitive passions of the human heart in their nakedness. The superficial reader may find fault with this absence of reserve, but there is much permitted to one who deals deeply and sincerely with life that would be unpardonable in an artist of lighter touch.

Mary K. Ford.





HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE.

By

Frederic Taber Cooper and Arthur Bartlett Maurice

Part Fourth.—The American Civil War

Down to the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the history of American political caricature is a history of lost opportunities. Revolution and war have always been the great harvest times of the cartoonist. Gillray and Rowlandson owe their fame to the Napoleonic wars; Philipon and Daumier, to the overthrow of Louis Philippe; Leach and Tenniel reached their zenith in the days of the Crimean War and the Sepoy Mutiny. It is not the election cartoon, or the tariff cartoon, or the cartoon of local politics, it is the war cartoon that is most widely hailed and longest remembered. Yet of all the wars in which the United States has been engaged, not one has given birth to a great satiric genius, and none but the latest, our recent war with Spain, has received comprehensive treatment in the form of caricature. It is not strange that the Revolutionary War and that of 1812 failed to inspire any worthier efforts than William Charles's crude imitations of Gillray. The mechanical processes of printing and engraving, the methods of distribution, the standards of public taste, were all still too primitive. The Mexican War was commemorated in a number of the popular litho-

graphs of the day; but it was not a prolonged struggle, nor one calculated to stir the public mind profoundly. With the Civil War the case was radically different. Here was a struggle which threatened not only national honour but national existence—a struggle which prolonged itself grimly, month after month, and was borne home to a great majority of American families with the force of personal tragedy, arraying friend against friend, and father against son, and offering no brighter hope for the future than the vista of a steadily lengthening death-roll. There was never a time in the history of the nation when the public mind, from one end of the country to the other, was in such a state of tension; never, since the days of Napoleon, had there been such an opportunity for a real master of satiric art. It seems amazing, as one looks back over the pictorial records of these four years, that the magnitude of the events did not galvanise into activity some unknown genius of the pencil, and found then and there a new school of American caricature commensurate with the fever-heat of public sentiment. The existing school of caricature seems to have been

would have found material for a series of cartoons of eloquent and gruesome power. It is easy to imagine what form they would have taken: an Uncle Sam, writhing in agony, his limbs shackled with the chains of slavery, his lips gagged with the Fugitive Slave Law, slowly being sawn asunder, while Abolition and Secession guide the opposite ends of the saw; or else the American Eagle being worried and torn limb from limb by Southern bloodhounds and stung by copperheads, while the British Lion and the rest of the European menagerie look on, wistfully licking their chops and with difficulty restraining themselves from participating in the feast. Such a cartoonist would have found a mine of suggestion in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; he would have crowded his plates with Legrees and Topsyies, Uncle Toms and Sambos and Quimbos, fearful and wonderful to look upon, brutal, distorted and unforgettable.

It is equally easy to imagine what a Daumier might have done with the material afforded by the Civil War. Some types of faces seem to defy the best efforts of the caricaturist—smooth, regular-featured faces, like that of Lord Rosebery, over which the pencil of satire



seems to slip without leaving any effective mark. Other faces, strong, rugged, salient, seem to invite the caricaturist's efforts; and these were the types that predominated among the leaders of the struggle for the Union. Daumier's genius lay in his ability to caricature the human face, to seize upon a minimum of lines and points, to catch some absurd semblance to an inanimate object, some symbolic suggestion. And when once found, he would harp upon it, ringing all possible changes, keeping it insistently, mercilessly before the public. One can fancy with what avidity he would have seized upon the stolid, indomitable figure of Grant, intrenched behind his big, black, ubiquitous cigar. That cigar would have become the centre of interest, the portentous symbol of Grant's dogged, tati-turn persistence. Gradually that cigar would have grown and grown, its thickening smoke spreading in a dense war cloud over the whole series of cartoons, until finally it became the black, shining muzzle of a cannon, belching forth the powder and fire and ammunition that was to decide the issue of the war. What Tenniel would have done is evidenced by what he actually did in *Punch*. The great tragedies of those four years, Gettysburg and Bull Run and the Battle of the Wilderness, would have been pictured with the tragic dignity that stamps his famous cartoon in which he commemorated the assassination of Lincoln.

In view of what might have been done, it is somewhat exasperating to look over the actual cartoons of the war as they have come down to us. Even when a clever idea was evolved none seemed to have the cleverness or the enterprise to develop it. As all the modern cartoonists realise, nothing is more effective than a well-planned series. It is like the



SOME ENVELOPES OF THE TIME OF THE WAR.

constant dropping that wears away the stone. The most potent pictorial satire has always been the gradual elaboration of some clever idea—the periodic reappearance of the same characters in slightly modified environment, like the successive chapters of a serial story. The public learn to look forward to them, and hail each reappearance with a renewed burst of enthusiasm. The cartoonists of the Civil War do not seem to have grasped this idea. A single example will serve as an illustration. A clever cartoon, entitled "Virginia Pausing," appeared just at the time that Virginia, the last of the States to secede, joined the Confederacy. The several Southern States, represented as young rats, are gaily scampering off, in the order in which they seceded, South Carolina heading the procession. Virginia straggling in the rear, finds herself under the paw of "Uncle Abe," represented as a watchful and alert old mouser, and has paused, despite herself, to consider her next step. The Union, personified as the mother rat of the brood, lies stark and stiff on her back, with the Stars and Stripes waving over her corpse, and underneath, the legend, "The Union must and shall be preserved." Now this idea of the Southern States as a brood of "Secession rats" was capable of infinite elaboration. It might have been carried on throughout the entire four years of the struggle, the procession pressing the same significant order, with South Carolina in the lead, Virginia bringing up the rear, and Lincoln, as a wise and resourceful mouser, ever in pursuit. It could have shown the rats at bay, cornered, entrapped—in short, the whole history of the war in a form of genial allegory. But if the initial cartoon, "Virginia Pausing," ever had a sequel, it perished in the general wreckage of the Confederacy.

The welcome which awaited caricature, even of the crudest sort, at the outbreak

of the war is illustrated by the curious vogue enjoyed by envelopes adorned with all sorts of patriotic and symbolic devices—an isolated tombstone inscribed "Jeff Davis alone," a Confederate mule, blanketed with the stars and bars—a slave owner vainly brandishing his whip and shouting to a runaway slave, "Come back here, you black rascal." The latter, safe within the shadow of Fortress Monroe, defiantly places his thumb to his nose, and in allusion to General Butler's famous decision, retorts: "Can't come back, nohow, massa. Dis chile's CON-TRABAN'."



It is not surprising to find that Lincoln throughout the struggle was a favourite subject for the caricaturist. His tall, ungainly, loose-knit figure, his homely features, full of noble resolve, seemed to offer a standing challenge to the cartoonist, who usually treated him with indulgent kindness. The exceptions are all the more conspicuous. A case in point is that commemorating Lincoln's first call for volunteers for three months—a period then supposed to be ample for crushing out the rebellion. The cartoonist represents Lincoln as the image of imbecilic dismay, while a Union soldier with a sternly questioning gaze relentlessly presents to him a promissory note endorsed, "I promise to subdue the South in 90 days. Abe Lincoln." A much more typical and kindly cartoon of Lincoln is the one representing him as emulating the feat of Blondin and crossing the rapids of Niagara on a tight-rope, bearing the negro problem on his shoulders, and sustaining his equipoise with the aid of a balancing pole labelled "Constitution."

The really clever cartoons of this period are so few in number and stand out so prominently from a mass of second-rate material, that there is real danger of attaching undue importance to them. Such a plate as "The Southern Confederacy a Fact! Acknowledged by a Mighty Prince and Faithful Ally," which



WHAT IT IS
AND

WHAT IS IT ?



1861

was issued by a Philadelphia publisher in 1861, although crudely drawn, is one of the very few that show the influence of the early English school. It represents the Devil and his assembled cabinet in solemn conclave, receiving the envoys of the Southern Confederacy. The latter includes, among others, Jeff Davis, General Beauregard, and a personification of "Mr. Mob Law, Chief Justice." They are bearers of credentials setting forth the fundamental principles of the government, as "Treason, Rebellion, Murder, Robbery, Incendiarism, Theft, etc." Satan, interested in spite of himself, is mur-

coils it is crushing out the lives of a number of black women and children. In one corner of the cartoon the figure of a winged satan is hovering gleefully over a mob which is hanging a negro to a lamp-post—an allusion to the Draft Riots in New York. Some of the mob are bearing banners with the words "Black Men have no Rights." In the shadowy background of the picture a slaveholder is lashing his slave, tied to a post, with a whip called "Lawful Stimulant." An unctuous capitalist is talking with a group of Secessionists, seated on a rock called "State Rights." In contrast with



From the Collection of the New York Historical Society.

muring to his companions, "I am afraid in Rascality they will beat us."

An effective allegorical cartoon, which appeared at a time when the cause of the Union seemed almost hopeless, pictures Justice on the rock of the Constitution dressed in the Stars and Stripes and waving an American flag toward a happier scene, where the sun of Universal Freedom is brightly shining. Behind her are hideous scenes of disorder and national disaster. A loathsome serpent, of which the head is called "Peace Compromise," the body, "Mason and Dixon's Line," and the tail "Copperhead," is crawling up the rock seeking to destroy her. In one of its

the dark picture on which Justice has turned her back is the bright vista of the future, "The Union as it will be," into which she is looking. There we see a broad river and a prosperous city. A negress free and happy is sewing by her cabin door, her child reading a book upon her knee.

Many of the best cartoons of the period revolve around the rivalry between General McClellan and General Grant, and the incidents of the McClellan-Lincoln campaign of 1864. "The Old Bulldog on the Right Track" is one of the best products of the war cartoonists. It represents Grant as a thoroughbred bull-

go up." The funeral service is being conducted by Henry Ward Beecher, who is carrying a little negro in his arms. "Not thy will, O Lord, but mine be done." Beecher is reading from the book before him. The coffins about to be lowered into the grave are marked respectively "Free Speech and Free Press," "Habeas Corpus" and "Union."

One of the most striking caricatures suggested by the contest between Lincoln and McClellan for the presidency of 1864 is entitled "The Abolition Catastrophe; or, the November Smash-up." It is really

the curve leading up to the door of the White House. McClellan, watching from his cab the discomfiture of his foe, calls derisively, "Wouldn't you like to swap horses now, Lincoln?" In the coaches behind are the elated passengers of the Democratic train. In striking contrast is the plight in which the Republican Party is shown. Lincoln, thrown up in the air by the shock of the collision, calls back to his rival, "Don't mention it, Mac, this reminds me of a—"—an allusion to the President's fondness for illustrating every argument with a story. From the



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nothing more than the old hackneyed idea of the "Presidential Steeplechase" presented in a new guise. The artist, however, proved himself to be a false prophet. It shows a race to the White House between two trains, in which the one on which Lincoln is serving as engineer has just come to destruction on the rocks of "Emancipation," "Confiscation," and "\$400,000,000,000 Public Debt." The train in the charge of General McClellan, its locomotive flying the flag "Constitution," is running along smoothly and rapidly and is just turning

debris of the wreck of the locomotive peer out the faces of the firemen—two very black negroes. One is calling, "War's de rest ob dis ole darkey? Dis wot yer call 'mancipation?" And the other, "Lor' A'mighty! Massa Lincum, is dis wot yer call Elewating de Nigger?" The passengers behind are in an equally unhappy strait. Secretary Stanton, pinned under the wheels of the first coach, is crying, "Oh, dear! If I could telegraph this to Dix I'd make it out a victory." Among the passengers may be recognised the countenances of Beecher,

Butler, and Seward, while blown up in the air is Horace Greeley calling out to Lincoln that the disaster only verifies the prediction which had been printed in the *Tribune*. Popular discontent at the unreliability of news of the war found utterance in a skit representing Lincoln as a bartender occupied in concocting a mixed drink, called "New York Press," which he is dextrously pouring back and forth between two tumblers, labelled respectively "Victory" and "Defeat."

picture Mr. Lincoln is receiving with great warmth and cordiality Miss Dinah Arabella Aramintha Squash, a negress of unprepossessing appearance, who has as her escort Henry Ward Beecher. At a table near by Horace Greeley is treating another gorgeously attired negress to ice cream. Two repulsive-looking negroes are making violent love to two white women. A passing carriage in charge of a white coachman and two white footmen contains a negro family. In the back-



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The ingredients are taken from bottles of "Bunkum," "Bosh," "Brag" and "Soft Sawder."

In the same series as the "Abolition Catastrophe" is a cartoon entitled "Miscegenation; or, the Millenium of Abolition," intended to depict the possible alarming consequences of proclaiming the whole coloured race free and equal. It humorously depicts a scene in which there is absolute social equality between the whites and the blacks. At one end of the

ground Englishmen, Frenchmen and others are expressing their astonishment at the condition in which they find American society.

The attempt at escape, the apprehension and the incarceration of the President of the Confederacy are illustrated in a long series of cartoons. Two of the best are "The Confederacy in Petticoats" and "Uncle Sam's Menagerie." The first deals with the capture of Jefferson Davis at Irwinsville by General Wilson's cav-



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alry. Davis, attired in feminine dress, is climbing over a fence in order to escape his pursuers. He has dropped his hand-bag, but he still holds his unsheathed knife. "I thought your government was too magnanimous to hunt down women and children," he calls out to the Union

soldiers, one of whom has caught him by the skirts and is trying to drag him back. Mrs. Davis, by her husband's side, is entreating, "Don't irritate the President. He might hurt somebody."

The cartoon "Uncle Sam's Menagerie" shows Davis in captivity at Fortress Monroe. The Confederate president is depicted as a hyena in a cage, playing with a human skull. An Uncle Sam of the smooth-faced type in which he at first appeared is the showman. Round Davis's neck is a noose connecting with a huge gallows and the rope is about to be drawn taut, while from an organ below the cage a musician is grinding out the strain, "Yankee Doodle." In the shape of birds perched on little gallows of their own above the President's cage, each with a noose around his neck, are the figures of the other leaders of the Confederacy. A crow is pecking at a grinning skull under which is written "Booth." To this skull Uncle Sam is playfully pointing with his showman's cane.

Alleged Republican intimidation at the poles in the election of 1864 is assailed in a cartoon representing a Union soldier about to cast his vote for McClellan. A thick-lipped negro stands guard over the ballot box, rifle in hand. He presents the point of the bayonet at the soldier's decorated breast. "Hallo, dar!" he calls



THE CONFEDERACY IN PETTICOATS.

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LITTLE MAC, IN HIS GREAT TWO HORSE ACT, IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS OF 1864.

Published by T. W. Stone—99 NASSAU ST., New York

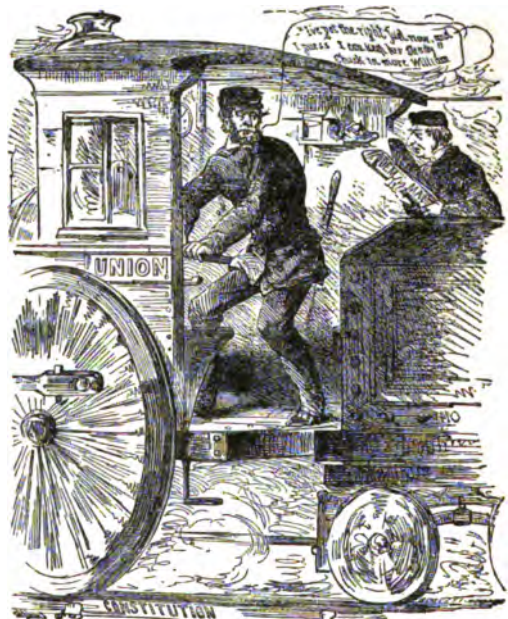
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SOME TYPICAL LINCOLN CARTOONS.

From "Lincoln in Caricature," published by N. M. Ladd.

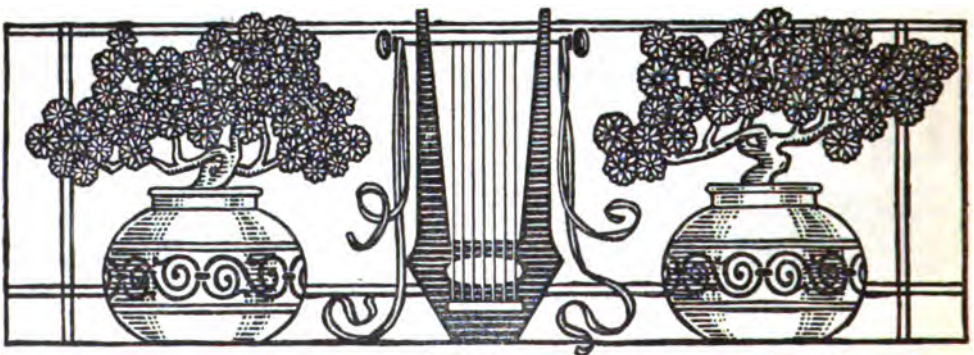


THE NATION MOURNING AT LINCOLN'S BIER. BY TENNIEL IN "PUNCH."

out threateningly, "you can't put in dat, you copper-head traitor, nor any odder, 'cept for Massa Lincoln." To which the soldier sadly replies, "I am an American citizen and did not think I had fought and bled for this. Alas, my country!" A corrupt election clerk is regarding the

scene with disquiet. "I'm afraid we shall have trouble if that soldier is not allowed to vote," he says. To which a companion cynically replies, "Gammon him, just turn round; you must pretend you see nothing of the kind going on, and keep on counting your votes."

(To be continued.)



THE HUMAN SIDE OF DARWIN*

Scientists will welcome these further letters of Charles Darwin, not only as contributing important chapters to the history of the development of the evolutionary theory, but as showing the many-sidedness of the great biologist's scholarship. To students of human nature the letters will be fraught with a deeper meaning, providing, as they do, a mirror wherein is reflected the soul of the man. When *The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin* was published some sixteen years ago it was obviously impossible that the portrait of Darwin the man should be complete, for the editor, Mr. Francis Darwin, felt constrained to omit much that had a direct bearing upon the relations between his father and certain persons then alive. It was known, also, that for other reasons important letters were unavailable at that time. Mr. Darwin has since obtained permission to publish these letters, and death has lifted the embargo placed upon the others. The result is a veritable treasure trove of Darwiniana.

Of course, it must be remembered that Charles Darwin was above all things a scientist, and it goes without saying that the letters now made public deal in the main with scientific subjects. Even in the most technical correspondence, however, the close observer may read between the lines and see the Ego peeping forth; may trace, if he choose, the characteristics that combined to make Darwin not alone renowned, but beloved. Of these characteristics the most obvious is kindness. Darwin was always a kindly man, and never more so than in his dealings with his co-labourers in the pursuit of knowledge. An eloquent tribute to this characteristic is rendered by Professor Judd:

It is impossible for me adequately to express the impression made upon my mind by my various conversations with Mr. Darwin. His extreme modesty led him to form the low-

est estimate of his own labours, and a correspondingly extravagant idea of the value of the work done by others. His deference to the arguments and suggestions of men greatly his juniors, and his unaffected sympathy in their pursuits, was most marked and characteristic; indeed, he, the great master of science, used to speak, and I am sure felt as though he were appealing to superior authority for information in all his conversations. It was only when a question was fully discussed with him that one became conscious of the fund of information he could bring to its elucidation and the breadth of thought with which he had grasped it. Of his gentle, loving nature, of which I had so many proofs, I need not write; no one could be with him, even for a few minutes, without being deeply impressed by his grateful kindness and goodness.

Darwin could not understand the petty jealousies so often displayed by men of science, the eagerness to belittle the achievements of others. With him it was a point of honour to give credit where credit was due, and in the letters we continually find him acknowledging the assistance received from such men as Hooker, Huxley, Asa Gray and Lyell. His letters to Sir Joseph Hooker are especially noteworthy in this respect. Sir Joseph was probably Darwin's nearest friend, and it is not too much to say that had it not been for him Darwin might not have accomplished so much for botany. But as the editors of these volumes are careful to point out, Sir Joseph did more than supply knowledge and guidance in technical matters; Darwin owed to him a companionship which cheered him to the end of life and sustained him in many weary hours of ill-health.

To Huxley, also, he owed much both in the way of scientific advice and personal friendship. His letters to Huxley make this very clear, and also show how loyal Darwin was to his friends. Nowhere is this loyalty better exemplified than in the correspondence that refers to Sir Richard Owen, the one man who aroused in Darwin's breast a feeling of unappeasable resentment. The Owen letters were wisely omitted from the preceding volumes, for their publication would have been

*More Letters of Charles Darwin. Edited by Francis Darwin, Fellow of Christ's College, and A. C. Seward, Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

extremely painful to the talented naturalist, who is now, however, dead these ten years. His attacks on Darwin were bitterly virulent, and at one time reacted upon himself to such an extent that he was virtually ostracised by men of science. Darwin felt his criticism the more keenly since he and Sir Richard had at one time been warm friends. Probably the most spiteful assault was made in an anonymous article on *The Origin of Species* contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, which evoked from its victim many savage rejoinders, culminating in a letter to Sir Joseph Hooker:

I liked Rolleston's paper, but I never read anything so obscure and not self-evident as his "canons." I had a dim perception of the truth of your profound remark that he wrote in fear and trembling "of God, man and monkeys," but I would alter it into "God, man, Owen and monkeys." Huxley's letter was truculent, and I see that every one thinks it too truculent; but in simple truth I am become quite demoniacal about Owen—worse than Huxley, and I told Huxley that I should put myself under his care to be rendered milder. But I mean to try and get more angelic in my feelings; yet I never shall forget his cordial shake of the hand when he was writing as spitefully as he possibly could against me.

After a careful consideration of the Owen letters and of other correspondence dealing with the abuse heaped upon Darwin by clerical as well as by scientific critics, we are firmly convinced that he would never have been so brutally caustic in his treatment of Sir Richard had not the latter seen fit to assail Huxley. It is even possible that, so long as he alone were under fire, Darwin might have remained indifferent to his opponent's spiteful attacks; but once the enemy's guns were trained on his eminent friend, toleration ceased to be a virtue. At an earlier period, speaking of Owen, he had confessed to Huxley that with all his faults he could not help liking Sir Richard, but no such admission was forthcoming from the day the *Edinburgh Review* first besmirched his friend. Nevertheless, we do not find, even in the most bitter strictures upon Owen, any proof of the self-advanced contention that Darwin was by nature a passionate man. He

was strong in will and firm of purpose but not passionate. We are insistent upon this because we fear too many will be ready to accept offhand Darwin's estimate of Darwin, and may forget that the so-called passionate ebullitions which he cites with self-reproach were merely the subjective delusions of a mild-mannered genius whose whim it was to persuade himself that he was really very bad-tempered.

Darwin will also live as a prince of optimists, his own opinions to the contrary. Who but an optimist could have faced forty years of almost constant ill-health and have continued, despite his physical sufferings, to look upon the world with a hopeful eye and pursue with unabated zeal his self-appointed tasks? We seldom find him writing complainingly, but often jestingly, of the ills which beset him. Thus, he tells Hooker: "Very far from disagreeing with me, my London visits have just taken to suit my stomach admirably. I begin to think that dissipation, high living, with lots of claret, is what I want and what I had during my last visit." And again, in a letter to Henry Fawcett: "I have returned only lately from a two-months' visit to Torquay, which did my health at the time good; but I am one of those miserable creatures who are never comfortable for twenty-four hours; and it is clear to me that I ought to be exterminated."

It will be remembered by those who read the *Life and Letters* that one thing which troubled Darwin more than his ill-health was his growing distaste for the beautiful in art, music and literature, and his confessed inability to enjoy, as he had enjoyed in earlier years, the works of the great masters. With his characteristic habit of introspection he asked himself why this was and what it betokened:

"This curious and lamentable loss of the higher æsthetic tastes is all the odder, as books on history, biographies and travels (independently of any scientific facts which they may contain) interest me as much as ever they did. My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organised or better constituted than mine

would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again. I would make it a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.

Some would add that it also enfeebled his spirituality, but to this we must take exception. The highest spirituality is evident in this tender tribute to his wife, addressed to their children:

You all know your mother, and what a good mother she has ever been to all of you. She has been my greatest blessing, and I can declare that in my whole life I have never heard her utter one word I would rather have been unsaid. She has never failed in kindest sympathy toward me, and has borne with the utmost patience my frequent complaints of ill health and discomfort. I do not believe she has ever missed an opportunity of doing a kind action to any one near her. I marvel at my good fortune that she, so infinitely my superior in every single moral quality, consented to be my wife. She has been my wise adviser and cheerful comforter throughout life, which without her would have been during a very long period a miserable one from ill health. She has earned the love of every soul near her.

The home life at Down is in itself ample evidence that Darwin retained spirituality despite his devotion to science. The letters give us but fleeting glimpses at this home life, glimpses sufficient, however, to assure us, even if we had no other testimony, that tranquillity, harmony and peace of mind prevailed in the quiet household. We see the wife devoting herself to her husband's wants, encouraging him, having an abiding faith in him, aiding him in his work, a helpmeet in the truest sense of the word. And we see the children, born scientists like their father, growing up in an atmosphere of love and enlightenment that made them more than his children, made

them his comrades and co-laborers. How proud Darwin was of his boys! In a letter to Mr. Anthony Rich, who later left his property to Darwin's children, the paternal love and pride is evident in every line:

Your friend George's work about the viscous state of the earth and tides and the moon has lately been attracting much attention, and all the great judges think highly of the work. He intends to try for the Plumian Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at Cambridge, which is a good and honourable post of about eight hundred a year. I think that he will get it when Challis is dead, and he is very near his end. He has all the great men—Sir W. Thomson, Adams, Stokes, etc.—on his side. He has lately been chief examiner for the Mathematical Tripos, which was tremendous work; and the day before yesterday he started for Southampton for a five weeks' tour to Jamaica for complete rest, to see the Blue Mountains and escape the rigour of the early spring. I believe that George will some day be a great scientific swell. The War Office has just offered Leonard a post in the Government Survey at Southampton, and very civilly told him to go down and inspect the place and accept or not, as he liked. So he went down, but has decided that it would not be worth his while to accept, as it would entail his giving up his expedition (on which he had been ordered) to Queensland, in Australia, to observe the transit of Venus. Dear old William, at Southampton, has not been very well, but is now better. He has had too much work—a willing horse is always overworked—and all the arrangements for receiving the British Association there this summer have been thrown on his shoulders.

It is one of his boys who has given us the pleasure of a better acquaintance with Charles Darwin. We desire to thank him in behalf of the many Darwinian scholars scattered throughout this country, and to assure him that if, as he hints, there may be yet more of his father's letters forthcoming they will be received with the appreciation which they will most certainly deserve.

H. Addington Bruce.



COMIC OPERA: PAST AND PRESENT

II. SULLIVAN, STRAUSS AND OTHERS.

The great vogue of opéra bouffe was the incentive for composers in other countries to attempt works of a similar character. After an experimental period, in which poor imitations of Offenbach abounded, these gave place to native products of original and agreeable flavour, which thrived luxuriantly.

English operetta owes its origin directly to the inspiration of Offenbach. In 1866 Sir Arthur Sullivan witnessed an amateur performance of *Les Deux Aveugles* and suggested to F. C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch*, that they try something of the kind. They set to work with enthusiasm, and in three weeks had produced *Cox and Box*, a one-act travesty on a current popular farce. While the little piece showed plainly the influence of the French model, it contained within itself the germ of a new school of operetta. It revealed to the composer and to his friends that he possessed a rare gift of musical humour. The very first number is a delightful parody on the old-fashioned type of contrapuntal aria of the days of Bach; and throughout, the fun of the book is accentuated by the music. This flows on clear and limpid from beginning to end, and in the characteristic style familiar to lovers of *Pinafore*. After a few private performances, *Cox and Box* was given publicly, and at once gained the popular favour. It was followed by *La Contrabandista*; and then, busy with other lines of work, Sullivan did nothing further in this direction for five years. In 1871 he met W. S. Gilbert. With *Thespis* they effected the artistic union out of which grew the long and inimitable series of Savoy operas. The history of these works will be found in an article on Sullivan in THE BOOKMAN for January, 1901, so it need not be recounted at length in this place. Suffice it to say, for a quarter of a century Gilbert and Sullivan and their stage manager, D'Oyley Carte, who built for them the famous London Savoy Theatre, collaborated in the production of a succession of operettas which captivated the English-speaking world and stamped English operetta

as an art form to be considered seriously. *Pinafore*, *Pirates of Penzance*, *Patience*, *Iolanthe*, *Mikado*, are the strongest vindication this form of musico-dramatic entertainment could have. After the *Mikado*, written in 1885, the collaborators took a somewhat different tack, and in *The Yeoman of the Guard* produced a more serious style of work, the romantic element dominating. In England it was as successful as those that had preceded, and deservedly so. It contains some of Sullivan's best music and Gilbert's prettiest fancy. In America, however, where *Pinafore* had taken the country by storm and every one hummed the *Mikado*, *The Yeoman of the Guard* and its successor, *Ruddigore*, missed fire. They were thought too serious for comic opera and too light for grand opera—the only recognised classification—and so they failed of effect. After *Ruddigore* there came a reversion to the normal type in the *Gondoliers*, one of the merriest of them all; and thereafter the earlier style continued the pattern.

The Gilbert and Sullivan operetta is as characteristic a form as opéra bouffe. It is as pronouncedly English as the latter is French. To opéra bouffe it owes scarcely anything except its origin. The conventions are entirely new, and the treatment also. The artistic fusion of librettist and composer is complete, but the individual talents of each are allowed free play. The same is not true in the case of opéra bouffe. Offenbach's librettists were clever, but they always subordinated their ideas to the composer's, and if, as he once put it, he was wedded to his librettist during the process of creation of an opera, the marriage was not one of equality. A successful playwright, Gilbert was at the height of his powers when he met Sullivan. He was a born student of the drama, and had even collaborated with other musicians in the hybrid productions of the time; so that he was technically and practically well equipped for his task. On Sullivan, England had built great hopes ever since he carried off the first Mendelssohn scholarship, the youngest of the competitors. Educated at Leipzig under the best masters, he returned with a fin-

ished musical training. He brought back his incidental music to the *Tempest*, and with it advanced well into prominence and popularity. His talents were soon exercised in many directions, all with equal success, and the felicitous outcome of his experiment in operetta surprised none who knew his great versatility.

Gilbert's bent was satirical. In *Pinafore* he pokes fun at the English navy, in the *Pirates of Penzance* at the police, in *Patience* at the army and the "æsthetic" craze that swept over London in the seventies, in *Iolanthe* at the House of Lords, and so on down the list. Keen and pungent as his satire is, it never wounds and is always tempered by good taste. He created a convention of humour entirely his own. His plots are cleverly worked out and his dialogue, sparkling and witty, gives evidence of careful writing. It is quite impossible to mention more than a few of the musical gems scattered in profusion through the scores. Writing for the general masses and with every temptation to produce commonplace, salable music, Sullivan held his art in too high esteem to abate one jot from what he thought its due. He shunned vulgarity as a pestilence, and the predominating characteristic of his music is refinement of style. With the sure instinct of genius he dared to be simple. In such music as the concerted number "Farewell, My Own," from *Pinafore*, the effect of the harmonies, elementary as they are, is strikingly beautiful. So also the piece "I Hear the Soft Note of the Echoing Voice," from *Patience*. Of sentiment that never descends to sentimentality or maudlin cheapness, the duet in the *Pirates of Penzance*, "Oh, Leave Me Not to Pine," and the Ballad from *Iolanthe*, "He Loves," are excellent examples. The thoroughness of Sullivan's schooling is seen for one thing in the purity of his part writing, such as in the unaccompanied quartettes, "Brightly Dawns Our Wedding Day," from the *Mikado*, "Strange Adventure! Maiden Wedded," from *The Yeoman of the Guard*, and "Joy and Sorrow Alternate," from the *Rose of Persia*, his last completed opera. Specific and quotable instances of humour in these scores are not easily pointed out. The proverbial "What, never?" episode in *Pinafore* owes certainly as much to the

musical treatment as to the words. The quartet from the *Gondoliers*, "In a Contemplative Fashion," with its alternating slow and quick movements and effective climax, is one of the most humorous bits in operatic literature. The Handelian chant of the usher in the early comic cantata *Trial by Jury* is a funny touch, while the fugue that introduces the learned Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe* is a stroke of genius. Finally, everything is helped by the exquisite orchestral finish which makes Sullivan's scores a boon to the musical student. He was a past master of instrumentation, and wrote in a pure, clear manner that recalls Mendelssohn, whose influence he readily acknowledged.

While Gilbert and Sullivan were practically the originators of English operetta, and its foremost exponents as well, the beginnings are to be traced to the so-called German Reed Entertainments. The outcome of a protest against the "Frenchiness" and other objectionable features of the theatrical performances of the middle of the last century, these entertainments were originated by Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, excellent artist-musicians, in the endeavour to provide light and wholesome dramatic amusement. They presented deodorised versions of Offenbach's works and others, and likewise encouraged native talent. The first of the home-made productions were colourless and scarcely accomplished their object of entertaining; but gradually matters improved and the repertory was strengthened with original pieces of real merit, half operatic, half farcical. Burnand, Gilbert, T. W. Robertson and others collaborated with Clay, Brough, Molloy and Cellier in the production of these musical pieces—rather formless, but nevertheless agreeable and popular. Frederic Clay was a musician of undoubted and refined talent. As early as 1862, while opéra bouffe was yet young, he had written a light musical work for the stage, full of promise, entitled *Court in a Cottage*. It was received with considerable favour, and was followed by a number of others, some of which the German Reeds performed. Among them *Ages Ago* and *Happy Arcadia*, librettos by Gilbert, may be mentioned as the cleverest and musically strongest. But until Sullivan had stamped

English operetta with definite formal qualities, all these light musical pieces lacked outline and character. In his later years, Clay built on the Sullivan model. In America, completely overshadowed by his countryman, he is practically unknown. Sullivan himself speaks of him in the following terms: "In all his work Mr. Clay shows a natural gift of graceful melody and a feeling for rich harmonic colouring."

Alfred Cellier is another Englishman who followed in the path of Sullivan. He, too, had earlier written for the German Reeds. Of his operettas, the *Sultan of Mocha* (1874) and *Dorothy* (1886) contain the most pleasing music. The latter enjoyed a long run when first produced, and is not entirely unknown here. Cellier did not have the strength, musically speaking, to found a school; but in following Sullivan he exhibited his talents in their best light. Edward Jakobowski, whose *Erminie* won a wide success some seventeen years ago, and has been revived from time to time for the delectation of large audiences, may be mentioned in this place. That operetta, the only successful one from his pen, is the prototype of *Robin Hood* and other American works, of which more anon. The music is light and graceful, though lacking in individuality. Finally, the name of Edward Solomon suggests itself. His *Billee Taylor*, a frank imitation of *Pinafore*—and a good one too—had a flattering run, and Solomon bid fair to establish himself as one of the foremost writers of light opera music. But he later devoted himself to pieces of the nondescript sort so prevalent to-day here and in England—pieces which owe their existence largely to the theatrical managers who foster them under the delusion that the public must be "written down to." The only English writer of operetta of prominence at the present time is Edward German, on whom Sullivan's mantle may be said to have fallen. He wrote the greater part of Sullivan's posthumous work, *The Emerald Isle*, and at once proved his ability to carry on the traditions of the elder composer. His melodic vein is productive and his sense of dramatic purpose well developed. An excellent example of his style is "The Song of the Devonshire Men," from the opera just named, a rous-

ing, typical English ballad. *Merrie England*, the successor of *The Emerald Isle*, still holds the boards at the London Savoy Theatre. It is said to contain excellent comic opera material.

Turning from England to the Continent, one finds that Offenbach's seed fell on fruitful soil in Austria. He was emulated there by Franz von Suppé and Johann Strauss. Suppé well earned his sobriquet of the "German Offenbach." Born in 1820, one year later than Offenbach, Suppé displayed precocious musical gifts. He enjoyed the advantages of a thorough musical education and early made his mark. In 1847 he brought out his first dramatic work, *Das Mädchen vom Lande*, which met with wild success. From that time forward, operas, masses, vaudevilles and compositions of all varieties flowed from his pen and kept him constantly before the public. Outside of Austria and Germany, he is known as the composer of *Fatinitza* (1876), *Boccaccio* (1879), and the ever-popular overture *Poet and Peasant*, of which over fifty arrangements for different combinations of instruments exist. But in his own country, many of his operas are in the active repertories, and overtures and excerpts still figure prominently on the programmes. Suppé's resemblance to Offenbach is mainly in the fluency and animation of his music and in its theatrical quality. The last is a noteworthy characteristic. The composer does not attempt much in the way of parody or caricature. His frequent use of the conventions and artificialities of French and Italian grand opera is not meant to be taken, as Offenbach's always was, in a jocular way, but seriously; though at times he does exaggerate the absurdity of some device to the point of humour. Like his French prototype, Suppé wrote melody that seemed to have its root in the soil, so genuine, unaffected and folk-song like it is. But it is the homely and sentimental German folk-song, not the saucy, *sans culotte* type of the Parisians. A good example is the ingratiating melody which constitutes the slow movement in *Poet and Peasant* overture, and another is the "Ständchen" from *Boccaccio*. Suppé wrote rousing marches. His orchestration is sonorous, brilliant and effective, albeit sometimes vulgar. His later operas show the influence of Strauss; not so much in matter



JOHANN STRAUSS.

as in manner. For Strauss really gave to Viennese operetta its individual and characteristic stamp.

The atmosphere of Vienna is very similar to that of Paris, and it is natural to find the popularity of Offenbach in his adopted home duplicated in the Austrian capital. Three theatres filled their doors nightly with a repertory consisting entirely of his *opéras bouffes*. Their gaiety, vivacity and piquancy found a responsive chord in the Viennese breast. At the time of the Offenbach invasion of Vienna the most popular composer of the day was Johann Strauss, whose fascinating waltzes were world-known. The furore over the French *opéras bouffes* induced him to enter the field. This step was viewed doubtfully by many of his most ardent admirers; and their misgivings were not altogether removed by his first attempt, *Indigo*, produced in 1871. It was little more than a potpourri of

waltzes and polkas strung on a very slender thread. The hand of the waltz king was poorly concealed. But there were possibilities in Strauss still unrealised. He was more than a writer of dance music in the narrow sense. His waltzes are not mere dance tunes, but real tone poems. The introductions and codas show imaginative painting full of grace, charm and originality, and his compositions deservedly won the praise and admiration of the greatest musicians of his time. Once in the domain of operetta, he soon felt the greater opportunities for the exercise of his powers, and steadily gained in the appreciation of stage effects and in the freedom with which he handled them.

But a few words as to the facts of his life. He was born at Vienna in 1825, the oldest of three brothers, who all inherited musical talent from their father. The elder Johann had commenced his profes-

sional career as a violinist in a little band organised by Edward Lanner, which played at one of the restaurants in Vienna. Lanner was noted for his skill as a leader and for his characteristic waltzes. On one occasion, being rather pressed for time, he asked his young col-

Lanner took the other. His orchestra, later an independent organisation, was more and more sought after. He travelled through Europe, exciting everywhere the greatest enthusiasm, especially in the performance of his own music. Despite his happy experience as a profes-



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

league to supply a waltz for the evening's concert. This gave Strauss his opportunity, and he showed himself quite equal to the task. Lanner's orchestra soon had more engagements than they could meet. Strauss then divided the labours by conducting one section of the band, while

sional musician he opposed his son's desire to take up the same career; but the boy insisted. Upon his father's death in 1849 Johann the younger took charge of his orchestra, and with it travelled all over the Continent and to America. He followed his father's custom of introduc-

ing original compositions of his own; and the name of Johann Strauss, already famed, took an added lustre when the second bearer of it won the title of "Waltz King." In all, he wrote over four hundred pieces of dance music. The most popular, the "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz, originally a vocal chorus, has become almost a second Austrian national hymn. The rhythmic swing which penetrates to the very marrow of a Strauss waltz is more easily recognised than described. Its charm lies in its subtlety. It is superfluous, however, to dwell upon the characteristics of the Strauss waltz. Fortunately the present generation has almost as intimate an acquaintance with it as the last. It may be said in leaving the subject that Strauss did for the orchestral waltz what Schubert, Chopin and Brahms have done for the pianoforte waltz. It is a real work of

art, an imaginative tone poem, and withal unsurpassed as dance music.

Strauss followed *Indigo* with *Der Karneval in Rom*, *Die Fledermaus*, *Der Lustige Krieg*, *Prinz Methusalem*, *Der Zigeunerbaron* and a number of others. They achieved immediate success and soon made their way over the whole globe. There is a wealth of melody, bright, gay and "catchy," in these operettas. The concerted numbers and finales are often ambitious, but never over-weighted or too pretentious for their surroundings. The insistent Viennese swing is kept up from first page to last, and the barren spots are few. But it must be admitted there is a certain monotony growing out of the constant succession of dance tunes, which is not altogether concealed or relieved by the little episodic passages interspersed between, charming as these are. One misses the rhythmic



FRANZ VON SUPPÉ.

variety found in Offenbach's and Sullivan's music. There is, too, at times a feeling of "patchiness," as though the successive movements did not completely join on to each other. Rounded ballads are rare, and those that there are seem for the most part to lack spontaneity. Strauss seldom stays to work out or elaborate a theme. He writes a phrase—eight or sixteen bars, as the case may be—and then commences another. If there is a repetition, it is literal. Of course, there are parts of the operettas against which these criticisms cannot hold, for example, the "Du und du" finale to the second act of *Die Fledermaus*, a very skilful and effective operatic close. But as a general proposition it may be said that Strauss, with the instincts of a dramatic composer, lacked the *theatrical* aptitude necessary to a composer for the stage. He was first and foremost a writer of dance music. Compare his operas with those of Offenbach and the superiority of the latter as works for the stage is manifest. Offenbach and the other Frenchmen showed this theatrical aptitude in a remarkable degree. For example, the waltz ending to the second act of Lécocq's *Madame Angot* is peculiarly suited to stage surroundings. It is employed purely in a theatrical manner and to illuminate the text. Strauss's operatic waltzes, on the other hand, are identical in pattern with those he wrote simply as dance music. In point of fact, Strauss often took them bodily out of the operas for use as dance music.

It is natural to conclude that the Strauss operetta, the pioneer and form-giver of Viennese operetta—for those of Suppé's works that preceded Strauss's had the conventional form of Italian opera—differs materially from the French and English type; and so it is. Strauss originated an entirely new school. That it has vitality is proven by the large number of his followers. As in his works, so in them all, the dance is the basis. Everything leads up to the principal waltz number. The music is always pleasing and piquantly scored, graceful and has plenty of snap. But there is little humour in it. One notable exception occurs in the opening of the third act of *Die Fledermaus*. The hero enters bowed down with the cares of "Katzenjammer," and the music faithfully reflects his mental dis-

turbance with irresistibly droll effect. One is reminded of a similar scene in Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*, where Beckmesser, wounded in body and spirit by the events of the preceding night, enters Sach's house. Touches such as this, rare in Strauss, are scarcely to be found at all in the operettas of other German composers.

Among Strauss's collaborators, perhaps the best was Richard Genée. Like the Italian Boito, who worked so successfully with Verdi, Genée was a musician, too, and tried his skill at operetta. *Nanon*, produced in 1877, his best-known work, is a good example of the later Viennese operetta. Carl Millöcker, composer of *Der Feldprediger*, or *The Black Hussar*, as its English title is, *Der Bettelstudent*, *Der Armer Jonathan* and numerous others, combined a good knowledge of musical writing with a vein of tuneful melody. He has vied in popularity with Strauss, though by no means his peer. Carl Zeller, who wrote *Der Vogelhändler* and *Der Obersteiger*, also deserves mention for his sprightly music. Other names might be added, but the list is already long.

Viennese operetta never took firm root in America, although in Germany and Austria Suppé, Strauss, and Millöcker are almost as popular as ever. American operetta, what there is of it, is based on the English type, more particularly that of *Erminie*. DeKoven's *Robin Hood*, produced in 1890, and several of Victor Herbert's works have distinct merit, but for the most part there is little to be said of it. The librettos were from the start inferior. *Wang*, *The Lion Tamer* and *El Capitan* were in their way pleasing, but colourless and unoperatic; and the fortunes of American operetta, never very firm, have steadily declined, until to-day there is practically nothing worthy of the name. English musical comedy as represented by *The Geisha*, *The Circus Girl*, *Florodora* and *The Silver Slipper* has at least the negative merit of claiming to be no better than it is. Then there are the now rampant burlesques and farces with scattered musical numbers and minus plot—a development of the Weber and Fields type. In their place they are unobjectionable, but they are not substitutes for the operettas of yore. But when it comes to "comic operas," such as *The Sultan of*



Sulu, et id omne genus, it is time for the musical critic to lay down his pen. They have no musical style, no dramatic value, no formal excellence—nothing to bring them within the pale of art. Their utter frivolity makes serious consideration out of place.

This is, perhaps, the wrong time to predict the future of comic opera. To-day is certainly the low-water mark in its history. Is it going to perish altogether? The emphatic success of the Castle Square Opera Company, one-half of whose activities consists in the revival and production of the operettas here under consideration, shows that a public for these works still exists. But the ultimate salvation of comic opera would seem to lie in that very circumstance which has

apparently caused its present decline. If, as suggested in the former of these papers, the desire for novelty has led the masses thus far away from the operetta of two decades ago, this same desire may lead them back. Thus should the whirligig of time bring in his revenges. The day is near when musical comedy and burlesque will no longer satisfy the public's hunger for something new. In their further quest they may easily light upon the operettas of the past and adopt them once more as genuine novelties. The requirements are simple—a few years to give people the opportunity to forget Offenbach, Sullivan and Strauss—and they are rapidly doing so—and an astute manager to prepare at the proper time an elaborate revival.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

THE ROAD TO FAME TO-DAY

(With due acknowledgment to the distinguished author of "Mandalay.")

By the old Encyclopædia, in those bulky tomes I see,
There's a bright historic setting, and that setting is for me;
For the wind is in that quarter, and the publishers exclaim:
"Lay it back, you budding author; lay it back for hopes of
fame."

That's the road to heights of fame,
 Where the lucre pays the game;
 Can't you 'ear the bloomin' dramatist a-beggin' of
 the same?
 O, the dizzy heights of fame
 Where the publishers exclaim:
 Can't you let us 'ave—well, anythink—that bears your
 honoured name?"

They will bring one out in yellow; out in green the next they'll
 bring;
 Those faithful pictures of the times of every risqué king,
 An' we see their swords a-slashin' of their enemies, an' then
 See 'em give un-Christian kisses to the wives of other men.
 That's the way to wield your pen;
 Makes you feel that they *were* men;
 Then write another chapter just to tell it all again.
 That's the road to heights of fame. . . .

When the modern was the rich field, and its sale was fairly free,
 We'd git our little stipend from "The Mighty Powers
 That Be;"
 For a tale about our village, and its humble daily train,
 An' we useter snatch a livin' an' pile up a modest gain.
 Givin' fancy freest reign
 In a quiet country lane,
 When the plot of every novel wasn't 'arf way back to
 Cain.
 But
 That's the road to heights of fame. . . .

But that's all shove be'ind us long ago an' fur away,
 An' there ain't no checks a-waitin' fur the modernist to-day;
 An' I'm learnin' of the lesson, that the yearly fiction tells:
 "If you 'ear the Past a-callin', you won't never need naught
 else."
 No, you'll not need nothin' else,
 If you take what History tells
 Of the courtin' an' the fightin' of those old historic
 swells.
 That's the road to heights of fame. . . .

Pick me out one of the Louis'; they will like the worst the best;
 One who broke the most Commandments, and who rather
 cracked the rest;
 For the wind is in that quarter, an' it's there I'll make a name,
 By the old historic setting runs the rapid road to fame.
 That's the road to heights of fame,
 Where the lucre pays the game;
 Can't you 'ear the bloomin' dramatist a-beggin' of
 the same?
 O, the dizzy heights of fame
 Where the publishers exclaim:
 Can't you let us 'ave—well, anythink—that bears
 your honoured name?"

Beatrice. Hanscom.

THE SHERRODS

By George Barr McCutcheon

CHAPTER VI.

THE GIRL IN GRÉY.

For days after the fight Jud caught himself stealing surreptitious glances at his wife, with the miserable feeling that some time he would take her unawares and detect scornful pity in her eyes. He was sure she could not respect a man who had been forced to submit to defeat, especially after he had vaingloriously forced the conflict upon an unwilling foe.

But Justine loved him more deeply than ever. In her eyes he was a hero. For her sake he had fought a desperate man in the face of certain defeat.

At the house as she tenderly bathed his swollen face, "Jud," she said, "you won't fight him again, will you?" A lump rose in his throat. He felt that she was begging him to desist merely because she knew his shameful incompetency.

"You won't fight him again, will you?" she repeated earnestly.

"I can't whip him, Justine," he said humbly. "I thought I could. How you must despise me!"

"Despise you! Despise *you*! Oh, how I love you, Jud!" she cried. He looked into her eyes, fearing to see a flicker of dishonesty, but none was there.

"I won't fight him until I know I can lick him fair and square. It may be never, but maybe I'll be man enough some day. He's too much for me now. He'd have killed me if it hadn't been for you, dear. Good God, Justine, I thought I was dying. You don't know how terrible it was!"

The story of the fight was soon abroad. The fact that Jud's face bore few signs of the conflict struck the people as strange. 'Gene had told wondrous tales of his victory. On the other hand, 'Gene's face was a mass of cuts and bruises. It was hard for them to believe, but the farmers soon found themselves saying that Jud Sherrod had whipped 'Gene Crawley. Even when Jud acknowledged that 'Gene had whipped him,

every one said that Jud was so magnanimous that he "couldn't crow over 'Gene."

"Now, mebbly 'Gene Crawley 'll take back what he said 'bout Jed an' Jestine las' spring," said James Hardesty, down at the toll-gate, in the presence of a large audience. "He'll keep his dern mouth shet now, I reckon. He cain't go 'roun' here talkin' like that 'bout our women folks. Gosh dern him, ef he ever opened his head 'bout my wife I'd knock him over into Butter Township, Indiany. What 'n thunder 's the use bein' afear'd o' 'Gene Crawley? He's a big blow an' he cain't lick nobody 'nless he gets in a crack 'fore the other feller 's ready. Good gosh, ef I was as young as some o' you fellers, I'd had him licked forty-seven times 'fore this."

So 'Gene's reputation as a fighter suffered. But not for long. Harve Crose, Joe Perkins and Link Overshine undertook, on separate occasions, to "take it out'n his hide" for old-standing grievances and 'Gene re-established himself in their estimation. Link Overshine was in bed for a week afterwards.

The winter passed rather uneventfully. In a few of the simpler country gatherings, Jud and Justine took part, but poverty kept them pretty closely at home. The yield of grain had not been up to the average and prices were low. It was only by skimping almost to niggardliness that they managed to make both ends meet during the last months of the winter. Justine's school teaching was their salvation, notwithstanding the fact that the township was usually in arrears. Jud chopped wood for an extra dollar now and then. Justine made frocks for herself.

She always wore plain colours and plain material. The other girls wondered why it was that Justine Van—they always called her Justin Van—looked "so nice in them cheap little calicoes." The trimness and daintiness of her dress was refreshing in a community where the taste of woman ran to ribbons, rainbows and remnants. No girl in the neighbourhood considered herself befit-

tingly gowned for parade unless she could spread sail with a dozen hues in the breeze, the odour of perfume in the air and unblushing pink in her cheeks. Society in Clay Township could never be accused of colour-blindness. The young gallants, in their store clothes, were to be won by ribbons and rouge, and, as the sole object of the girls was to get married and have children, the seasons apparently merged in an everlasting Eastertide. Justine, then, aroused curiosity. In the winter she wore a rough, black coat and a featherless fedora. In the spring her modest gowns would have been sniffed at had they covered the person of any one less dainty. A single rose in her dark hair, a white trifle at her throat, or a red ribbon somewhere, made up her tribute to extravagance.

Jud sketched her adoringly. He had scores of posings, even when spring came, and they began to plant. In the midst of privation they found time to be happy. It was on one of their Sunday afternoon sketching expeditions that an incident occurred which was to change the whole course of their lives. They had walked several miles across the hills, through leafy woodland, to Proctor's Falls. Here the creek wriggled through a mossy dell until it came to a sudden drop of twenty feet or more, into a pool whose shimmering surface lay darkly in the shade of great trees that lined the banks. It was one of the prettiest spots in the country and Jud had long meant to try his skill in sketching it.

This day he sat far down the ravine, facing the Falls, and rested his back against a tree. She nestled beside him, leaning against his shoulder, watching with proud eyes the hand that fashioned the picture. To her, his art was little short of the marvellous; to a critic, it would have shown crudities enough, though even the faults were those of genius. Her eye followed his pencil with a half-knowing squint, sending an occasional glance into Nature's picture up the glen, as if seeing blemishes in the subject rather than in the work of the artist.

"What a pity there is not more water coming over the rock," she said regretfully. "And that log would look better if it were turned upside down, don't you think, Jud? Goodness, how natural you

have made it, though. I don't see how you do it."

Presently she ventured, somewhat timidly: "Don't you think you might sell some of your pictures, Jud, dear? If I were rich, I know I'd like to have them, and I——"

"They're yours, anyway," he interrupted, laughing. "Everything I draw is yours. You don't have to be rich."

"I mean, I'd like to have them if I was somebody else, somebody who wasn't anything to you. They'd look so nice in frames, Jud. Honestly, they would. Dear me, they're much nicer than those horrid things 'Squire Roudebush paid a dollar and a quarter apiece for."

"Nobody would want to buy my things, Justine. They're not worth the paper they cover. Now, who the dickens is there in this county that would give me a dollar for the whole lot? I couldn't give them away—that is, excepting those I've made of you. Everybody wants one of you. I guess I must draw you better than anything else."

"You make me look so much prettier than I really am," she expostulated.

"No, I don't, either," he responded. For a long time she forgot to look at his pencil. Her eyes were bent reflectively upon the brown, smooth face with the studious wrinkle in the forehead, and she was not thinking of the picture. Suddenly she patted his cheek and afterwards toyed in silence with the curls that clustered around his ear.

An elderly lady, a slender young woman in a modish gown of grey, and a tall, boyish chap slowly approached the point from which Proctor's Falls could best be viewed. Their clothes and manner proclaimed them to be city people. The boy, over whose sullen forehead tilted a rakish travelling cap, seemed to be expostulating with the young woman. From his manner it was easy to be seen that he did not regard further progress into the wilds as pleasant, profitable or necessary. The elder lady, who was fleshy, evidently supported the youth in his impatience, but the grey gown was enthusiastically in the foreground and was determined to push its very charming self into the heart of the sylvan discovery.

When they had come within a hundred feet of the big tree that sheltered the artist and his companion, the little bit of

genre in their landscape attracted them. The visitors halted and surveyed the unconscious couple, the young lady showing curiosity, the young man showing disgust, the old lady showing indecision. Their brief discussion resolved itself into a separation of forces. The young lady petulantly forsook her companions and picked her way through the trees toward the Falls.

"Let 'em alone, sis," objected the youth, as she persisted in going forward; "it's some country jay and his girl and he'll not thank you."

"Oh, go back to the train, Randall," interrupted the young maiden. "He won't eat me, you know, and one can't see that pretty little waterfall unless one gets out there where your lovers sit. If you won't go with me, let me go alone in peace. Wait here, mamma, until I come back and don't let little Randall sulk himself into tears."

"You make me sick," growled the youth wrathfully.

The girl in grey soon came to the edge of the little opening in which Jud and Justine sat, pausing some twenty feet away to smile admiringly upon the unsuspecting pair. It was a charming picture that lay before her and she was loth to disturb its quiet beauty. With a sudden feeling that she might be intruding, she turned to steal away as she had come. A twig crackled under her shoe. The other girl startled, looked up at her with amazement in her eyes, her ripe lips apart as if ready to utter an exclamation that would not come. The youth's eyes also were upon her. The intruder, feeling painfully out of place, laughed awkwardly, her cheeks turning a brilliant pink.

"I did not mean to disturb you," she stammered. "I wanted to see the Falls and—and—well, you happened to be here."

Jud recovered himself first and, in visible agitation, arose, not forgetting to assist to her feet his wife, who in all her life had seen no such creature as this. To her the stranger was like a visitor from another world. Her own world had been Clay Township. She did not dream that she was the cause of envy in the heart of the immaculate stranger, who, perhaps, for the first time in her short, butterfly life, was looking upon a

perfect type of rural health and loveliness.

"You don't disturb us," said Jud quickly. "I was only trying to draw the Falls and I—we don't mind. You can see very well if you will step over here by the tree."

"But you must not let me disturb you for the tiniest second. Please go on with your drawing," said the stranger, pausing irresolutely. She was waiting for an invitation from the vivid creature at Jud's side.

"He has it nearly finished," said Justine, almost unconsciously. The new arrival was charmed more than ever by the soft, timid voice.

"Won't you let me see the picture, too?" she asked eagerly. "Let me be the critic. I'll promise not to be harsh." But Jud, suddenly diffident, put the picture behind him and shook his head with an embarrassed smile.

"Oh, it's no good," he said. "I don't know anything about drawing and—"

"Let me judge as to that," persisted Grey Gown, more eager than before, now that she had found opposition. "I am sure it must be good. Your modesty is the best recommendation." She held forth her small gloved hand appealingly. Justine looked upon that hand in admiration. It was so unlike her own strong brown hand.

"It isn't quite finished," objected Jud, pleased and almost at ease. She was charmingly fair and unconventional.

"This is the first time he ever tried to get the Falls," apologised Justine, and her smile bewitched the would-be critic. She was charmed with these healthy, comely strangers, found so unexpectedly in the wilds. They were not like the rustics she had seen or read about.

"Then I'll watch him finish it," she said decisively. "Will it take a very long while?"

"Just a few more lines," said Jud. "But I can't work with any one looking on."

"Wasn't this young lady looking on?" "Oh, but I am different," cried Justine.

"I know," said the other delightedly, "you are—are sweethearts. Of course, that does make a difference. Now, aren't you sweethearts?" The two flushed unreasonably and exchanged glances.

"I guess it's not hard to guess that," said Jud lamely. "You probably saw us before we saw you."

"Show her the picture," murmured Justine, dimly conscious that she and Jud had seemed amusing to a stranger. Jud reluctantly held up the sketching board. The stranger uttered a little cry of amazement.

"Why!" she cried, looking from the picture to the Falls up the glen, "this is clever!" Then a quizzical expression came into her eyes and she looked from one to the other with growing uncertainty. "Pardon me, I thought you were—I mean, I thought you lived near here. You must overlook my very strange behaviour. But you will admit that you are dressed like country people, and you are tanned, and—" Here she checked herself in evident confusion.

"And we are country people," said Jud blankly. The young lady looked bewildered.

"Are you in earnest?" she demanded doubtfully. "Are you not out here from the city?"

"We have lived all our lives within five miles of this spot," said Jud, flushing.

"And I have never seen a big city," added Justine, first to divine the cause of the stranger's mistake. The critic thought herself to be in the presence of a genius from some city studio. It was a pretty and unfeigned compliment to Jud's picture.

"I cannot believe it," she cried. "You may live here, sir, but you have studied drawing. I have never seen a more perfect sketch."

"I have never taken an hour's instruction in my life," said Jud, his voice trembling with joy.

"Oh, now I know you have been trifling with me," she cried, flushing slightly.

"It is the truth, isn't it, Justine? I thought anybody could see that I know nothing about drawing. I only wish I could go to an art school."

"You really are in earnest?" the stranger asked, looking from one to the other. "Then, you must tell me all about yourself. A man with your talents should not be lost in these wilds. You have a wonderful gift. Truly, I can hardly believe even now that you are not deceiving me."

The two glanced at each other rather helplessly, not knowing how to reply.

"You have looked at the Falls," stammered Jud at last. The girl in grey laughed and her eyes went to Justine's rich, warm face as if expecting her to join in the merriment at his expense. Justine, however, was too deep in admiration to think of smiling. Caught by the gaze of the stranger, she was at last forced to smile vaguely.

"I haven't time for the Falls," said the stranger. "I am only interested in you. You are worth cultivating. Dear me, if I had you in Chicago I'd make a lion of you. How long have you been hiding this talent out here in the woods?"

Then Jud proceeded to tell her in a disjointed, self-conscious manner how he had been drawing ever since he was a child; how his mother had assisted him; how Justine had encouraged him; how much he longed to be an artist. At the end of his brief biography the listener abruptly asked:

"Will you sell me this picture?"

"I—I—if you'd really like to have it, I—I—will give it to you. I could not ask you anything for it. It's not worth a price. Besides, you've been so kind to me. Won't you accept it as a gift?" he answered, beginning awkwardly but ending eagerly. Justine's eyes were pleading with the young lady to take it.

"But you must let me pay you for it. You don't know me, nor I you; you are under no obligation to me. And I would rather pay you for it. You see, it may be your start in life."

"It's not worth anything," objected Jud.

"I know what it is worth. Fifty dollars is cheap."

Before she had finished speaking she was counting the money from her purse. Thrusting five bills into Jud's hand, she snatched up the picture and said:

"It's a bargain, isn't it? You can't take back the picture, because you have accepted payment."

"Good heaven!—I mean, I can't take all of this!"

"But you can and shall," she cried, delightedly. "It is not enough, I'm sure, but it is all I have with me. Some day, when you are famous, I shall have a valuable picture. Now I must be going. My mother and brother are probably in

convulsions. See them? Don't they look angry? Our train had to wait three hours over at the other side of the woods until they could repair the engine. We had a break-down."

"I wish you wouldn't force me to—" Jud began.

"Don't object, now!" she cried. "I am the gainer. Save that money to give to your sweetheart on your wedding day. That's a very pretty idea, isn't it? I know she will approve—" and here she came to Justine and kissed her. "I know I should like you very much," she said honestly. Justine felt a queer sensation in her throat and her heart went out more than ever to the girl in grey.

"Remember, it is to be your wedding present when the sweet day comes."

Jud and Justine glanced sheepishly at each other, but before either had found words to tell her they were already married she was hastening away.

"Oh, by the way," she cried, turning back, "what is your name?"

"Dudley Sherrod."

"It would be well for me to know it when you are famous. Good-bye!" she called cheerily.

Jud hesitated an instant.

"Won't you tell me your name?" he cried. Justine clasped his arm in mute astonishment.

The receding girl turned, smiled and held up her card, hastily withdrawn from its case. It fluttered to the grass and she was gone.

CHAPTER VII.

LEAVING PARADISE

Jud hurried down the slope and snatched up the piece of cardboard. His eyes sought the name, then the departing enchantress. His heart was full of thankfulness to the stranger whose grey figure was disappearing among the oaks.

"She seems just like the fairy queen in the stories we used to read, Jud," said Justine. Looking over his shoulders, she read aloud: "'Miss Wood'. Oh, dear; it doesn't give her first name. How I wish I knew it!"

"And it don't say where she lives," said Jud slowly.

"Chicago, I'm sure. Don't you re-

member what she said about wishing she had you there? Dear me, what could she do with a country boy like you in that great place? Harve Crose says there are more people there than there are in this whole county. But wasn't she nice, Jud, wasn't she nice? And did you ever see such a beautiful face?" Here Jud's sober, thoughtful eyes looked so intently upon his wife's brilliant face that she blushed under the unspoken compliment. "And her clothes, Jud! Weren't they grand? Oh, oh, I never saw any one like her!"

The two walked slowly homeward, excitedly discussing the fair stranger and her generosity. All the evening she and the fifty dollars so unexpectedly acquired were the topics of conversation. Jud insisted upon buying a new dress for Justine—as a "wedding present"—but she demurred. The money was to go into the bank the next day, she insisted, and she ruled.

He was lying beneath a big tree in the yard, looking up at the stars, reflectively drawing a long spear of wire grass through his teeth. She sat beside him, her back against the tree, serene, proud and happy. It was he who broke the long silence, dreamily.

"I wonder if I could make it go in Chicago?"

She started from her reverie and her hand fell upon his arm. For an instant her big eyes narrowed as if trying to penetrate some shadow. In another moment they opened wide again and she was earnestly seeking to convince him that he could succeed in the great city.

The months sped by and side by side they toiled, she with love and devotion in her soul, he with ambition added. As the winter came he slaved with his pencil and pen, his heart bound to the new hope. The prediction at Proctor's Falls had inspired him; the glowing blue eyes had not lied to him even though the lips might have flattered. She had praised his work and she knew! She *must* have known what he could do!

Justine shared the enthusiasm that had been awakened by Miss Wood. She looked upon that young woman as a goddess who had transformed her husband into a genius whose gifts were to make the world fall down in worship.

As the spring drew near Jud began

to speak more often of the city and his chances for success there. He could see the pride and devotion in his wife's eyes, but he could also see a certain dim, wistful shadow in the depths. He knew she was grieving over the fear that some day he would desert their happy, simple home and rush out into the world, leaving her behind until he had won a place for her. She knew that he could not take her with him at the outset. He was to try his fortune in the strange, big city, and she was to stay in the little cottage and pray for the day to come speedily that would take her to him.

With him, ambition was tempered by love for her and the certainty that he could not leave her even to win fame and fortune. When he allowed himself to think of her alone in the cottage, looking sadly at the stars and thinking of him in the rushing city, he said to himself: "I can't leave her!" Both knew, although neither spoke it aloud, that if he went, he would have to go alone.

Justine understood his hesitation and its cause. She knew that she was holding him back, that she alone kept him from making the plunge into the world, and her heart was sore. Night after night she lay awake in his arms, her poor heart throbbing against his ambitious heart, writhing beneath the certain knowledge that she was the weight about his neck.

One day, late in the fall, when the strain upon her heart had become too great, she broke the fetters. It was at dusk and, coming around the corner of the cottage, she found him sitting on the doorstep, his gaze far away, his dejection showing in the droop of the broad shoulders. A little gasp of pain came from her lips—pain mingled with love and pity for him. She stood for a moment, reading his thoughts as if they were printed before her eyes—thoughts of fame, honour, success, trial, chance! How good, how handsome, how noble he was! She was the weight, the drag! The hour had come for her to decide. He would never say the word—that much she knew.

"Jud," she said, standing bravely before him. He looked up, shaking off his dream. "Don't you think it about time you were trying your luck in Chicago? You surely have worked hard enough at your drawing, and I don't see why you put it off any longer."

For a moment he was unable to speak. Into his eyes came a blur of tears.

"But, Justine, dear, how are we to live there? They say it takes a fortune," he said. There was a breath of eagerness in his voice and she detected it.

She sat beside him and laid her arm about his shoulder. He turned his face to hers, wondering, and their eyes met. For a long time neither spoke by tongue, but they understood. A sob came into his throat as he lifted her hand from her lap and drew her to him almost convulsively.

"Justine, I can't do that! I can't go away off there and leave you here alone. Why, sweetheart, I'd die without you," he cried.

"But when you are able, dear, to take me to you in the great city, we can be the happiest people in the world," she said huskily. "I'll be lonesome and you'll be lonesome, but it won't be for long. You will succeed. I know it, dear, and you must not waste another day in this wilderness—"

"It is the sweetest place in the world," he cried passionately. "Wilderness? With you here beside me? O Justine, it will be wilderness if I go away from you."

"Surely, *surely*, Jud, it is for the best. I know you can't take me now, but you can come after me some day, and then I'll know that I have lost nothing by letting you go. You will be a great—you *will* succeed! Why, Jud, you draw better than any one I ever knew about. Your pictures even now are better than any I have ever seen. They can't help liking you in Chicago. You must go—you must, Jud!" She was talking rapidly, excitedly.

"You love me so much that you are blind, dear. Up in Chicago they have thousands of artists who are better than I am and they are starving. Wait a minute! Suppose I should fail! Suppose they should laugh at me and I couldn't get work! What then? I have no money, no friends up there. If I don't get on, what is to become of me? Did you ever think of that?"

"Haven't you me and this little farm to come back to, Jud? I'll be here and I'll love you more than ever. And I'll die here on this old place with you beside me, and never be sorry that you couldn't do for me everything you wish," she said

solemnly. Then she went on quickly. "But you won't fail—you can't, Jud, you can't. Don't you remember what pretty Miss Wood said about your work? Well, didn't she know? Of course, she did. She *lives* in Chicago and she knows."

"If I knew where to find her or to write to her, she might help me," said he, a new animation in his voice. "But there's no one I can write to. I don't know how to go about it."

"Go about it like other boys have done. Lots of them have gone out into the world and won their way. Now, Jud, when will you go?" The moment of decision came too suddenly. He was not ready to meet it.

"I—I—oh, we can talk about this later on," he faltered.

"We must settle it now."

"Do you want me to go?" he asked, after a moment.

"Yes, I do, Jud."

"How queer you are! I'd rather die than leave you, and yet you want me to go away from you," he said inconsistently.

"Don't say that! I love you better than my life! Don't you see that is why I want you to go? It is because I love you so, oh, so much—and I know it is for the best. It's not like losing you altogether. We'll be with each other soon, I know. You can come home to see me every once in awhile, don't you see? And then, when you feel that you can do so, you will take your poor little country girl into the great city to live with you. You'll be great then; will you be ashamed of me?"

"Ashamed of you!" he cried.

For a long time he held her in his arms in the twilight, and pleaded with her to let him remain. To her courage, to the breaking of her heart, was due the step which started him out into the world to seek his fortune and hers.

The day was set for his departure. She drew from the bank the fifty dollars his first picture had brought and pressed it into his reluctant hands. It was she who drove him to the village. In the pocket of his Sunday clothes he carried the names of newspaper artists, so familiar to him; they were the men he was to see—the strangers who were to be his Samaritans. If they lent him a helping hand all might go well.

She was to live without him in the little paradise, with old Mrs. Crane and Caleb Spangler's boy as companions. They were to conduct the affairs of the farm through the winter months, while he fought for a footing in another universe.

It was a sobbing girl who lay all that night in the broad bed, thinking of the boy whose curly head was missing from the pillow beside her, whose loving arms were gone, perhaps forever.

'Gene Crawley knew of Jud's intentions long before his departure. In fact, the whole township was aware of the great undertaking, and there was more or less gossip and no end of doubt as to the wisdom of the step. It was generally conceded that Jud was a bright boy, but still "he wuzn't much to git ahead, even out in the country, so how in tarnation did he expect to make it go in the city?" A few of the evil-minded saw signs of waning love in the Sherrod cottage; others slyly winked and intimated that 'Gene Crawley had something to do with it, and the whole neighbourhood solemnly shook hands with Jud and "Hoped he'd come back richer'n Vanderbilt."

Crawley saw them drive away to the station in the village and he saw the dejected young wife come slowly homeward at dusk. That night while she rolled and sobbed in her bed he sat on the fence across the lane from the dark cottage until long after midnight.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST WAS A CRIMINAL

Jud's first night in Chicago was sleepless, even bedless. The train rolled into the Dearborn Street station at ten o'clock and he stumbled out into the smoky, clanging train sheds among countless strangers. It was all different from the station platform at Glenville, or even the more pretentious depot in the town that had seen his short college career. Sharp rebuffs, amused smiles and sarcastic rejoinders met his innocent queries as he wandered aimlessly about the station, carrying his ungainly "telescope." Dis-mayed and resentful, he refrained from asking questions; at last, and for more than an hour, he sat upon one of the un-

friendly benches near the gates. Once he plucked up enough courage to ask a stranger when he could get a train back to Glenville.

"Never heard of Glenville," was the unfeeling response.

The crowds did not interest the new arrival; he saw the people and the novelties of a great city through dim, homesick eyes, and thought only of the old, familiar, well-beloved fences, lanes and pastures and Justine's sad face. His ambition waned. He realised that he did not belong in this great, unkind place; he saw that he was an object of curiosity and amusement; keenly he felt the inconsiderate stares of passers-by, and indeed he knew that his own strangeness was an excuse for the smiles which made him shrink with mortification. An old gentleman stopped at the news-stand hard by and selected a magazine. He stood beneath a dazzling arc light and turned the pages, glancing at the pictures. Jud was attracted by the honest kindliness of his face, and approached him. The old gentleman looked up.

"Excuse me, sir, but I am a stranger here and I'd like to ask a favour," said Jud. He found that his voice was hoarse.

"I have nothing for you," said the old gentleman, returning to the magazine.

"I'm not a beggar," cried Jud, drawing back, cut to the quick.

"Don't you want enough to get a bed or something for a starving mother to eat?" sarcastically demanded the old gentleman, taking another look at the youth.

"I have had nothing but hard words since I came into this depot and God knows I've tried to be respectful. What am I that every one should treat me like a dog? Do I look like a beggar or a thief? I know I look just what I am, a country boy, but that oughtn't to turn people against me." Jud uttered these words in a voice trembling with pent-up anger and the tears of a long-tried indignation. Suddenly his eyes flashed and he blurted forth the real fierceness of his feelings in a savage and, for him, unusual display of resentment: "For two cents I'd tell the whole damn crowd to go to hell!"

It was this intense and startling expression that convinced the stranger of Jud's genuineness. There was no mistaking the sincerity of that wrath.

"My boy, you shouldn't say that. This in a big and busy city and you must get used to the ways of it. I see you are a good, honest lad and I beg pardon for my unkind words. Now, tell me, what can I do for you? My train leaves in ten minutes, so we have no time to spare. Tell me what you are doing here."

Jud's heart leaped at the sound of these, the first kindly tones he had heard, and he poured forth the disjointed story of his ambitions, not once thinking that the stranger could have no personal interest in them, and indeed, he had won an attentive listener.

"You're the sort of a boy I like," exclaimed the grey-haired Chicagoan, grasping the boy's hand. "I'll be back in Chicago in three or four days and I'll do all I can to help you. Get along here as best you can till next Friday, and then come to see me. Here is my card," and he handed forth an engraved piece of cardboard. "Don't forget it, now, for I am interested in you. Damn'd if I don't like a boy who talks as you did awhile ago. I feel that way myself sometimes. Good-bye; I must get this train. Friday morning, Mr.—oh, what is your name?"

"Dudley Sherrod, sir, and I'm much obliged to you. But I wanted to ask a favour of you. Where can I find a place to sleep?"

"Good Lord, was that all you wanted?" And then the old gentlemen directed him to a near-by hotel. "Stay there to-night, and if it's too high priced, hunt a cheaper place to-morrow. There goes my train!" Jud looked after him as he raced down the yard and drew a breath of relief as he swung upon the rear platform of the last sleeper, awkwardly but safely.

Then he read the card, "Christopher Barlow," it said, "Investment Broker." It seemed promising, and with a somewhat lighter heart he made his way to his cumbersome valise, so unlike the neat boxes carried by other travellers, and prepared for the walk out into the lamp-lights of a Chicago street. He found the hotel, but had to occupy a chair in the office all night, for the rooms were full. A kind-hearted clerk gave him permission to remain there until morning, observing his fatigue and his loneliness. He even checked the boy's valise for him and told him where he could "wash up."

It was Tuesday morning when he started forth for his first walk about the streets of Chicago. The clerk recommended a cheap lodging house, and he found it without much difficulty and began to feel more at home. Some one told him how to reach the *Record* office, and he was soon asking a youth in the counting-room where he could find a certain artist. Here he encountered a peculiar rebuff. He was told that the artists did not go to work until nearly noon. To Jud, who had always gone to work at four in the morning, this was almost incomprehensible. In his ignorance, he at once began to see the easy life he could lead if ever he could obtain such a position.

All the morning he wandered about State and Clark Streets, Wabash Avenue and the Lake Front. Everything was new and marvellous—from the lowly cot in the lane to the fifteen-story monsters in Chicago; from the meadows and cornfields to the miles of bewildering thoroughfares; from the occasional vehicle or passing farm-hand of the "pike" to the thousands of rushing men and women on the congested sidewalks; from the hay-racks and the side-boarded grain wagon to the clanging street cars and the "L" trains; from the homely garb of the yokel to the fashionable clothes of the swell. It is a striking transition when it comes suddenly.

In the afternoon he was directed to the room of the newspaper artist. He carried with him his batch of drawings and his heart was in his shoes. Already he had begun to learn something of the haste of city life. How could he hope to win more than the passing attention of the busy man? Several girls in the counting-room giggled as he strode by, and his ears flamed red. He did not know that more than one of those girls admired his straight, strong figure and sunburnt face.

The artist was drawing at his board when Jud entered the little room facing Fifth Avenue. There was no halo of glory hovering over the rumpled head, nor was there a sign of the glorious studio his dreams had pictured. He found himself standing in the doorway of what looked like a junk shop. Desks were strewn with drawing boards, cardboard, pens, pads, weights, thumb-tacks, unmounted photographs and a heterogene-

ous assortment of things he had never seen before. The cartoonist barely glanced at him as he stepped inside the doorway.

"Morning," remarked the eminent man, and coolly resumed work on the drawing. Jud was stricken dumb by this indifference, expected as it was. He forgot the speech he had made up and stood hesitating, afraid to advance or retreat.

"Is this Mr. Brush?" he asked at length, after his disappointed eyes had swept the untidy den from floor to ceiling. Was this the room of a great artist? Shattered dream! The walls were covered with flaring posters, rough sketches, cheaply framed cartoons and dozens of odds and ends such as one sees in the junk shops of art.

"Yes," was the brief response. "Have a chair. I'll talk to you in a minute." Jud sat in a chair near the door, his fingers spasmodically gripping the humble package of drawings he had brought all the way from the fields of Clay Township to show to this surly genius whose work had been his inspiration.

"Fine day," said Mr. Brush, his head bent low over the board.

"Yes, sir," responded the visitor, who thought it one of the most dismal days in his life. After fully ten minutes of awkward silence, during which Jud found himself willing to hate the artist and that impolite pen, the artist straightened up in his chair and for the first time surveyed his caller.

"Do you want to see me about something?"

"I want to show you some of my drawings if you have time to look at 'em—them, sir," said Jud timidly.

"Oh, you're another beginner who wants a job, eh?" said the other a trifle sardonically. "Let's see 'em. I can tell you in advance, however, that you'll have a devil of a time finding an opening in Chicago. Papers all full and a hundred fellows looking for places. Live here? Oh, I see—from the country—" this after a swift inspection of his visitor's general make-up. "I am a little busy just now. Can you come in at six o'clock?"

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry I bothered you," said Jud, glad, in his disillusionment, to find an excuse for leaving the crowded workshop. The artist, whimsical as are

all men of his profession, suddenly fell to admiring the young man's face. It was a strong type, distinctly sketchable.

"Wait a minute. I have an engagement at six, come to think of it. I'll look at 'em now," he said, still gazing. Jud reluctantly placed the package on the table and proceeded, with nervous fingers, to untie the string which Justine had so lovingly but so stubbornly knotted. Every expression of the eager, embarrassed face impressed itself upon the keen eye of the watcher. It was with little or no interest, however, that Mr. Brush took up the little stock of drawings. This boy was but one of a hundred poor, aspiring fellows who had wearied him with their miserable efforts.

"Did you draw these?" he asked, after he had looked at three or four. Even Jud in all his embarrassment could see that his face had suddenly turned serious.

"Yes, sir, certainly," answered Jud.

"Didn't copy them?"

"No, sir. They are pictures of places and objects down in Glenville."

"Where is that?"

"In Indiana. You don't think they are copies, do you?"

"Drew 'em from life?" asked the other incredulously.

"Of course I did," said Jud with acerbity.

"Don't get mad, my boy. How long have you been drawing?"

"Since I was a boy—'knee-high to a duck'—as we say down there."

"Ever have any instructions?"

"No, sir. I haven't been able to afford it. I want to go to an art school when I have raised the money."

The artist looked through the pack without another word and Jud fidgeted under the strain. He was anxious to have the critic condemn his work so that he could flee and have done with it.

"Here's a pad of paper and a pencil. See how long it will take you to sketch that elevated track and the building across the street. Sit up here near the window," commanded the artist.

Jud's nerve fled as he found himself called upon to draw beneath the eye of an expert, and it was only after some little urging that he was induced to attempt the sketch. He felt uncertain, incompetent, uncomfortable, mainly because he was to draw objects entirely new

to his eyes. It was not like sketching the old barns and fences down in Clay Township. Closing his jaws determinedly, however, he began the task, wondering why he was doing so in the face of a decision he had reached but a moment before. He had come to the conclusion that it was not worth while to try for a place in Chicago and had made up his mind to go back to the farm, defeated. In twenty minutes he had a good accurate outline of all that met his keen gaze beyond the window-sill, and was beginning to "fill in" when the artist checked him.

"That's enough. You can do it, I see. Now, I believe that you drew all these from life and nature. What's your name?"

"Dudley Sherrod."

"Well, Mr. Sherrod, I don't know you nor do I know where Glenville is, but I will say this much to you: a man who can draw such pictures as these is entitled to consideration anywhere. It kind o' paralyzes you, eh? You may rest assured that I am sincere, because we don't praise a man's work unless it is deserving. What are you doing up here? Looking for work?"

"I want to earn enough at something to give me a start, that's all. Do you really think I'll do, Mr. Brush?" His eyes were actually snapping with excitement.

"You can be made to do. It's in you. Try your hand at newspaper illustrating and then sail in for magazine work, etching, paintings—thunder, you can do it, if you have the nerve to stick to it!"

"But how am I to get work on a paper?"

"There are twenty-five applicants ahead of you here, and we are to lose a man next month—Mr. Kirby, who goes to New York. I'll see that you get his place. In the meantime, you'll have to wait until the first of the month and, if you like, you may hang around the office and go out with the fellows on some of their assignments, just for practice. You won't get much of a salary to begin with, but you'll work up. I'm darn glad you came here first."

"How do you know I came here first?"

"Because you wouldn't have got away from another paper if you'd gone there. Have you any friends in the city?"

"No, sir—yes, I did meet a gentleman

at the depot last night. I'm to call on him next Friday. Do you know him?" Sherrod gave him Christopher Barlow's card. The artist glanced at it and, without a word, picked up a photograph from his desk.

"This the man?"

"Why, yes—isn't it funny you'd have it?"

"And here is his daughter." This time he displayed the picture of a beautiful girl. "And his wife, too." Jud held the three portraits in his hand, wondering how they came to be in the artist's possession. "Mrs. Barlow committed suicide this morning."

"Good heavens! you don't mean it. And has Mr. Barlow come home?"

"That's the trouble, my boy. You'll have a good deal to learn in Chicago and you can't trust very much to anybody. You see, old man Barlow, who has been looked upon as the soul of honour, skipped town last night with a hundred thousand dollars belonging to depositors and he is now where the detectives can't find him."

Jud was staggered. That kindly old gentleman a thief! The first man to give him a gentle word in the great city a fleeing criminal! He felt a cold perspiration start on his forehead. What manner of world was this?

His first day in Chicago ended with the long letter he wrote to Justine, an epistle teeming with enthusiasm and joy, brimming over with descriptions and experiences, not least of which was the story of Christopher Barlow.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ENCOUNTER WITH CRAWLEY.

Justine received his letter at the end of the week. The three days intervening between his departure and its arrival had seemed almost years. Since their marriage day they had not been separated for more than twelve consecutive hours. It was the first night she had spent alone—the night which followed his departure. In her brief, blissful married life it was the only night she had spent without his arm for a pillow.

The days were bleak and oppressive; she lived in a daze, almost to the point of unconsciousness. The nights brought

dismal forebodings, cruel dreams and sudden awakenings. She felt lost in strange and unfriendly surroundings; where love, tenderness and joy had been the reigning forces there was now only loneliness. No object seemed familiar to her. Everything that had given personality to the little farm was gone with the whistle of a locomotive, the clacking of railway coaches, the clanging of a bell. The landscape was not the same, the sky was no longer blue, the moon and stars were sombre. Yank, the dog, moped about the place, purposeless, sad-eyed and with no ambition in his erstwhile frisky tail.

Jud had been gone more than half a day when curious neighbours pulled up their horses at the gate.

"Heerd from Jed? How's he gittin' 'long in Chickawgo?"

"I haven't heard, Mr. Martin, but I am expecting a letter soon. How long does it take mail to get here from Chicago?"

"Depends a good deal on how fer it is."

"Oh, it's over a hundred miles, I know."

"Seems to me y' oughter be hearin' 'fore long, then. Shell I ast ef they's any mail fer you down to the post-office?"

"I have sent Charlie Spangler to the toll-gate, thank you."

"Git ep!"

Mail reached the cross-roads post-office twice a day, carried over by wagon from Glenville. Little Charlie Spangler was at the toll-gate morning and evening, at least half an hour before Mr. Hardesty drove up with the slim pouch, but it was not until the third morning that he was rewarded. Then came a thick envelope on which blazed the Chicago postmark. Every hanger-on about the toll-gate unhesitatingly declared the handwriting to be that of Jud Sherrod. It was addressed to Mrs. Dudley Sherrod. The letter was passed around for inspection before it was finally delivered to the proud boy, who ran nearly all the way to Justine's in his eagerness to learn as much as he could of its contents. Jim Hardesty had promised him a bunch of Yucatan if he brought all the news to the toll-gate before supper time.

Justine knew the letter had come when she saw the spindle-shanked boy racing up the lane. She was awaiting the messenger at the gate.

"Is it from Jud?" she cried, hurrying to meet him, her face glowing once more. He was waving the epistle on high.

"That's what they all say," he panted, as he drew near. "Jim says he'd know Jud's writin' if he wrote in Chinese."

The poor, lonesome girl read the long letter as if it were the most thrilling novel, fascinated by every detail, enthralled by the wonderful experiences of her boy husband in the great city. His descriptions of places, people and customs, as they appeared to his untrained, marvelling eye, were vivid, though disconnected. Then came the narration of his experience with the artist, supplemented by playful boasting, and the welcome news that he was to have employment on the great newspaper.

Justine had not from the first doubted his ability to find work in the city. While she glowed with pride and happiness, there was a little bitterness in her lonely heart. In that moment she realised that there had existed, unknown and unfelt, a hope that he would fail and that the failure would send him back to gladden the little home. Afterward the bitterness gave way to rejoicing. Success to him meant success and happiness to both; his struggle was for her as well as for himself and the end would justify the sacrifice of the beginning. It could not be for long—he had already clutched the standard of fame, and she knew him to be a man who would bear it forward as long as there was life and health. She had supreme faith in his ambition—the only rival to his love.

She read certain parts of his letter aloud to Mrs. Crane and Charlie, glorying in their astonished ejaculations, widespread eyes and excited "ohs." Within herself she felt a certain wifely superiority, a little disdain for their surprise, a certain pity for their ignorance. With a touch of self-importance, innocently natural, she enjoyed the emotions of her companions, forgetting that she had just begun to break through the chrysalis of ignorance that still bound them.

Before "supper time" Charlie Spangler was in possession of the Yucatan and Jim Hardesty's place was ringing with the news of Jud's success. Long before the night was over certain well-informed and calculating individuals were prophesying that inside of five years he would be run-

ning for the presidency of the United States.

"Y gosh!" volunteered Mr. Hardesty, "thet boy's got it in him to be shurriff of this county, ef he'd a mind to run. 'F he stays up there in Chickawgo fer a year er two an' tends to his knittin' like a sensible feller 'd oughter, he'll come back here with a record so derved hard to beat thet it wouldn't be a whipstitch tell he'd be the most pop'lar man in the hull county. Chickawgo puts a feller in the way of big things, an' I bet three dollars Jed wouldn't have no trouble 't all gittin' the enomination fer shurriff."

"Shurriff, thunder! What'd he wanter run fer shurriff fer. Thet's no office fer a Chickawgo man. They run fer jedge or general or senator or somethin' high-falutin'. I heerd it said onct thet there has been more presidents of the United States come from Chickawgo than from airy other State in the West. What Jed'll be doin' 'fore long will be to come out fer president or vice-president, you mark my words, boys." Thus spake Uncle Sammy Godfrey, the sage of Clay Township. He had been a voter for sixty years and his opinion on things political was next to law.

'Gene Crawley soon heard the news. He had been awaiting the letter with almost as much impatience as had Justine. If such a creature as he could pray, it had been his prayer that Justine's husband might find constant employment in Chicago. The torture of knowing that she was another man's wife could be assuaged if he were not compelled to see the happiness they found in being constantly together. He could have shouted for joy when he heard that Jud was to live in Chicago and that she was to remain on the farm, near him, for a time, at least.

"Well, Jed's gone, 'Gene," said Mrs. Hardesty meaningly, as he leaned over the greasy counter that evening. "'Spose you don't keer much, do you?"

"Don't give a damn, one way or t'other," responded he darkly, puffing away at his pipe. Despite his apparent calmness, his teeth were almost biting the cane pipe stem in two. "Has he got a job?"

"He's goin' to draw picters fer a newspaper up there, an' they do say the pay's immense."

"How much is he to git?"

"He says in his letter he's to start out with \$15 a week an'll soon be gittin' twict as much."

"You mean a *month*."

"No; a week, 'Gene. Thet's what the letter said."

"Aw, what you givin' us! Him to git \$15 a week? Why, goldern it, I'm only gittin' \$18 a month, an' I've allus been counted a better hand 'n him. Who said that was in the letter?"

Jealousy was getting the better of 'Gene.

"Charlie Spangler heerd Justine Van read it right out loud, an' he's a powerful quick-witted boy. He gen'rally hears things right."

"He's the cussedest little liar in Clay Township," snarled 'Gene.

"You know better'n that, 'Gene Crawley. You're jest mad 'cause Jed's doin' well, thet's what you air, an' you know it," cried she.

"Mad? What fer?" exclaimed he, trying to recover his temper for the first time in his life.

"'Cause you're jealous an' 'cause he's got her, thet's what fer," she said, conscious that she was stirring his violent nature to the boiling point. But, to her surprise—and to his own, for that matter—he gulped and laughed coarsely.

"Well, he's welcome to her, ain't he?" he asked. "Who's got a better right?"

"Thet ain't the way you talked a year ago," she said meaningly.

"You know too dern much," he said and walked away, leaving behind him a thoroughly dissatisfied woman. But Mrs. Hardesty did not know how deeply she had cut nor how he raged inwardly as he hurried homeward through the night.

Several days later he boldly climbed the meadow fence and, for the first time since the fight, started across Justine's property on a short cut to the hills. What his object was in going to the hills in the dusk of that evening he himself did not clearly understand, but at the bottom of it all was the desire to intrude upon forbidden ground. Beneath the ugliness of his motive, however, there lurked a certain timidity. He was conscious that he was trespassing and he knew she would not like it. But if she saw him cross the meadow, he never knew it. His intention

had been, of course, to attract her notice, and he was filled with disappointment. Late in the night he walked back from the hills. There was a light in one of her rear windows and he peered eagerly from the garden fence, hoping to catch a glimpse of her. When Yank began to bark he threw stones at the faithful brute and stood his ground, trusting that she would come to the door. He cursed when old Mrs. Crane appeared in the yard, calling in frightened tones to the dog. Then he slunk away in the night. The next day and the next he strode through the meadow. With each failure, he grew uglier and more set in his purpose, for he had a fair certainty that she saw and avoided him.

One evening he ventured across the meadow, his black eyes searching for her. Suddenly he came upon her. She was driving a cow home from a far corner of the pasture leisurely, in the waning daylight, her thoughts of Jud and the future. She did not see Crawley until he was almost beside her, and she could not restrain the gasp of terror. Hoping that he would not speak to her, she hurried on.

"Have you heerd from Jud ag'in, Justine?" he asked, his voice trembling in spite of himself.

"How dare you speak to me?" she cried, not checking her speed, nor glancing toward him.

"Well, I guess I've got a voice an' they ain't no law ag'in me usin' it, is there? What's the use bein' so unfriendly, anyhow? I'll drive the cow in fer you, Justine," he went on, with a strange bashfulness.

His stride toward her brought her to a standstill, her eyes flashing with resentment.

"'Gene Crawley, you've been ordered to keep off of our place and I want you to stay off. If you ever put your foot in this pasture again I'll sic' Yank on you. Don't you ever dare speak to me again." She drew her form to its full height and looked into his face.

"If you sic' Yank on me I'll kill him, jest as I could 'a' killed *him* when we fit over yander by the crick. I let him up fer your sake an' I've been sorry fer it ever sence. Say, Justine, I want to be your friend—"

"Friend!" she exclaimed scornfully. "You're a treacherous dog and you don't

deserve to have a friend on earth. If you were a man you'd keep off this place and quit bothering me. You know that Jud's away and you are coward enough to take the advantage. I want you to go—go at once!"

"You ain't got no right to call me a coward," he growled.

"Do you think it brave to say what you did about me and to make your boasts down at the toll-gate? Is that the way a man acts?"

"Somebody's been lyin' to you—" he began confusedly.

"No! You did say it and there's no use lying to me. I loathe you worse than a snake and I wouldn't trust you as far. 'Gene Crawley, I've got a loaded shotgun in the house. So help me God, I'll kill you if you don't keep away from me."

She was in deadly earnest, and he knew it. The rage of despair burned away every vestige of the brutal confidence in which he had intruded upon her little domain.

"I'm not a bad feller, Justine," he began, with a mixture of defiance and humbleness in his voice. It was now dark and they were alone, but she com-

manded the situation despite her quaking heart.

"You lie, 'Gene Crawley!" she exclaimed. "You are a drunken brute and you don't deserve to be spoken to by any woman. You are not fit to talk to—to—to the hogs!"

He clenched his fists and an oath sprang to his lips. "I've a notion to—" he hissed, but could not complete the threat. The suppressed words were "brain you."

"I expect you to," she cried. "Why don't you do it, you coward?" He glared at her for a moment, baffled. Suddenly his eyes fell, his shoulders trembled and his voice broke.

"I wouldn't hurt you for the whole world, Justine." He turned and walked away from her without another word.

'Gene Crawley never touched liquor after that night. "Not fit to talk to the hogs," "a drunken brute," were sentences that curdled in his heart, freezing forever the lust of liquor. He was beginning to crave the respect of a woman. Deep in his soul lay the hope that if he could only cease drinking he might win more than respect from her.

(To be continued.)



PSALM

Silver and silk in the mad morning sunlight
Glimmer the cobwebs, half lace and half dew.
Straightway my soul breasts the glad air to you
Just because all the sweet world is so bright.
Here, while the hour and the glory bear glory,
Come I victorious out of the night.

This is my psalm: I have touched my way through
Darkness. Now though there be death in the world,
Just to know passionate joy in that pearly
Satin petal is not to have failed. This I knew
When I first heard my soul sing at your window.

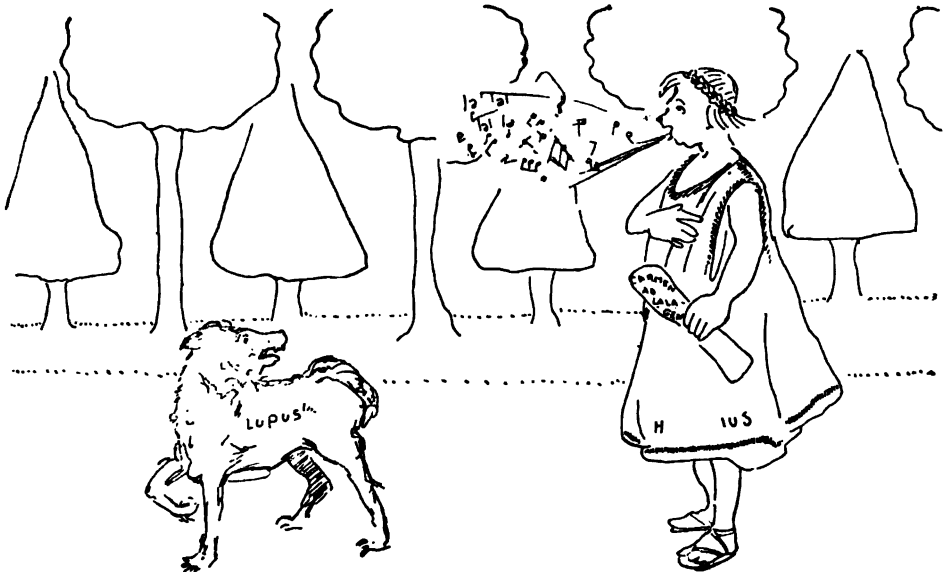
Laurelled am I by the petals and you.

Zond Galt.

ELUCIDATIONS OF HORACE



Tecum Philippos et celerem fugem
Sensi, relictā non bene parmula,
Cum fracta virtus et minaces
Turpe solum tetigere mento.



Namque me silva lupus in Sabina
Dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis
Fugit inermem.



Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloë.



Oblivioso levia Massico
Ciboria exple!



Odi Persicos, puer, apparatus.



... omnium
Versatur urna serius ocus
Sors exitura.



Sublimi feriam vertice sidera.



Debita sparges lacrima favillam
Vatis amici.

IN ARCADY.

By Hamilton W. Mabie.

I.

THE PIPES OF THE FAUN.

The tenderest green was on the foliage, the whitest clouds were in the sky, and the showers were so sudden that the birds were hardly dry of one wetting before there came another. These swift dashes of rain seemed to fall out of the clear blue, so mysteriously did the light clouds dissolve into the depths of heaven after every rush of pattering drops in the woods. It was the first spring day. The season had come shyly up from the south, as if half afraid to trust its sensitive growths to the harsh airs and rough caresses of the northern winds. And sky and woods wore their happiest smiles for the laggard season, and were bent on the gayest revels, now that the guest had come.

The last traces of the snow had hardly vanished and there were damp, cool places in the shadow of rocks, where winter still waited to be driven out by those searching fingers of light which leave no hidden leaf or buried root untouched. The woods that morning were like an empty stage upon which the curtain has been rolled up. There were no moving figures, but there were murmurs of sound, mysterious noises, stirrings of things out of sight, which made one aware that the play was about to begin. There were signs of impatience in the great, silent theatre, as if the first lines had already been delayed too long. The sky and the earth were getting more intimate every hour; secret forces, mysterious influences, were moving in the depths of air, and over the surface of the world there played a subtle and elusive softness, the first faint breath of summer; the softest sigh of returning life.

Last year's leaves lay dull red in the hollow between the low hills, and the black trunks of oaks made the light, slender clusters of white birches stand out with bright distinctness on the slopes.

The green on the birches was so delicate that, looking from a little distance, it seemed more like a shading than a colour; but the clean blue of the sky, blurred at times by slowly passing clouds dark with rain, or of such whiteness that they seemed to be erasing every trace of the momentary blackness, confirmed the faint evidence that spring had come.

So, at least, thought the Faun, sitting at ease with his back against an oak, his pipe in his hand and his eye wandering curiously through the open spaces of the wood. So entirely at home was he that solitude or society was alike to him, and the speech of men or of animals equally plain. There were hints of wildness about him; for he was brother to the folk in fur and feather that lived in the wood, although the light in his eye and the pipe in his hand showed that he had travelled far from the old instincts without having lost them. There were hints of human fellowship in his air of seeing the world as well as being a part of it; although the absence of all thought about himself, all questioning of the sky and earth, made one aware that if he held converse with men he talked also with the creatures that slept in the fields and hid in the woods.

He was stretched at ease in a world about which he had never taken thought, being born into it after the manner of the creatures that live in free and joyous use of the things of Nature without any thought of Nature herself. In him, however, the instinctive joy in life had become articulate; he spake for the strange and wild instincts of his kind, although he could not speak of them. In his careless, unconscious, unthinking life all the instincts and appetites and activities of the living things that were fed and housed by Nature played freely, joyfully, without consciousness. He had, however, the gift of speech; and the silent, secretive, sensuous world became articulate on his lips and he was the interpreter of that world to men. Idle, smiling, content

alike with the sun and the cloud, the Faun was so much a part of the streaming life about him that he did not see its beauty or feel its mystery; he was without apprehension or curiosity; he had no tasks or duties; there was no law for him save obedience to his own nature, which was simple, sensuous, without thought or care or obligation. When he put his pipes to his lips and blew a few clear notes there were no echoes of human emotion or experience in them; they might have rained down from the clouds with the song of the skylark, which has the quality of the solitude of the upper air in it, or they might have been borne gently in from a distance, like the tones of the waterfall over the hill. And yet there was something in them which no bird or animal nor any stirring of water or air could have put there; a sense of the mounting life of the world, growing and straining and rushing on to fruition; the stir and murmur and hum of bird and branch and bee; the simple animal joy of sharing the gift of life with all creatures, without a hint of its uses, its meaning, its end, it was the song of life when it knows that it is life and all the instincts, passions and desires awake and fulfil themselves.

These notes, clear, solitary, penetrating, came like an invitation to the boy who had entered the wood without thought or care or desire, save to feel the warmth of the sun and to take what the day offered him. He had never heard such sounds before, but they seemed so much a part of the place and the time that he accepted them as if they were human speech. The Faun himself, visible now through the light growth of the birch trees, brought no surprise; he, too, belonged to the hour and the scene. Instead of shyness a sense of fellowship grew on the boy as he came nearer the pipe and the strange figure which held it. The Faun did not cease his fitful, vagrant music; he, too, seemed to accept the boy as of a piece with the season.

There was a deeper kinship between the two than appeared at the moment. Each had a past strangely different from the other; the roots of the boy's nature reaching back through long generations of thinking, questioning, responsible creatures like himself; the roots of the Faun's

nature deep in the unrecorded experience of thousands of generations of living things that know all the ways of the wood and field and stream and air, but had never thought, questioned or had a duty laid upon them. The Faun had climbed to the point where all this vast, confused, instinctive life had become conscious that it lived; the boy had gone far on into a world in which instinct had become intelligence, passion weakness or power, appetite and desire master or servant. On that spring morning, however, they stood on the same plane of being; for the Faun was happy in the sense of life and the boy was just awakening to the desire of the eye and the joy of the muscles and the bliss of the perfect body in the world which plays upon it as the wind on the harp. He did not know what stirred within him, but he felt as if he had come to his own at last.

The notes of the pipe floated through the wood and were sent back in echoes from the hillside, with bird-notes intermingled, and the soft murmurs of tree tops gently swayed, and the faint tones of water falling from rock to rock hidden by a press of ferns and softened by mosses. The boy threw himself at the Faun's feet and listened; and as he listened the whole world seemed to come to life about him and move together in sheer delight in the cherishing of the sun and the caressing of the clouds. The woods were full of nesting birds; through the trees delicate patterings of feet were heard, as if the creatures who lived in the coverts and hidden places were abroad without fear. The boy seemed to hear a low, far, continuous murmur as of growing things in the ground shyly reaching slender tendrils up for the touch of the sun which was to lift them out of the darkness of birth into the bright mystery of life, as of tiny leaves slowly unfolding on innumerable branches. The whole world seemed to be moving in a vast beginning of things; creeping, shining, expanding, climbing in universal warmth and light. Nothing seemed complete, everything was prophetic; the tide was beginning to ripple in from the fathomless deeps of being; its ultimate sweep and volume, foaming in the vast channels through the mountains and tossing its crested waves to the summits, was still far off in the summer to which all things

moved, but of which there was neither thought nor care on that first day of spring.

It was the stir of life which the boy heard, and the frank, free, unquestioning joy in it which made riot in the mind of the Faun; the mystery and wonder of it were far from the thought of these two creatures of the season, the Faun who had come up the long ascent of animal life, and the boy who stood for a moment with the Faun at the place where joy in the sense of life is at the full. The ways of these two creatures met for one hour that morning in early April, they were comrades in a world given over to lusty strength and mounting gladness in tree and flower and living creature.

To the merry piping of the Faun the boy laughed gleefully; here was the wild playmate who could take him deeper into the woods than he had ever ventured and show him the shy creatures who were always eluding his eager search. And the Faun, who was nearer his brothers of the wood than his brothers of the thatched roof and the vine trained against the wall, saw in the boy a fellow of his own mind; to whom the wind was a challenge to kindred fleetness and the notes of the birds floating down the mountain side invitations to adventure and action.

The boy might have been twelve or thirteen; the Faun seemed to be of no age; he had never thought and time had left no trace on his brow or in his eye; he might have been born with Nature, or he might have come with the spring. To-day the boy was his fellow; next spring he would be so far away from him that the sounds of the pipes might never reach him again. Of this gulf to widen between them the Faun knew nothing; it was the kinship of boy with boy that prompted him to hold out the pipes to the sensitive hand which showed the vast divergence of history between the two. The boy raised the pipes to his lips and blew loudly through the rude jointure of reeds, and then hung on the far-traveling sounds which he had set loose. There was a strange compelling power in them as they seemed to penetrate further and further into the wood, and seizing the hand of the Faun the two ran together up the wooded hill and over its crest into a

world of which the boy had only dreamed before.

He had seen the world a thousand times before, but now it flowed in upon him through all the channels of his senses; a rushing, singing, tumultuous tide swept him along, and with the jubilant stream the joy of life flooded his mind and heart. A wild exultation seized him, swept him out of himself, and carried him on with the power and sweep of a resistless torrent. He ran, shouted, laughed as if some hidden and inarticulate force within him had suddenly broken bounds. He was fellow with the bird that sang on the bough and comrade with the shy creatures who had never suffered his approach before.

If he had known what was happening within him he would have understood the ancient frenzy of the Bacchic worshippers; the surrender to the spell of the life of the world, rising out of deep springs in the heart of things, calling with the potency of ancient witcheries to his instincts, taking possession of his quickening senses, and mounting with intoxicating glow to his imagination.

The pipe of the Faun drew his feet far into the secret places of the woods, and with every step he seemed to be breaking some imprisonment, finding some new liberty. The Faun could have told him much of that ancient world which was old before man began to look, to wonder, to comprehend; but the wild music of those few notes, so inarticulate but so full of the unspoken life of hidden and fugitive things, spoke to his senses as no words of human speech could have spoken. They were full of echoes of a dateless past, of which no memory remained save that which was deposited in instinct and habit; the earliest and oldest form of memory. He was recovering the lost possession of his race; the primitive experiences that lay behind its childhood and made a deep, rich, warm soil for its ancient divinations and for those dreams of an older world which haunt it and are always luring its poets to the forgotten springs of life and secret homes of that beauty which embosoms the youth of men and fills them with infinite longing and regret when spring comes flooding up the shores of being after the long silence and desolation.

In that far-off world the Faun still lived, and when he blew on the reeds its

echoes set the very heart of the boy vibrating with a joy whose sources were far beyond his ken. Through the soft splendour of the spring day, so tender with the fertility of immemorial years, so overflowing with the gladness of the births that were to be, the boy ran, without thought or care; every sense flooded with the young beauty and joy of the season; his feet caught in the rhythm of unfolding life, his imagination aflame with a thousand elusive intonations of pleasure, a thousand salutations from trees and birds and restless creatures keeping time and tune with the rhythm of the creative hour in wood and field and sky.

In later days, when the spell had dissolved, what he saw on that day lay like a golden mist behind him, and what he heard lingered in faint, inarticulate echoes that set his pulses beating; but he recalled

no definite glimpses and remembered no articulate words; he only knew that he had entered into the joy of life, and had been given the freedom of the world. Never again did he hear a song in the woods without pausing in hushed silence because he stood on the verge of an older world; never again did he catch a sudden glimpse of the trunks of trees black against a dull red background of oak leaves or a wintry sky without a throbbing of the heart, which made him aware that he was in the presence of the oldest mysteries.

When night fell and a low murmur of innumerable creatures, sheltering in familiar places, filled the woods, the boy looked in vain for the Faun; but far off he heard the wild notes, softened by the hush of the hour, like the sounds of dreams dreamed when the world was young.

(To be continued.)



FOUR BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

MRS. CARLYLE'S "LETTERS."*

These new letters of Mrs. Carlyle, chosen from those left unpublished by Froude, put an aspect on Carlyle's attitude to his wife quite different from that shown by Froude. Consequently the controversy that has never been suffered to die, as to whether Froude had a right—a moral right—to publish documents which, in the opinion of most people, belittled the teachings of a great philosopher by showing up the infirmities of the man, no

longer touches the vital point. It is Froude's honesty, not his taste, that is now in question.

It is no surprise to find that he has been guilty of trickery. The opinion held of him by such contemporaries as Green and Freeman, as well as the evidence of his own historical work, had already prepared one for the discovery. In their eyes he was just a common liar. In the Carlyle publications, however, he has shown himself rather an uncommon one. He twisted and distorted and misannotated and condensed and omitted and misinterpreted and guessed until the letters served his purpose of establishing the theory that Thomas Carlyle, philosopher and reformer, neglected, scolded and ill-treated his wife to such a degree that the years after her death were spent in an

*New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Annotated by Thomas Carlyle, and edited by Alexander Carlyle, with an introduction by Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D. New York: John Lane.

agony of remorse. As to how far Froude believed this fiction we cannot now tell; we can never discover whether his perceptions were in fault or whether he was a sensation hunter, regardless of truth. It is oftentimes hard to distinguish between a partisan and a liar. Did Froude believe in his own whitewashed Henry the Eighth? One wonders.

The conviction of Froude's dishonesty in the Carlyle publications is reached in spite of the new editor, Alexander Carlyle, rather than through him. It is unfortunate that a second mistake should have been made in the choice of an editor. The letters now published speak for themselves; the animosity against Froude, though perfectly natural, should have been suppressed, not paraded in school-boy fashion. "So you thought you'd get ahead of us, did you, Mister Froude? But you weren't so smart as you thought you were!" represents the tone of the notes, which is undignified, ungenerous and small-minded, antagonising the reader. The notes also make an uncomplimentary assumption of ignorance in the reader. Surely it need not have been explained that the authoress of *Jane Eyre* was Charlotte Brontë and that L. E. L. stood for Letitia E. Landon; the simplest French phrases need not have been translated.

The stilted style of the preface is also to be criticised, the pedantry that makes use of such unfamiliar words as *adscitiously*, *sphericity*, *absinthine*, *flagitious*, *metastatic* and *viability*. It seems as if its author were trying to follow in the steps of his namesake and fellow doctor, Sir Thomas Browne.

The impression of Carlyle left by these new letters is that he was a kindly, affectionate old fellow after all; that Froude's distortion of old Mrs. Carlyle's saying that her son was "gey ill to deal wi'" into "gey ill to live wi'" was not the truth. The phrase might more accurately be applied to Carlyle's wife. On the other hand, one's opinion of her is changed for the worse. Her faults seem intensified and hardened, more indissolubly a part of the woman. To be sure, she was a great sufferer; there can be no conceivable doubt of that. Rumour says that she was afflicted with a disease that means unmitigated and incessant torture, a disease that could presumably have

been cured, if she had lived at the present day, poor woman! The great allowance that must be made for her is not, however, great enough to make one quite forgive her egoism, her—what one must call spitefulness, for lack of a less highly coloured word, her disloyalty to many of her friends.

Hers was a singularly interesting character, clever, original, with great strength of individuality, and great personal attractiveness. Among these new letters is a sketch called "The Simple Story of My Own First Love," showing such marked literary talent that we wonder more than ever at her not turning her mind to literature, especially as she mentions receiving an offer for an original novel from Chapman the publisher. She speaks of herself in a letter to Carlyle: "You, as well as I, are 'too vivid'; to you, as well as to me, has a skin been given much too thin for the rough purposes of human life. They could not make ball-gloves of our skins, dear, never to dream of breeches." This last is an allusion to Carlyle's French Revolution, and the passage is from Froude's collection of the letters. Her intense sensibility wears her out when she is still a young woman. People of her temperament never can be well, no matter how padded their lives may be. It is, therefore, idle to argue the question whether, as Froude tried to prove, she killed herself with household drudgery for an unappreciative husband.

The horror with which English people look on the performance of household duties is amusing to the American woman, into whose life so much of this sort of thing comes as a matter of course. To many of us it is as little distasteful as it was to Mrs. Carlyle. She shares with us the joy of accomplished effort, seldom as apparent in any other pursuit. She herself says of housework: "God defend me from ever coming to a fortune (a prayer more likely to be answered than most of my prayers!); for then the only occupation that affords me the slightest self-satisfaction would be gone!" There is a satisfaction in doing the necessary work of the world well, such as one does not find in any made-up occupation; there is a delight in uplifting and refining the drudgery of life.

The Froude letters make out Mrs. Car-

lyle's life one long, distasteful orgy of housecleaning and repairing, from which Carlyle was selfish enough to run away, leaving her frail shoulders to bear the whole burden. The truth is that the Carlyle house was not cleaned any oftener than any one's else. The impression of continuity is because it was always undertaken during Carlyle's summer vacation, when most of her letters to him were written. The time was expressly chosen to coincide with his holidays, for reasons any housekeeper will appreciate. Mrs. Carlyle wanted the whole house for her operations; she did not want the interruption of having regular meals prepared, or the sense of disturbing her husband's work. Not even a brain-worker with a good digestion can do satisfactory work in the midst of confusion. Froude—to dwell on this subject as typical of his methods—has shown only the dark side of the periodic upheavals, only the setbacks and annoyances. He has suppressed Mrs. Carlyle's expressions of pleasure in her work, her evident enjoyment of the chaos she has stirred up. Once she goes to Ryde in the midst, but comes hurriedly back, preferring the fascinating process of reconstruction. Perhaps this taste is honestly inconceivable to an Englishman; it is not to an American woman of the same domestic turn of mind as Mrs. Carlyle.

This article is written from the point of view of people in general, who found in Froude's presentation of Carlyle the dethronement of an idol. In the eyes of a minority the great man suffered little at Froude's hand, for what he lost in immaculateness he gained in humanity. Some of us have always felt with Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of the *Rubáiyát*, who writes that before he read the Carlyle biographies, he admired Carlyle, but that after reading them he loved him. The man with his faults confessed and regretted in exaggerations that Froude makes us interpret literally, is far dearer than any lofty-pinnacled abstraction of virtue. He seemed to teach us a great lesson, a great truth—so great a truth that it is almost with regret we discover him to have been less like the rest of us, who, for all our lofty aiming, yet drop our arrows on the ground.

Elizabeth Knight Tompkins.

II.

VILLARI'S "INVASIONS OF ITALY."*

Signor Villari, in the preliminary words of his preface, modestly asserts that "it is an undeniable fact that since the Kingdom of Italy has been established we (the Italians) have made much progress in historical research." We are ready not only to endorse this statement, but to supplement it with a recognition of our author's own *pars magna* in this Renaissance, as shown in his study of the times of Savonarola and Machiavelli. To his work on Florence he now adds an account of the barbarian invasions of Italy, and the fact of its translation into English may be regarded as an evidence of the successful accomplishment of the author's task.

Regretting the lack in his own country of books supplying narratives of past events in a simple, easy, readable style; understanding how essential national histories suited to the general reader are to the formation of the moral and political character of one's country; and, on the other hand, recognising the bad effect which inexact notions and judgments as to Italy's history, due to the partial spirit of foreign writers, have in the formation of too low an estimate of his own people, our author suggested the publication of a series of volumes treating in a popular style of the various periods of Italian history, including also the histories of other civilised nations. The present work forms the third of the series, the first of which is a revision of Count Balzani's *Italian Chronicles* and the second *The Liberation of Italy*, by Professor Orsi of Venice. This, then, is the author's purpose, which we have stated in full, as it is essential to a proper criticism of the work and to an understanding of its scope. With gratifying candour Signor Villari declares that "it is neither a learned nor scholastic book, nor is it a philosophic study of universal history, such as Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire* or Quinet's *Italian Revolution*. I merely narrate events in chronological order, without

*The Barbarian Invasions of Italy. By Pasquale Villari. Translated by Linda Villari. With frontispiece and maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

commenting or descanting on them, doing my best to avoid dryness."

To the many who, with a feeling akin to despair, have been lost in the intricate mazes of the period of the barbarian invasions of Italy, this is a very attractive programme, but the reader need not assume that Signor Villari has not been scholarly in his treatment of his subject and that he has simply made a compilation from earlier works. He declares that he has consulted Bury, Malfatti, Bertolini, Dahn, Mühlbacher, Hartmann, and, above all, Hodgkin, and has "recurred" to elder authorities, such as Gibbon, Tillemont and Muratori, with a reference to original documents. The result is a most readable history in well-arranged narrative form. In fact, Signor Villari treats his subject in a very natural and human way. He accomplishes in us that which is essential to a proper understanding of history, namely, an appreciation of the unity of the human race and of the human mind. As Emerson says: "When we read history we must become Greeks, Romans, Turks, priest and king, martyr and executioner; must fasten these images to some reality in our secret experience or we shall see nothing, learn nothing, keep nothing." The historian who does this represents his characters as speaking simply and acting simply, and employs that which gives the charm to old literature which, as the same philosopher says, stirs our admiration, not because it is old but because it is natural. Our author arranges his work in four books, entitled "From the Decline of the Roman Empire to Odovacar," "Goths and Byzantines," "The Longobards" and "The Franks and the Fall of the Longobard Kingdom." The opening chapter of the first book deals with the fall of the Empire. Contrary to the declared purpose of the author, we find here a philosophic consideration of the causes and character of the decline of Roman power. It is true that the Romans were corrupt and enfeebled by corruption, but this was a consequence, not a cause for the difficulties in the way of a complete assimilation as conquest widened the boundaries lead us to wonder that the Empire existed so long. "When the Empire reached to the Rhine and the Danube it no longer possessed any real kernel of unity corresponding with its outer shell. The Em-

pire was neither a state nor a nation; it was a compound of different races held together by force, and subject to the same civilisation." The endeavour to maintain the nation demanded an army which, however, was separate and alien to the power to which it owed allegiance, and which was maintained at enormous expense and by taxation of the middle class, upon whom, as magistrates, fell the burden, and by whom public office was anxiously shunned. "Thus private interest formerly identical with public good was now opposed to it, which in all states of society is an unfailing symptom of moral decadence and weakness." Other sources of disintegration were the ever-increasing number of slaves and the formation of a class of great landowners and the consequent agrarian problems. Christianity also had its part in the disintegrating process, for by its teaching "everything constituting the grandeur of Rome, i.e., the social fabric, patriotism and glory, the very aim of its existence and all that it held most dear, were now reduced to a nullity. It was a question not of the substitution of one religion for another, but of demolishing the fundamental principles of philosophy, of literature, of all the civilisation of a whole world, to erect others in their places." It is with such reasonable and thoughtful reflections that our author opens the first book of his history. This book closes with the downfall of Orestes and the rise to power of Odovacar upon the deposition of Romulus Augustulus. This event marks the first real submission of the Roman element to the barbarian element, inasmuch as hitherto, as in the downfall of Stilicho, Aëtius and Ricimer, men to whom the Roman Empire at one time owed its preservation, there was submission on the part of the barbarian element. The second book opens with—as our author terms it—the preliminary history of the Middle Ages and of the history of Italy, and closes with the death of Justinian and Belisarius, so that it covers in its scope the reign of Theodoric and the contest between the Goths and Byzantines. The third book is assigned to the Longobards—a form of the word to which our author does not consistently adhere—and traces their invasion of Italy and their conflict with the Church, ending in the appeal of the Pope to the Franks. In this

portion of the book Signor Villari turns aside to make a strong contradiction of the once prevalent view that the Longobards, as the first barbarians who proclaimed laws of their own in Italy, reduced the Italians to a state of semi-servitude, if not to actual slavery. The last book begins with a description of the Merovingians and the origin of the Carolingian dynasty, and, passing to the history of Pépin and the descent of the Franks into Italy, closes with the crowning of Charlemagne in Rome on Christmas Day 800 A.D. Our historian feels the importance of this event, and declares that "the constitution of the Frankish Empire was the chief and central achievement of the Middle Ages. For a time it welded many very different countries and peoples into a firmly united whole, assisted the fusion of conquered and conquerors, of Roman and Teuton, of the Germanic spirit with the spirit of Greek and Roman culture, while—provisionally, at least—it promoted the harmony of the State with the Church to which Charles was so munificent."

A most interesting phase of this work of an Italian historian is his delicate handling of the questions associated with the history of the Church. Signor Villari abides by his intention expressed in the preface, i.e., to be neither a Guelph nor a Ghibelline. In other words, he is determined to be an impartial historian, recognising the importance of the Church, but studying religion and the history of theology because of the close connection of the religious life of the people of Italy with its political, literary, artistic and civil life. Nevertheless, we find full recognition of the great part performed by the Popes in the development of the history of Italy, and much attention is given to the history of the establishment of the Papacy. We must remember that the writer is an Italian, and with this in mind we marvel at the impartial way in which this most difficult subject is handled. To support this view, we have only to turn to his words on Pope Leo I., whom he describes as perhaps "the greatest man of his century, whose exalted Christian spirit was interfused with the spirit of ancient Rome;" and again, as to St. Benedict, "in whom genuine goodness was combined with a profound knowledge of human nature and of the tenden-

cies of his age;" and, finally, in his chapter on Gregory the Great, whom he criticises for his famous letter to Phocas, "that monster of cruelty," and yet explains without justifying it by pointing out that to Gregory "the triumph of the Church was his one supreme aim." He believes that Gregory, whom he regards as the second founder of the Papacy, was of lofty character, judging from his Epistles, but he does not conceal the unfortunate side, which he evidently attributes to that Pope's enthusiastic, and at the same time practical, disposition.

The translation by Signora Villari is exceedingly well done, although there are the usual traces of peculiar phraseology which mark and mar translations. Of this we need only quote: "No such spectacle has ever been seen again." There are also a number of slips in orthography, as *Gepidi*, p. 34, and *Gepida* elsewhere; *Amalasantha*, p. 174, and *Amalasuntha*, p. 172. *James C. Egbert, Jr.*

III.

SEUMAS MACMANUS'S "A LAD OF THE O'FRIELS."*

No man ever is so eloquent as when he utters the slogan of his clan, discourses of the soil which he and his forbears have tilled, the craft by which he earns his bread, or describes the scenes and persons associated with the impressionable period of his childhood days. Accordingly the literature that is apt to ring most true is that which is at once autochthonic and autobiographical in its sources of inspiration, where the local colouring, to use a detested modern phrase, is the essential colouring of the picture in which the chronicler employs romance, not as an end, but to illuminate the little happenings of life actual as he himself has lived it. In this lies the spell of *David Copperfield*, *Jane Eyre*, *The Window in Thrums*; of Burns's poetry and that of Wordsworth, indeed, of all work that is at once creative and personal, fancy crowning experience on its native heath. And in this quality lies whatever merit may be in this slen-

*A Lad of the O'Friels. By Seumas MacManus. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

der, unambitious, but sincere and wholly pleasing tale.

Dinny O'Friel is a son of the finest peasantry on the face of God's green earth, as the great liberator, Dan O'Connell, styles his constituents. "A fun-lovin' young fella is the lad, and betimes not lackin' in imparance, nor backward when there's any darlin' fightin' on hand with his dearest friend the Vagabone (a graft of the divil to whom a baitin' comes as aisy as bread an' butter, God love him!)" Yet Dinny's happiest hour lies atween the day's work and the Rosary, as he crouches on the hearth, spellin' out his lessons while "the yalla firelight does be dancin' over the pages where the larnin' is!" But above and beyond the student bent he has the poet's soul. True, he finds himself unequal to helping Billy Brogan indite a love-letter to sweet Ellen Burns on the admired pattern of "Ye Muses Nine, With me combine," since poetry is something that can't be helped or hindered, like Shusie Maguire's flat feet! Still Nature whispers in his ear some of her most treasured secrets, as he lies on his back, whistling against a black-bird in the sun, in the voice of a mavis on the thorn, in the dhreary wind wailing in the whin bushes, or bending the heather and blackheads as he herds on the uplands of Glenboran.

Once the primal savage in the boy impels him to show off his skill at cockshot to the wee companion of his dhreams, the widow Pat's Nuala:

A lark had lit on the ditchtop, scarce thirty yards away.

"Wait tilt ye see how close I'll go, Nuala!"

"Oh, Dinny, don't, don't!" she cried, grasping my arm. But laughing at her terror, I hurled the flint. It went unexpectedly straight to its mark and struck the broad back of the lark with a distinct thud that I hear as plainly yet as at that moment. Instantly the bird spread its wings and mounted the air singing with a plaintive sweetness, the most touching I had ever heard from bird. It reached a point about fifty feet aloft, hovered for one moment, then its notes suddenly ceasing, dropped to earth like a stone. With a mournful scream Nuala dashed over to where the bird had fallen. I reached the spot as soon. The lark was lying on its side among the heather, its little legs standing out stark, appealing, even in death.

Little Nuala took it up in her two hands, kissed it passionately, and hugged it to her breast. "Dinny O'Friel, go away with ye!" The heart was crying in me! I watched Nuala till, with the bird still pressed to her bosom, she disappeared below the brow of the hill. Then I went back to the cornfield, where I threw myself down flat with my face buried in the brown grass, and sobbed, sobbed for that which I never can forget—the lark's last sad, sweet farewell to Glenboran!

Folklore is fact in Donegal, where one reckons the year from cuckoo to cuckoo! In Donegal one holds in high honour the robin redbreast, who, when the soldiers came in search of him, lay on every drop of blood that marked his track! But an outcast is the wren, and every one killed means a rib broken in the devil for the rude trick it once played on great "Sent Colmoille" a matter of two thousand years ago!

This review must not close without a mention of the wife to whose beloved memory Seumas MacManus dedicates it, Ethna, "Bright star, rose blossom, singing bird, who held the year at May!"

Marguerite Merington.

IV.

MR. BACHELLER'S "DARREL OF THE BLESSED ISLES."*

Just what sort of process Mr. Bacheller employed in the construction of this book we do not profess to know with mathematical certainty; but we think that we can describe it pretty well from the internal evidence which the book itself affords. We fancy that for some time the author kept a sort of note-book, in which he jotted down stray incidents which seemed to him capable of being worked up in an interesting way; hints of character sketches; bits of conversation; apposite quotations, and sundry other literary odds and ends. Then, when he had accumulated enough of this inchoate material, he presumably set himself to work to see how he could string it all together on a thread of narrative. This

*Darrel of the Blessed Isles. By Irving Bacheller. Boston: The Lothrop Publishing Company.

thread of narrative he managed to secure; but the things that he strung upon it still suggest the scrap-book and the rag-bag; for in many places they do not exhibit the *callida junctura*, which even a moderately good literary workman ought to effect, and the absence of which renders a book amateurish to a degree. Finally, to give a meretricious interest to the whole. Mr. Bacheller, after a foolish fashion which is now very much in vogue, introduces, without any particular reason, a strolling country boy, whose name, it appears, is James Abram Garfield; and in another place we get a glimpse of an actor declaiming in the backwoods, and discover that he is Edwin Forrest. It is all very *naïf* and far too easy.

The incidents narrated in *Darrel* are supposed to take place between 1835 and some time in the fifties, but the period doesn't matter very much. There is a talkative old tinker of clocks, and a mysterious foundling, who is the secondary hero of the book; and there are some rather good pictures of village life, and of the little world of the district school; and later there is a bank robbery, with some detective business; and sundry people coming and going without any particular reason; but at the last, the whole thing gets out of hand and Mr. Bacheller winds up in a dazed sort of way, leaving the reader, however, very much more stupefied.

It is not worth while to waste many words upon a book like this; only, as Mr. Bacheller has made some pretensions in the past to a knowledge of American life in the early part of the nineteenth century, we venture to point out one or two very obvious absurdities. In the first place, he represents Darrel, about the year 1835, covering the interior of his workshop with "chromos," which would have been somewhat difficult, inasmuch as that particular kind of lithograph was unknown until a good many years later. Likewise, he speaks of "dime novels" as existing at the same period, which is almost

equally anachronistic. Most preposterous of all, we find the master of a district school, somewhere in the forties, haranguing his pupils on the subject of bees, and borrowing his harangue from Maurice Maeterlinck's well-known book, which appeared in 1899. Mr. Bacheller himself evidently felt that this was a little too much, so he put in a foot-note to explain the matter and to square himself with his readers. But the artistic effect is about the same as that which would be produced if an historical painter in depicting the famous meeting of Julius Cæsar and Ariovistus, should represent Cæsar as smoking a cigarette, and should then attach an apologetic label to the painting. Does not Mr. Bacheller know anything about bees himself, or if he doesn't could he not have invented something? In fact, artistically the effect would have been much better if he had bagged the whole thing from Maeterlinck, and had said nothing about it at all. One could more easily forgive him the plagiarism than the fatuity.

Mr. Howells once expressed the opinion that Mr. Bacheller's *Eben Holden* was "as pure as water, and as good as bread," and this dictum was widely circulated at the time by the publishers of the book in question. We used to wonder how it was that the Dean of American Letters came to express himself in this particular way about this particular book. Finally, however, a light dawned upon us, and we appreciated the delicate tact of the utterance. When Mr. Howells said that *Eben Holden* was as pure as water and as good as bread, he really meant that the persons who had to read *Eben Holden* were condemned to a diet of bread-and-water. Following modestly in his footsteps, we can conscientiously observe of *Darrel of the Blessed Isles*, that it is as "pure as water, and as mild as milk." Or, to express the same thing in another way, it is milk-and-water from the first page to the last.

H. T. P.



LABOUCHÈRE AND LONDON "TRUTH"

When Henry Labouchère announced his intention of producing and editing a new periodical, which he called *Truth*, society smiled. People thought the union of the two names a paradox. They were mistaken, for they found they had to take into consideration a very different man from what they had expected. Up to this period, 1877, Labouchère had scarcely been taken seriously. Every one knew of his escapades, and there was rarely an amusing story lacking an author which was not immediately placed to his credit. Labouchère, however, was in earnest. Just before this period he had been the principal contributor to the *World*, then owned by Edmund Yates, supplying the weekly financial article. The paragraph age was just beginning. People were tired of long-winded editorials. They wanted short, snappy paragraphs. Edmund Yates was the first to feel the public pulse, and before many months had passed Labouchère had followed his example. The *World* would probably never have had the success it achieved had it not been for Labouchère's weekly strictures and criticisms on commercialism, a fact that Labouchère very shortly recognised. Telling Yates that he did not see the equity of doing all the work while the editor took in all the money, he left the *World* and started a similar publication, which actually paid from its first number. Such an unusual beginning was probably due to the fact that people knew that Labouchère could easily afford to carry on such a venture for an indefinite period. Besides which, they were only too glad to welcome such peculiar talent in a different field. Beyond and above this, Labouchère was sharp enough to engage the services of a *fidus Achates*, Horace Voules, who had served a varied apprenticeship with several literary ventures, and a peculiar one with Baron Grant on the *Echo*, the first halfpenny paper published in London. In the office besides Voules was a dapper young man, who was, so his master said, "the only gentleman in the place." Labouchère explained later why he kept this modified Beau Brummel. It is the law

in England to have the name of the publisher and printer at the end of the paper, presumably to fix the responsibility of any delinquency in the shape of libel, etc. Not wishing the real name of his printer and publisher to be known, Labouchère had this young gentleman's name affixed to *Truth*, so that, as he cheerfully explained, if any trouble did arise this youth could go to prison! A story is told of Labouchère at the very beginning of his editorial career. A friend came in one day, and, seeing a quantity of books around, which had been sent in for review, offered to bet Labouchère that there was one book he had not got in the office. Labouchère inquired the name of the book, and his friend promptly answered, "A Bible." With a laugh, Labouchère offered to bet ten pounds that he had even that book. Turning the conversation in another direction, he furtively sent a note out into the clerk's office, telling the boy to go downstairs and ask the booksellers underneath for the loan of a Bible. Presently he returned to the subject of the bet, and, calling his assistant in, asked him whether he had a Bible in the office. The clerk produced the book, which Labouchère handed over to his friend, giving himself away, however, as he did so by saying *sotto voce* to the clerk: "I hope to goodness you didn't forget to cut the leaves!" The humour of the story lies in the fact that in those days, at all events, no Bible had ever been published with uncut leaves.

When *Truth* first appeared it was popularly supposed that Labouchère wrote nearly the whole of the paper. This was not so, although he certainly did contribute a great deal more than in these later days. The columns headed "Scrutator" were and are now written by his pen; so was the financial article, which has since been delegated to other writers, and so, too, were many of the paragraphs. Though libel suit followed libel suit, Labouchère made it his boast for years that he never lost a case. His greatest disappointment was, perhaps, when the jury could not agree on a verdict in the case of *Levy Lawson v. Himself*. Lawson was

his deadly enemy, and of his enemies he often used to say that they never came to a good end. Of late years he has not been so successful in his litigation, which is not to be wondered at, when one considers how many scoundrels and swindles he has attempted to unmask. He confesses that he has often been in a quandary; for in the generality of cases his victims have left him in the lurch by going to gaol or the bankruptcy court, leaving him to pay the costs. Probably his expenses in defending the suits brought against him have exceeded sixty thousand pounds, while against this must be placed, besides his private income, a princely profit from the paper over which he presides.

Truth brought out qualities in Labouchère for which he never before had credit. He was known to have had a good education at Eton and Cambridge, and to be well off financially, and his vagaries in the Foreign Office and as a newspaper correspondent were common talk, but people were not prepared for such a fearless onslaught on all sorts and kinds of evils as Labouchère began. It is not generally known that this intensity of purpose was inherited; and yet, if Labouchère is to be believed, his father was just as strenuous in purpose. One illustration is supplied by the son, which the latter vouches for as true in every particular. It appears that John Labouchère, the father, was in his youth a clerk in the banking house of Williams, Deacon and Company. Once they wished to send some important papers to a rich client in Paris, and entrusted John Labouchère with the task of taking them and settling what matters pertained thereto. While transacting his business with the millionaire, the bank clerk employed his spare time in making violent love to the daughter of the house. His business being done, John Labouchère asked for a private interview with the old man, and there and then asked the hand of his daughter in marriage. The father was indignant. A mere bank clerk! It was absurd. "Well," said Labouchère's father, "supposing I was a partner in the bank, would that make any difference?" The answer was that most certainly it would. Back went John, and after being congratulated on the successful issue of his work, asked for an interview with the partners, at which

he begged to be taken into partnership. The request was, of course, laughed at. Nothing daunted, Labouchère's father asked if it would make any difference if he was the son-in-law of the millionaire to whom he had been sent. The answer was similar to the one he had received in Paris; so somehow or other, though history does not say which he did first, Labouchère's father married the girl and became a partner in the banking firm.

Early in life Labouchère entered the diplomatic service, and his great boast has always been that he is the only man who has ever got the best of the English Foreign Office. To instance this he tells the following tale, which possibly has the elements of a certain amount of accuracy. He was always, he confesses, drawing or trying to draw some of his salary in advance, so on receiving instructions from the Foreign Office to go from where he was stationed, Paris, to St. Petersburg, he promptly wrote back for some money in advance. To this request he received no reply, and to all intents and purposes disappeared. For six weeks he was not to be found. Finally he was discovered to be at Homburg, and on being asked to explain, he replied that, as he had received no reply to his letter and having no money for his travelling expenses, he had started out to walk to St. Petersburg, and at the present moment had got as far as Homburg. This retort so staggered his superiors that they forgave him for the misdemeanour.

Still another story that he is fond of telling, and which is certainly characteristic of his *sang froid*, if nothing else, runs that, while he was attached to the British Embassy at Washington, an Englishman strode into the office in all his glory and demanded to see his country's representative. Labouchère explained that he was out, and offered his services in lieu. The visitor was indignant. He would have nothing to do with any understrapper. The word hurt Labouchère, who politely invited him to take a chair and wait. The man waited and waited till over an hour had gone by. Then he inquired when Lord Lyons, the ambassador, would be in. "I really don't know," said Labouchère. "He went to Europe this morning, and may not be back for three months!"

There are many, many more tales told

of Labouchère, enough indeed to fill a volume: of how he posed as a doorkeeper of a travelling circus; how he joined a party of Chippewa Indians, with whom he roamed about for six months; of how he was mistaken for the Emperor of Mexico, and how he was actually, according to his own account, elected President of the French Republic by mistake during the Commune. There is, in fact, no yarn of amusing audacity which has not at some time or another been fathered upon the ubiquitous Labby.

His political career commenced somewhat paradoxically, when he was returned to Parliament from, of all places, the seat of royalty, Windsor. In a natural sequence he was unseated on petition, and again met a similar fate when he stood for Middlesex some years later. In 1880 he was elected for Northampton in conjunction with Charles Bradlaugh, and he has represented that constituency ever since. Be it said that Labouchère is consistent in his political views. He may be anti-everything, and chockful of persiflage, but he is always worth listening to, for, though he is oftentimes wrong-headed, he is always profoundly in earnest. When making his last cabinet, Gladstone sent for him, not with the intention of offering him a portfolio, but merely to hoodwink the public that some official position had been offered him, leaving him the task of saying that he had declined to accept it. Instead of allowing the public to be thus comfortably humbugged, Labouchère somewhat stupidly published the whole truth about the matter, thereby holding himself up to ridicule. He is feared, liked and detested in the House of Commons, but he has at all times to be reckoned with.

In private life Labouchère is the acme of geniality. Besides a mansion in London, he has a beautiful house on the Thames—once Pope's villa. The lawn runs down to the river, which elicited a remark from him in answer to a guest who had dilated on the beauty of the place:

"Yes," said his host, "I have a lawn on the river in summer, and a river on the lawn in winter!" He smokes cigarettes incessantly, using a long holder so that the smoke may not get into his eyes while he is writing, and he is popularly supposed to be the only man alive who can keep a cigarette evenly burning during a high wind! He is utterly indifferent to private feeling as he is to public strictures, and, though popularly supposed to have been hand and glove with King Edward when the latter was Prince of Wales, he has presumably a deep contempt for royalty.

Apropos of this friendship, he was once asked what he called the Prince of Wales when he dined at Marlborough House. "Well," said Labby, "when the soup comes on I address him as 'Your Royal Highness.' The fish softens the reserve and I get a little chummier, and often as not I call him 'Wales,' while during the *entrées* and joints I get quite familiar and he becomes 'Eddie,' while he slaps me on the back and dubs me 'Labby'!"

Labouchère, in short, is a complete paradox. Rich, he despises the wealthy, clever without judgment, unsentimental yet wrong-headedly emotional, thoroughly in earnest, yet always regarded as a trifle. He used to give out that he had really no time to get married, and yet he espoused Miss Henrietta Hodson, an actress of some note in her day, and he has managed a theatre, from which he gained a good many amusing experiences without any monetary profit. He has played many parts, but has never achieved success in any particular one.

"Father," said a child, when Labouchère was standing for Northampton, "did God make Labby?"

"Yes, my dear," answered the smiling parent.

"What for, father?"

The question was not and probably never will be answered.

Ernest L. Hancock.



THE SHADOW AND THE FLASH

When I look back, I realise what a peculiar friendship it was. First, there was Lloyd Inwood, tall, slender and finely knit, nervous and dark. And then Paul Tichlorne, tall, slender and finely knit, nervous and blond. Each was the replica of the other in everything except colour. Lloyd's eyes were black coals of fire; Paul's steel-blue jets of flame. Under stress of excitement, the blood coursed olive in the face of Lloyd, crimson in the face of Paul. But outside this matter of colouring they were as alike as two peas. Both were high-strung, prone to excessive tension and over-endurance, and they lived constantly at concert pitch.

But there was a trio involved in this remarkable friendship, and the third was short, and fat, and chunky, and lazy, and, loth to say, it was I. Paul and Lloyd seemed born to rivalry with each other, and I to be peacemaker between them. We grew up together, the three of us, and full often have I received the angry blows each intended for the other. They were always competing, striving to outdo each other, and when entered upon some such struggle there was no limit either to their endeavours or passions.

This intense spirit of rivalry obtained in their studies and their games. If Paul memorised one canto of "Marmion," Lloyd memorised two cantos, Paul came back with three, and Lloyd again with four, till each knew the whole poem by heart. I remember an incident that occurred at the swimming hole—an incident tragically significant of the life-struggle between them. The boys had a game of diving to the bottom of a ten-foot pool and holding on by submerged roots to see which could stay under the longest. Paul and Lloyd allowed themselves to be bantered into making the descent together. When I saw their faces, set and determined, disappear in the water as they sank swiftly down, I felt a foreboding of something dreadful. The moments sped, the ripples died away, the face of the pool grew placid and untroubled, and neither black nor golden head broke surface in quest of air. We above grew anxious. The longest record of the

longest-winded boy had been exceeded, and still there was no sign. Air bubbles trickled slowly upward, showing that the breath had been expelled from their lungs, and after that the bubbles ceased to trickle upward. Each second became interminable, and, unable longer to endure the suspense, I plunged into the water.

I found them down at the bottom, clutching tight to the roots, their heads not a foot apart, their eyes wide open, each glaring fixedly at the other. They were suffering frightful torment, writhing and twisting in the pangs of voluntary suffocation; for neither would let go and acknowledge himself beaten. I tried to break Paul's hold on the root, but he resisted me fiercely. Then I lost my breath and came to the surface badly scared. I quickly explained the situation, and half a dozen of us went down and by main strength tore them loose. By the time we got them out, both were unconscious, and it was only after much barrel-rolling and rubbing and pounding that they finally came to their senses. They would have drowned there, had no one rescued them.

When Paul Tichlorne entered college, he let it be generally understood that he was going in for the social sciences. Lloyd Inwood, entering at the same time, elected to take the same course. But Paul had had it secretly in mind all the time to study the natural sciences, specialising on chemistry, and at the last moment he switched over. Though Lloyd had already arranged his year's work and attended the first lectures, he at once followed Paul's lead and went in for the natural sciences and especially for chemistry. Their rivalry soon became a noted thing throughout the university. Each was a spur to the other, and they went into chemistry deeper than did ever students before—so deep, in fact, that ere they took their sheepskins they could have stumped any chemistry or "cow college" professor in the institution, save "old" Moss, head of the department, and him even they puzzled and edified more than once. Lloyd's discovery of the

"death bacillus" of the sea toad, and his experiments on it with potassium cyanide, sent his name and that of his university ringing round the world; nor was Paul a whit behind when he succeeded in producing laboratory colloids exhibiting amœba-like activities, and when he cast new light upon the processes of fertilisation through his startling experiments with simple sodium chlorides and magnesium solutions on low forms of marine life.

It was in their undergraduate days, however, in the midst of their profoundest plunges into the mysteries of organic chemistry, that Doris Van Benschoten entered into their lives. Lloyd met her first, but within twenty-four hours Paul saw to it that he also made her acquaintance. Of course, they fell in love with her, and she became the only thing in life worth living for. They wooed her with equal ardour and fire, and so intense became their struggle for her that half the student-body took to wagering wildly on the result. Even "old" Moss, one day, after an astounding demonstration in his private laboratory by Paul, was guilty to the extent of a month's salary of backing him to become the bridegroom of Doris Van Benschoten.

In the end she solved the problem in her own way, to everybody's satisfaction except Paul's and Lloyd's. Getting them together, she said that she really could not choose between them because she loved them both equally well; and that, unfortunately, since polyandry was not exactly permitted in the United States, she would be forced to forego the honour and happiness of marrying either of them. Each blamed the other for this lamentable outcome, and the bitterness between them grew more bitter.

But things came to a head soon enough. It was at my home, after they had taken their degrees and dropped out of the world's sight, that the beginning of the end came to pass. Both were men of means, with little inclination and no necessity for professional life. My friendship and their mutual animosity were the two things that linked them in any way together. While they were very often at my place, they made it a fastidious point to avoid each other on such visits, though it was inevitable, under the circumstances,

that they should come upon each other occasionally.

On the day I have in recollection, Paul Tichlorne had been mooning all morning in my study over a current scientific review. This left me free to my own affairs, and I was out among my roses when Lloyd Inwood arrived. Clipping and pruning and tacking the climbers on the porch, with my mouth full of nails, and Lloyd following me about and lending a hand now and again, we fell to discussing the mythical race of invisible people, that strange and vagrant people the traditions of which have come down to us. Lloyd warmed to the talk in his nervous, jerky fashion, and was soon interrogating the physical properties and possibilities of invisibility. A perfectly black object, he contended, would elude and defy the acutest vision.

"Colour is a sensation," he was saying. "It has no objective reality. Without light, we can see neither colours nor objects themselves. All objects are black in the dark, and in the dark it is impossible to see them. If no light strikes upon them, then no light is flung back from them to the eye, and so we have no vision-evidence of their being."

"But we see black objects in daylight," I objected.

"Very true," he went on warmly. "And that is because they are not perfectly black. Were they perfectly black, absolutely black, as it were, we could not see them—ay, not in the blaze of a thousand suns could we see them! And so I say, with the right pigments, properly compounded, an absolutely black paint could be produced which would render invisible whatever it was applied to."

"It would be a remarkable discovery," I said non-committally, for the whole thing seemed too fantastical for aught but speculative purposes.

"Remarkable!" Lloyd slapped me on the shoulder. "I should say so! Why, old chap, to coat myself with such a paint would be to put the world at my feet. The secrets of kings and courts would be mine, the machinations of diplomats and politicians, the double-play of tricksters, the plans of trusts and corporations! I could keep my hand on the inner pulse of things and become the greatest power in the world! And I—"

He broke off shortly, then added, "Well, I have begun my experiments, and I don't mind telling you that I'm right in line for it."

A sneering laugh from the doorway startled us. Paul Tichlorne was standing there, a smile of mockery on his lips.

"You forget, my dear Lloyd," he said.

"Forgot what?"

"You forget," Paul went on—"ah, you forget the shadow."

I saw Lloyd's face drop, but he answered sneeringly. "I can carry a sunshade, you know." Then he turned suddenly and fiercely upon him. "Look here, Paul, you'll keep out of this if you know what's good for you."

A rupture seemed imminent, but Paul laughed good-naturedly. "I wouldn't lay fingers on your dirty pigments. Succeed beyond your most sanguine expectations, yet you will always fetch up against the shadow. You can't get away from it. Now I shall go on the very opposite tack. In the very nature of my proposition the shadow will be eliminated—"

"Transparency!" ejaculated Lloyd instantly. "But it can't be achieved."

"Oh, no; of course not." And Paul shrugged his shoulders and strolled off down the briar-rose path.

This was the beginning of it. Both men attacked the problem with all the tremendous energy for which they were noted, and with a rancour and bitterness which made me tremble for the success of either. Each trusted me to the utmost, and in the long weeks of experimentation that followed I was made a party to both sides, listening to their theorisings and witnessing their demonstrations. Never, by word or sign, did I convey to either the slightest hint of the other's progress, and they respected me for the seal I put upon my lips.

Lloyd Inwood, after prolonged and unintermittent application, when the tension upon his mind and body became too great to bear, had a strange way of obtaining relief. He attended prize fights. It was at one of these brutal exhibitions, whither he had dragged me in order to tell his latest results, that his theory received striking confirmation.

"Do you see that red-whiskered man?" he asked, pointing across the ring to the fifth tier of seats on the opposite side. "And do you see the next man to him, the

one in the white hat? Well, there is quite a gap between them, is there not?"

"Certainly," I answered. "They are a seat apart. The gap is the unoccupied seat."

He leaned over to me and spoke seriously. "Between the red-whiskered man and the white-hatted man sits Ben Wasson. You have heard me speak of him. He is the cleverest pugilist of his weight in the country. He is also a Caribbean negro, full-blooded, and the blackest in the United States. He has on a black overcoat buttoned up. I saw him when he came in and took that seat. As soon as he sat down he disappeared. Watch closely; he may smile."

I was for crossing over to verify Lloyd's statement, but he restrained me. "Wait," he said.

I waited and watched, till the red-whiskered man turned his head as though addressing the unoccupied seat; and then, in that empty space, I saw the rolling whites of a pair of eyes and the white double-crescent of two rows of teeth, and for the instant I could make out a negro's face. But with the passing of the smile his visibility passed, and the chair seemed vacant as before.

"Were he perfectly black, you could sit alongside him and not see him," Lloyd said; and I confess the illustration was apt enough to make me well-nigh convinced.

I visited Lloyd's laboratory a number of times after that, and found him always deep in his search after the absolute black. His experiments covered all sorts of pigments, such as lamp-blacks, tars, carbonised vegetable matters, soots of oils and fats and the various carbonised animal substances.

"White light is composed of the seven primary colours," he argued to me. "But it is itself, of itself, invisible. Only by being reflected from objects does it and the objects become visible. But only that portion of it that is reflected becomes visible. For instance, here is a blue tobacco-box. The white light strikes against it, and, with one exception, all its component colours—violet, indigo, green, yellow, orange and red—are absorbed. The one exception is *blue*. It is not absorbed but reflected. Wherefore the tobacco-box gives us a sensation of blueness. We do not see the other colours because they are

absorbed. We see only the blue. For the same reason grass is *green*. The green waves of white light are thrown upon our eyes."

"When we paint our houses we do not apply colour to them," he said at another time. "What we do is to apply certain substances which have the property of absorbing from white light all the colours except those which we would have our houses appear. When a substance reflects all the colours to the eye, it seems to us white. When it absorbs all the colours, it is black. But, as I said before, we have as yet no perfect black. All the colours are not absorbed. The perfect black, guarding against high lights, will be utterly and absolutely invisible. Look at that, for example."

He pointed to the palette lying on his work-table. Different shades of black pigments were brushed on it. One, in particular, I could hardly see. It gave my eyes a blurring sensation, and I rubbed them and looked again.

"That," he said impressively, "is the blackest black you or any mortal man ever looked upon. But just you wait, and I'll have a black so black that no mortal man will be able to look upon it—and see it!"

On the other hand, I used to find Paul Tichlorné plunged as deeply into the study of light polarisation, diffraction and interference, single and double refraction, and all manner of strange organic compounds.

"Transparency: a state or quality of body which permits all rays of light to pass through," he defined for me. "That is what I am seeking. Lloyd blunders up against the shadow with his perfect opaqueness. But I escape it. A transparent body casts no shadow; neither does it reflect light-waves—that is, the perfectly transparent does not. So, avoiding high lights, not only will such a body cast no shadow, but since it reflects no light it will also be invisible."

We were standing by the window at another time. Paul was engaged in polishing a number of lenses, which were ranged along the sill. Suddenly, after a pause in the conversation, he said, "Oh! I've dropped a lense. Stick your head out, old nan, and see where it went to."

Out I started to thrust my head, but a sharp blow on the forehead caused me to recoil. I rubbed my bruised brow and

gazed with reproachful inquiry at Paul, who was laughing in gleeful, boyish fashion.

"Well?" he said.

"Well?" I echoed.

"Why don't you investigate?" he demanded. And investigate I did. Before thrusting out my head, my senses, automatically active, had told me there was nothing there, that nothing intervened between me and out-of-doors, that the aperture of the window-opening was utterly empty. I stretched forth my hand and felt a hard object, smooth and cool and flat, which my touch, out of its experience, told me to be glass. I looked again, but could see positively nothing.

"White quartzose sand," Paul rattled off, "sodic carbonate, slaked lime, cullet, manganese peroxide—there you have it, the finest French plate glass, made by the great St. Gobain Company, who made the finest plate glass in the world, and this is the finest piece they ever made. It cost a king's ransom. But look at it! You can't see it! You don't know it's there till you run your head against it!"

"Eh, old boy! That's merely an object lesson—certain elements, in themselves opaque, yet so compounded as to give a resultant body which is transparent. But that is a matter of inorganic chemistry, you say. Very true. But I dare to assert, standing here on my two feet, that in the organic I can duplicate whatever occurs in the inorganic."

"Here!" He held a test-tube between me and the light, and I noted the cloudy or muddy liquid it contained. He emptied the contents of another test-tube into it, and almost instantly it became clear and sparkling.

"Or here!" With quick, nervous movements among his array of test tubes, he turned a white solution to a wine colour, and a light yellow solution to a dark brown. He dropped a piece of litmus paper, the *rocella tinctoria*, into an acid, when it changed instantly to red, and on floating it in an alkali it turned as quickly to blue.

"The litmus paper is still the litmus paper," he enunciated in the formal manner of the lecturer. "I have not changed it into something else. Then what did I do? I merely changed the arrangement of its molecules. Where, at first, it absorbed all colours from the light but red,

its molecular structure was so changed that it absorbed red and all colours except blue. And so it goes, *ad infinitum*. Now, what I propose to do is this." He paused for a space. "I propose to seek—ay, and to find—the proper reagents, which, acting upon the living organism, will bring about molecular changes analogous to those you have just witnessed. But these reagents, which I shall find, and for that matter, upon which I already have my hands, will not turn the living body to blue or red or black, but they will turn it to transparency. All light will pass through it. It will be invisible. It will cast no shadow."

A few weeks later I went hunting with Paul. He had been promising me for some time that I should have the pleasure of shooting over a wonderful dog—the most wonderful dog, in fact, that ever man shot over, so he averred, and continued to aver till my curiosity was at fever pitch. But on the morning in question I was disappointed, for there was no dog in evidence.

"Don't see him about," Paul remarked unconcernedly, and we set off across the fields.

I could not imagine, at the time, what was ailing me, but I had a feeling of some impending and deadly illness. My nerves were all awry, and, from the astounding tricks they played me, my senses seemed to have run riot. Strange sounds disturbed me. At times I heard the swish-swish of grass being shoved aside, and once the patter of feet across a patch of stony ground.

"Did you hear anything, Paul?" I asked once.

But he shook his head and thrust his feet steadily forward.

While climbing a fence, I heard the low, eager whine of a dog, apparently from within a couple of feet of me; but on looking about me I saw nothing.

I dropped to the ground, limp and trembling.

"Paul," I said, "we had better return to the house. I am afraid I am going to be sick."

"Nonsense, old man," he answered. "The sunshine has gone to your head like wine. You'll be all right. It's famous weather."

But, passing along a narrow path through a clump of cottonwoods, some

object brushed against my legs and I stumbled and nearly fell. I looked with sudden anxiety at Paul.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Tripping over your own feet?"

I kept my tongue between my teeth and plodded on, though sore perplexed and thoroughly satisfied that some acute and mysterious malady had attacked my nerves. So far my eyes had escaped, but, when we got to the open fields again, even my vision went back on me. Strange flashes of vari-coloured, rainbow light began to appear and disappear on the path before me. Still, I managed to keep myself in hand, till the vari-coloured lights persisted for a space of fully twenty seconds, dancing and flashing in continuous play. Then I sat down, weak and shaky.

"It's all up with me," I gasped, covering my eyes with my hands. "It has attacked my eyes. Paul, take me home."

But Paul laughed long and loud. "What did I tell you?—the most wonderful dog, eh? Well, what do you think?"

He turned partly from me and began to whistle. I heard the patter of feet, the panting of a heated animal, and the unmistakable yelp of a dog. Then Paul stooped down and apparently fondled the empty air.

"Here! Give me your fist."

And he rubbed my hand over the cold nose and jowls of a dog. A dog it certainly was, with the shape and the smooth short coat of a pointer.

Suffice to say, I speedily recovered my spirits and control. Paul put a collar about the animal's neck and tied his handkerchief to its tail. And then was vouchsafed us the remarkable sight of an empty collar and a waving handkerchief cavorting over the fields. It was something to see that collar and handkerchief pin a bevy of quail in a clump of locusts and remain rigid and immovable till we had flushed the birds.

Now and again the dog emitted the vari-colored light flashes I have mentioned. The one thing, Paul explained, which he had not anticipated and which he doubted could be overcome.

"They're a large family," he said, "these sun dogs, wind dogs, rainbows, halos, and parhelia. They are produced by refraction of light from mineral and ice crystals, from mist, rain, spray, and no end of things; and I am afraid they are

the penalty I must pay for transparency. I escaped Lloyd's shadow only to fetch up against the rainbow flash."

A couple of days later, before the entrance to Paul's laboratory, I encountered a terrible stench. So overpowering was it that it was easy to discover the source—a mass of putrescent matter on the doorstep which in general outlines resembled a dog.

Paul was startled when he investigated my find. It was his invisible dog, or rather, what had been his invisible dog, for it was now plainly visible. It had been playing about but a few minutes before in all health and strength. Closer examination revealed that the skull had been crushed by some heavy blow. While it was strange that the animal should have been killed, the inexplicable thing was that it should so quickly decay.

"The reagents I injected into its system were harmless," Paul explained. "Yet they were powerful, and it appears that when death comes they force practically instantaneous disintegration. Remarkable! Most remarkable! Well, the only thing is to not die. They do not harm so long as one lives. But I do wonder who smashed in that dog's head."

Light, however, was thrown upon this when a frightened housemaid brought the news that Gaffer Bedshaw had that very morning, not more than an hour back, gone violently insane, and was strapped down at home, in the huntsman's lodge, where he raved of a battle with a ferocious and gigantic beast which he had encountered in the Tichlorne pasture. He claimed that the thing, whatever it was, was invisible, that with his own eyes he had seen that it was invisible; wherefore his tearful wife and daughters shook their heads, and wherefore he but waxed the more violent and the gardener and the coachman tightened the straps by another hole.

Nor, while Paul Tichlorne was thus successfully mastering the problem of invisibility, was Lloyd Inwood a whit behind. I went over in answer to a message of his to come and see how he was getting on. Now his laboratory occupied an isolated situation in the midst of his vast grounds. It was built in a pleasant little glade, surrounded on all sides by a dense forest growth, and was to be gained by way of a winding and erratic

path. But I had travelled that path so often as to know every foot of it, and conceive my surprise, when I came upon the glade and found no laboratory. The quaint shed structure with its red sandstone chimney was not. Nor did it look as if it ever had been. There were no signs of ruin, no debris, nothing.

I started to walk across what had once been its site. "This," I said to myself, "should be where the step went up to the door," and barely were the words out of my mouth when I stubbed my toe on some obstacle, pitched forward, and butted my head into something that *felt* very much like a door. I reached out my hand. It *was* a door. I found the knob and turned it. And at once, as the door swung inward on its hinges, the whole interior of the laboratory impinged upon my vision. Greeting Lloyd, I closed the door and backed up the path a few paces. I could see nothing of the building. Returning and opening the door, at once all the furniture and every detail of the interior was visible. It was indeed startling, the sudden transition from void to light and form and colour.

"What do you think of it, eh?" Lloyd asked, wringing my hand. "I slapped a couple of coats of absolute black on the outside yesterday afternoon to see how it worked. How's your head? You bumped it pretty solidly, I imagine."

"Never mind that," he interrupted my congratulations. "I've something better for you to do."

While he talked he began to strip, and when he stood naked before me he thrust a pot and brush into my hand and said, "Here, give me a coat of this."

It was an oily, shellac-like stuff, which spread quickly and easily over the skin and dried immediately.

"Merely preliminary and precautionary," he explained when I had finished; "but now for the real stuff."

I picked up another pot he indicated, and glanced inside, but could see nothing.

"It's empty," I said.

"Stick your finger in it."

I obeyed, and was aware of a sensation of cool moistness. On withdrawing my hand I glanced at the forefinger, the one I had immersed, but it had disappeared. I moved it, and knew from the alternate tension and relaxation of the muscles that I moved it, but it defied my sense of sight.

To all appearances I had been shorn of a finger; nor could I get any visual impression of it till I extended it under the skylight and saw its shadow plainly blotted on the floor.

Lloyd chuckled. "Now spread it on, and keep your eyes open."

I dipped the brush into the seemingly empty pot, and gave him a long stroke across his chest. With the passage of the brush the living flesh disappeared from beneath. I covered his right leg, and he was as a one-legged man defying all laws of gravitation. And so, stroke by stroke, member by member, I painted Lloyd Inwood into nothingness. It was a creepy experience, and I was glad when naught remained in sight but his burning black eyes, poised apparently unsupported in mid air.

"I have a refined and harmless solution for them," he said. "A fine spray with an air-brush, and presto! I am not."

This deftly accomplished, he said, "Now I shall move about, and do you tell me what sensations you experience."

"In the first place, I cannot see you," I said, and I could hear his gleeful laugh from the midst of the emptiness. "Of course," I continued, "you cannot escape your shadow, but that was to be expected. When you pass between my eye and an object, the object disappears, but so unusual and incomprehensible is its disappearance that it seems to me as though my eyes had blurred. When you move rapidly I experience a bewildering succession of blurs. The blurring sensation makes my eyes ache and my brain tired."

"Have you any other warnings of my presence?" he asked.

"No, and yes," I answered. "When you are near me I have feelings similar to those produced by dank warehouses, gloomy crypts, and deep mines. And as sailors feel the loom of the land on dark nights, so I think I feel the loom of your body. But it is all very vague and intangible."

Long we talked, that last morning in his laboratory; and when I turned to go, he put his unseen hand in mine with nervous grip, and said, "Now I shall conquer the world!" And I could not dare to tell him of Paul Tichlorne's equal success.

At home I found a note from Paul,

asking me to come up immediately, and it was high noon when I came spinning up the driveway on my wheel. Paul called me from the tennis court, and I dismounted and went over. But the court was empty. As I stood there, gaping open-mouthed, a tennis ball struck me on the arm, and as I turned about, another whizzed past my ear. For aught I could see of my assailant, they came whirling at me from out of space, and right well was I peppered with them. But when the balls already flung at me began to come back for a second whack, I realised the situation. Seizing a racquet and keeping my eyes open, I quickly saw a rainbow flash appearing and disappearing and darting over the ground. I took out after it, and when I had laid the racquet upon it for a half-dozen stout blows, Paul's voice rang out:

"Enough! Enough! Oh! Ouch! Stop! You're landing on my naked skin, you know! Ow! O-w-w! I'll be good! I'll be good! I only wanted you to see my metamorphosis," he said ruefully, and I imagined he was rubbing his hurts.

A few minutes later we were playing tennis—a handicap on my part, for I could have no knowledge of his position save when all the angles between himself, the sun and me were in proper conjunction. Then he flashed, and only then. But the flashes were more brilliant than the rainbow—purest blue, most delicate violet, brightest yellow, and all the intermediary shades, with the scintillant brilliancy of the diamond, dazzling, blinding, iridescent!

But in the midst of our play I felt a sudden cold chill, reminding me of deep mines and gloomy crypts, such a chill as I had experienced that very morning. The next moment, close to the net, I saw a ball rebound in mid-air and empty space, and at the same instant, a score of feet away, Paul Tichlorne emitted a rainbow flash. It could not be he from whom the ball had rebounded, and with sickening dread I realised that Lloyd Inwood had come upon the scene. To make sure, I looked for his shadow, and there it was, a shapeless blotch the girth of his body (the sun was overhead) moving along the ground. I remembered his threat, and felt sure that all the long years of rivalry were about to culminate in hideous battle.

I cried a warning to Paul and heard a snarl, as of a wild beast, and an answering snarl. I saw the dark blotch move swiftly across the court, and a brilliant burst of vari-coloured light moving with equal swiftness to meet it; and then shadow and flash came together and there was the sound of unseen blows. The net went down before my frightened eyes. I sprang toward the fighters, crying:

"For God's sake!"

But their locked bodies smote against my knees and I was overthrown.

"You keep out of this, old man!" I heard the voice of Lloyd Inwood from out of the emptiness. And then Paul's voice crying, "Yes, we've had enough of peacemaking! This settles it for good and all!"

From the sound of their voices I knew they had separated. I could not locate Paul, and so approached the shadow that represented Lloyd. But from the other side came a stunning blow on the point of my jaw, and I heard Paul scream angrily, "Now will you keep away?"

Then they came together again, the impact of their blows, their groans and gasps, and the swift flashings and shadow-movings telling plainly of the deadliness of the struggle.

I shouted for help, and Gaffer Bedshaw came running into the court. I could see, as he approached, that he was looking at me strangely, but he collided with the combatants and was hurled end over

end to the ground. With one despairing shriek and a cry of O Lord, I've got 'em!" he sprang to his feet and tore madly out of the court.

I could do nothing, so I sat up, fascinated and powerless, and watched the struggle. The noonday sun beat down with dazzling brightness on the naked tennis court. And it *was* naked. All I could see was the blotch of shadow and the rainbow flashes, the dust rising from the invisible feet, the earth tearing up from beneath the straining foot-grips, and the wire screen bulge once or twice as their bodies hurled against it. That was all, and after a time even that ceased. There were no more flashes, and the shadow had become stationary; and I remembered their set boyish faces as they clung to the roots in the deep coolness of the pool.

They found me an hour afterward. Some inkling of what had happened got to the servants and they quitted the Tich-lorne service in a body. Gaffer Bedshaw never recovered from the second shock he received, and is confined in a mad-house, hopelessly incurable. The secrets of their marvellous discoveries died with Paul and Lloyd, both laboratories being destroyed by grief-stricken relatives. As for myself, I no longer care for chemical research, and science is a tabooed topic in my household. I have returned to my roses. Nature's colours are good enough for me.

Jack London.



THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX



One rather unexpected result of Miss Carolyn Wells's gift to THE BOOKMAN has been the departure of the Junior Editor for England. He read so many detective stories that nothing would suit him but that he must go off and pay a personal visit to Conan Doyle. So at present he is sojourning at Hindhead, Surrey. The Senior Editor would have liked to go; but such things do not seem to come his way. What troubles us most is the thought that the Junior Editor will be quite intolerable when he returns; because whenever we get into a controversy with him on a Sherlockian question, he will assume a superior air and settle the matter by saying: "Well, Conan Doyle says so-and-so." We shall know that he is improvising; but as we can't prove it, we shall have to subside and be meek—and we don't like to be meek.

After all, his absence is conducive to a certain tranquillity that for a time is not displeasing. The office is very still. We can sit there by the hour without hearing the rattle of the golf-sticks, or the strains of "Old Nassau," rendered in a voice that is cautiously feeling for the right key and not always getting it. He will not be gone long, however, because he will be anxious to get back so as to give us points. The day of his return will be one of especial interest. Just as his favourite hero, Tartarin, on returning from Algiers to Tarascon, was accompanied at a distance by his faithful camel, so we are sure, will the Junior Editor, when he walks down the gang-plank, be followed closely by a gigantic hound.

I.

Speaking of golf-sticks, reminds us that we have received the following letter, which we print in full:

Will you kindly tell me what "golf-sticks" are, to which you refer in the May Letter-

Box? Is a "golf-stick" related in any way to a base-ball racquet, a row-boat paddle, a canoe oar, or a hockey club?

Admiring your efforts in behalf of a careful and exact use of technical, or semi-technical words and phrases, by amateur writers, I feel confident that my appeal for information will seem to you a justifiable one. I am,

Truly yours,

A. BRASSEY FOOZLE.

MUSSELBURGH-ON-THE-HACKENSACK.

This note is obviously permeated by a delicate infusion of irony. The writer insinuates that it is not technically correct to speak of "golf-sticks." Now we know nothing about golf. In fact, we loathe the game. But the Junior Editor says "golf-sticks," and we would back him on a question of golf against the universe. He may not be, in the most esoteric subtleties, a real Sherlockian, but when it comes to golf—well!

II.

Miss Frances Weston Carruth answers one question, which was propounded by an esteemed correspondent in the last Letter-Box.

To the Editor of The Letter-Box.

DEAR SIR: Seeing in your department a request for an explanation of the title of Judge Grant's novel, *Unleavened Bread*, I beg to state that an answer to the query will be found in an article on "Washington in Fiction," published in THE BOOKMAN of last July, in which I gave part of a letter written by Judge Grant to me on the subject. With your permission I will again quote it:

"Regarding the title *Unleavened Bread*, it occurred to me as a suitable characterisation of a personality which was without the inspiration of leaven, and hence was flat, hard and half-baked. But it appears that leaven, in the strict Biblical sense—the leaven of the

Pharisees—is an evil quality, and that the fermentation produced by it is an evil process, which is a totally opposite interpretation to the every-day use of 'unleavened,' as meaning something which has not risen. 'A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump' suggests the yeast of righteousness and new life, but to those who regard 'unleavened' as a condition from which evil is absent, my use of the title has occasioned perplexity."

III.

At this season of the year we always relax our editorial severity a little and that is why we print the following letter in commendation of ourselves. The writer evidently likes to give his own personality full expression.

MY DEAR SIR: What a man of taste you are! Allow me to back you up. Precisely! Exactly! In your reply to a correspondent in the *May BOOKMAN*, with regard to "A List of the Worst Ten Books," with the happy qualification "whose authors might have been expected to do better," our reading has not included the whole ten, but as your judgment strikes us as being so appropriate to four of them, it must be so with all. It is amazing that the author of *Vanity Fair* and *The Newcomes* should have been willing to acknowledge *The Adventures of Philip*! That the greatest female writer of all the ages, after putting the world under everlasting obligation for *Middlemarch* and *Adam Bede*, should write *Daniel Deronda*! *Lothair*! Well, the bare idea of its being a legacy from a great English statesman! Was there ever such trash to go into a library, even of Peter the Great—"big books on bottom, little books on top." *The Scottish Chiefs*! Literature, it must be remembered, was younger then. It has been a source of pleasure to countless thousands of little minds. Be not too hard upon it.

IV.

Here is a letter which requires careful consideration:

The Bookman's Letter-Box.

Still again—though I trust not finally—Sherlock Holmes. (Surely you can blame no one for keeping that subject to the fore!) "The great detective" is quite apparently a

quack of quacks, deserving to rank as a minor satellite of Cagliostro's; his creator stumbles perpetually, falling often. For proof, select any one of Holmes's adventures or memoirs at random—say "The Reigate Puzzle." Of course, you recall how the fragment of a note furnished Sherlock his principal clue. He discovered that the two Cunninghams constructed this note, each writing a word in alternation, so as to avoid the mis-sive's identification. Yet—O absurd improbability!—neither made the slightest effort to disguise his own hand. Had they been the ordinarily intelligent beings Doyle sought to make them, it is manifest that they must have written—the old man in imitation of Alec—as differently from usual as possible—which would have rendered Holmes's "wonderful deductions" impossible. I suppose even the merest tyro can do something toward forgery. Of course, that one man wrote all his words first might still show, but it is doubtful if the stronger and weaker (elder and younger) could now be determined; and it is certain that a blood-relationship between the writers could not now be deduced from the fact that "both used Greek *c's*." Isn't it perfectly evident that, explaining, Holmes realised the childishness of his efforts at this point, and, as in the case of the nervous attack which prevented Inspector Forrest's revealing the clue to the criminals a few hours before, he hastily sought to gloss over the fizzle he had made, by modestly remarking that "there were twenty-three other deductions which would be of more interest to experts than to you"—plainly, a not creditable bit of charlatanism?

SOL STICE.

This is a bit of very specious special pleading. The writer has ignored the following facts: (1) That the Cunninghams were not experts in crime, but amateurs; (2) that they supposed that only the murdered man would ever see the letter, for Alec expected to recover it from the dead body; (3) that Holmes did not depend entirely upon the evidence of the letter, since he had detected the Cunninghams in two distinct lies—one relating to the alleged struggle, and the other relating to the place where the alleged murderer had made his escape; and (4) that Holmes was aware of the singular and apparently fruitless burglary which had been committed in the house of the person toward whom the Cunninghams felt

a bitter animosity. In view of these facts, our correspondent's strictures upon Sherlock Holmes seem to be utterly unwarranted.

. V.

We have been greatly interested by receiving a letter from Mr. E. C. Litsey, the author of *The Love Story of Abner Stone*, but best known as the man who slew a cat in order to procure stationery. This is what Mr. Litsey has to say:

I note with interest the inquiry of your correspondent from Canandaigua, New York, and your clever comments in answer thereto, as printed in the Letter-Box of the current BOOKMAN.

That the Messrs. Barnes and Co. disseminated such a report about me was no fault of theirs, I beg to say. When about to publish my book, *The Love Story of Abner Stone*, they asked for some information concerning my life, which might prove of interest to the public. As my life had been exceedingly uneventful there was very little to tell. This cat-story, which has evoked your sympathy and jarred upon your tender nerves, is, I beg you to believe, true! I actually murdered a cat for the princely sum of ten cents! You say you are fond of cats; so am I. When I was eleven years old I slept with one one night.

I am sorry that I cannot disprove this story, to which you object so strongly, for I am candid enough to confess that I should be very glad to see my story reviewed in THE BOOKMAN; as for myself, I am glad that it was the cat and not the old lady, for she happened to be my best beloved aunt. With kind regards, believe me,

Very truly yours,

EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

P. S.—I wonder if Dr. Doyle ever murdered a cat?

In the silent interspaces of the night we have mused much upon this matter of Mr. Litsey, his honoured aunt, and the martyred cat. Under the circumstances, no one, surely, would have expected Mr. Litsey to terminate his aunt's existence; but our point was, not that he should destroy his aunt, but that he should spare the cat. We hope that Mr. Litsey is a good man; but there is a certain hard exultation running through his letter which makes us very doubtful. Indeed, we think that the whole guilt of the transaction (which we are averse to mentioning again) attaches to Mr. Litsey alone. His aunt, of course, instigated the deed which he perpetrated, but in default of definite information, we shall assume that she was afflicted with ælurophobia.

We consider the question about Dr. Doyle to be irrelevant and frivolous.



ON A PORTRAIT OF "R. L. S." THE INVALID

Was't this poor dun, thin, sombre, tattered bird
Once made so merry down Earth's every dale?
Not by his coat, then, but the songs we heard,
Let us remember now the Nightingale!

Arthur Stringer.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON*

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. His father, William, was a Unitarian clergyman of some literary attainments, and on both sides the boy's ancestors represented the best blood and training New England could furnish. William Emerson died early, however, and Ralph Waldo's bringing up devolved on an excellent mother and on an aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, a strong, high-minded character. There was a large family of children and little money to support them, yet New England thrift prevailed, and but for weak constitutions it seems likely that there would have been three notable Emersons instead of one. Edward Bliss Emerson and Charles Chauncey Emerson both died early, but left behind fragmentary writings of promise; Ralph Waldo Emerson after graduation seemed also destined to go into a decline, but a visit to the South checked the disease. He had previously led the life of a rather subdued boy, had done some reading, written a little verse, passed through school and Harvard College without conspicuous success, and studied for the Unitarian ministry. The teaching of Everett and Ticknor had doubtless impressed him, but while he showed an open mind with respect to new literary influences, it is plain that on the whole he was slightly melancholy, rather formal, independent—anything but glowing and transcendental. Cool and disengaged he was destined to remain, although the idealism shown in his early fondness for Plato was to render him sufficiently sympathetic with transcendentalism: to make him a sort of intellectual clearing-house for all the enthusiasts connected with the movement. He was from the beginning not sympathetic enough with Unitarianism to make his long continuance in its ministry a possibility.

A little schoolmastering preceded the Southern journey, and some lounging, partly due to his health, followed it.

*From Chapter XIII of Professor Trent's forthcoming "A History of American Literature, 1607-1865," in Edmund Gosse's *Literatures of the World Series*; to be published on or about June 1, 1903. Printed here with the kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton and Company.

Then he became associate, and shortly full pastor of the Second Church in Boston. Here he served conscientiously, but not brilliantly, until 1832, when, conceiving that the use of the elements in the communion should be discarded, he severed his connection with his congregation. There were other reasons for his feeling out of place in the ministry, and the reader of his farewell sermon will scarcely be inclined to accuse him of insolence toward offices usually deemed sacred, since his professed lack of interest in these was but part and parcel of the mental disengagement that had marked him from his youth. Like a true idealist, he was not merely content to remain in a half-way house, but was resolute, so far as he could, to forget its existence. Yet being nothing of an agitator, he broke gently with Christianity, a fact the less surprising when we learn that early in 1832 he lost his wife, to whom he had been married for three years. Disheartened and in poor health, he resolved to try a change of scene, and the following winter sailed for Malta.

The journal he kept throws much light upon his character and is especially interesting in view of his later depreciation of the advantages derived from foreign travel. He displayed no such receptivity toward the charms of Europe as Allston, Irving and Cooper had done. He was less colonial and more self-centred than they—or better, he was more centred on his own ideas. He was, however, desirous of meeting a few men whose writings had impressed him—chief among them Carlyle, with whom he formed one of the most beautiful friendships recorded in the annals of literature. He displayed his Americanism in the thorough fearlessness and partial narrowness of his judgments—none of the famous men he met were of the first class—all were deficient "in insight into religious truth." In other words, he encountered no "sage" such as he himself was developing into, and he was disappointed. In October, 1833, he was back in New England, which was soon to have a surfeit of every kind of insight.

After a little preaching he settled down

in Concord, destined to be his permanent home, and supplemented his fixed income by lecturing, choosing at first scientific topics. The choice was fortunate, since the study it occasioned supplied him later with abundant illustrations well suited to the period of his activity and to the practical audiences it was his lot to address. To the same cause, also, he doubtless owed in part the enthusiasm of many of his early readers, such as John Tyndall. Another choice was more fortunate still, that of Miss Lidian Jackson for his second wife, with whom he lived in sympathetic happiness from 1835 until his death, April 27, 1882.

No minute account of his uneventful life is needed. After he made manners and morals his chief themes his reputation as a lecturer grew steadily, and the enthusiasm he began to excite in the younger generation, despite his faults of delivery, may be somewhat understood from the glowing pages of Lowell. In 1836 he gave the first really conclusive evidence of his genius as seer, interpreter of the external world, and writer of eloquent prose by publishing his small volume, entitled *Nature*—a transcendental rhapsody which rises in parts almost to the level of great poetry, a fact that sufficiently accounts for the bewilderment with which it was at first received. The same year he wrote his patriotic hymn for the anniversary of the battle of Concord and proved that he had not been mistaken in previously writing of himself as a poet. He also edited *Sartor Resartus* and two years later Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, incurring no small trouble and financial loss, but securing for himself in return a sympathetic introduction to the British public.

He was now the centre of the transcendentalist movement—a centre attracting Alcott and Margaret Fuller and Thoreau, to name no others, but possessed of a certain repulsive power to keep them, and every one else, at a convenient distance. Whether Emerson understood the temperament that kept him comparatively isolated may be questioned; that no one else understood or understands it may be asserted with some confidence. He was no Dante, no Milton, no Swift. He was a homely, shrewd Yankee who not only attended to his private affairs but was also an exemplary citizen. He could shock even Unitarian

clergymen by his Divinity School address, but he had prudence enough to stand aside from the controversial battle that ensued. He felt no call to abandon his comfortable home at Concord and join the Brook Farmers. Although he supported the cause of anti-slavery with effectiveness, he could scarcely at any time have been mistaken for a crusader. Thus he was continually displaying a kind of this-worldliness that separates him sharply from the great lonely spirits of the race. Nor can one feel satisfied that his aloofness was due to the presence of some elfin quality in his character. He was no changeling, typical American and New Englander as he was, even to his fondness for matutinal pies. Yet the central fact endures that, however much the transcendentalists hovered about him, however much his lectures and essays made him a mentor to his times and brought him close to the hearts of enthusiasts of both sexes, however much in his mellow old age his fellow-countrymen of East, North, and West, delighted to honour him, and however gracefully he received their homage, Emerson remained a being apart, a denizen of another sphere. To call him an idealist does not explain the phenomenon, nor to call him a mystic. Probably all one can do is to leave him as one finds him—a quaint, engaging figure who has taken up his abode on the confines of the seen and the unseen, who now walks a short space into the beyond, then turns and paces toward us with a smiling face and with entrancing announcements on his lips, but forestalls our questioning and retreats across the mystic border, only to return again and retreat again *ad infinitum*.

The Emerson of 1840 to 1860 was, however, no such elusive personality to his followers as he seems to some of us today. He was a stimulator, and it is as a stimulator that he still appeals to thousands who are passing through stages of mental and spiritual culture similar to those experienced by Emersonians during the decades specified. How deeply he affected his disciples may be judged from a well-known sonnet by Matthew Arnold. The *Essays* that drew forth this tribute were published in two series in 1841 and 1844 respectively. They confirmed the reputation that had been steadily growing since the delivery of the Phi Beta Kappa

address of 1837 on "The American Scholar"—generally regarded as the new world's Declaration of Independence in respect to the things of the mind. In 1847, Emerson collected his scattered poems from *The Dial* and other periodicals. The next year he made a second visit to England, delivering, among other lectures, the successful course on *Representative Men*, which appeared as a volume in 1850, a year after other notable lectures, such as "Man the Reformer," had been published in a volume of *Miscellanies*. The *English Traits*, which summed up his shrewd, subtle, often rash and mistaken, but always interesting, impressions of the mother-country and its inhabitants, did not appear until 1856. He had, in the meantime, continued to lecture and had taken more interest in politics—even to the extent of making campaign speeches. His *Conduct of Life*, published in 1860, was, however, scarcely at first blush the sort of pronouncement needed at the outbreak of a civil war. Its lecture-sermons on "Fate," "Wealth," "Culture," "Worship," and such apparently general and harmless topics were, nevertheless, not unimportant contributions to the literature of freedom, since they inculcated as no other American's writings did, although not so inspiringly, perhaps, as the *Essays* had done, that patriotic idealism without which the people at large could not have saved their republic. It is worth noting that the whole first edition of this book was sold in two days, which, in view of the turmoil of the times, is more significant to the historian than that Emerson should have puzzled the readers of the newly established *Atlantic Monthly* with his mystical poem "Brahma."

During the war he delivered a few addresses and at its close issued a new collection of his poems. Other poems, such as "Terminus" and "May Day," were written soon after, and a course of semi-philosophical lectures was delivered at Harvard which gave a title to a posthumous volume, *Natural History of Intellect* (1893). Two volumes of lecture-essays, *Society and Solitude* (1870) and *Letters and Social Aims* (1875), completed the tale of his chief contributions to literature, although he did edit a *Parnassus* of British and American poetry, revise his own poems, and deliver an im-

portant address or two, such as the searchingly critical "Fortune of the Republic," which still deserves to be pondered. On the whole his old age was one of graceful decline. The destruction of his house by fire in 1872 led his friends to make him a generous gift of money, which enabled him to take a third journey to Europe. He returned to receive the enthusiastic welcome of his townsmen, but their sympathy could not check the gradual aphasia and weakening of the memory that rendered his closing years pathetic. At last, however, his Ariel spirit was free to leave the body that had so long clogged it.

It would be idle to claim that the man Emerson has been adequately sketched above. His serenity, benignity, urbanity, have not been emphasised. Too little attention has been paid to his consistent and inspiring optimism and to his complimentary critical insight, his ability to analyse calmly and thoroughly the faults and foibles of his age and country. His fine patriotism, his flavour of the soil, his profound sympathy with nature and all that is elemental in humanity—these and many other features of his genius have but been hinted at in the vaguest way. Yet if the man and his career have been so unsatisfactorily treated, what can be said in less space of the philosopher, the poet, the moralist, the seer—in short, the writer whom his fervent admirers place at the head of all American men of letters?

Fortunately, there is no need in a history of literature to discuss a philosopher at great length and in a more or less technical fashion, and just as fortunately there is no certainty that Emerson was, strictly speaking, a philosopher at all. It is hard to perceive how his *Natural History of Intellect*, where, if anywhere, he was called upon to reason systematically instead of presenting his hearers or readers with a number of his own intuitions and with comments upon these, differs markedly from any of the desultory lectures he was in the habit of piecing together out of the jottings of his portfolio. It is true that he defended his own want of system, and equally true that some sort of system is deduced from his writings by thoroughgoing Emersonians. He believed that philosophy would one day be taught by poets, and did his best to hasten the day. But his idealism, which was in part stimulated by contem-

poraneous discoveries in science, does not on the whole appeal to the practical, positivistic frame of mind superinduced by those discoveries, and it is too insubstantial and cold to satisfy such souls as have rebelled against the dominance of materialistic conceptions of the universe. Like the Unitarians he superseded, he himself has been deserted for more transcendental founders or exponents of cults. To be sure, in the sense that Marcus Aurelius may be called a philosopher, Emerson may probably be called one; yet it seems best to rank them both with the moralists, the great ethical stimulants.

But if we refuse the author of the essays on "The Over-Soul" and "Circles" the title of philosopher, shall we not follow his own lead and call him frankly a great poet, basing the title both on these and similar essays and on the somewhat scanty, but still important, body of his compositions in authentic poetic form. Here again the true Emersonian is ready with an affirmative answer. There are many cultivated Americans to whom Emerson's poems seem truly great, if not the greatest produced by any of their countrymen. Others equally cultivated maintain, however, that many of his poems are only versified versions of his essays, and declare that save in rare passages he is deficient in passion, in sensuousness, in simplicity, and cramped in his use of the metrical and other technical resources of the true poet. The fact that save for a few perfect pieces, such as the clear-cut "Rhodora" and the impressive "Days," and a slightly larger number of passages, stanzas, and lines, Emerson as a poet has not made his way with English-speaking people outside the Northern and Western States, lends great support to the arguments of his unenthusiastic critics. It can scarcely be denied, furthermore, that poems like "The Dæmonic Love" deal with subjects unfitted for concrete treatment, that true poetic glow and flow are almost entirely absent from Emerson's verses, and that his ever-recurring and often faulty octosyllabic couplets soon become wearisome. That he is at times irritatingly obscure or else uncomfortably profound, that he is given to diffuseness, that he is rarely capable of sustaining himself at a high level of execution, can almost be demonstrated. Worse still, he is prone to jargon, to bathos, to lapses of

taste. Witness the following lines from "May Day."

As we thaw frozen flesh with snow,
So spring will not her time forerun,
Mix polar night with tropic glow,
Nor cloy us with unshaded sun,
Nor wanton skip with Bacchic dance,
But she has the temperance
Of the gods, whereof she is one—

But the author of these lines, which with different handling might have been worthy of their substance, is also the poet who gave us the well-known

He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

And the less known

The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.

He is the fearless poet of "The Problem" and "Good-bye, Proud World;" he is the marvellously subtle interpreter of nature as evidenced by "Woodnotes" and "Monadnock;" he is the tender elegist of the "Dirge" and "Threnody;" he is the wise, mellowed seer of "Terminus." Not only is his volume of verses full of the raw materials of poetry; it contains enough genuinely fine poems and passages in varying styles to lift its author above the category of the minor poets. It is uncritical to rank him with the great British poets, with Shelley or Tennyson, for example, or, as an artist, with his own compatriot, Longfellow, who had a far wider knowledge and a surer command of the technical resources of verse. But to Americans, at least, Emerson is an important poet, whose best work seems likely to gain rather than to lose in value.

What now shall be said of Emerson's prose? Was Matthew Arnold right when, as an experienced critic calmly judging the favourite author of his youth, he denied that the *Essays*, the lectures, and *English Traits* formed a body of prose of sufficient merit to entitle Emerson to be ranked as a great man of letters? It seems as if the time had come for Emerson's countrymen frankly to accept this verdict. Because of deficiencies both of style and of substance Emerson does not belong to the small class of the great masters of prose. His style, despite the fact that *Nature* and many of the essays contain pages of eloquent prose almost equal in power and beauty to noble

poetry, was nearly always that of the lecturer or preacher rather than that of the writer. He too frequently lost the note of distinction and was content if he satisfied his far from exigent audiences. In diction, to be sure, he was a conscious and consummate master, and it need scarcely be said that few writers have surpassed him in the ability to compose a pregnant sentence. But, as is generally admitted and as is shown by his practice of piecing his notes together, he was rarely able to evolve a paragraph, much more a whole essay, in a masterly or even in a workmanlike fashion. It may be granted that critics have overemphasised his lack of coherence, that there is more logical unity in his essays than appears on first reading, that *English Traits* and the later volumes are far from being mere strings of "Orphic Sayings;" but the fact seems to remain that the prose style of Emerson from first to last lacks the firmness, the compass, the precision, the flexibility, the individuality, we demand of the prose writers whom we denominate masters.

In substance also he seems to be less great than he appeared to his contemporaries. This is partly due, paradoxically enough, to his own greatness. He has so leavened the thought of America with his fine idealism, his splendid belief in the capacity and the sacred rights and duties of the individual, his fearless democratic radicalism, that the latter-day reader receives as a matter of course utterances that thrilled the bosoms of youthful Americans two generations ago. The inspired seer is often in danger of seeming to be only a charming, somewhat impractical old gentleman. This attitude is obviously unjust to Emerson, and, to be candid, is probably seldom assumed by any sound-minded, sound-hearted reader of such nobly stimulating essays as those on "Self-Reliance" and "Spiritual Laws," or of the excellent, if less lofty, papers that make up *The Conduct of Life*, or of the homely discourse on "Civilisation," in which, almost without warning, we are suddenly given the injunction—"Hitch your wagon to a star." But despite the continued sale of his works, despite popular votes that place him well to the front of American authors, it may fairly be held that not a few modern readers hold somewhat aloof from Emerson both because of their familiarity with his leading ideas

and because of his defects of substance. He is a great inciter to plain living and high thinking, but he is no longer an undisputed oracle on such subjects as "History," "Art," and the like, however charmingly and suggestively he may write about them. It is impossible not to perceive the discursiveness and the rashness of generalisation displayed in *English Traits*. His defective sense of literary values, his excessive use of the speaker's privilege to plunder all the provinces of human culture, his relentless exploitation of his happy talent for discovering and presenting apt and telling illustrations, his irritating unwillingness to admit a pessimistic argument within the range of his mental vision, his almost fatal bias for stating half-truths only—these limitations of his genius detract sufficiently from the substantial value of his work to make it probable, if not certain, that his place is not with the world's masters of thought. On the other hand, it is equally true to maintain that no one can better gauge books and men when he understands them, that no one can range the fields of scholarship with more grace and divine right, that no one has better comprehended or employed the art of illustration, that no one can face unpleasant facts more bravely than Emerson when he thinks fit, or can more effectively express the scorn or reproach they deserve.

Yet whatever we may think of Emerson as philosopher, poet, or man of letters, it would be unjust to deny that he is a great writer in one very high and special sense. Among all Anglo-Saxons there appears to be no one that stands higher than he as an ethical inspirer or stimulator. In standing and character he cannot be ranked with Marcus Aurelius; probably he should not be ranked with the great emperor as a writer, being seemingly less simply and pathetically noble, although in other respects more richly endowed—but it is in the company of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus that some of us are constrained to place him, and we feel that he would have wished no higher station. For such a station implies that he was not merely a writer whom lovers of all that is nobly ideal in human conduct will not willingly let die, but himself a man who lived up to his ideals—a man worthy during his life to be a pattern to his fellows, and after it a priceless heritage to posterity.

W. P. Trent.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

American Book Company:

Brief Greek Syntax. By Louis Bevier, Jr., Ph.D.

This little book contains the essentials of Greek syntax formulated simply and clearly, and will give the student a grasp of the fundamental principles. All statements of principles are illustrated by quotations from Xenophon, from Homer and from prose writers in general. The book is intended mainly for use in preparatory schools, but can well be used for review in the freshman class in college.

The Spanish in the Southwest. By Rosa V. Winterburn.

From the simplicity of the Indians, through the biographies of the Spanish explorers and the indolence of their occupation, this little supplementary reader carries one down to the American occupation of California. The book is a story of history, a collection of stories so selected and arranged as to present historical characteristics and tendencies. This is one of the series of Eclectic School Readings.

Child Literature. By Mae Henion Simms.

This is the latest addition to the series of Eclectic School Readings, and is intended for First Reader grades. Its distinctive feature consists in its method of presenting attractive nursery rhymes and stories, popular poems and Bible stories, simplified and told in short, easy words.

The American Standard Bookkeeping. High School Edition. By C. C. Curtise.

This text-book has been shaped by many years' experience of the author as teacher and accountant. It embodies advanced pedagogic principles which have been thoroughly tested and worked out in the classroom.

Appleton and Company:

The Stirrup Cup. By J. Aubrey Tyson.

A story dealing with the early life of Aaron Burr, his first courtship and marriage. The book is the third in a series which the publishers call "Novellettes de Luxe," the other two being Mrs. Poultney Bigelow's *While Charlie Was Away* and Elisa Armstrong Bengough's *The Talk of the Town*. The books are attractively bound and printed.

The Care and Feeding of Children. By L. Emmett Holt, M.D., LL.D.

A catechism for the use of mothers and children's nurses by the Professor of Diseases of Children in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. This little book is now in its third edition, the first edition appearing in 1894.

Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea. With Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary. By Arthur H. Palmer.

The author, professor in Yale University, says in his preface: "To make easy and enjoyable the early reading of the poem for its own sake is the aim of this edition. It leaves to later study the details of the great author's life and poetic development, and does not endeavor through the poem to teach the history of the German language or of German literature.

A History of Modern Europe. By Merrick Whitcomb.

A volume belonging to the series of Twentieth Century Text-Books by the Professor of History in the University of Cincinnati. The book is illustrated.

More Letters of Charles Darwin. Two volumes.

A record of Darwin's work in a series of hitherto unpublished letters. Francis Darwin, Fellow of Christ's College, and A. C. Seward, Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, are the editors. A review of this book will be found elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

Baker and Taylor Company:

With the Trees. By Maud Going.

A nature book, by the author of *With the Wild Flowers*, and *Field, Forest and Wayside Flowers*.

Bandar Log Press:

Poker Rubáiyát. By Kirk La Shelle.

A first book of a new publishing company. Mr. La Shelle, who is an enthusiastic poker player, has parodied Fitzgerald's version of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyam. The illustrations are in colour, and are somewhat unique.

Barnes and Company:

The Real Benedict Arnold. By Charles Burr Todd.

Mr. Todd, author of *The True Aaron Burr* and other books of an historical nature, has endeavoured to give an unbiased and concise biography of Benedict Arnold. In writing the book the author has, for the most part, gone to the original sources for material, and

he has personally visited many of the scenes described.

Life's Common Way. By Annie Eliot Trumbull.

A novel in which is told the story of a modern woman's development in New England society. Miss Trumbull has written several other books dealing with various phases of life in New England.

Brentano's:

The Certainty of a Future Life in Mars. Being the Posthumous Papers of Bradford Torrey Dodd. Edited by L. P. Gratacap.

The singular history of a man in whom the editor of this little volume seems to have implicit faith. In his preface the editor says: "The book was written by Bradford Torrey Dodd, who died at Christ Church, New Zealand, January, 1895, after a lingering illness in which consumption developed, which was attributed to the exposure he had experienced in receiving some of the wireless messages his singular history details. I was not acquainted with Mr. Dodd, but some information, acquired since the reception of his manuscript, has completely satisfied me that, however interpreted, Mr. Dodd did not intend in it the perpetration of a hoax."

Crowell and Company:

Love's Labour Lost. "First Folio" Edition. Edited, with Notes, Introduction, Glossary, Lists of Variorum Readings and Selected Criticism, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

This is the second volume in the "First Folio" edition of Shakespeare, the first being *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe. By James A. Harrison. Two volumes.

Professor Harrison, in his Introduction, says: "The biography is justified by recently discovered letters and facts which substantiate many things and disprove many others. Through inquiry and correspondence with Poe's still surviving contemporaries, new light has been thrown on the poet's early and middle life. Many important articles, moreover, have appeared in the periodical press in the last decade, and their substance has been utilised in this volume." Volume I. is devoted to the Life, and Volume II. to the Letters, of Poe.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Mrs. Louise Maude.

Because of the successful dramatisation of this book, the publishers have brought out a "Players' Edition," which is illustrated with scenes from the play as it has been given in New York by Blanche Walsh and Joseph Haworth.

The Rise of Roderick Clowd. By Josiah Flynt.

A story of the "under world," with which Mr. Flynt is particularly at home in his books. Roderick was born without a name; from the schools of the street he drifted into the Reform School, and from there he entered the ranks of the professional crook. Some mention of Mr. Flynt, with a caricature of him, appeared in *THE BOOKMAN'S Chronicle and Comment* for May.

The Story of an East Side Family. By Lillian W. Betts.

Mrs. Betts traces the evolution of an East Side family of New York who begin life in a single room furnished with a table and several soap boxes. They gradually rise in the world until the man becomes the foreman of a factory and the woman becomes a leader in her own neighbourhood. Mrs. Betts is also the author of *The Leaven in a Great City*.

Love's Old Sweet Song. A Sheaf of Latter-Day Love Lyrics Garnered from Numerous Fields. With a Critical Introduction. By George H. Ellwanger, M.A.

In this anthology Mr. Ellwanger has included many of the poems contained in the two volumes entitled *Love's Demesne*, now out of print. Some of the poets whose works appear in this collection are Alfred Austin, Robert Bridges, Robert Browning, H. C. Bunner, Bliss Carman, Madison Cawein, Austin Dobson, George H. and W. D. Ellwanger, Edmund Gosse, Richard Le Gallienne, Clinton Scollard, James Whitcomb Riley, W. B. Yeats and John Greenleaf Whittier.

Poems. By Marie Van Vorst.

Miss Van Vorst's first book of poems, which she dedicates to the memory of her brother, John Van Vorst. The volume is illustrated, and is attractively bound and printed.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

More Money for the Public Schools. By Charles W. Eliot.

In this little volume President Eliot of Harvard University sums up the benefits and shortcomings of public education, and he explains in detail what should be done for the improvement of our public schools. Last autumn President Eliot delivered a series of three lectures on this subject in Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire.

The Conquering of Kate. By "J. P. M."

J. P. Mowbray is the name under which Mr. Wheeler (better known as "Nym Crinkle") wrote *A Journey to Nature, Tangled up in Benlah Land and The Making of a Country Home*.

"J. P. M.'s" last book is a love story, which he intended should be "a romance of a passing phase of American life."

The Nature-Study Idea. By Professor L. H. Bailey.

Professor Bailey gives a suggestive study of the new movement, originated in the public schools, to put the child into sympathy with Nature and his environment, to the end that he may be stronger and more resourceful. The book is divided into three parts: "What Nature-Study Is," "The Interpretation of Nature," "Some Practical Inquiries and Some Ways of Answering Them."

More Baskets and How to Make Them. By Mary White.

The success of Miss White's first volume, *How to Make Baskets*, has led to this companion volume, which gives instruction in more advanced basket-making.

Eaton and Mains:

On the Mountain Division. By Kirk Parson.

A simple tale, which the author says is a true one. He further says that every important railroad incident narrated has come within the bounds of his personal knowledge.

Federal Book Company:

Captain Kettle, K.C.B. By Cutcliffe Hyne.

A continuation of the very popular *Adventures of Capt. Kettle* by the same author.

Fox, Duffield and Company:

Everyman. A Moral Play.

This is the first book to be published by the above firm. As every one knows, *Everyman* is the "Morality Play" which has caused so much genuine praise during the past season. The play was first published by John Scott (or Skot) in London, about 1520. Other editions of the play appeared during the sixteenth century. Within the last two years the Elizabethan Stage Society of London has revived the play, and it has been given many times in England and in America.

Funk and Wagnalls:

Washington. Its Sights and Insights. By Harriet Earhart Monroe.

Mrs. Monroe, who is a public lecturer, has written a book in which she describes the architecture of the government buildings, and depicts the work that is carried on within. The volume is illustrated.

Blind Children. By Israel Zangwill.

A book of poems by the well-known Jewish writer. A quatrain called "Terror in Darkness" attracted our especial attention:

"I feel the breath of midnight

As of some uncouth creature, panting quick

At tension for a spring, awaiting which I live but in the pulses of my heart."

This book, we believe, is the result of some years of work.

Grafton Press:

Confessions of a Chorus Girl. By Madge Merton.

A glance at the title of this book is sufficient to judge of the nature of its contents.

Republics Versus Woman. By Mrs. Woolsey.

In this book Mrs. Woolsey contrasts the treatment accorded to woman in "aristocracies with that meted out to her in democracies."

Harper Brothers:

Wee Macgregor. By J. J. Bell.

A humorous story, plentifully sprinkled with Scotch dialect, which was received enthusiastically by the British public before its appearance in this country. Wee Macgregor is a little Scottish boy, the pet of his parents. A portrait of Mr. Bell appeared in the *Chronicle and Comment of the May Bookman*.

The Triumph of Life. By William Farquhar Payson.

A novel of modern American life. Enoch Lloyd, a young writer, is tempted to write for money after he has met with failure in the matter of his first story. Two opposing influences are brought to bear upon him, the good woman and the bad woman, and when these influences are worked out by an author they usually prove sufficient material for a novel.

The Bishop. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

The adventures of a pioneer bishop who worked among the men of Western camps and forts. The author says that most of the incidents are literally true, and that the bishop himself, long since dead, was a real character.

Marjorie. By Justin Huntly McCarthy.

A novel by the author of *If I Were King*. The story is a romantic one, and deals with a piratically inclined expedition, which started to establish a colony in the West Indies. The book is illustrated, and it is dedicated to Anthony Hope.

The Kaiser's Speeches. Translated and Edited with Annotations, by Wolf von Schierbrand.

These speeches form a character portrait of Emperor William II. The volume, which is a large one, contains all of the important speeches, especially those which touch upon American affairs and topics of interest to Americans. This translation is based upon a compilation made by A. Oscar Klaussmann, although it was found necessary to include material in the present vol-

ume which was not found in that compilation.

How to Keep Household Accounts. By Charles Waldo Haskins.

The author of this little handbook is the late Dean and Professor of Auditing and of the History of Accountancy in the School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance of New York University. The object of the book is to save house-keepers time and money by showing them how to keep their accounts in an easy manner. Mr. Haskins is indeed a brave man to attempt to teach women how to keep their accounts, as this is a difficult as well as a delicate task.

Pearl Island. By Andrew Caster.

A story for boys, which boys ought to like. The publishers advertise it as a book of the "Robinson Crusoe" kind, and this is sufficient of itself. Two boys are wrecked on an island in the Indian Ocean, where they have thrilling adventures with Malay pirates, sharks, serpents, and tigers, and where they find treasures of pearls to compensate for the other drawbacks. The book is illustrated by Florence Scovel Shinn.

People You Know. By George Ade.

A new book of fables, and the people you know are "The Attenuated Attorney Who Rang in the Associate Counsel," "The Man Who Had a True Friend to Steer Him Along," "The Patient Toiler Who Got it in the Usual Place," "The Samaritan Who Got Paralysis of the Helping Hand," "The Girl Who Took Notes and Got Wise," and a number of others equally well known. Mr. John T. McCutcheon and others are the illustrators.

Hinds and Noble:

A Broader Elementary Education. By J. P. Gordy, Ph.D., LL.D.

The author of this text book, Professor of the History of Education in the School of Pedagogy, New York University, aims to show what the elementary school must do if it is to stop treating its pupils as beings who are to learn things with a view merely to the practical side of life. The author himself thinks that the serious study of his book by a young and immature student, "ought to result in the greatest single service that professional training can render—the substitution of the rational for the traditional attitude toward education."

Lane:

Elizabeth's Children.

While it is well known that Elinor Glyn is the author of *The Visits of Elizabeth*, and, therefore, author of the present book, her name is not used on the title page. Elizabeth, it will be remembered, married a Frenchman whom

she met on one of her "visits." The children of this marriage are the *raison d'être* for this book. They inherit the love of visiting from their frivolous mother, and while staying with Hugh at his country place the events in the story take place.

Contrasts. By Florence Henniker.

A collection of short stories by the author of *In Scarlet and Grey*. Most of the stories have appeared in English periodicals, so that they are quite fresh to American readers. The Honourable Mrs. Henniker is a London society woman, and a daughter of Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes, who later became Lord Houghton.

A New Portrait of Shakespeare. By John Corbin.

The aim of this book is to show that the so-called Droeshout Original is probably a fabrication, and that the Ely Palace painting is a life portrait of Shakespeare. Mr. Corbin is dramatic critic for the *New York Times*, and author of *An American at Oxford*.

New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Annotated by Thomas Carlyle and edited by Alexander Carlyle, with an Introduction by Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. Two volumes.

A review of this work appears in the present number of *THE BOOKMAN* and a photograph of Mrs. Carlyle is reproduced. The volumes are handsomely bound in red and generously illustrated.

The Tramp's Handbook. By Harry Roberts.

Mr. Roberts defends vagabondia, and he gives considerable information which should be of assistance to the persons who tramp the highways and byways. It is not very likely, however, that the actual tramp will have an opportunity to peruse his book. "It is a little primer for those who wish to minimise their needs, to waste as little of their lives as may be in the money-making pursuits of the factory and the market-place, and so to have the maximum of time for the pleasures of real living and independent growth."

Between the Lights. By Alice Herbert.

A small volume of poems by a new writer of verse. We quote the dedication:

"To one who will not read my book;
Whom neither song can reach, nor
any tears;
I dedicate it, with a farewell look
Back through long, bitter, dim, forsaken years."

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that most of the verses are in the same melancholy strain.

Tommy Wideawake. By H. H. Bashford.

Tommy is not an ordinary boy, and it takes four bachelors and one widower to look after him. It is one of these men who tells the story of Tommy's boyhood days, and he tells it with much feeling. Mr. Bashford is a new author and has already been classed with Kenneth Grahame.

The American Advance. A Study in Territorial Expansion. By Edmund J. Carpenter.

One can judge of the character of this book by glancing at the following chapter headings: The Louisiana Purchase, Cession of the Floridas, The Annexation of Texas, The Mexican Cession, Oregon, The Gadsden Purchase, Alaska, Hawaii, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines.

Walks in New England. By Charles Goodrich Whiting.

A book to appeal to lovers of nature. The illustrations in the volume are from photographs taken on the walks, which were responsible for the author's notes.

Shakespeare and the Rival Poet. Displaying Shakespeare as a Satirist and Proving the Identity of the Patron and the Rival of the Sonnets. By Arthur Acheson.

In this volume, Mr. Acheson attempts to prove that the rivalry which existed between Shakespeare and some unnamed poet, so sharply continued throughout such plays as *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Troilus and Cressida*, etc., in reality existed between the Bard of Avon and George Chapman, the poet and playwright.

Mr. Acheson has appended a reprint of a number of poems of Mr. Chapman for the convenience of the reader.

Macmillan Company:

Ronald Carnaquay. By Bradley Gilman.

It is rather unusual to see the commercial side of the church brought into a novel. Mr. Gilman, a clergyman himself, has written this novel with a serious purpose. Ronald Carnaquay is a commercial clergyman, and in building his story about the personality of this man, the author has aimed at portraying some of the hard facts and unhappy conditions of modern church-life. The book should appeal to the class of readers who are tired of the frivolous and the foolish and who find enjoyment in the reading of a good, clean story.

The Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. The Yellowplush Papers, Etc., Edited by Walter Jerrold. With Illustrations by Charles E. Brock.

A new volume in the Dent Edition of Thackeray.

Heroes of the Norselands. Their Stories Retold by Katherine F. Boulton. With Nine Illustrations by T. H. Robinson.

An imported book belonging to the series entitled *The Temple Classics*. The stories are written for young people.

Evalina, or, The History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World. By Frances Burney. Two volumes.

These volumes also belong to the *Temple Classic Series*. The first edition of this work appeared in 1778. Frances Burney was born in 1752 and died in 1840.

The Water Fowl Family. By Leonard C. Sanford, L. B. Bishop, and T. S. Van Dyke.

A new volume in the *American Sportsman's Library*, edited by Caspar Whitney. Dr. Sanford is a practical sportsman, and he has handled the subject from the sportsmen-naturalist point of view. Mr. Van Dyke, whose name is well known with the sportsmen of the East as well as of the West, gives an interesting chapter on the varieties of wild fowl of the Pacific Coast.

Old Squire. By B. K. Benson.

A romance of a black Virginian by the author of *Who Goes There*, *A Friend with the Countersign*, and *Bayard's Courier*. The book does not attempt to defend slavery, but to do justice to slaves, and where the book departs from history, characters are affected rather than events. Like Mr. Benson's previous books, the present story belongs to the Civil War period.

Roderick Taliaferro. By G. C. Cook.

A novel of the days of Maximilian's Empire, which contains a good love story. The book has received much favourable comment, and it is already in its second edition.

The Impeachment and Trial of Andrew Johnson. By David Miller Dewitt.

The author of this story has had the benefit of examining, among other private papers, a series of scrap-books compiled by Colonel William G. Moore, one of the private secretaries of President Johnson, from documents and newspapers of the day.

Studies in Contemporary Biography. By James Bryce.

This volume, by the author of *The American Commonwealth*, contains a collection of interesting articles, some of which have appeared in the English journals. Among persons with whom Mr. Bryce has been personally acquainted and of whom he writes may be found the names of Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, J. R. Green, E. A. Freeman, T. A. Green, W. Robertson Smith, Lord Iddesleigh, Robert Lowe, C. S. Farnell, Lord Cairns, Sir George Jessel, Cardinal Manning, Archbishop Tait, Bishop Fraser, Dean Stanley, Lord Acton, Henry Sidgwick, Anthony Trollope.

Athletics and Out-Door Sports for Women.
Edited by Lucille E. Hill.

Each subject in this volume is treated separately by a special writer. The editor is director of Physical Training in Wellesley College. Among the subjects illustrated are Physical Training at Home, Gymnasium Work, Dancing, Swimming, Skating, Rowing, Golf, Lawn Tennis, Field Hockey, Basketball, Equestrianism, Fencing, Bowling, and Track Athletics.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

The Voice in the Desert. By Pauline Bradford Mackie.

The setting of this story is in a little Spanish mission town, where the hero is settled as an Episcopal clergyman. The spirit of the desert affects the husband and wife quite differently, and under this peculiar influence they gradually drift apart. The author, who is the wife of Herbert Müller Hopkins, has written a number of other novels, among them being *The Washingtonians*, which appeared about two years ago.

Flower-o'-the-Corn. By S. R. Crockett.

A little town in the south of France forms the background of this story. The plot deals with a group of Calvinists, who have been sent from Belgium into Southern France. Mr. Crockett must be kept pretty busy, as a new novel by him is anything but a novelty.

Golden Fleece. By David Graham Phillips.

Mr. Phillips is one of the younger American writers who has already made a name for himself. His two previous books, *The Great God Success* and *The Woman Who Ventures*, were pretty good modern stories. In the present book, Mr. Phillips has taken for his theme the adventures of a fortune-hunting earl who visits this country.

The Joyous Heart. By Viola Roseboro.

A woman's story full of love and sentiment and all the things that some women like. The scene is laid in the South, during the War of the Rebellion.

Deep Sea Vagabonds. By Albert Sonnichsen, Able Seaman.

To some readers there is nothing quite like a good sea story, and to these readers the above book should make a strong appeal. The narrator of the yarn began his experience on the deep by joining the British ship *Pitcairn*, which, in 1896, arrived in the harbour of San Francisco with a cargo of coal from Australia.

The Better Way. By Charles Wagner.

A new book, similar in character to *The Simple Life*. Its title in the French edition is *L'Ami*. Mary Louise Hendee is the translator.

Darby O'Gill and the Good People. By Herminie Templeton.

"This history sets forth," to quote from the foreword, "the only true account of the adventures of a daring Tipperary man named Darby O'Gill among the Fairies of Sleive-na-mon." The adventures were related to the author by a car-driver who goes between Kilcuney and Ballinderg, Ireland.

American Industrial Problems. By W. R. Lawson.

Mr. Lawson, in his Introduction, says: "A studious endeavour will be made here to give full credit to the Americans for every good quality of their industrial system. Their workmen, their managers, their organisers, their financiers, their banks, their railroads, their tariff-makers, and their speculators will be all treated sympathetically." The book is an imported one.

Charles di Tocca. A Tragedy. By Gale Young Rice.

A tragedy in blank verse, the action of which takes place in the fifteenth century.

Neely:

At the Heart of Old Pelée. By Paul Chambliss.

A "trashy" novel with the scenes laid in New York and in Mont Pelée. A glance at the illustrations in the book is sufficient to prevent almost any one from caring to go farther.

The Twin Seven-Shooters. By Charles F. Manderson.

A story of some seven shooters, which played their part in the Civil War. Mr. Neely has given the book, an illustrated one, a glaring blue cover.

New Amsterdam Book Company:

A Book of Curious Facts of General Interest, Relating to Almost Everything Under the Sun. Compiled by Don Lemon. Edited by Henry Williams.

A little book with a short paragraph on all sorts of subjects, and which is advertised as "a perfect mine of nuggets for table-talk." There is a good deal of information in these paragraphs.

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

Mr. Claghorn's Daughter. By Hilary Trent.

A novel of religious controversy.

Putnam's Sons:

Notes From Nature's Lyre. By Howard Beck Reed.

In spite of the title, this volume contains nothing but poetry, with the exception of the Introduction, which is a

short essay on Nature. The poems are divided, classified under the following headings: "Seasons," "Scattered Petals," "Sonnets," "From the Kettle on the Crane," "Jots for Little Tots," and "Trifles."

Christopher Columbus. His Life, His Work, His Remains. As Revealed by Original Printed and Manuscript Records. Together with an Essay on Peter Martyr of Anghera and Bartolomé de las Casas, the First Historians of America. By John Boyd Thacher. Volume I.

This work is to appear in three volumes. It is Mr. Thacher's contention that he has secured for his volumes certain important and distinctive material which has never before come into print. The illustrations include reproduction of documents, permission for the reproduction of which has not hitherto been granted.

Contemporary France. By Gabriel Hantoux. Volume I.

A very important book written by an ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs and treating of France from 1870 to 1900. It will be reviewed next month.

Revell Company:

The Turk and His Lost Provinces. Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia. By William Eleroy Curtis.

The purpose of this book is to give English readers a few facts about the several "buffer states" of the Balkan Peninsula. It is the result of a journey which the author made through that peninsula as correspondent of the *Chicago Times-Herald*.

Those who are reading the despatches in the daily papers concerning the disturbances in Bulgaria and Macedonia and other parts of Turkey, will find interest in reading the book. It is a timely volume and the only one, we understand, in the English language which gives an account of the conditions that exist in Bulgaria, Macedonia, and other Balkan states. Some of Mr. Curtis's prophecies have already come true.

Scott-Thaw Company:

Discourses of Keidansky. By Bernard G. Richards.

Many of the papers contained herein have already appeared in the *Boston Transcript*. Keidansky is a Yiddish writer and speaker, "a young radical of the Ghetto," of whom his friend, Mr. Richards, writes enthusiastically. The discourses are on such subjects as these: "The Badness of a Good Man," "The Goodness of a Bad Man," "The Tragedy of Humour," "The Immorality of Principles," "The Exile of the Earnest," "Why Social Reformers Should Be Abolished," "The Purpose of Immoral Plays."

Scribner:

Middle-Aged Love Stories. By Josephine Daskam.

In her new book of short stories, Miss Daskam has taken the middle-aged person as her theme, for the time being discarding the children, who have made her so popular. These middle-aged persons have young hearts and desires, and Miss Daskam writes sympathetically of them. The book contains a photograph of the author.

Trees, Shrubs, and Vines of the Northeastern United States. By H. E. Parkhurst.

An illustrated volume which fully describes the characteristic landscape features of trees and shrubs for identification by the non-botanical reader. The book also contains an account of the principal foreign hardy trees, shrubs, and vines cultivated in our country, and found in Central Park, New York.

The Adventures of Harry Revel. By A. T. Quiller-Couch.

A story of plot and mystery, the scene of which is laid on the coast of England many years ago. The story is told in the first person.

No Hero. By E. W. Hornung.

An entertaining and well-written story of a man who may be no hero himself, but who knows how to tell his story of the young Eton boy in such a way as to make it exceedingly interesting. Catherine, the egotist, is a clever characterisation. The scene is laid in Switzerland.

Our Northern Shrubs. By Harriet L. Keeler.

Miss Keeler's purpose in writing this book was to supply a guide to our Northern shrubs, by the aid of which any shrub may be identified and its habits learned. The book is planned upon the same line as the author's *Native Trees*.

The Modern Obstacle. By Alice Duer Miller.

The obstacle in this case is the lack of money, and around this question of money the author has written a modern love story. The characters move in smart society, and they talk epigrammatically.

The Roman Road. By "Zack."

This book contains three stories: "The Roman Road," a story of an English manor-house and its inmates; "The Balance," which touches upon life in a somewhat unusual way; and "Thoughty," a story of the youth of two boys. Zack made her reputation with *Life and is Life*, and since then she has written a number of other books.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Historical Readings. By Edward S. Ellis, A.M.

In these "readings" Mr. Ellis has given the young people of the United States a unique patriotic reader. The Star Spangled Banner is the theme, and the story of its evolution and its conquests should arouse the patriotism of the reader.

Hans the Eskimo. By Christiana Scandlin.

These stories of Eskimo home life are told in a simple manner, the object being to bring the lives of the little children of the North nearer to the children of the South. The adventures of Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic explorer, are also a part of the book.

Taylor and Company:

Thyra Varrick. By Amelia E. Barr.

A love story by Mrs. Barr, who has the happy faculty of turning out novels with wonderful rapidity.

Wessels Company:

Flowers of the Dust. By John Oxenham.

A story of love and war, which is meeting with considerable success. A photograph of Mr. Oxenham, with some notes about him, appear in the Chronicle and Comment of the present number of THE BOOKMAN.

Whittaker:

Until Seventy Times Seven.

A story of the "Sunday-School" type, published anonymously.

Wieners. "At the Sign of the Lark."

Angelo, the Musician. By Harriet Bartnett.

A novel, in which the author tells the story of one Angelo, a news-waif, who afterward becomes a composer and director. His struggles, his disappointments, his triumphs, and his early death form a part of a story in which the scenes shift from San Francisco to Europe and then back to this country.

BOSTON.

Badger:

Sonnets and Lyrics. By Katrina Trask.

A new edition of a book of verse which first came out in 1894. The poems are divided under the following headings: Sonnets, Lyrics, Contrasts, Point of View.

Semanoud. By H. Talbot Kummer.

A book of poems by the daughter of Major Arnold Kummer of Baltimore. This is Miss Kummer's first book of verse.

Summer Songs in Idleness. By Katherine H. McDonald.

Another volume of verse by a woman poet.

Indian Summer. By James Courtney Challiss.

Mr. Challiss is a Western poet, living in Hiawatha, Kansas. Besides writing poetry for the various magazines, he is the representative of an insurance company. We believe that this is Mr. Challiss's first published book of verse.

Ditson Company:

Twenty Original Piano Compositions. Franz Liszt. Edited by August Spanuth.

Fifty Songs by Robert Franz. Edited by William Foster Apthorp. For High Voice.

The above volumes belong to The Musicians Library, a series which has been planned to include all the masterpieces of song and piano music, edited by living men of authority.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Flower Beautiful. By Clarence Moores Weed.

A richly illustrated volume on the subject of the decorative use of flowers. The author has treated the subject seriously as a branch of art, and applies the principles of art to govern its practice.

Cap'n Simeon's Store. By George S. Wasson.

The title of this book is taken from the favourite haunt of the ancient sea-captains, who sit around "Cap'n Simeon's" fire and spin yarns. The "store" is "down Gloucester way," and it is this locality which Mr. Wasson has chosen for his story of the fishermen. THE BOOKMAN published a photograph of Mr. Wasson in the April number.

True Bird Stories. By Olive Thorne Miller.

There are thirty-four stories in this collection. Mrs. Miller has been for a long time a student of birds, and she has written several books on this subject. The book contains ten full-page illustrations, with a frontispiece in colour.

The Complete Alexander Pope. Cambridge Edition.

The latest volume in the Cambridge Edition of the Poets, edited by Bliss Perry. The present volume is edited, with a biographical sketch and notes, by Henry W. Boynton. The poems are arranged in chronological order, and translations from Homer are included.

Little, Brown and Company:

Truth Dexter. By Sidney McCall.

A new edition of a novel which appeared about two years ago and which has not been lost sight of at any time since its first appearance. A review of this book appeared in THE BOOKMAN

for June, 1901. The identity of "Sidney McCall" remains a mystery, as the publishers decline to reveal the real name of the author. *Truth Dexter* is a novel worth reading.

A Rose of Normandy. By W. P. A. Wilson.

An historical romance of France and Canada in the reign of Louis XIV. The story is full of action and incident, as such stories must necessarily be, and the leading characters—Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle, and Henri de Tonti—suffer many hardships before the story is brought to a close.

Barbara. A Woman of the West. By John H. Whitson.

An American novel, the scenes of which are laid in a Western ranch, Cripple Creek, and the city of San Diego. Barbara, the heroine, is the wife of a man who leaves her in a mysterious manner. The story deals principally with what her life is without the support and protection of her husband. The author is a woman.

Birds of the United States and Canada. By Thomas Nuttall. New, Revised, and Annotated Edition by Montague Chamberlain.

A new edition complete in one volume of a popular book on the birds of the Northern and Eastern States. The book contains one hundred and ten illustrations in colour.

The Spoils of Empire. By Francis Newton Thorpe.

A romance of Mexico in the time of Montezuma. The passion of Juan Estroval, a follower of Cortez, for a daughter of Montezuma is the theme of the love story.

Lothrop Company:

Darrel of the Blessed Isles. By Irving Bacheller.

Mr. Bacheller's latest novel is reviewed elsewhere in these pages, and to this review the reader may be referred for our opinion of the book.

Page and Company:

The Mystery of Murray Davenport. By Robert Neilson Stephens.

Mr. Stephens has foresworn the historical romance and has written a story of New York of the present day. Mr. Stephens, it will be remembered, is the author of *An Enemy to the King*, written at a time when that sort of book had not been done to death. The present book deals with the personality of a dual nature.

A Daughter of Thespis. By John D. Barry.

A story of the sort of actress who does not usually figure in novels; for Evelyn Johnson, the heroine, is neither brilliant, ambitious, nor naughty. A piece of genuine realism.

Pilgrim Press:

Phillips Brooks. As His Friends Knew Him.

The articles in this volume appeared in *The Congregationalist and Christian World* for January, this issue being devoted to the commemoration of Bishop Brooks, who died ten years ago.

Turner and Company:

Memories and Portraits. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

In the present edition there has been substituted for the essay entitled "The Manse" one of the first efforts of Stevenson as an author, "The Philosophy of Umbrellas." This was written in collaboration with James Walter Ferrier, who was one of the four editors of the *Edinburgh University Magazine*, and the friend of whom Stevenson writes in the third part of "Old Mortality." The book contains a sketch of Stevenson by J. W. Alexander, as well as other illustrations.

PHILADELPHIA.

Lippincott Company:

The Untilled Field. By George Moore.

A volume of short stories by a writer who has won for himself much literary fame and whose work appeals to discriminating readers. Mr. Moore gives a picture of the state of Ireland, "the untilled field," and he portrays the dramatic exile of the tillers of the soil.

At the Time Appointed. By A. Maynard Barbour.

A new mystery story by the author of *That Mainwaring Affair*, which has passed through eight editions. Two editions of the present book were sold before its publication. Until recently Mrs. Barbour lived in Montana.

Saunders and Company:

The Care of the Baby. A Manual for Mothers and Nurses. By J. P. Crozer Griffith, M.D.

This book contains practical directions for the management of infancy and childhood in health and in disease. The book is in its third edition, which proves that its value has been appreciated.

Practical Points in Nursing. By Emily A. M. Stoney.

A book for the use of nurses in private practice. It has an appendix, con-

taining rules for feeding the sick, recipes for invalid foods and beverages; weights and measures; dose list; and a full glossary of medical terms and nursing treatment. This book is also in its third edition.

CHICAGO.

Book Supply Company:

That Printer of Udell's. By Harold Bell Wright.

. A story of the Middle West, in which the opening scene is laid in the Moonshiner's district of Arkansas.

Callaghan and Company:

John Marshall. Life, Character, and Judicial Services. Compiled and Edited with an Introduction by John F. Dillon. Three volumes.

February 4, 1901, was the centennial anniversary of John Marshall's inauguration as Chief Justice of the United States, and this date was fittingly celebrated in many of the States. These massive volumes contain the addresses delivered by some of the most eloquent men of the present day, as well as some of the famous orations of Binney, Story, and others. The volumes are profusely illustrated, and Judge Dillon has written a lengthy introduction.

Donohue and Company:

John Paul Jones. By Charles Walter Brown.

The purpose of this book is to deal principally with the incidents in the life of Paul Jones in so far as they have helped to make the naval history of our country.

Laird and Lee:

The Danger Line. By Lawrence L. Lynch.

This is a sensational mystery story, embellished with crude illustrations.

This is a handbook for stationary, locomotive, and marine engineers, firemen, electricians, motormen, and machinists.

McClurg and Company:

The Ward of King Canute. By Otilie A. Liljencrantz.

A romance of the Danish Conquest, by the author of *The Thrall of Leif the Lucky*. The coloured illustrations are a special feature of the present novel. Troy and Margaret West Kinney have been working five months on these illustrations. The pictures are worked up in oil, then reproduced by the three-colour process.

The Souls of Black Folk. By Q. E. Burghardt du Bois.

A collection of essays and sketches,

in which the author shows the "strange meaning of being black here in the dawning of the twentieth century." In two of the chapters, Mr. du Bois studies the struggles of the millions of black peasantry, and in another he has sought to make clear the present relations of the sons of master and man. The renewed interest which has lately been awakened in the black man will doubtless help the sale of such a book as this.

The Reflections of a Lonely Man. By "A. C. M."

The "lonely man," who prefers to remain anonymous, reflects upon such subjects as these: The Vantage Ground of Loneliness, Books, Doctors, Idealism, Language, and Government, The Search for Satisfaction, and The Release from Pain.

Stone and Company:

Brewster's Millions. By Richard Greaves.

Mr. Greaves is a new writer, and this is his first novel. It is a modern story, with a New York setting. There are some amusing characters in the book, among them one Swearengen Jones, who openly declares his preference for Butte, Montana, where they have "real sky-scrapers and they are not built of brick. They are two or three miles high and they have gold in 'em. There is real grass in the lowlands and we have valleys that make Central Park look like a half an inch of nothing."

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between April and May, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

NEW YORK CITY.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Southerners. Brady. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

4. Pearl Maiden. Haggard. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Substitute. Harben. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. { The Virginia Girl in the Civil War. Avery. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Trail of Grand Seigneur. Lyman. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) \$1.50.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
5. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
6. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Richard Rosny. Gray. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

5. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. Golden Fleece. Phillips. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Southerners. Brady. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Master of Appleby. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Poole-Stuart Co.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Briggs.) \$1.00.
3. Dr. Bryson. Spearman. (Tyrrell.) \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.
4. Wee Macgregor. Bell. (Harper.) \$1.00; paper, 25 cents.
5. Richard Rosny. Gray. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Master Warlock. Eggleston. (Montreal News Co.) \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
6. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Bird Life. Chapman. (Appleton.) \$2.00.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) 50 cents.
4. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. John Percyfield. Henderson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Story of My Life. Keller. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50 net.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
6. The Trail of the Grand Seigneur. Lyman. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Turquoise Cup. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Comedy of Conscience. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Wee Macgregor. Bell. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
3. The Socialist and the Prince. Older. (Funk & Wagnalls.) \$1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. For a Maiden Brave. Hotchkiss. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
6. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Poole-Stuart Co.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Briggs.) \$1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Morang.) \$1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (McCleod & Allen.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
5. A Garden of Lies. Forman. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
6. Journeys End. Forman. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and \$1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Our Northern Shrubs. Keeler. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
4. The Story of My Life. Keller. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. No Hero. Hornung. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
6. Winter India. Scidmore. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

	POINTS
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " 2d " " "	8
" " 3d " " "	7
" " 4th " " "	6
" " 5th " " "	5
" " 6th " " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Lady's Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.....	244
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00	215
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.....	129
4. The Pit Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.....	104
5. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.....	58
6. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.....	37



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Coffee in its place. A physician of Heber,
Ark., says: "I have been a coffee drinker for
30 years and have often thought I could not
live without it. After many years of suffering
from our national malady, dyspepsia, I finally
attributed it to the drinking of coffee, and after
some thought determined to use Postum Food
Coffee. I soon found myself so much better I
used it at all meals and I am pleased to say it
has entirely cured me of indigestion."

"I gained 19 pounds in 4 months, and my
general health is greatly improved." Name
given by Postum Cereal Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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change every family in moderate circumstances can own a Vose
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plans in your home. One of our agents is...

XVII.

JULY, 1903

No 5.

The
BOOKMAN
for **JULY**

Price 25 Cents \$2.00 per Year.



AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE
OF
LITERATURE
AND LIFE

**DODD MEAD
& COMPANY**

5th Ave **NEW YORK**



To lave my lady's dainty
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of many lands,
But out of all the
shining row
SHE CHOOSES
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EDWARD BULWER. LORD LYTTON.

From a painting by E. M. Ward, R.A.

JULY, 1903.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life



CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN should be addressed to "The Editors of THE BOOKMAN." Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.

JUN 20 1903

The Bulwer-Lytton centenary ought not to be passed over without some mention of the important part which

Lady Lytton.

was played in the author's career by the woman whom he married. Young Bulwer was a precocious sort of youth, publishing a volume of poems at the age of seventeen, and carrying off the Chancellor's Gold Medal while at Cambridge. He was extremely high-flown in many ways, declaring himself "changed for life" because of some boyish love affair which he had while yet an undergraduate; so that after mooning about and taking long pedestrian tours in the north of England, where he professed to have had remarkable adventures with impossible cut-throats, he began to fly back and forth like a shuttle between Paris and London. His mind was a playground for emotion and metaphysical speculation, and he could settle down to nothing until at last he met a very beautiful Irish girl. He fell violently in love with her and married her when he was twenty-two years old. She was a Miss Rosina Wheeler, and in marrying her Bulwer estranged his mother. His marriage was a most unhappy one in other respects. He entered upon it in a wild frenzy of adoration which, with his mercurial nature, was far too intense to be enduring. Before long, his home was

a place of torment, both for him and for the girl he married; yet the result, curiously enough, was beneficial. His quarrel with his mother cut him off from all pecuniary assistance, and his unhappy marriage seems to have steadied and matured him by its very wretchedness.

■

Consequently, being thrown upon his own resources, he was compelled to write; and the bitterness of his heart seems to have goaded him into writing well. From that time he began pouring forth the stream of novels which, with his plays and his multitudinous contributions to the reviews, made him for a while as famous as either Thackeray or Dickens. He separated from his wife after nine years of marriage; but this separation did not bring him any respite from the vindictiveness which he had inspired in the woman who bore his name. To the day of his death, she hounded him in every possible way, caring nothing for the scandal which she created in her eagerness to hurt him and to hamper his career. She published books in which, under a very tenuous pretence of fiction, she attacked her husband, and even her son, who had taken his father's part. The most outrageous thing she did was the publication of all Bulwer's early love-letters to her; and she did this with a view to

making him ridiculous. As a matter of fact, they were the most extraordinary letters, in which every possible form of endearing speech was exhausted, and pushed to a degree of extravagance such as made them seem almost the ravings of a madman. She was, indeed, successful in her immediate purpose. Lord Lytton was overwhelmed by the shame of the thing. Yet in the end the woman suffered most, for her conduct put her beyond the pale of social recognition. She

outlived Lord Lytton by nearly five years, dying in 1882.

■

Some ten or twelve years ago there appeared in London a book entitled *Dr. Phillips*, the name of the author being given as "Frank Danby." It was a book of an exceedingly realistic character, written with extreme frankness and with intimate



ROSINA, LADY LYTTON.

From a drawing executed in 1852 by A. E. Chalon, R.A.

On Thursday, August 29, 1827, Bulwer was married to Rosina Aimée Doyle Wheeler.



THE LATE EARL OF LYTTON. "OWEN MEREDITH."

knowledge of a certain kind of Jewish life—that is to say, the life which is led by orthodox Jews of the well-to-do middle class. The principal character of the book is a Jewish physician of great tal-

ent who is married to a dull, fat, affectionate woman who is no companion for him, and who bears him no children. Dr. Phillips lives ostensibly the life of a popular family doctor, but all the time he is

carrying on an intrigue with a beautiful Englishwoman, whom he met when she was a governess, and whom he has installed in a house of her own. This dual existence leads to complications which become more and more difficult, especially when a young Englishman of good family and of great attractiveness meets the English girl and, knowing nothing of her story, falls in love with her and proposes marriage. A friend of his in like manner falls in love with a young Jewess in the same set, and rouses the horror of her intensely orthodox parents. The book

throughout is hard and cynical, but it gives some wonderfully vivid pictures of Jewish life. It became known that the author of it was a woman, and it was suspected that in Dr. Phillips she had drawn the portrait of a well-known London physician. This person was so incensed that he caused the book to be suppressed by legal means.

✱

Not long after, the novel was reprinted in this country in a cheap edition. It was seen on all the news-stands, and



"FRANK DANBY" (MRS. JULIA FRANKAU).



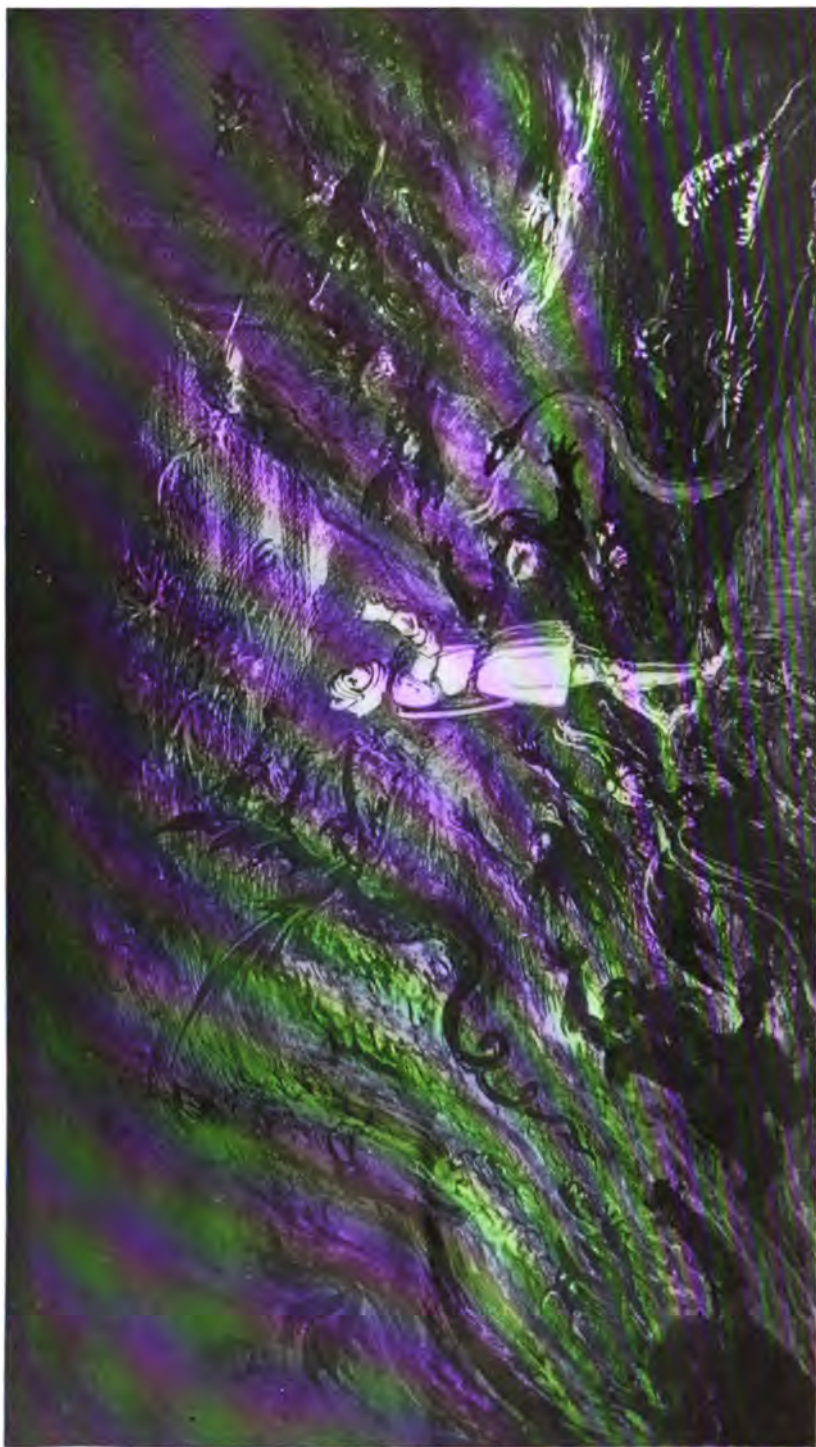
THE LATE MAX O'RELL.

then of a sudden it disappeared. You could scarcely buy a copy anywhere. Just what caused this disappearance we cannot say with certainty; but some years ago in these pages we hazarded the conjecture that its suppression was due to the influence exercised by wealthy members of the Jewish community, to whom some parts of it were exceedingly offensive. A number of Jewish publications declared this supposition to be untrue, and so we let it go at that. But if you ever happen to come across a copy of *Dr. Phillips* in some second-hand book-shop, we advise you to buy it, for it is a work of exceptional interest and power.

■

"Frank Danby" was a literary disciple of George Moore, and for a time she was his personal friend. For some reason or other, however, the two quarrelled, and Mr. Moore had the exceedingly bad taste

to attack her in the pages of the *London Saturday Review*. To this attack she made a spirited reply; but she seems to have been rather disheartened by the criticism, and for several years she wrote nothing further. Later, however, she published a second novel, called *A Babe in Bohemia*, which passed through several editions in England, but which, so far as we know, has never been republished in this country. She has now produced a novel called *Pigs in Clover*, which is reviewed on another page, and which we do not hesitate to say is by far the most powerful and searching piece of fiction that has been published during the present year. We are at liberty to reveal the fact that "Frank Danby" is known in private life as Mrs. Julia Frankau. She is the wife of a wealthy London merchant, and is well known in the literary, artistic and theatrical world of the English capital, having a beautiful



CHRISTIAN PASSING THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

From an original drawing by George Cruikshank, presented to the Authors' Club, of New York, by the late Richard Henry Stoddard.

home in Clarges Street, Mayfair, where she entertains extensively. We are fortunate in being able to publish a portrait of this writer, whose identity had for many years been to us a source of much terested speculation.

■

The late Paul Blouet, better known as "Max O'Rell," wrote at least one book which has some definite value as a sociological study. This was his first book, and curiously enough it is the one book which most of the obituary notices have failed to mention. It was called *John Bull and His Island*, and contained the keen and sometimes caustic, yet not ill-natured, comments of a very intelligent Frenchman upon English life in its various phases. Unlike most of his countrymen who write about England, M. Blouet really knew his subject very thoroughly; for he had lived among English people for a long time, and his wife was an Englishwoman. The success of the book was very great all over the British Empire and the United States. The author followed it up by a second volume, called *John Bull and His Daughters*. In writing this, however, M. Blouet made the curious mistake of letting his *esprit Gaulois* have a little too free play, with the result that he shocked a great many of the people who had liked his other book. He promptly recognised his error, and ever after kept himself within the limits imposed by Anglo-Saxon notions of propriety. He was very popular as a lecturer and as a scribbler of airy nothings, all of which were clever and amusing and made no serious demands upon the intellect of his readers. Although he had a good idiomatic command of English, he always wrote his books in French and had them translated by his wife.

■

Every American who has ever been there for more than a week, even Mr. Richard Harding Davis, has written a book or two about Paris—at least, that is the way that it seems—so that nothing that we could say on the subject would be particularly new.

The Impressions
of the
Junior Editor.

But the Junior Editor, after a very serious conference with Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson in the rooms in Upper Baker Street, deciding that he would take a flying trip across the channel for the purpose of seeing M. Dubugue of the Paris Secret Police, and learning a little more about those gigantic frauds of the Baron Maupertuis, and also of the Adventure of the Second Stain, very naturally spent his hours of relaxation of a week looking around to see that the streets were all in the same place and that no one had run away with the Eiffel Tower. In the first place, he wishes to say parenthetically that a new and very good golf course may be found at the Ferme de la Boulie, about three miles from Versailles. This fact has no particular relevance, only it gives him the opportunity utterly and scornfully to repudiate that preference for "golf sticks" over "golf clubs" ascribed to him last month by the Senior Editor. He found that the latest bit of Parisian slang had sprung out of the famous deception in the matter of the Tiara of Saitaphernes, and that the fair Parisienne was retorting to the ardent protestations of her male escort with a sceptical "*la tiare! la tiare!*" which may be translated into American as, "Oh, my! but you're an awful jollier!" The week included the three days during which His Majesty Edward VII., King of England and Emperor of India, was the guest of the city of Paris. A little patience and craning of neck enabled one to see him comfortably two or three times, at Vincennes, where the great review took place, at the race-track at Longchamps, and in the open Boulevard. He looked old—very old and very white. Nevertheless, that did not prevent him from doing an amount of labour and undergoing a physical strain which goes far to justifying the English contention that he is the cheapest and the hardest working public servant in the world. They were telling a very pretty little story about him illustrative of his democracy and good nature. It seems that one day when the late Queen Victoria was on the throne he came suddenly upon a number of men whom he knew who had been in animated conversation, and whose abrupt cessation of talk brought on an embarrassing silence. The Prince of Wales asked them what

they had been discussing. There was an uncomfortable hesitation until one of the party, being an American, and in consequence less reverent and more outspoken, blurted out: "Why, your Royal Highness, we were just discussing whether England would ever become a republic." "Well," replied the Prince, with a laugh, "if it does, and it comes in my lifetime, I know one thing. I'm going to be the first president."



By the Parisians the King was universally voted to be "*très bon garçon*," which we shall translate into American by saying that they considered him "a hot sport" and "the real thing." The enthusiasm seemed spontaneous and absolutely genuine. The following episode doubtless appears trivial in print, but at the moment it impressed us as being irresistibly comical. The crowds were gathered at the Tuilleries end of the Rue Castiglione awaiting the passage of the carriage bearing the King and the President on their way to the performance of *Autre Danger* at the Comédie Française. A few minutes before the passing of the royal vehicle a butcher boy driving a cart galloped by, assuming the manner of royalty and bowing with imperturbable majesty right and left, to the huge delight of the crowd. Hawkers were about the streets selling for the price of two sous a song entitled "*V'là Mimile! V'là Edouard!*" "Mimile," it will be remembered, is the playful distortion of Émile which the French apply to their President. "*V'là Mimile! V'là Edouard!*" was to be sung to the air of "*Viens Poupoule*," one of the latest of French musical hits. The courteous and sincerely friendly tone in which the better class of Parisian newspapers discussed the King's visit made very pleasant reading in England, and even the most venomous of the Boulevard sheets were obliged by public opinion to refrain from being blackguardly. There were, however, covert allusions to the Boer War. One paper started a subscription for the purpose of erecting a statue to President Kruger, while another, calling attention to the fact that Edward was both the King of England and the Emperor of India; urged its readers to greet him with lusty shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

A very interesting feature of Frank R. Stockton's *The Captain's Toll-Gate* is the memorial sketch of the author written by Mrs. Stockton.

A Stockton
Memorial Sketch.

In the first place, in regard to the present story we learn that, although it is now after his death first published, it was all written and completed by Mr. Stockton himself. In fact, it had been finished before the publication of *Kate Bonnet*. We are told that at a very early age Frank Stockton and his younger brother, John, became ambitious to write. They sent their effusions to various periodicals, with the usual result. At last they decided that editors did not know a good thing when they saw it, and hit upon a brilliant scheme to prove their own judgment. One of them selected an extract from *Paradise Regained* (as being not so well known as *Paradise Lost*) and sent it to an editor with the boy's own name appended, expecting to have it returned with some of the usual disparaging remarks, which they would greatly enjoy. But they were disappointed. The editor printed it in his paper, thereby proving that he did know a good thing, even if he did not know Milton.



It was while the Stocktons were living in Nutley, N. J., that Mrs. Stockton went to New York and procured from an orphan's home a girl whom Mr. Stockton described as "a middle-sized orphan." Her spare time was devoted to reading books, mostly of the blood-curdling variety; and she read them aloud to herself in the kitchen in a fashion which, after being at first amusing, soon became irritating. The Stocktons never knew her real name, although she had three or four very romantic ones she had borrowed from sentimental novels. Mr. Stockton called her Pomona and wrote a paper about her for *Scribner's Monthly*, which he called "Rudder Grange." One paper was all that he had intended to write, but it attracted such attention, that the author went on with the series, that was finally collected in the book. *Rudder Grange* was his first successful venture in a humorous line. A story of his, afterward very popular, had been refused by the editor of a prominent magazine on the ground that the traditions of magazines



OUR ARTIST MAKES TWO FAREWELL SKETCHES OF MARK TWAIN.

Mr. Clemens has announced his intention of leaving America and making his permanent home in Italy.

English journalism with just a little dash of American to make it modern and up to date. Mr. W. T. Stead politely said that he had found one or two French newspapers, notably the *Temps* and the *Débats*, better informed on English politics than any English newspapers were on French politics. What struck Max Nordau most forcibly in Parisian journalism was the number of individual journalists of great literary talent, and a certain artistic taste which he found lacking in the newspapers of England or America. A Swiss journalist, M. Secrétan, the editor of the *Gazette de Lausanne*, considered that French journalism differed from the journalism of the rest of Europe mainly in that it was less instructive and more entertaining. M. de Blowitz, in a letter which must have been written a very few weeks before his death, found French journalism lacking in comparison with English journalism mainly on account of the relative unimportance of the advertising columns in a news sense. Every good Englishman, he said, reads the advertisements of his newspaper just as he reads his Bible. In reply to M. Loliée's question as to what French daily papers are most esteemed outside of France, M. de Blowitz diplomatically replies that the *Temps* and the *Débats* are the two papers whose authority is the least disputed. A letter from a Russian journalist conveys the information that the French papers best known in Russia are the *Temps*, the *Débats*, the *Figaro*, and the *Matin*, and that the best known French journalists are Hebrard and Calmette.

In all, in the four papers which constituted M. Loliée's series, there were thirty or forty replies expressive of the opinion of every corner of Europe. The letters in themselves were interesting, and it was only after reading them over a second time that one realised how little had really been said. And yet M. Loliée must have been content and the series must have been a successful one; for now, after an interval of less than half a year, he has begun another series endeavouring to show how the French press is regarded in America. After referring optimistically to his former series, M. Loliée objects that it was not complete. It stopped half way, he says. "It is

necessary to continue our voyage across the Atlantic. Some of our readers have expressed their astonishment that we were not curious to feel the pulse of American opinion. Was it not in the social atmosphere of the United States of to-day, at the height of its power and wealth, that one would find the press best reflecting the rush and turmoil of modern life? Was it not in America that one could find the most furious love of sensation sought hour after hour in a journalism that was nervous and in a continual ebullition?"

M. Loliée's introduction reads well and promises much. But again we fear that we are going to lay aside the series with a certain disappointment. The first paper deals with the opinion of men in the United States, and on the whole, it can hardly be said that M. Loliée has been wise in his selection. Even although the days of great editors and of one-man newspapers are past, even though we no longer have any such men as the elder Bennett and Henry J. Raymond and Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana and E. L. Godkin, we think it would not have been difficult to have picked out a number of men in various parts of the country whose opinions would have carried weight. M. Loliée need have gone no farther from the office of the *Revue Bleue* than Bougival to have asked for the personal opinion of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who is certainly in a position to know a great deal about and to have well-considered opinions on the subject of French journalism. We should like to have heard Mr. Whitelaw Reid speak for the New York *Tribune*; Mr. Paul Dana or Mr. Chester S. Lord for the New York *Sun*; Mr. Ochs for the New York *Times*, and Mr. Horace White for the New York *Evening Post*. As a matter of fact, Mr. H. J. Wright of the *Commercial Advertiser* is the only editor-in-chief represented in M. Loliée's paper. But the opinion of New York is by no means that of the entire country, and we should like to have heard from Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, New Orleans, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco as well. Mr. Henry Watterson could have written something that would undoubtedly have been characteristic. The opinion of Mr. W. R. Hearst might or might

not be valuable, but it would have been interesting. Whereas, M. Loliée bases his paper on the letters written by Mr. Wright, by Mr. Inman Barnard of the New York *Tribune*, by Mr. H. T. Clement of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, and by Mr. Vance Thompson, who writes from the office of the *Cosmopolitan*—a list that is too short to be representative.

❧

Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton's *Life of Bret Harte*, which bears the imprint of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, is the only biography of the

**Bret Harte's
Biography.**

author of *The Luck of Roaring Camp* that has as yet been written. That is as much as we can say in its favour, for as a biography it does not impress us as being in any way remarkable. Apart from the interest in Bret Harte the author, Bret Harte the man had a singularly varied and dramatic career. He was in turn expressman, miner, drug clerk, journeyman printer, school-teacher, soldier, editor, and government employé; the foundations of his literary work were based on what he himself had seen of the rough, hard cruel California of the early mining days; but in the biography you never lose sight of the fact that the Bret Harte whom Mr. Pemberton knew was entirely the literary gentleman who had gone to England for repose and to spend the last years of his life. For the events of all but these few later years the biographer was obliged to draw from Harte's own writings, and he did so with a very obvious lack of comprehension. And when it came to the discussion of the subjects of personality and character he was a little over zealous in his endeavour to whitewash; for the real Bret Harte was very human and had some very human failings.

❧

Many distinguished men of letters have contended, with perfect justice, that while their books belong to their readers to be liked or disliked, lauded or assailed, the details of their personal lives are matters with which the general public has no concern. In other words, so long as an author of eminence manages to keep out of the police court, the manner in which he lives, eats, and treats his wife and

family is a subject which should interest nobody outside of his own circle of friends. This is very well, but how long is it to hold good after an author's death, and how far is it to influence his biographer? If the biography is to deal exclusively with the man of letters as such, very good; but why drag in irrelevant episodes or phases of character for the simple purpose of apologising for them? At certain periods of his life Bret Harte owed money. Everybody who knew him knew that he owed money, and he suffered discomfort for his extravagance. To these debts the biographer alludes simply for the purpose of making some lame excuses. Thackeray and Dickens were very human men, and even now in literary London you may hear personal anecdotes about them that would not fit in with the Christmas books written by either. In the possession of a gentleman in Philadelphia to-day there are a number of letters written by Thackeray to Mrs. Brookfield which show that the feeling on his side was far from being platonic. All sorts of other Thackeray letters are being published; but these, which are documents of real human interest, have been still unread save by a few. But they exist and many people know of their existence. Take Forster's *Life of Dickens*, and turn to the meagre paragraph which alludes vaguely to the domestic infelicities of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens. Here was something which tinged and influenced a good deal of Dickens's life and undoubtedly had some influence on his work. Forster might wisely have ignored it entirely. The mistake was to allude to it in the equivocal way in which he has done.

❧

From bookmen throughout the country there comes a lament that a cherished shrine, the Old Corner Book Store in Boston, is about

**The Old Corner
Book Store.**

to be demolished to make way for a modern business building. The destruction of an edifice so hallowed by literary associations seems vandalism of the most flagrant sort, and following closely, as it does, on the razing of the Hancock Tavern and the Boston Museum, has aroused the protests of those who venerate and visit ancient landmarks. If things go on at this rate, soon it can no longer be said

that Boston's most characteristic feature is the number and historical interest of its buildings. As every one knows, the Old Corner Book Store, erected in 1711, was not only for generations a celebrated publishing house, but was the rendezvous of all that group of brilliant men who gave to Boston her literary fame. The Concord seers and the Cambridge poets fell in here with the Boston guild of letters. Loitering around the counters and exchanging greetings were to be seen Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Agassiz, Holmes, Whittier, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Louisa May Alcott and a host of others. At an old green-curtained desk still in the store, Hawthorne corrected the proofs of *The Scarlet Letter*.

This desk was a favourite with Holmes, who made frequent, and indeed almost daily, use of it. To him the Old Corner Book Store was a fixed habit, and he used it as a sort of club—a place where, dropping in, he was sure to find congenial spirits and a vast array of literature old and new spread out for his delectation. To his enjoyment of the book counters he pays tribute in *The Autocrat*. "I never," he writes, "can go into that famous 'Corner Bookstore' and look over the new books in the rows before me, as I enter the door, without seeing half a dozen which I want to read, or at least to know something about. . . . The titles of many of them interest me. I look into one or two, perhaps. I have sometimes picked up a line or sentence, in these momentary glances between the uncut leaves of a new book, which I have never forgotten." To the quiet of the corner where stood the old green-curtained desk he liked to retire, to sit down for a leisurely turning over of some volume which particularly interested him. And there he frequently wrote letters or made notes of ideas at the moment occurring to him. There, too, his privacy was sometimes invaded by a friend bent on seeing the genial Doctor and knowing of old his hiding-place. So partial was he to the desk that it came to be known in the shop as "the Autocrat's," and has ever since been so spoken of.

It has contained through many years a treasure in the shape of an autograph

album called the "Holmes book," which is unique in character. On its title-page, in the writing of the Autocrat, is an inscription to its owner, Mr. Halliday. The remaining pages bear the autographs of the most distinguished authors in this country and Europe, every one of whom has above his or her signature paid tribute to the Autocrat, either in an original sentiment or a quotation from his works. Mr. Halliday, who for more than half a century has been connected with the Old Corner Book Store, has made it a practice through the years to invite all the literary visitors of renown who frequented the shop to sit down at the old green-curtained desk and inscribe a few lines on the pages of the Holmes book. As a consequence, in turning over this interesting collection, one may read not only the Holmes sentiments of our own literary celebrities, but also of such foreigners as Thackeray, Dickens, Matthew Arnold, Paul Bourget and many others. Though all the men who gave the Old Corner Book Store its peculiarly distinctive atmosphere have passed away, it has ever remained the haunt of makers and buyers of books who do not need the pictures on the walls of the shining literary lights of the past to remind them what memories the quaint little shop holds.

Few readers of Emerson would know him from those anniversary addresses, which looked so much alike in print—pompous little affairs full of funereal formality, praising him for things he had nothing to do with and admiring those qualities which mattered the least. "Such are the great principles upon which Emerson stood," some one would say, after mentioning several that were as well established as the decalogue and almost as old. One loved Emerson because he taught us that wealth was not everything, and another because he upheld freedom and good citizenship, and a third for founding our common-school system by the pregnant sentence, "We must begin earlier—at school." So great a prophet was he, President Eliot tells us, that the entire Harvard system of college electives was actually in his mind. "You must elect your work," wrote Emerson; "you shall

Emerson's
Eulogists.

take what your brain can and drop all the rest." In short, about everything that had since happened turned out on this anniversary to be what Emerson had really meant. For our part, we believe that, as a moralist, he plagiarised a good deal from Moses, and as a founder of civilisation, had a fair amount of help, and that when it came to prophecy, it was easier for him than for others, because so many of his sentences were of a kind that any future would fit. A fallible man of letters of high spiritual gifts, a kindler of enthusiasm (of a sort unknown at anniversaries), he attracts by all those qualities that funeral oratory omits.

✻

In the various notes that have been published in connection with the Emerson Centenary, we have seen no reference to the fact that Emerson once upon a time consented to be a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University, in opposition to Lord Beaconsfield. The invitation to stand came to Emerson from a number of graduates of that University who were



THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE.

bitterly opposed to Lord Beaconsfield's politics, and also to his personality. Of course, there was no chance of Emerson's



Shakespeare's House.

The Doomed Cottages.

SITE OF THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

election; but a very lively campaign was carried on by the undergraduates, who had no votes in the election, but who made an unlimited amount of noise and riot over the affair. Each party had a sort of war-song denouncing the candidate of the other faction. The Emerson contingent chanted their lines to the air of the "Soldiers' Chorus" in *Faust*. The

"Marching Through Georgia." It started off in this way:

Down with savage Ralph, my boys,
And sour his Oversoul,
Go send him to his woods, my boys,
With possums to condole,
He ne'er shall be our Rector while Atlantic
billows roll,
And we go marching to victory!



THE LATE PAUL DU CHAILLU.

first verse ran as follows. We quote from memory:

Down, down
With drivelling Dizzy down!
On him
Let good old Glasgow frown!
Honour the hero of sweet renown,—
Emerson's name and Emerson's fame
With victory crown!

The Disraeli party, which represented the High Tory element, set their verses, oddly enough, to an American air,

Emerson received comparatively few votes when the election came, but his undergraduate supporters had the satisfaction of a free fight in the University quad., and everything ended up with innumerable bonfires and broken heads.

■

The late Paul du Chaillu was for some twenty years, perhaps, the most popular writer on adventurous travel; but he was in reality a great deal more than this. He was a very bold explorer and a very exact and

Paul du Chaillu.

truthful narrator of the things that he discovered. He penetrated the heart of Africa before any other white man had set foot there, and he had many things to tell which were of genuine scientific value. Just because, however, he had the gift of being interesting, many learned dullards cast doubt upon the reports which he made of his explorations. They treated him as though he were a sort of nineteenth-century Munchausen. His discovery of the pygmies they scouted at, and even his accounts of the gorilla were spoken of as being pure romance. Time and the explorations of other travellers confirmed. Mr. du Chaillu's statements and fully vindicated his veracity; yet the harm had been done, and he never got the credit which he so well deserved. His career illustrates admirably the suspicion with which stupidity is ever prone to regard any form of achievement which is not befogged by uninspired dulness.

■

The recently published *Letters of a Diplomat's Wife*, by Ma-

**Madame
Waddington.**

dame William Waddington, is interesting in many ways, but we should

fancy that it might appeal to the greatest number of readers as a sort of practical manual of court etiquette. The book is composed of letters addressed at different times by Madame Waddington to her sister, and they are very naturally full of the intimate, good-natured and comprehensive gossip that one might expect. Madame Waddington was Miss Mary King, the daughter of President Charles King of Columbia College, and was married after her father's death to M. Waddington. M. Waddington was the son of an English merchant residing in France, and was educated both at the French lycées and at an English public school, studying also, if we remember rightly, at Oxford. In personal appearance he was the typical Englishman, bluff, square-shouldered and with mutton-chop whiskers; yet in spite of his English ancestry and training, he was intensely French in his sympathies and a good deal of an Anglophobe. He held many high offices under the French Republic, and visited St. Petersburg, Berlin and London in the capacity of ambassador. His wife accompanied him wherever he went, and therefore had an immense deal of interesting material

for her letters to her sister. Men will read the book largely for the sake of the glimpses which it gives of important political personages, such as the Czar, the Emperor William I., Bismarck, Gladstone and Queen Victoria. Ladies will find in it all sorts of curious information with regard to the absolutely correct usage in respect to costumes, etiquette and custom at court functions and diplomatic ceremonies. Just what to wear at each particular reception or levée or presentation, just when to take off your gloves and when to put them on, just when to speak and when to wait until you are spoken to—these and a hundred other small details are set down here with absolute authority. Although Madame Waddington became a thorough Frenchwoman, she retained enough of her American independence to look at all this pageantry with a certain humorous de-



MADAME WADDINGTON.

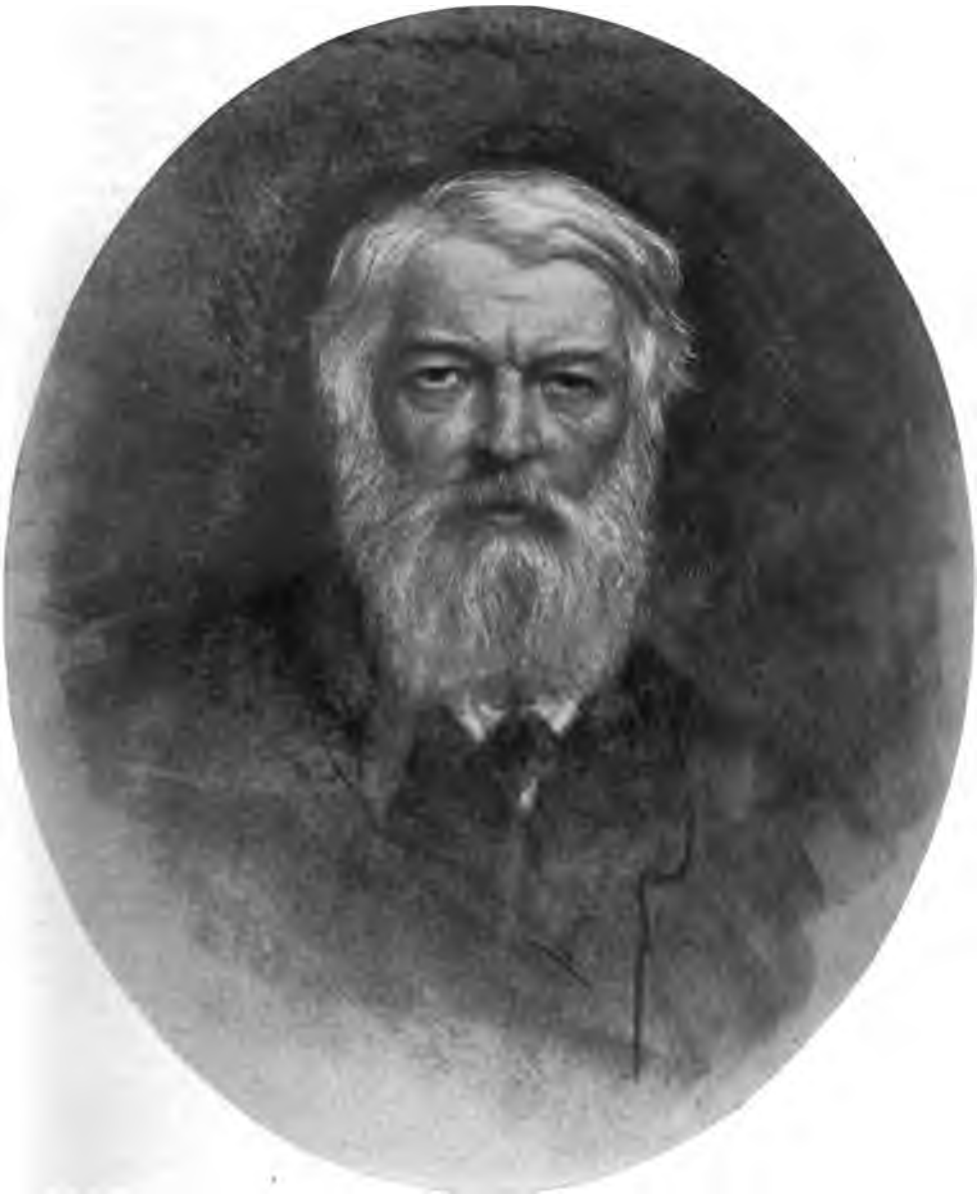
tachment; and this spirit, which runs through the entire book, does much to enhance the pleasure which one receives from it.

On June 4, M. Edmond Rostand took his seat as a member of the French Academy. **Rostand an Academician.** His election as one of the Immortals was exceedingly popular in Paris, and thousands

flocked to the Mazarin Palace to see the reception. M. Rostand occupied the stall of his deceased predecessor, Henri de Bornier, which is numbered 13, and of which he happens to be the thirteenth occupant. In his address M. Rostand told



THE LATE MR. R. H. STODDARD IN HIS DEN.



THE LATE RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

From a painting in possession of the Authors' Club.

of his ideas on the subject of the theatre. What these ideas are are partly indicated by the following epigram, which has been since considerably quoted: "One does not write plays for those unhappy persons who remember the author's name when a hero comes upon the stage."

A romantic editor finds in all romantic writing "the common element of strangeness," and thinks our writers fail for lack of the right material.

**The Age of
Romance.**

Homer beats them because in his day things were intrinsically more



CARICATURES OF PARISIAN CHANSONNIÈRES. BY
LÉANDRE.

romantic, and a mediæval fabulist had an immense advantage because dragons, lycanthropes, incubi and succubi had not then disappeared from the European fauna. It is the doctrine of Madame Bovary, who detested your common heroes and things as they are in nature, preferring the court of Louis XIV. as she had seen it painted on dinner-plates. She, too, thought the measure of romance was the square of its distance from to-day. "There is little left to us," says the editor, "of the kind of material that went to the making of the old romances, and in the external aspects of our life we have even less to bequeath to those who come after us." Poetry lay around in large blocks in those days, and griffins would eat out of your hand and much of the timber-land was enchanted, so the fancy found everything done for it; but nowadays one cannot be romantic, because there is nothing romantic going on. It is a queer, slothful theory, and a bad thing to say before authors, who are prone enough as it is to lay it all to the material. The lesson of every romantic revival is that the gleaming steel helmet, even when worn with a plume, is essentially no more poetic than the high and shiny silk hat. The stronger the fancy, the less it depends on old

clothes, and it is only your fat and lazy author who borrows his ancestor's dreams. The extinction of the hobgoblin is really no excuse. Nor will American literary criticism, once past its present happy girlhood, attribute the failure of fancy to the time of day. Small as the world was, it will say it was still big enough to dream in, and there was some mystery left in it even in 1903.

¶

It was about a year or so ago that we had something to say about F. Berkeley Smith's "*How Paris Amuses Itself.*" *The Real Latin Quarter*, and the judgment we expressed then might do quite well for his new book, *How Paris Amuses Itself*. It is a pretty good book, and it makes very interesting reading at a time when people are plastering their trunks with "Wanted" and "Hold" labels, negotiating circular letters of credit, and trying to learn all about the Italian Renaissance and the French modern school in the little red guide-books composed under the direction of Herr Karl Baedeker. As Mr. Smith says in his Introduction, it is the small boy who crawls under the circus tent who most keenly enjoys the show, and this was the spirit in which the author evidently approached the material which has given him the opportunity to write these two books. The Paris which he describes is essentially the city of pleasure, of gayety and of lightness of heart. He undoubtedly knows that there are other sides to the picture—the serious Paris, the tragic Paris, the city of Balzacian complexity and gloom, but he has left the writing about these sides to other men. If he talks of Mimi or Pauline or Germaine, he shows them at their best hour and he does not peer too closely at the powder and the rouge. In style and treatment, *How Paris Amuses Itself* is a distinct advance on *The Real Latin Quarter*.

¶

A monument has lately been erected in the cemetery of Montparnasse to the memory of the great French critic, Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve. As the centenary of Sainte-Beuve's birth comes next year, it is a little odd that the unveiling of the monument was not postponed until then,

when public attention will be so generally directed to the work of this very remarkable man. Sainte-Beuve was undoubtedly the greatest critic who ever lived in modern times, and the strength of his criticism lay in the fact that he had a pro-

1869, and his burial, which took place on the site of the new monument, was witnessed by ten thousand persons. By his own often expressed desire, however, no ceremony of any character took place on this occasion; and, contrary to French



SAINTE-BEUVE IN HIS COSTUME AS AN ACADEMICIAN.

From a drawing by Heim.

found and varied knowledge of life, so that his criticism and interpretation have much more than a purely literary interest. They add immensely to our knowledge of humanity itself. Sainte-Beuve died in

custom, no eulogy was pronounced over his remains. As his body was lowered into the grave, a friend of his uttered the words: "Adieu, Sainte-Beuve; adieu, notre ami."



KNEBWORTH HOUSE, STEVENAGE, HERTFORDSHIRE.

The estate descended to Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, after the death of his mother in 1844.

THE CENTENARY OF BULWER-LYTTON

"A novel!" exclaimed Pisistratus Caxton, when it was suggested to him that he should compose a work of fiction. "But every subject on which novels can be written is pre-occupied. There are novels of low life, novels of high life, military novels, naval novels, novels philosophical, novels religious, novels historical, novels descriptive of India, the Colonies, Ancient Rome and the Egyptian Pyramids. . . ." If "the anachronism," as his father delighted to call Pisistratus, sought in vain for a new field, his failure may be traced as in great part due to the fact that as a novelist he had been preceded by Bulwer-Lytton. Lytton invented stories of all sorts and conditions which, with unusual ease, he placed in various ages and many countries. Indeed, his versatility was remarkable, for he was not only novelist, but poet, playwright, social critic, essayist, editor, and pamphleteer. He also made his mark in Parliament and rose to be Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord Derby's first ministry, when another man of letters, Benjamin Disraeli, was Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons; but politics never had the same attraction for him as literature, and it is not as a statesman that he is remembered.

It has always been more or less the fashion to sneer at "Sawedwadgeorgearleittbulwig," and to insist upon the faults—affectedness, grandiloquence, inordinate love of apostrophe—rather than to emphasise or even to point out the merits of his work. In addition, it has been his misfortune that his worst books have been most popular. Talk of him to the man in the street and he will speak, not of *The Caxtons* and *My Novel*, but of *Eugene Aram*; not of *The Coming Race* and *The Haunted and the Haunters*, but of *Ernest Maltravers* and *Alice*. Though during his life he was attacked with almost unparalleled bitterness, since his death the critics have left him severely alone. This neglect is unaccountable, for even if his poems have no claim on posterity—as a matter of fact he wrote some really vigorous verse—it is impossible to treat with contempt the author

of such works as *The Caxtons*, *My Novel*, *Harold*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Rienzi*, *The Last of the Barons*, *The Coming Race*, *The Haunted and the Haunters* (which is perhaps the best ghost story ever written by an Englishman), *The Lady of Lyons*, *Richelieu*, and *Money*.

Lytton began his career as a novelist with *Pelham*, an audacious, impudent and brilliantly witty book, that at once won for him as much renown as *Vivian Grey* (to which tale it bears a strong resemblance) secured for his friend Disraeli. In spite of its many defects, it may be doubted whether the author ever wrote anything more effective. His later works, of course, were more mature; but *Pelham* holds its own with the best of his productions. The story is of the slightest, but, in spite of a marked tendency to exaggeration, the characterisation is really very good. The impertinent but clever dandy Pelham, the erudite and pedantic Vincent, the gourmet Lord Gulo seton, are living people whom it is impossible to forget. As is not infrequently the case when a very young man pens a social satire, there is much in the volume that is unreal and much that is unnatural; but the freshness, the love of life, and the absence of conventional restraints atone for all minor defects. *Pelham* was followed by stories which may be catalogued among the Newgate Novels. In these he contrived to out-Ainsworth Ainsworth. Never was there such a charming highwayman as Paul Clifford! Never was there such an agreeable murderer as Eugene Aram! Who would not forgive the learned scholar that trifling peccadillo for which he was subsequently hanged? Surely it was a crying shame to put to death a man so studious and so intellectual for the fault of removing an old fellow who was no use to himself or to any one else? What a delightful, nay, what an ideal lover he was, so moody, so interested, so troubled, so fascinating! How brutal of that low fellow, his accomplice, to blackmail him! What though the anonymous author of *Elizabeth Brownrigg* offered a series of novels in which the

whole of the Newgate Calendar should be travestied, murder by murder? What though Thackeray wrote *Catherine* "to counteract the injurious influence of some popular fiction of the day, which made heroes of highwaymen and burglars, and created a false sympathy for the vicious and criminal?" These satires were read and, the grim humour undetected, enjoyed nearly as much as the originals which had inspired them. Even now *Eugene Aram* is the most popular of all the works of Lytton. *Night and Morning* and *Lucretia* also treat of crime and criminals, but they are better constructed; the latter especially is a very clever piece of work, and makes some legitimate demands upon the sympathies, for the woman sins for the sake of her child, and from the first is beguiled into the commission of deeds of the darkest hue by a most unconscionable villain, against whose influence not even a pure-minded heroine could prevail. This division of his writings closes with *Ernest Maltravers* and *Alice*, both of which stories contain much false sentiment, a great straining after effect, and a hero who spouts whole periods concerning the beauty of Good and the ugliness of Evil at the time when he is about to seduce the girl who, at the risk of her own, had saved his life. Yet most readers give liberally of their sympathy to Maltravers! Can any author expect great tribute to his powers? Lytton knew the task of his generation as scarcely another author knew it. He gave the readers of his day what they wanted, and they eagerly bought his wares. Indeed, he was so sure of his hold upon the public that, as in the case of *The Caxtons* and *The Coming Race*, he dared sometimes to publish stories anonymously. Unwise as this appeared, from the publisher's point of view, it was never unsuccessful, and the author emerged from each venture with brand-new laurels.

It was the books already mentioned that made Lytton popular, but it is not upon these that his reputation stands. It is as the historical romancer, as the novelist of the supernatural, and as the writer of stories of domestic life among the upper middle classes that he takes his position in the van of the early Victorian novelists of the second rank.

The historical romances were the re-

sult of much study. Though they are not to be compared with the masterpieces of Scott, nor with *Esmond*, nor *The Cloister and the Hearth*, nor with *Lorna Doone*, nor even with the much-laboured *Romola*, they are far above those of his contemporaries, Harrison Ainsworth and G. P. R. James, and literally tower over those of the writers of to-day who, almost without exception, have graduated in the "sword and cloak" school. Lytton carefully planned each of his stories on a vast canvas. A great reader, he was careful to choose a sound historical basis, and the authorities have been unable to detect any flaws of moment. The local colour is admirable, and each book presents an excellent picture of the age. In all but *The Last Days of Pompeii* historical characters mingle with those of imagination. It is not an easy task to give the palm to any one of the four. There is the *The Last Days of Pompeii*, a tale of the days when Christianity was slowly undermining the worship of the heathen gods, and in which the chief figure is the blind girl Nydia, whose growth from childhood to maidenhood is skillfully depicted. There is *Rienzi*, the stirring story of the rise and fall of the last of the Tribunes, with the picture of nobles and plebeians struggling for ascendancy in the State; and the portraits, besides that of Cola, of his faithful wife Nina, his tender, loving sister Irene, and of the free-lance Walter de Montreal and his son Angelo, who at the last has "the blood of kindred to revenge," and in so doing overthrows the Tribune and restores the Colonnas and Orsinos to their power. And there are the two novels descriptive of old English life, *The Last of the Barons* and *Harold*. *The Parisians* can scarcely be regarded as an historical novel, for it treats of a time within the memory of the author. Perhaps *Zanoni* has more claim to be so classed, for the period is that of the Reign of Terror, but its chief interest is in its reference to the supernatural. *A Strange Story* also treats of the unknown, as does that admirable work of imagination, *The Coming Race*, a title which gives an index to the contents of the book.

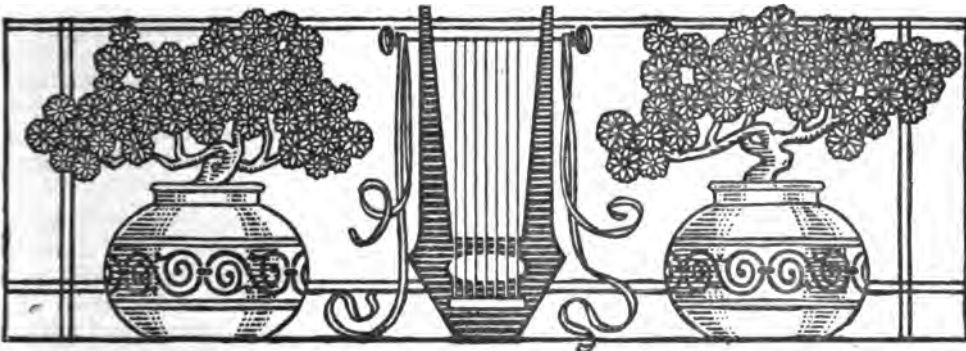
The Caxtons was the first of a series in which Lytton endeavoured to strike out a fresh line. This "domestic novel" is a conspicuous success. At last the au-

thor had found the right background for his quaint humour and pathos. Austin, the dreamer and the scholar, is a humorist of the first water, and there is much that is pathetic when he tells his wife the story of his life before they met. The battered old soldier, Captain Roland, is almost a tragic figure, with his love for his homestead and his daughter, and his secret grief, caused by the iniquities of his son Herbert. Herbert was not really a bad fellow at heart, and when, after many a false start, he is put on the right road, he shows that he possesses some of the virtues of his father. He dies as Roland would have had him die—on the field of battle in the hour of triumph. There is Mrs. Caxton, the gentle adoring wife; and Lady Ellinor, loving but ambitious. Fanny is but a shadow, but Blanche, "the elf," is a dear, good-hearted child and a delightful woman. There is a large gallery of minor characters, all admirably drawn—Uncle Jack, Sir Sidney Beadesert, Trevanion himself, and many others. Pisistratus, after the manner of heroes, is a prig; but he is that sort of prig who may be the father of a distinguished man. He is sensible, clever, honourable, tender-hearted; and because he wrote *My Novel* much may be forgiven him. There are many good judges who prefer this later novel, and certainly there is not much to choose between the two. The story is slight, but again the characterisation is excellent. Perhaps the author is at his best when describing life in the country, where reside the Hazeldeans, the Dales, and the Fairfields. But

the folk who are to be met with in London are scarcely inferior, and the story of Mr. Digby and Helen is beautifully narrated. But the gem of the collection—the one touch of genius—is the poor student of Machiavelli, the tender-hearted refugee with the diabolic quotations; Riccabocca, the noble and gentle Duke di Serrano. "What will he do with it?" is notable chiefly because of *Gentleman Waife*, and *Kenelm Chillingly* is remembered chiefly because it contains some admirable verses and the description of a fight that is as good as anything of its kind to be found in English fiction.

Lytton had his recognised methods. There is usually the good young man who succeeds, and the bad young man who fails. He employed coincidence as freely, though not so effectively, as Wilkie Collins; and the abduction of an heiress was a favourite device. He overloaded his pages with French and Italian words, and too frequently made use of the lesser known classics; while in his earlier books he interrupted the narrative to introduce the most aggravating apostrophes. But he was an artist to his fingertips, though not a great artist; and his last books, if not in each case his best, were at least the equal of his best. Praise must always be the portion of this literate author for the untiring industry and the unflagging energy he displayed; and because, in spite of almost overwhelming temptation to over-production, he always wrote with care and never put upon a market awaiting his work with open arms a book indifferently written.

Lewis Melville.



This was Poe's opinion of *The Last Days of Pompeii*:

This justly admired work owes what it possesses of attraction for the mass to the stupendousness of its leading event—an event so far from weakened in interest by age, rendered only more thrillingly exciting by the obscurity which years have thrown over its details—to the skill with which the mind of the reader is prepared for this event—to the vigour with which it is depicted—and to the commingling *with this event* human passions wildly affected thereby—passions the sternest of our nature, and common to all character and time. By means so effectual we are hurried over, and observe not, unless with a critical eye, its radical defects and difficulties. The fine perception of Bulwer endured these difficulties as inseparable from the groundwork of his narrative.

That *The Last Days of Pompeii* stirred up somewhat of a tempest and brought against Bulwer the charge of downright literary theft, may be seen by the review of the book which appeared in *The North American Magazine*. This review was from the pen of the editor, Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, who had himself written a poem entitled "The Last Night of Pompeii," which he charged was the direct inspiration of Bulwer's work:

Whilst we have never failed to acknowledge and applaud the brilliant imagination and the eloquent and fascinating style of Mr. E. L. Bulwer, we have never feared to assert that he was a sophist in ethics and a libertine in love, and that *effect* was apparently the only law which influenced his mind or guided his pen. Better disguised, but not less pernicious in principle and evil in action than the Tom Jones and Count Fathom and Zeluco of Fielding, Smollett and Moore, his characters not only exist in, but actually create an atmosphere of impurity which infects the very hearts of his admirers. He invests the seducer with irresistible attractions, and paints the highwayman and the murderer as examples for imitation. But even in the execution of his execrable purposes, he is not original, either in his plots or his sentiments. The old Portuguese Jew, Spinoza, and his disciples, Hobbes, Toland, Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, have abundantly supplied him with infidel arguments; and the profligate courtiers of Charles the Second have contributed their licentious stratagems

and impure dialogues to augment the claims and heighten the charms of his coxcombs, libertines and manslayers. Mr. Bulwer has read much, and skillfully appropriated, without acknowledgment, all that has suited his designs. . . . He has artfully clothed the lofty thoughts of others in his own brilliant garb, and enjoyed the renown of a powerful writer and profound thinker when he was little more than an adroit and manœuvring plagiarist. . . . As a member of the British Parliament, Mr. Bulwer is accustomed to the creation of laws; and he seems to have made one expressly for his own profit and pleasure, namely, the law of literary lawlessness. We knew that he was well content to demand high prices for his immoral novels from his American publishers, but, until this time, we were not aware that he considered anything but gold worth receiving or plundering from Yankeeland. With his usual tact, he has managed to secure, in no slight degree, from our labours, that which our labours failed utterly to receive from our unlettered countrymen; and it is our present purpose to demand back our own thoughts.

Here Mr. Fairfield quotes from his poem, "The Last Night of Pompeii," published in 1832, and from Bulwer's novel, passages showing the similarity of incident:

Mr. Bulwer is particularly conceited and arrogant with respect to his subject. He asserts that all others have failed in attempting to describe the destruction of Pompeii, and that, therefore, he will stand alone, the intellectual monarch of the ruins. The candid and modest and original gentleman probably forgot "Valerius" and Croly and Milman and Dr. Gray and ourself; but the productions of such persons can be of little consequence to such a Paul Clifford in letters and Mirabeau in morals.

Sir Archibald Alison, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, September, 1845:

There is great talent, much learning and vigorous conception in *The Last Days of Pompeii*, by Bulwer, and the catastrophe with which it concludes is drawn with his very highest powers; but still, it is felt by every class of readers to be uninteresting. We have no acquaintance or association with Roman manners; we know little of their habits, scarce anything of their conversation in private; they stand forth to us in history in a sort of shadowy grandeur, totally distinct from the interest

of novelist composition. No amount of learning or talent can make the dialogues of Titus and Lucius, or Galleus and Vespasia, interesting to a modern reader.

From the New York *Albion* for November 22, 1834:

The Harpers have just published Mr. Bulwer's last novel, from which we have already made some extracts. . . . The English critics consider that Mr. Bulwer has added to his reputation by this production. As a theme, it is an excellent, but a difficult one—the task of portraying the life, pursuits, pleasures and vices of a people eighteen hundred years ago was not an easy one. On the other hand, an heroic people, with their refinements, their magnificent public buildings, their long line of illustrious ancestry, and, above all, the grand and sublime catastrophe, which in a few minutes hurled a mighty city to destruction and oblivion, is an exciting subject of the first magnitude, and could not fail to bring out all the splendid powers of the author. A writer of passion and imagination could scarcely have a more fruitful subject, and it is generally conceded that Mr. Bulwer has used it to develop one of the most thrilling narratives, and to paint some of the most animating pictures that adorn this species of English literature.

From the *Morning Courier and New York Inquirer*, November 21, 1834:

. . . We have no intention of analysing or criticising the work in this brief notice. . . . It is enough to say that we find in it a succession of admirable pictures, exceedingly varied in character, and connected by a story as interesting in its progress as it is unexpected and exciting in its close; the incidents, the personages and the scenes apparently marked with the minutest classical fidelity, yet perfectly free from pedantry and the formality of classical research. The tale is never overlaid with descriptions, and although it is apparent that facts are adhered to wherever the adherence is requisite to make the story characteristic, there is enough of imaginative power and display in incident, as well as character, to ensure the great desideratum—mastery of the reader's mind and feelings.

The New York *Evening Post* is non-committal. In its issue for November 20, 1834, it says:

This new work (*The Last Days of Pompeii*) from the pen of Bulwer has just been issued by

the Harpers, printed in two duodecimo volumes. If it deserves half the commendations which have been bestowed upon it in the English journals it must be twice as good as any of his previous works.

From the *Athenæum* for September 27, 1834:

From no work of Mr. Bulwer's have we risen with such admiration of his genius as from *The Last Days of Pompeii*. There may be as fine passages, as fine scenes, a finer development of human motives, feelings, passions, in others—but never before, to our thinking, has he shown such an absolute and entire mastery over this subject—such artistic power. This may seem strange, but will be found true, and true, perhaps, for the very reason that makes it seem strange. The manners, the customs, the habits of life which he had now to describe were all foreign to him, therefore he could not draw from his own experience, by which he has ever been, to a limited extent, cabined and shut in. His knowledge of the universal nature of man could alone serve him on this occasion, and nobly has it done so. The unity of interest in this work is also admirable. From the first moment the reader is unconsciously involved in the story, and at last he is swept onward, without power to stay his course, into that whirlpool of passion and of suffering with which it concludes. . . . We can compare this poem (considering prose fiction, as the Germans do, as poetry) only to a fine piece of music—it seems, indeed, to have been written to a spiritual measure, not the less felt because not made apparent in rhyme.

The *American Quarterly Review*, published in Philadelphia, in the course of an article entitled "Novel Writing," in which several books of the day are reviewed, says:

In an article on novel writing it would be inexcusable not to notice specially the works of the inexhaustible Bulwer. There is, perhaps, no other man living who has in the same space of time thrown so much original literature into the book-selling market. Independently of his political tracts, his essays in the magazines, his critiques and his poetry, he has within the last five years added upward of twenty volumes to the romance literature of the language. This demonstrates an energy of exertion, a fecundity of invention and a readiness of execution rarely to be met with; and when taken in connection with the unquestionable excellence of

several of his works, fairly entitles him to rank as one of the most extraordinary geniuses of the age. He is, undoubtedly, in prose, one of the best of our living writers. . . . As a novelist he is the most popular writer now living; and there is this happy peculiarity attending his career—the more he writes, the better he writes—the three last of his productions in this line, *Eugene Aram*, *The Pilgrims of the Rhine* and *The Last Days of Pompeii* being as much superior to any of their predecessors as *Ivanhoe* is to *Redgauntlet*. The powers of Scott seem to have been impaired by that continued exertion which evidently strengthens those of Bulwer. There is, however, great scope for the improvement of the latter before he shall produce a work to rival the excellence of *Guy Mannering* or *Ivanhoe*. *The Last Days of Pompeii* is, no doubt, a brilliant production, and deserves, what it will not fail to obtain, an ample share of popular favour; but it does not equal any of the novels of Scott in truth or nature, and that delightful reality that enchains the reader so closely to the pages of the Wizard of the North. . . . We may here remark, that if Mr. Bulwer would deal less in those excesses of passion and of conduct for which the personages of his novels are so notorious, and which are certainly not in accordance with the ordinary experience of life, he would unite more suffrages in his praise as an accurate painter of the manners of men and a just elucidator of the workings of the heart. As it is, every reader must feel that he depicts men, not as they are really to be found in society, but as his imagination fancies them to be when under the influence of some raging star which stimulates their passions to an unnatural excitement, and draws them into a species of madness which unfits them for the common concerns of life. He is so brilliant a painter that it is greatly to be regretted that he should not always paint from nature.

The Literary and Theological Review, published in New York by D. Appleton and Company, conducted by Leonard Woods, Jr., in an article printed September, 1834, entitled "Review of the Writings of Bulwer," praises his "keen observation, his shrewdness and his humour," and then says in part:

A glaring and most wicked fault of Bulwer is his predilection for elegant impurities. In fact, he sometimes descends to grossness; but this is not usual. He values his popularity too highly to risk it against such manifest odds. But he is often willing to sacrifice deli-

cacy by giving utterance to a sentiment, or point to an incident, which must inevitably put true modesty to the blush, and he can plead no apology save that the *language* is refined! This is evidently a studied thing with Bulwer. So many instances, so classically worded, could never occur by accident; and there is a hardihood in this deliberate contempt for virtuous feeling perfectly astonishing in a gentleman of education. . . . He is too sagacious an observer of human nature, and too fully acquainted with its propensities and weaknesses, not to know the moral wrong and moral tendency of these vile sentences. And when he, or such as he, gives them currency, the act can be regarded as little better than a cold-blooded and malicious attack on the morals of the age. . . . Nor is this by any means Bulwer's sole offence. . . . We know of no man (and we are not unmindful of Byron) who is so infallibly fortunate and ingenious in recommending such moral delinquencies as in real life would without exception consign their perpetrator to shame—as Mr. Bulwer.

From the *Knickerbocker* for November, 1834:

This latest production of the author of *Pelham* is destined, we believe, to take rank with the best of his works. . . . We may say, indeed, that the romance-reading public have a feast in store for them of no ordinary description. . . . The truth and nature of the local descriptive portions sufficiently evince that *The Last Days of Pompeii* was written upon or near the spot where the ancient city sleeps in adamant; and a thorough knowledge of the history and events of that remote period, and an admirable management of the unities of time and place, will strike the reader as prominent characteristics of the work. The characters, too, and pictures of scenery are drawn with the easy and powerful hand of a master. Indeed, in no one of the Pelham novels is there a more perfect portraiture than that of the lovely heroine, or the dark-hearted, wily Egyptian. . . . The light and graceful conversation in the opening scene at Pompeii between two young Pompeian cits is interlarded with those full, sententious sentences and periods so peculiar to the *full mind* of the writer. During many of the opening pages an architectural correctness in the description of the dwellings of Pompeii seems too minute, and the dialogues . . . a little tedious. In the occasional verse that is introduced there is much of feeling and poetic fancy. . . .

In a second review, after the publication of the book in America, the *Knickerbocker* says:

In a preceding number we gave a notice of this powerful production with reference to its literary excellence. . . . We are glad that the character of the volumes enables us to repeat the notice, by referring to a higher quality, and one not often met with in a novel—its *moral* excellence. Bulwer has, with equal severity

and justice, been condemned for the immoral tendency of the greater part of his writings; and, whether in consequence of critical admonition or of a change in his own views and feelings, we are glad to find his later works very much amended in this particular. In the present one, especially, he has laboured to recommend, and advantageously exhibit, the principles of the (then new) Christian religion.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

DRAMATISATIONS OF BULWER

Scott translated ready-made plays from German into English. Thackeray wrote an original but unsuccessful play and converted the material into a fairly successful novel. Dickens wrote plays and acted in them, and execrated those who made plays from his books. Bulwer not only wrote plays, but one of his plays was in so large a measure founded on a piece of narrative fiction that, of these four, it may be said of him only, he actually went to the length of making a dramatisation.

In an old collection called *Short Stories* there is a tale entitled "The Bellows Mender of Lyons." Not even the source whence the compiler took this little fiction is given. It is an artificial but ingenious tale of a deception practised on Aurora, the proud daughter of an art dealer in Lyons. She has spurned the attentions of a group of young engravers who had offered her their homage. They determined to have revenge on the arrogant beauty, and at the same time teach her a lesson. For their purpose they induce a bright young artisan, a bellows-mender, to assume the temporary rôle of a rich nobleman at their expense. Aurora is dazzled by his wealth and fascinated by his devotions. He, too, falls a helpless victim of her beauteous charms. His passion carries him to the length of marrying her without making the disclosure which he knows must come. He takes her to his humble home, and the revenge of the conspirators is complete. The narrator summons extenuating circumstances, supplies a handsome competency and ends all happily.

Every one who has read or seen *The Lady of Lyons* will recognize Pauline in Aurora, and Claude Melnotte in the bellows mender. But it cannot be said of Bulwer in this instance, as the great novelists of his period must have believed of the dramatic birds of prey who seized upon their masterpieces, that he spoiled a work of art. He created a work of art, and thereby immortalised a trifle. The little tale of "The Bellows Mender of Lyons" is a fatherless waif, without anything to recommend it except that it inspired the greater author.

After the consideration of the flood of dramatisations of Scott and Dickens, which inundated the stage, the wonder is scarcely that so few of Lord Lytton's long line of novels should have been converted into plays, but so many. There is not one tithe of the human nature in his fiction that is found in Thackeray, yet the latter is all but an unknown quantity as the author of novels which were dramatised. The noble lord's stories are, in the main, too inflexible and artificial for the stage. He possessed the dramatic faculty, as he so ably demonstrated in *Richelieu*, *The Lady of Lyons*, *Money*, and the fourth act of *The Sea Captain*, in spite of his failures with *The Duchesse de la Vallière*, *The Rightful Heir* and *Junius*. Nevertheless he seemed to have prejudged his plots with successful discrimination. When he found himself possessed of dramatic material he converted it into a play, thus forestalling the hack, whom Dickens dreaded. His other plots he spun into bulky novels, and his judgment in not converting them into

plays has been justified. Many of his books succumbed to the inevitable transformation which was the fashion throughout the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century, though we are apt to date the fad for dramatising novels from *Trilby* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*. These stories were not the inspiration of a new movement, they were merely the leaven of a revival.

Many of Lord Lytton's stories have been dramatised one or more times, but *Eugene Aram* seems to be the only one with a continuously impelling appeal to the maker of plays. *The Last Days of Pompeii* shares stage celebrity with its predecessor, but it is less feasible for dramatic purposes. It is a background, a mere framework for a spectacle.

The English hacks had thoroughly mastered the trick of turning stories into plays, chapters into scenes, and characters into puppets, when Bulwer-Lytton began to shower the market with his novels. They had made Scott's heroes almost as familiar on the stage as in the library. Yet Bulwer's first four books were passed over with complacency before the adaptors gave him their attention. In a less marked degree he had the Great Unknown's experience: the earliest and the latest of his literary productions were less of a temptation to the playwrights than the others. Even after the phenomenal favour which attended the theatrical experiments with some of his later works there was never any reversion to *Falkland*, *Pelham*, *The Disowned*, or *Devereux*.

Perhaps it was the flame of favour attending the appearance of *Paul Clifford* which attracted the dramatic moths. This was the first of the Bulwer books to slip the chrysalis woven by the novelist and burst forth a theatrical butterfly. Its wings were, however, neither strong, nor was the colouring brilliant. It fluttered and fell, afterwards making occasional feeble and unsuccessful attempts to rise, but it will probably not be seen or heard of again.

One of the earliest experiments of the Bowery Theatre in the season of 1830-31 was the dramatisation of *Paul Clifford*, given September 28. It could not have been a success, for it was taken off within a week, and I do not find any account of its being revived at this house. The

Bowery at this time engaged the services of some of the most notable actors of the period—Holland, Hackett and Gates—but none of them appeared in this play. Mrs. Hamblin played *Lucy Brandon*, and it is probable that she made the dramatisation of *Paul Clifford*, as she did later of other Bulwer books. But I do not find this literally recorded. The first account of a London production of a dramatisation of this story is apparently that which tells of a play on *Paul Clifford*, acted at Convent Garden Theatre, in November, 1835.

Somewhat more successful must have been the Fitzball version put on at the Broadway, January 19, 1852. Mr. Collins was the hero and Julia Gould the Lucy. The play was kept on for three consecutive weeks. A pale spot even in a feeble season was the matinée effort at the Imperial Theatre, London, on April 8, 1882, when *Lucy Brandon* was tried. This proved to be a romantic and poetical drama, in four acts, by Robert Buchanan, and founded on *Paul Clifford*. But "the play was badly constructed, the dialogue was feeble, and the work was devoid of dramatic interest." After these repeated failures Chance Newton and Denham Harrison, two bright Londoners, conceived the idea of making a "musical piece" of the battered material, and their collaboration was produced at the Canterbury, London, November 29, 1897. They achieved a mere sketch, having utilised merely an episode in the novel, as Burnand did in his miniature operatic *Pickwick*.

Eugene Aram was published in 1832. The tragic story at once engaged the dramatists, and subsequent collaboration of skilful adaptors and able actors has confirmed its popularity on the stage in a degree beyond anything else with the Bulwer stamp. One of the first versions was that produced at the Surrey Theatre, London. It was the work of W. T. Moncrieff, the playwright, who some years after incurred Dickens's displeasure, and survives in fame as the original of "the literary gentleman" against whom Nicholas Nickleby vented his splenetic outburst against adaptations. In that very year, 1832, a play on *Eugene Aram* was published, having previously been acted at the Surrey. Doubtless it was Moncrieff's. In the cast were Mrs. West, who

was a relative of the celebrated George Frederick Cooke, and Dibdin Pitt, an antecedent of Charles Dibdin, the dramatist; gallant Harry M. Pitt and his children, Addison Pitt, Charles Dibdin Pitt and Margaret Dibdin Pitt, playing conspicuously in America to-day.

A dramatisation of this novel was presented June 19, 1832, at the Bowery Theatre. C. W. Taylor was the author, and his play obtained for a fortnight. No other versions secured attention, apparently, until W. G. Wills obtained a production for his work, entitled at first *The Fate of Eugene Aram*, April 19, 1873, at the Lyceum, London, with Henry Irving in the name-part. It was "the only new play in twelve months," so great was its success. It was later condensed to one act and two tableaux for Irving's benefit, July 28, 1883. The most recent exploitation of *Eugene Aram* on the American stage was Paul Kester's drama, written about six years ago, and frequently acted by Walter White-side.

An anonymous writer in the *Boston Herald* gives this interesting comparison between one of the earliest and the latest English versions:

Moncrieff's version and Wills's have little resemblance to each other. In the former Aram is denounced and finally run to earth by the son of the murdered Clarke, who is proved to be a brother of the rich country squire whose daughter the wretched man is about to marry. In Wills's play the heroine is the daughter of the village vicar. In one play he is tried and condemned, and confesses in his cell while waiting the hangman, and the heroine falls dead at his feet as the death knell begins to toll, the hero himself dying on the threshold. In Wills's story, appalled at the sight of his victim's skull, he confesses in the arms of his poor young sweetheart, and dies there just as the officers are about to seize him. Moncrieff makes the cause of the murder the unfortunate man's discontent with fate, his greed for learning and inability to secure the means. In Wills's play a faithless mistress is the primal cause, and the deed is done in anger.

There have been various opinions of Irving's performance of this rôle. Winter, of course, praises it highly, but an-

other critic of conservative and usually safe judgment says:

There are moments when Irving is admirable, but for the most part he is ridiculously exaggerated in tone, gesture, pose and intention. If such acting as he does in what may be called the dying scene of this play were to be generally accepted, then good-bye to anything like naturalness on the stage! It would not be accepted from anybody but Irving.

Kester, in his version, adhered to the lines of the novel more closely than either Moncrieff or Wills. It was received generally with favour, but its skilful construction and literary scholarship were borne down under the weight of the inevitable gloom of the original story. Martin Harvey acted in Dublin not long ago in an adaptation of this story by Freeman Wills, and entitled *After All*. It has not survived.

In further confirmation of the suggestion made above of Bulwer's judgment of dramatic material, it is interesting to put in evidence the fact that while the novelist was writing *Eugene Aram* he became so impressed with the dramatic value of the story that he set to work on a tragedy upon the same theme, and abandoned the work only after he had completed two acts. This fragment has appeared as an addendum to the novel, and may be read by those curious to follow the genesis of a story.

Shortly after the appearance of *Eugene Aram* Bulwer completed and published *The Last Days of Pompeii*, the fruition of a somewhat lengthy sojourn in Italy. It would be well-nigh impossible to trace and record the dramatic chronology of this work. It has been everything by turns and nothing long: tragedy, historical drama, grand opera, dramatic spectacle and burlesque. But the rôles have engaged the services of a historical list of American players.

The Adelphia was the first theatre to witness the sorrows of Nydia. A version of the Roman story was presented there in 1834, the year of the appearance of the book. The play bill credits it to J. B. Buckstone, a fact of especial interest to American playgoers, for his son, Rowland Buckstone, has for a number of years delighted Mr. Sothern's audiences by his amusing characterisations in support of that actor.

Less than a year later a version by Miss Louisa Medina was given at the Bowery Theatre. The date was February 9, 1835. The usually reticent Ireland says in his *Records* that this "was put upon the stage with the greatest magnificence, ran without intermission for a month and was frequently revived." The most notable of these revivals were those at the Bowery in 1849, at the Broadway in 1857, and at the American, New Orleans, in 1844. Nydia has been acted at various times by Mrs. Flynn, Miss Wemyss, Mrs. Lizzie Weston Davenport and Mrs. James Wallack, Jr. Hamblin himself was the first Arbaces, and in his support were Ingersoll, C. Thorne, Stevenson, Gates, Collins, Mrs. Thorne and Mrs. Stickney. Our venerable Mrs. Gilbert acted Stratonice at the Bowery in 1849. In later casts may be found such celebrated names as Eytinge, Chanfrau, Duff, J. Wallack, Jr., N. B. Clarke, Mme. Ponisi, Miss Porter, Tuthill and Seymour.

The printed edition of Miss Medina's version does not give the production at the Park, March 25, 1839, among the revivals, but it was probably her popular arrangement which held this stage for several nights, for Hamblin was acting Arbaces at that time and the management was producing other plays of her construction. The chief interest in this representation lay in the appearance of Miss Charlotte Cushman as the Saga of Vesuvius.

John Oxenford made a five-act version of *The Last Days of Pompeii*, which was given at the Queen's, London, January 8, 1872. Several years ago John Fay Palmer toured the smaller interior American cities as Arbaces in a sad second-class representation. Oxenford's version must have attracted some attention, for within five weeks after his production, the Vaudeville Theatre presented a burlesque by R. Reece, entitled *The Very Last Days of Pompeii*.

The opera of *Ione; or, The Last Days of Pompeii*, was first given in America in 1863, when interest in the work actually amounted to "a craze." This can scarcely be said of the interest awakened by the revival by Signor Angelo's Italian Opera Company at the Academy of Music, New York, in October, 1886.

Our dramatic chroniclers are not so

specific in their information as to make it quite easy to trace the career of the dramatisation of *Rienzi*. The fact is there were, at least in America, several plays bearing this title. The one best known is that acted by Lawrence Barrett. This was an original play by Miss Russell Mitford, an English woman, and it was first acted at Covent Garden by a company in which were Young, Younge, Cooper, Aitkin, Mrs. Faucit and Miss Phillips. After glancing through its inexpert and uninteresting pages, it is easy to believe that the credit generally given the dramatisations of Bulwer's novel as being the best plays of those bearing the title *Rienzi* was eminently deserved.

The first dramatisation was the work of Jonas B. Phillips, and was given at the Franklin Theatre, New York, April 12, 1836, a year after the appearance of the book, with J. R. Scott as Rienzi, Mrs. Blake as Nina and Miss Fisher as Irene. It survived a fortnight. The 23d of the next month the Bowery Theatre put forward a dramatisation of the same book by Miss Medina. The pictorial element was unprecedentedly magnificent, and Ireland says: "It was triumphantly successful and ran uninterruptedly for a month." February 25, three years later, it was revived at the Park. Hamblin meantime had come over to this theatre, and with him as Rienzi there was no doubt some expectation that the public would return to the shrine of a favourite; but "the play did not prove attractive."

The most celebrated and only surviving adaptation of *Ernest Maltravers* was the work of Miss Louisa Medina. Its production at the National, March 28, 1838, was a great success, and it remained in the repertoire of the theatre for many years. This identical version was performed at the Britannia, London, September 28, 1874. Lester Wallack, in his *Memoirs*, gives an interesting account of how his father came into possession of the play:

Mr. Tom Hamblin, a very old friend of my father's, came to him one day during his management of the National Theatre and said that he had discovered a remarkable genius. Hamblin had then just married a Miss Medina, a literary lady, and whether it was his wife or himself who had made this great discovery I do not remember; but that

does not matter. He said: "This is an extraordinary girl; she is the daughter of a dreadful old woman, who is anything but what she should be; but she is herself a charming little creature. The old mother has been able to keep her at school, and the child is a pure, sweet little thing, seventeen years old. My wife has written an adaptation of Bulwer's *Ernest Maltravers*, and here will be a great chance for a sensation if you will bring out the play and engage the girl, who is now under my tuition and my wife's chaperonage. We want to keep her out of this dreadful ditch in which her mother and her associates are floundering; and the mother has given her to us to take care of."

My father answered, "Very well," and he engaged Mr. Hamblin and his *protégée*, having first, of course, read the play. He found that there was a part in it called Richard Darvil, very cleverly adapted and amplified, and that Miss Medina had carried the scene into Italy and had turned him from an English highway robber into a sort of brigand hero, all of which she did to fit my father's romantic style. My father played Richard Darvil, Hamblin played Ernest, C. W. Clarke was, I think, in the cast, and the little prodigy, who was called Miss Missouri, appeared as Alice, and the drama made an enormous hit.

Wallack's recollection is not quite correct. Mr. Clarke was not in this bill, and though the prodigy was afterward known as Miss Missouri, she was announced in the programme of *Ernest Maltravers* merely as "a young lady."

She died during the continuance of this play, and there was scandal and gossip which raised the passions of the people to a high pitch. The run of the play was interrupted, and the charges against Hamblin and Miss Medina, his wife, were of an ugly nature. They were afterward fully exonerated.

Ireland's *Records* is, of course, the main resource for any information about productions on the New York stage during the first half of the last century. Though he has compiled a great deal, his information is often distressingly unsatisfactory. According to his chronicle, April 30, 1838, was "the first night of A. Allen's musical romance of *Leila* at the National Theatre. In enumerating "the new pieces" done in February, 1842, at the New Chatham Theatre, he mentions a play by the name of *Zanoni*. In

neither instance does he specify the author of the piece, nor does he indicate whether they were adaptations from the Bulwer romances. It is fair, however, to infer that they were, for the respective dates tally with the exact time when the two stories were published; and not only was this fact suggestive of dramatisation, but it is unlikely that playwrights would have chosen names identical with Bulwer's in two varied instances, just when he published them over his own stories.

In our poverty of English dramatic chronicle there is not at hand any account of a dramatisation of *Night and Morning* for the British theatre-goer. It was seized here with characteristic avidity. At the New Chatham, New York, March 8, 1841, the year of the publication of the novel, a version was hurried onto the stage and held its place for a fortnight. Nearly fifteen years later, January 15, 1855, John Brougham made a five-act version which was given at Wallack's, and seems to have been kept on until the 2d of April. Brougham was the Gawtry, "Mr. Lester" the Philip Beaufort, Blake the Plaskwith, Dyott the Lord Lilburn, Bland the Robert Beaufort, Chippendale the Blackwell, Stoddart the Favare, Rosa Bennett the Fanny, Mrs. Cramer the Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Canover the Mrs. Beaufort. The "Mr. Lester" was none other than Lester Wallack. During his first years on the American stage he was always billed in this way. Alfred Ayers has in manuscript an unacted version of *Night and Morning*. Boucicault wrote a play of this name, which was produced in the early seventies, but it was taken from the French of *La Joie Fait Pleur*, and had nothing to do with Bulwer's story.

The appearance of *The Last of the Barons* drew out the energies of the dramatic hacks, and it was given with a notable cast at the Bowery, April 3, 1843, and remained on the bill for over three weeks. In the cast were C. W. Clarke as Edward IV., James Wallack, Jr., as Warwick, J. R. Scott as Robin Hilyard, James Scott as Adam, Mrs. Preston as Sybil and Mrs. J. B. Booth, Jr., as Graul. Another version, under the title "Warwick, the King Maker," was produced October 1, 1849, at the same theatre with a scarcely less distinguished cast. Among the players were "Mr. Lester,"

James Wallack, McFarland, John Gilbert, Winans, Miss Wemyss and Mrs. Wallack. A burlesque given at the Strand, London, in 1872, indicates that the play had been conspicuous, if not popular, in England.

This was the last of the Bulwer stories to be put upon the stage with any measure of success. He continued to write for nearly thirty years after the appearance of *The Last of the Barons*, and the product of his maturity embraces some of the most admired of his novels; but they contained little inspiration for the playwright.

The tragedy of *Harold* presented by Lawrence Barrett was a translation from the German. There was, however, a five-act drama, the work of A. Nance, given at the Prince's, Portsmouth, England, March 29, 1875, which seems to have been founded on the Bulwer *Harold*. One

of the incidents of Wallack's *Rosedale* was taken from *What Will He Do with It?* Lorimer Stoddart made a dramatisation of this story with Richard Mansfield in view, but it never found its way to the stage. The same experiment was tried by a clergyman who wished Mr. Mansfield to present his drama. Both plays remain unacted.

In looking over the old play-books, one is struck with the fact that, however much the playwrights succumbed to other forms of artificiality, in dramatising Bulwer's novels they were singularly reverent of the unity of place. Scott's and Dickens's novels were put into plays of often as many as nineteen and twenty scenes, and rarely as few as twelve. Most of the plays from Bulwer's books have only one scene to each act. There are, of course, exceptions of gross desultoriness.

Paul Wilstach.

THE BUTTERFLY

Ere the dawning of the bright light came by birthtime on the hill,
All the starshine and the night light filled me, stilled me at its will.
Through my wings I felt the white light lift me, sift me, fold and thrill.

Broke night's fetters and went roaming, I, freed of encircling dark,
Swept the emerald waters foaming, found the fount of dawn's red spark,
Brushed white breasts of breakers homing, where shook sobs for none to hark;

Met the mystery of the morning, knew the rapture of the light—
Never word or note gave warning of the mad eclipse of night.
One was I with the soundless scorning of its majesty and might.

Mothered by the star and dew time, fathered by their hushes, I
Winged me into primrose true time, wrought for naught saving to fly
Through this strange and finite rue time, striving, trembling, toward the sky.

Follow! But seek not to hold me. While Time's golden wave shall roll
Hand of love cannot enfold me; come too nigh and death my dole;
I, the vision all untold thee, secret I, of Beauty's soul!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.





HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE.

By

Frederic Taber Cooper and Arthur Bartlett Maurice

Part Fifth.—From Appomattox through the French Commune.

NOTE.—Two more papers will bring this series to a close. The article in the August number is to cover history from the end of the Franco-Prussian war until the election of Mr. Cleveland to the American Presidency in 1884. It will tell of the late Thomas Nast and the Tweed Ring; the candidacy of Horace Greeley in 1872; the Hayes-Tilden election in 1876; the Turko-Russian war of 1878; the American election of 1880; the Egyptian troubles of 1882, and the bitter and venomous struggle waged by the Republican and Democratic parties in 1884. The September article will treat of events between 1884 and 1901, among other things touching on the various American elections, the war between China and Japan, the invasion of China by the Allies; the Cuban struggle for independence; the Spanish-American war, and the Philippine question; the Dreyfus affair, and the battle for supremacy in the Transvaal. From the time of the present paper to the end of the century political caricature widens in scope and interest. In America especially, the establishment of *Puck* in 1877 and of *Judge* in 1881 were events of importance which tended to bring American caricature to the high point it had reached at the end of the century.

In looking over the historical and political caricature of the nineteenth century, one very naturally finds several different methods of treatment and subdivision suggesting themselves. First, there is the obvious method of chronological order, which is being followed in the present series of papers, and which commended itself as being at once the simplest and the most comprehensive. It is the one method by which the history of

the century may be regarded as the annals of a family of nations—a grotesque family of ill-assorted quadrupeds and still more curious bipeds, stepping forth two by two from the pages of comic art as from the threshold of some modern Noah's ark—Britannia and the British lion, Columbia and Uncle Sam, India and the Bengal tiger, French Liberty and the imperial eagle. It is the one method which focuses the attention upon the

inter-relation, the significant groupings of these symbolic figures, and disregards their individual and isolated actions. What the Russian bear, the British lion, are doing in the seclusion of their respective caves is of vastly less interest than the spectacle of the entire royal menagerie of Europe uniting in an effort to hold Napoleon at bay. In other words, this method enables us to pass lightly over questions of purely national interest and home policy—the Corn Laws of England, the tariff issues in the United States—and to keep the eye centred upon the really big dramas of history, played upon an international stage. It subordinates caricature itself to the sequence of great events and great personages. It is the Emperor Napoleon, his reign and his wars, and not the English caricaturist Gillray; it is Louis Philippe, the bourgeois king, and not Philipon and Daumier, who form the centre of interest. In other words, from the present point of view, the caricature itself is not so much the object looked at as it is a powerful and clairvoyant lens through which we may behold past history in the curiously distorted form in which it was mirrored back by contemporary public opinion.

Other methods, however, might be used effectively, each offering some special advantage of its own. For instance, the whole history of the nineteenth century might be divided, so to speak, geographically. The separate history of each nation might have been followed down in turn—the changing fortunes of England, typified by John Bull; of Russia in the guise of the bear; of the United States under the forms of the swarthy, smooth-faced Jonathan of early days, and the pleasanter Uncle Sam of recent times; and of France, typified at different times as an eagle, as a Gallic cock, as an angry goddess, and as a plump, pleasant-faced woman in a tri-coloured petticoat. Again, if it were desirable to emphasise the development of comic art rather than its influence in history, one might group the separate divisions of the subject around certain schools of caricature, dealing first with Gillray, Rowlandson, and their fellows among the allied Continental nations; passing thence to the caricaturists of 1830, and thence carrying the sequence through Leech, Cham, Tenniel, Nast, down to the caricaturists who in the clos-

ing years of the century developed the scope of caricature to a hitherto unparalleled extent. Still again, the history of the century in caricature might be traced along from some peculiarity, greatly exaggerated, of some great man to another personal peculiarity of some other great man; leaping from the tri-cornered hat of the Emperor Napoleon to the great nose of the Iron Duke, then on to the toupet and pear-shaped countenance of Louis Philippe, the emaciation of Abraham Lincoln, the grandpa's hat of the Harrison administration, the forehead curl of Disraeli, the collar of Gladstone, the turned-up moustaches of the Emperor William, and the prominent teeth of Mr. Roosevelt. This feature of caricature seems important enough to justify a brief digression. It forms one of the foundation stones of the art, second only in importance to the conventionalised symbols of the different nations. From the latter the cartoonist builds up the century's history as recorded in its great events. From the former he traces that history as recorded in the personality of its great men.

The cartoons in which these different peculiarities of personal appearance are emphasised cover the whole range of caricature, and the whole gamut of public opinion which inspired it. Here we may find every degree of malice, from the fierce goggle eyes and diabolical expression which Gillray introduced into his portraits of the hated Bonaparte down to the harmless exaggeration of the collar points by which Furniss good-naturedly satirised the appearance of Mr. Gladstone. Again, in this respect caricature varies much, because all the great men of the century did not offer to the caricaturists the same opportunities in the matter of unusual features or personal eccentricities.

The authentic portraits and contemporary descriptions of the first Napoleon show us that he was a man whose appearance was marred by no particular eccentricity of feature, and that the cartoons of which he is the principal subject are largely allegorical, or inspired by the artist's intensity of hatred. One German caricaturist, by a subtle distortion and a lengthening of the cheeks and chin, introduced a resemblance to a rapacious wolf while preserving something of the real likeness. But in the goggle-eyed

monsters of Gillray there is nothing save the hat and the uniform which suggests the real Napoleon. It was a sort of incarnation of Beelzebub which Gillray wished to draw and did draw, a monstrosity designed to rouse the superstitious hatred of the ignorant and lower classes of England, and to excite the nation to a warlike frenzy. The caricature aimed at Bonaparte's great rival, the conqueror of Waterloo, was produced in more peaceful times, was the work of his own countryman, was based mainly on

exaggerated significance which may almost be said to have led to the revolution of 1848 and the establishment of the Second Republic. From the rich material offered by our War of Secession the caricaturists drew little more than the long, gaunt figure and the scraggy beard of Lincoln and the cigar of General Grant. The possibilities of this cigar as they probably would have been brought out by an artist like Daumier have been suggested in a previous paper. It was the goatee of Louis Napoleon that was



THE SHOW OF THE NAPOLEONIC MOUNTEBANKS. FROM A CARICATURE BY HADOL.

(For full description, see page 492.)

party differences, and, naturally enough, it was in the main good-natured and kindly. Wellington in caricature may be summed up by saying, that it was all simply an exaggeration of the size of his nose. The *poire* drawn into resemblance of the countenance of Louis Philippe was originally innocent enough, and had it been entirely ignored by the monarch and his ministers, would probably have had no political effect, and in the course of a few years been entirely forgotten. But being taken seriously and characterised as seditious, it acquired an

exaggerated to give a point to most of the cartoons in which he was a figure, although during the days of his power there were countless caricatures which drew suggestions from the misadventures of his early life, his alleged experiences as a waiter in New York and a policeman in London, his escape from prison in the clothes of the workman Badinguet (a name which his political enemies applied to him very freely), and the fiasco at Strasburg. No men of their time were more freely caricatured than Disraeli in England and Thiers in France, for no



THE MAN WHO LAUGHS. BY ANDRÉ GILL.

men offered more to the caricaturist, Disraeli being at once a Jew and the most exquisite of affected dandies, and Thiers being, with the exception of Louis Blanc, the smallest man of note in France. In one cartoon in *Punch*, Disraeli was figured as presiding over "Fagin's Political School." In another he was represented as a hideous Oriental peri fluttering about the gates of Paradise. Thiers's large head and diminutive stature are subjects of countless cartoons, in which he is shown emerging from a wine glass or concealed in a waistcoat pocket, although *Punch* once humorously depicted him as Gulliver bound down by the Liliputians.

If one were to attempt to draw a broad general distinction between French and English caricature throughout the century, it would be along the line of English superiority in the matter of satirising great events, French superiority in satirising great men. The English cartoonists triumphed in the art of crowded canvases and effective groupings; the French in seizing upon the salient feature of face or form, and by a grotesque distortion, a malicious quirk, fixing upon their luckless subject a brand of ridicule that refused to be forgotten. Although the fashion of embodying fairly recognisable portraits of prominent statesmen

in caricatures became general in England early in the century, for a long time the effect was marred by their lack of facial expression. From situations of all sorts, ranging from high comedy to deadly peril and poignant suffering, the familiar features of British statesmen look forth placid, unconcerned, with the fixed, impersonal stare of puppets in a Punch-and-Judy show. No French artist ever threw away his opportunities in such a foolish, spendthrift manner. Even where the smooth, regular features of some especially characterless face gave little or nothing for a satiric pencil to seize upon, a Daumier or a Gill would manufacture a ludicrous effect through the familiar device of a giant's head on a dwarf's body, or the absurdly distorted reflection of a cylindrical mirror. But by the time that hostilities broke out between France and Prussia facial caricature had become an important factor in the British school of satire, as exemplified in the weekly pages of *Punch*.

This was very natural, because the history of these years was largely a history of individuals. During the years between the close of the Civil War and the outbreak of war between France and Prus-



THE MAN WHO THINKS. BY ANDRÉ GILL.

sia the three dominant personages in European political caricature were the French Emperor, Prince Bismarck and Benjamin Disraeli. Since 1848, Louis Napoleon had been the most widely caricatured man in Europe; and the outcome of the War of 1866 had raised Bismarck as the pilot of the Prussian ship of state to an importance second only to Napoleon himself. The caricature of which Disraeli was the subject was necessarily much narrower in its scope, and confined to a great extent to England. It was not until the century's eighth decade that he received full recognition at the hands of the Continental caricaturists, and his prominence in the cartoons preceding the Franco-Prussian War was due to the prestige of *Punch*, and to the opportunity which his own peculiar personality and striking appearance offered to the caricaturists. It was not long after the fall of Richmond and the end of the war that the agitation over the claims of the United States against England on account of the damage done by the warship *Alabama*, a question which was not settled until a number of years later, began. The two powers for a time could not agree on any scheme of arbitration, and the condition of affairs in the autumn of 1865 was summed up by Tenniel in *Punch*, in a cartoon entitled "The Disputed Ac-



RIVAL ARBITERS.

Napoleon and Bismarck at the time of the Austro-Prussian War. By Tenniel in *Punch*.



A DUEL TO THE DEATH. BY TENNIEL IN "PUNCH."

count," in which the United States and England are represented as two haggling women and Madame Britannia is haughtily saying: "Claim for damages against me? Nonsense, Columbia! Don't be mean over money matters." But England, as well as America, had other matters besides the *Alabama* claims to disturb her and to keep busy the pencils of her cartoonists. Besides purely political issues at home, there were the Jamaica troubles and Fenianism; and the French Emperor was very urgent that stronger extradition treaties should be established between the two countries. This last was cleverly hit off by *Punch* in a cartoon which pictures Britannia showing Napoleon the Third a portrait of himself as he appeared in 1848 and saying: "That, Sire, is the portrait of a gentleman whom I should have had to give up to the French Government had I always translated 'extradition' as your Majesty's lawyers now wish." The agitation over the Jamaica troubles died out, the threatened Fenian invasion of Canada came to nothing, Louis Napoleon withdrew the French troops from Mexico, and the eyes of Europe were directed toward the war cloud hovering over Prussia and Austria. Early in June, 1866, there was



A TEMPEST IN A GLASS OF WATER. BY GILL.



"TO BE OR NOT TO BE." BY GILL.



THE PRESIDENT OF RHODES. BY DAUMIER.



THE EGEREAN NYMPH. BY DAUMIER.



THE SITUATION. BY GILL.



ACHILLES IN RETREAT. BY GILL.



THE FIRST CONSCRIPT OF FRANCE. BY GILL.



PAUL AND VIRGINIA. BY GILL.

a cessation of diplomatic relations between the two countries, followed immediately by a declaration of war on the part of Prussia, whose armies straightway entered Saxony and Hanover. The attitude of England and France toward the belligerents was the subject of *Punch's* cartoon that week. It was called "Honesty and Policy," and shows Britannia and Napoleon discussing the situation, while in the background the Prussian King and the Austrian Emperor are shaking their fists in each other's faces.

Britannia confides regretfully to Napoleon: "Well, I've done my best. If they will smash each other, they must." And the French Emperor says in a gleeful aside: "And some one may pick up the pieces!" The same figure of speech is further developed in a later cartoon which appeared in August, during the negotiations for peace. Napoleon III., in the guise of a ragpicker, is being warned off the Königstrasse by Bismarck: "Par-



ANDRÉ GILL.



LE MARQUIS AUX TALONS ROUGES. BY WILLETTE.

The Marquis de Gallifet will be remembered as the French Minister of War during the second Dreyfus trial. It was Willette's famous cartoon of Queen Victoria which stirred up so much ill feeling during the Boer War.

don, mon ami, but we really can't allow you to pick up anything here;" and "Nep. the Chiffonnier" rejoins: "Pray, don't mention it, M'sieu! It's not of the slightest consequence."

After the battle of Sadowa, Austria accepted readily the offer of the French Emperor to bring about the suspension of hostilities, the Emperor of Austria agreeing to cede Venetia, which was handed over to France as a preliminary to its cession to Italy. Tenniel pictured this event in a cartoon showing Napoleon acting as the temporary keeper of the Lion of St. Mark's. Bismarck was now becoming a conspicuous figure in European politics, and his rivalry to Napoleon is shown in a *Punch* cartoon entitled "Rival Arbiters," which appeared about this time.

The growing spirit of discontent in France during the year or two immediately preceding the Franco-Prussian War was made the subject of some excellent *Punch* cartoons. One of these called "Easing the Curb" appeared in July, 1869. The imperial rule was gradually becoming unpopular, and the opposition gaining in strength and boldness. The Emperor found it prudent to announce that it was his intention to grant to the French Chamber a considerable extension of power. In "Easing the Curb," *Punch* depicts France as a force drawing the

imperial carriage. Within are the Empress and the Prince Imperial, looking apprehensive. Napoleon is standing at the horse's head, calling out: "Have no fear, my dears. I shall just drop ze curb a leetel." In another cartoon a few months later, Napoleon the Third is shown wearing the crown of King John, and surrounded by a group of persistent barons, signing a magna charta for France.

In the pages of *Punch* from July, 1870, until the spring of 1871 one may follow very closely the history of the Franco-Prussian War and of the Commune. The first of the cartoons on this subject, published just before the declaration of war, is entitled "A Duel to the Death." In it the King of Prussia and the French

Emperor are shown as duellists, sword in hand, while Britannia is endeavouring to act as mediator. "Pray stand back, madam," says Napoleon. "You mean well, but this is an old family quarrel and we must fight it out." *Punch* seemed to have an early premonition of what the result of the war would be, for before any decisive battle had been fought it published a striking cartoon entitled "A Vision on the Way," representing the shade of the great Napoleon confronting the Emperor and his son on the warpath and bidding them "Beware!" The departure of the Prince Imperial to the front is made the subject of a very pretty and pathetic cartoon called "Two Mothers." It shows the Empress bidding farewell



PRUSSIA INTRODUCING THE NEW NATIONAL ASSEMBLY TO FRANCE. BY DAUMIER IN "CHARIVARI."



"THIS HAS KILLED THAT." BY DAUMIER IN "CHARIVARI."

to her son, while France as another weeping mother is saying: "Ah, madame, a sure happiness for *you*, sooner or later; but there were dear sons of *mine* whom I shall never see again."

After the unimportant engagement at Saarbrück disaster began falling thick and fast on the French arms, and soon we find *Punch* taking up again the idea of the two monarchs as rival duellists. By this time the duel has been decided. Louis Napoleon, sorely wounded and with broken sword, is leaning against a tree. "You have fought gallantly, sir," says the King. "May I not hear you say you have had enough?" To which the Emperor replies: "I have been deceived about my

strength. I have no choice." With Sedan, the downfall of the Empire and the establishment of the Republic, France ceased to be typified under the form of Louis Napoleon. Henceforth she became an angry, blazing-eyed woman, calling upon her sons to rise and repel the advance of the invader. The cartoon in *Punch* commemorating September 4, 1870, when the Emperor was formally deposed and a Provisional Government of National Defence established under the Presidency of General Trochu, with Gambetta, Favre and Jules Ferry among its leading members, shows her standing erect by the side of a cannon, the imperial insignia trampled beneath her feet, wav-

ing aloft the flag of the Republic and shouting from the "Marseillaise":

Aux armes, citoyens,
Formez vos bataillons!

The announcement that the German royal headquarters was to be removed to Versailles and that the palace of Louis XIV. was to shelter the Prussian King surrounded by his conquering armies drew from Tenniel the cartoon in which he showed the German monarch seated at his table in the palace studying the map of Paris, while in the background are the ghosts of Louis XIV. and the great Napoleon. The ghost of the Grand Monarque is asking sadly: "Is this the end of 'all the glories'?" The sufferings of Paris during the siege are summed up in a cartoon entitled "Germany's Ally," in

which the figure of Famine is laying its cold, gaunt hand on the head of the unhappy woman typifying the stricken city. The beginning of the bombardment was commemorated in a cartoon entitled "Her Baptism of Fire," showing the grim and bloody results of the falling of the first shells. The whole tone of *Punch* after the downfall of the Emperor shows a growing sympathy on the part of the English people toward France, and the feeling in England that Germany, guided by the iron hand of Bismarck, was exacting a cruel and unjust penalty entirely out of proportion. This belief that the terms demanded by the Germans were harsh and excessive is shown in the *Punch* cartoon "Excessive Bail," where Justice, after listening to Bismarck's arguments, says that she cannot "sanction a demand for exorbitant securities."



THE HISTORY OF A REIGN. BY DAUMIER IN "CHARIVARI."

French caricature during "the terrible year" which saw Gravelotte, Sedan and the downfall of the Empire was necessarily sombre and utterly lacking in French gayety. It was not until the tragic days of the Siege and the Commune that the



TROCHU—1870.

former strict censorship of the French press was relaxed and the floodgates were suddenly opened for a veritable inundation of cartoons. M. Armand Dayot, in his admirable pictorial history of this epoch, which has already been

frequently cited in these articles, says in this connection: "It has been said with infinite justice that when art is absent from caricature nothing remains but vulgarity." In proof of this, one needs only to glance through the albums containing the countless cartoons that appeared during the Siege, and more especially during the Commune. Aside from those signed by Daumier, Cham, André Gill and a few other less famous artists, they are unclean compositions, without design or wit, odious in colour, the gross stupidity of their legends rivalling their lamentable poverty of execution." But under the leadership of Daumier, the small group of artists who infused their genius into the weekly pages of *Charivari*, made these tragic months one of the famous periods in the annals of French caricature. Of the earlier generation, the irrepressible group whose mordant irony had hastened the downfall of Louis Philippe, Daumier alone survived and was still there to chronicle by his pencil the disasters which befell France with a talent as great as he had possessed thirty-odd years before when engaged in his light-hearted and malicious campaign against the august person of Louis Philippe. Then there were the illustrious "Cham" (Comte de Noë), and André Gill, a caricaturist of striking wit, Hadol, De Bertall, De Pilopel, Faustin, Draner and a number of others not so well known. But above all it was Daumier who, after twenty years of the Empire, during which his pencil had been politically idle, returned in his old age to the fray with all the vigour of the best days of *La Caricature*.

Yet to those whose sympathies were with France during the struggle of 1870-71 there is a distinct pathos in the change that is seen in the later work of Daumier, —not a personal pathos, but a pathos due to the changed condition of the country which it reflects. The old dauntless audacity, the trenchant sarcasm, the mocking, light-hearted laughter, is gone. In its place is the haunting bitterness of an old man, under the burden of an impotent wrath—a man who, for all that he dips his pencil in pure vitriol, cannot do justice to the nightmare visions that beset him. There is no better commentary upon the pervading feeling of helpless anger and outraged national pride of this epoch than in these haunting designs of



THE DIAGNOSIS.

"A bad *régime* during ten years. All your trouble comes from that. You will soon become convalescent, with a good constitution and fewer leeches."



"Oh, no! Prussia has not completely slain her. It is not yet time to go to her aid." By Cham in *Charivari*.



HER BAPTISM OF FIRE. BY TENNIEL IN "PUNCH."



FRANCE, SEPTEMBER 4, 1870.

"Aux armes, citoyens,
Formez vos bataillons."



BAZAINE. BY FAUSTIN.

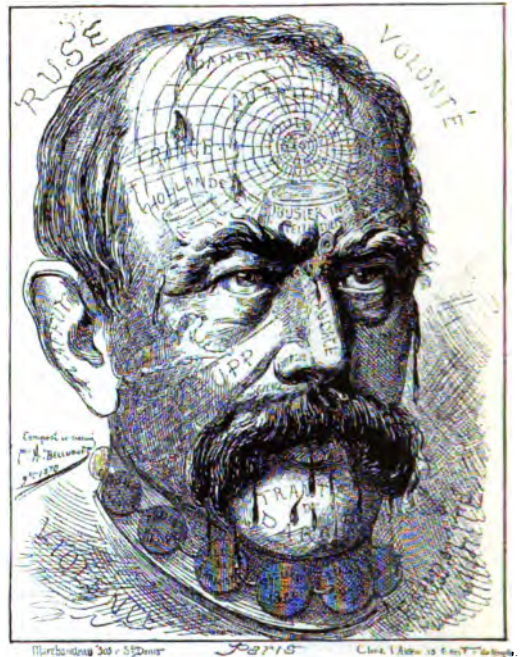
Daumier's. They are the work of a man tremulous with feverish indignation, weird and ghastly conceptions, such as might have emanated from the cauldron of Macbeth's witches. The backgrounds are filled in with solid black, like a funeral pall; and from out the darkness the features of Bismarck, of Von Moltke, of William I., leer malevolently, distorted into hideous, ghoulish figures, vampires feasting upon the ruin they have wrought. French liberty in the guise of a wan, emaciated, despairing figure, the personification of wronged and outraged womanhood, haunts Daumier's pages. At one time she is standing bound and gagged, between the gaping muzzles of two cannon marked, respectively, "Paris, 1851," and "Sedan, 1870," and underneath the laconic legend, "Histoire d'un Règne."

Another cartoon shows France as a female Prometheus bound to the rock, her vitals being torn by the Germanic vulture. A number of these cartoons, all of which appeared in *Le Charivari*, treat bitterly of the disastrous results of the twenty years during which Louis Napoleon was the Emperor of the French. The sketch called "This Has Killed That" has allusion to the popular ballot which elected the Prince-President to the throne. A gaunt, angry female fig-

ure is pointing with one hand to the ballot-box, in which repose the "Oui's" which made Louis Napoleon an Emperor, and with the other to the corpses on the battlefield where the sun of his empire finally sets. "This," she cries, "has killed that." The same idea suggested a somewhat similar cartoon, in which a French peasant gazing at the shell-battered ruins of his humble home exclaims in the peasant's ungrammatical *patois*: "And it was for this that I voted 'Yes.' " Still more grim and ominous is the cartoon showing a huge mouse-trap with three holes. The mouse-trap represents the Plebiscite. Two of the holes, marked, respectively, "1851" and "1870," have been sprung, and each has caught the throat of a victim. The third, however, still yawns open warningly, with the date not completely filled in.

Still another cartoon, thoroughly characteristic of Daumier's later manner, is "The Dream of Bismarck," one which

PILORI-PHRENOLOGIE.



BISMARCKOFF 1^{re}.

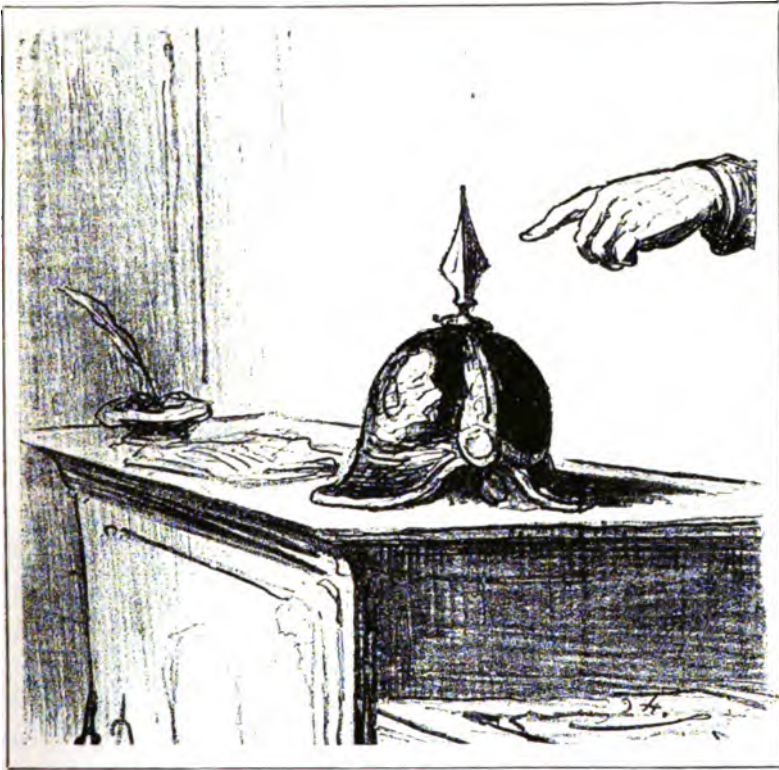
Le masque libéral, temple d'Hygiène,
De sang Riquetien, prépare une émeute
Pour les ras émus. Diplomate émérite,
Sur la mort de la France il frappe d'oubli!

BISMARCK THE FIRST.

touches upon the idea which has been used allegorically in connection with every great conqueror whose wake is marked by the strewn corpses of fallen thousands. In it Bismarck, frightfully haggard and ghastly of countenance, is sleeping in his chair, while at his side is the grim figure of Death bearing a huge sickle and pointing out over the bloody battlefield.

Of the younger group of cartoonists none is more closely connected with the events of the *année terrible* than "Cham,"

he never became a really great caricaturist. It was the humorous side of life, even of the tragedies of life, that appealed to him, and he reflected it back with an incisive drollery which was irresistible. He was one of the most rapid and industrious of workers, and found in the events of *l'année terrible* the inspiration of a vast number of cartoons. The looting propensities of the Prussians were satirised in a sketch showing two Prussian officers looking greedily at a clock on the mantel-



NEW DESIGN FOR A HAND BELL PROPOSED BY "CHARIVARI" FOR THE PURPOSE OF REMINDING THE ASSEMBLY THAT PRUSSIAN TROOPS STILL HOLD FRENCH TERRITORY. BY DAUMIER.

the Comte de Noë. The name Noë, it will be remembered, is French for Noah, just as Cham is the French equivalent of Ham, second son of the patriarch of Scripture. The Comte de Noë was also second son of his father, hence the appropriateness of his pseudonym. As a caricaturist, Cham was animated by no such seriousness of purpose as formed the inspiration of Daumier; and this was why

piece in a French château. "Let us take the clock." "But peace has already been signed." "No matter. Don't you see the clock is slow?" The German acquisition of the Rhenish provinces is summed up in a picture which shows a German officer attaching to his leg a chain, at the end of which is a huge ball marked Alsace. The siege having turned every Parisian into a nominal sol-



LOUIS BLANC.

dier, this condition of affairs is hit off by Cham in a cartoon underneath which is written: "Everybody being soldiers, the officers will have the right to put through the paces any one whom they meet in the streets." The sketch shows a cook in the usual culinary costume, and bearing on his head a flat basket filled with kettles and pans, marking time at the command of an officer. The attitude of England during the war seemed to the caricaturist perfidious, after the practical aid which France had rendered Albion in the Crimea. Cham hits this off by representing the two nations as women, Britannia looking ironically at prostrate France and saying: "Oh, no! Prussia has not yet entirely killed her! So it is not yet time to go to her aid."

The statesmen and warriors of that period were very happily caricatured in a series of cartoons, most of which appeared in *L'Eclipse*. Gill excelled in his caricature of individual men rather than in the caricature of events or groups. His real name was Louis Alexandre Gosset. He was born at Landouzy-li-Ville, October 19, 1840, and died in Paris, December 29, 1885. Thiers, Gambetta, Louis Blanc, all the men of the time, were hit off by his pencil. His method in most cases consisted of the grotesque exaggeration of the subject's head at the expense of the

body. He was especially happy in his caricature of Thiers, whose diminutive size, as well as his great importance, made him a favourite subject for the cartoonist. Thiers as Hamlet soliloquising, "To be or not to be"; Thiers as "The Man Who Laughs"; the head of Thiers peering over the rim of a glass, "A tempest in a glass of water"; Thiers as the first conscript of France; Thiers as Achilles in retreat—all these and countless others are from the pencil of Gill.

A striking satirical sketch by Hadol, entitled *La Parade*, sums up all the buffooneries of the Second Empire. In it the Duc de Morny as the barking showman is violently inviting the populace to enter and inspect the wonders of the Théâtre Badinguet. Badinguet, as said before, was the name of the workman in whose clothes Louis Napoleon was said to have escaped from his imprisonment at Ham; and throughout the Second Empire it was the name by which the Parisians maliciously alluded to the Emperor. Behind De Morny in the cartoon are the Emperor and Empress, seated at the cashier's desk at the entrance of the theatre to take in the money of the dupes whom De Morny can persuade to enter. To the right and left, in grotesque attire, are the actors of the



Germany: "Farewell, Madame, and if——"
France: "Ha! We shall meet again!"



"LET US EAT THE PRUSSIAN." BY ANDRÉ GILL.



SOUVENIRS AND REGRETS. BY ARANDA.



PRUSSIA ANNEXES ALSACE. BY CHAM IN "CHARIVARI."

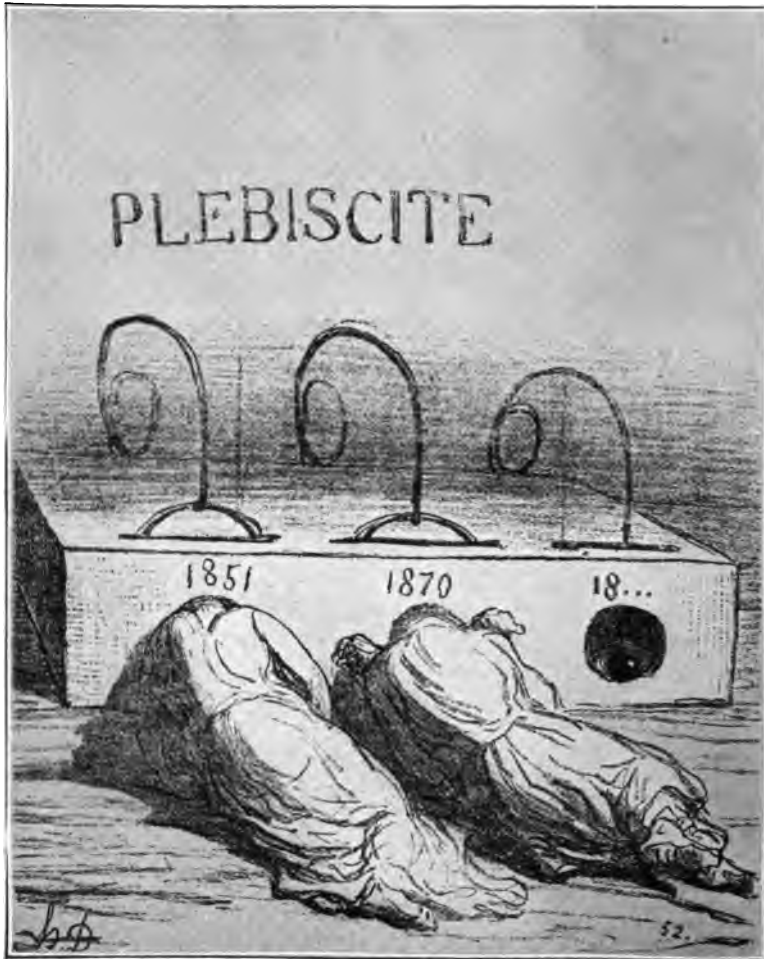


"Adieu!"
"No, 'au revoir.' Visits must be returned."
By Cham.

show, representing the various statesmen and soldiers whose names were connected with the reign.

Popular hatred of Marshal Bazaine after the surrender of Metz, based on the prevalent belief that he had sold the city and the army under his command to the Germans, finds pictorial expression in

breast. But as you look more closely, you perceive that this decoration is suspended from the noose of the hangman's rope, and that the words "Au Maréchal Bazaine — La France Reconnoissante" have another and a deeper significance. The defender of the city of Paris, General Trochu, was genially caricatured by



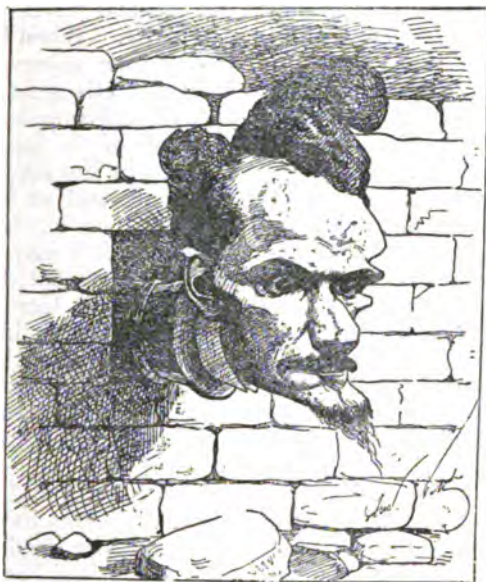
THE MOUSE-TRAP AND ITS VICTIMS. BY DAUMIER IN "CHARIVARI."

the grim cartoon by Faustin, reproduced here. The artist has cunningly drawn into the features of the Marshal an expression of unutterable craft and treachery. Round his neck there has been flung what at the first glance seems like a decoration of honour, an impression strengthened by the cross and inscription on his

André Gill in *L'Éclipse* as a *blanchisseuse* industriously ironing out the dirty linen of France. However great his popularity was at the time, Trochu has by no means escaped subsequent criticism. To him the resistance of Paris seemed nothing but "an heroic folly," and he had no hesitation about proclaiming his opinion.

Another exceedingly happy caricature by André Gill was that representing Henri Rochefort, the implacable enemy of Louis Napoleon, as a member of the govern-

ment of the National Defence. Here Rochefort's head is shown peering out of the mouth of a cannon projecting through a hole in the city's fortifications.



(To be continued.)



BAEDEKER AND THE MODERN GUIDE-BOOK*

The appearance of the fourteenth edition of Baedeker's "Southern Italy" offers a convenient occasion for a brief consideration of the life of this author and publisher and of certain necessary qualities of the modern guide-book. The materials for a survey of this nature are within easy reach: the one hundredth anniversary of Baedeker's birth called forth a flood of

articles in the German press, from which the following biographical data have been gathered, while any trip across the ocean gives an experimental basis for many theories about guide-books in general.

It must be clearly understood that the books under consideration are for the average traveller. He who has special knowledge, and therefore special wants, must look for aid elsewhere. The guide-book, as we commonly understand it, is rightly intended for the use of the great body of travellers, and has certain neces-

*Italy. Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker. Third Part: Southern Italy and Sicily. Fourteenth Revised Edition. Leipzig: Karl Baedeker.

sary limitations on that account. As we now have it, it is an evolution, of course. The travellers of many centuries have had their need of information for the journey supplied in a more or less satisfactory way. The compiler of the first guide-book is, therefore, lost to us in the mists of antiquity.

Among the worthy modern successors of this great unknown, Karl Baedeker certainly takes high rank. He was born at Essen, November 3, 1801. His independent business began with the establishing of a small book-shop at Coblenz in the year 1827. After the German manner, he had, however, already served a sort of apprenticeship at Heidelberg and Berlin, and had attained to that degree of book learning which the attendance at university lectures represents. He was, therefore, a man of culture, with a natural taste for travel, which had already led to wanderings in Germany and Austria before he began to publish guide-books. His first venture in the new career which was to make his name famous was the purchase of a handbook for the Rhine journey from Mayence to Cologne. This was first issued in 1828, and Baedeker himself edited the third edition, which appeared in 1839. In the same year his guide to Holland and Belgium was published, and was followed in 1842 by his handbook for Germany and Austria.

These books are said to show clearly Baedeker's evolution: the first in the old style, adorned with illustrations and poetical extracts and freighted with descriptions, and the personal opinions of the compiler; the second with a stronger admixture of the practical and less of the personal; the third quite frankly modelled after Murray, whose influence may also be traced in the other two, and renouncing explicitly all attempt to anticipate the emotions of the traveller by wordy descriptions. There is, therefore, no injustice in calling Baedeker an emended Murray. Even in external appearance and in their red covers (adopted in 1842) these German guides show clearly their English prototype. But the differences between Murray and Baedeker also made their appearance in 1842, finding expression in that year in the preface of the handbook for Germany and Austria, and they grew more pronounced with each new edition or new volume. To Baedeker are there-

fore due those added characteristics which have given the guide-books appearing under his name their great vogue and have made them in reality international.

It is unnecessary to trace here in detail the gradual development of Baedeker's enterprise. When he died, in 1859, a series of nine volumes was already in existence. His guide to Italy, which he had himself compiled, and that to London, the fruit of the long residence of one of his sons in England, appeared soon after his death, and so belong to the original series. The extension of the business since that time may be shown by the simple statement that there are now twenty-six volumes in German and only a slightly smaller number in English and French. The international character of the whole series is clearly revealed in the fact that some of the volumes have a larger sale in the French or English than in the German edition.

The French and English versions of the guide-books have all made their appearance since Baedeker's death. In 1860 an unauthorised French translation of the handbook to Paris was issued, and this led the firm to prepare and publish, in 1865, its own translation. From this enforced beginning, the whole long list of French and English versions has come. It is not strictly accurate to call these editions translations. They are rather new versions based upon the German original with many minor changes to suit the real or fancied needs, tastes and prejudices of the French and English. A striking illustration of this fact came under my own observation in a chance examination of the three editions of the guide to Paris of about 1880, where there is a passing allusion to the burning of the palace of St. Cloud in the Franco-Prussian War. The changes from the statement of the German version were not of a character to lessen the sale of the French edition in Paris. Nevertheless, most of the variations in the different versions are both wise and necessary, and have done their part to make the guides really international.

The chief features of the series were fully established in Baedeker's lifetime. His successors have followed in the lines laid down by him. However, a great change has necessarily been made in the manner of compilation. Baedeker's ideal

was that of personal acquaintance with everything described in his handbooks and personal responsibility for all statements. Such a procedure was practicable in a short series, but the increase in the number of the guide-books necessitated a change. Now each book is the work of many minds.

The ideal guide-book is, of course, still to be created, for the process of evolution has not yet ended; but certain features as exemplified in Baedeker and the best of his rivals may be regarded as fixed. Such a book must, first of all, be honest. We must feel that its judgment about hotels (to take an example on a very low plane), though possibly mistaken, is at least sincere, and that no advertisement is lurking disguised in its pages. All statements about facts must be accurate, and be based on the personal observation and experiences of the compilers. As a consequence, every guide-book should be frequently rewritten. Tastes change, circumstances change, new routes are discovered, new works of art are created, or additional layers of an old civilisation are exhumed; in short, what may be called the centre of gravity of the book shifts and a fresh compilation becomes necessary.

Not the least important feature must be the complete separation of the guide-book from the description of travel or the work on art. The past erred grievously in this respect, and there are still some who complain that their pet interests in art or music are scantily treated in the guide-books which travellers usually buy. Nevertheless, a mixture of these elements is of evil. The guide-book is for use on the spot. When it says "on the right is this and on the left is that," it says enough. The book of travel and the work on art doubtless minister to higher intellectual needs, but before the object described, at the first visit, they are a danger, for they hamper and control the imagination. The guide-book should take us to the spot, tell us what objects are to be seen there and the necessary data about them, and then leave the rest to our eyes and our imaginations. Of course, this applies only to the first visit, but then the guide

is intended precisely for this first visit. It may be laid down as an axiom that to the degree a guide-book is interesting reading away from the object described and before you have visited it, to that degree it fails of its purpose.

On the other hand, it is necessary for the traveller to know what objects and places are generally considered especially noteworthy. He does not need to be told why and how they are admired. At least, that is not the function of the guide-book. Here is the justification of Baedeker's asterisks or any other simple system of marking objects and views of especial interest and importance. It is easier to make fun of such a system than to do without it.

An amusing change in Baedeker's handbook for Northern Italy may serve to point a moral. In the edition of 1879 a certain palace in Florence is marked with an asterisk for our admiration and is ascribed to Raphael, Michael Angelo, or Palladio. In the last edition the asterisk is removed; the palace is ascribed to Mariotto di Zanobi Folli, and is dismissed as a florid Renaissance structure. While this is very troublesome to the conscientious traveller trying to do his duty by both Baedeker and Florence, it nevertheless unintentionally serves as a useful lesson in the making of guide-books.

If it were possible, the compilers of such books should have tried every hotel and gone over every route. They should have personal acquaintance with every object mentioned, and should know accurately the opinions of all the best critics and connoisseurs of their times, and show the consensus of the best opinion by some simple device. Then, they should have no literary yearnings and be content to mention only facts, and all the necessary facts, in the simplest way. And lastly, they should have no imagination, or should at least reserve theirs for their private use. Different editions of their guide-books would doubtless bid different generations of tourists admire different things, but for the brief time of their existence they would be perfect in their way.

Charles Harris.

TWO MEN

Nothing had happened—nothing at all. She said it over and over again to herself, as if to persuade herself that it was true. But it *was* nothing—nothing at all.

She lay back on the steamer chair that was her favourite resting-place, perched high up in the little piazza just outside her bedroom. She closed her eyes wearily to think it all over, while the muffled roar of the breakers coming across the bay reiterated the tiresome phrase—that nothing, nothing at all had happened. She tried to collect her thoughts and discover just what had taken place—this nothing. She had gone to the dinner—her husband had insisted on her going without him—she had met Hobart again, they had chatted during the dinner, in a conventionally superficial way, and then again in a more personal, intimate way on the piazza after the coffee. And he had escorted her home—while the maid who had called for her walked slightly behind. At parting he had looked into her eyes, said “Good-night”—told her how pleasant it had been to meet her again, and had asked permission to call some other time, and—that was all. As she had told herself for the twentieth time, nothing had really happened at all.

And yet she felt curiously stirred, curiously restless. She could not deny, far down in her consciousness, that something *had* happened—that in some strange, subtle way everything had happened, that all was changed.

Well, what was changed? And what was she going to do now? And why? The deep, regular breathing of her sleeping husband came to her from the closed shutters on her left—the room adjoining hers. Ah, her husband! If he had only been different! How many women, she wondered, had excused themselves thus? Here she was battling with the most serious resolution she had ever struggled with—yes, more serious than that other she had taken a few weeks before—and there he was sleeping as calmly a stone’s throw away as if she had never existed. That typified their relation. Or if she had been blessed with a child! She smiled a little, wry smile at the staleness of the excuse—always excuses.

She stared for a while out over across the bay, and almost fancied she could see the dancing white foam beyond the sentinel dunes. Making a great effort, she determined to fight off her growing sluggishness, her longing to drift, determined resolutely to begin from the very beginning, and think it all out for herself.

When she had come down from town, she had been so sure of herself, so absolutely convinced that she was right, and that nothing could alter her determination. She had agreed to everything, and Harriman had remained in town to arrange some business matters, and she had planned to be domestic for a few weeks, and then they were to sail quietly away for Europe and begin life all over again. There was to be no scandal, they had gone all over it so often, she was determined to spare her husband’s pride—his one vulnerable point—she was to go off to the Massachusetts coast to pay a visit to her sister, and he was to sail for a year’s stay in Europe, being over-worked by that last public building he had erected in Tacoma. Her husband would receive a letter, explaining it as quietly as possible, and no one would know until the divorce was granted. Divorces can be arranged so quietly, if one knows the ropes, and has the will and the wherewithal to cheat the reporter. Of course, there would be some talk—she had made up her mind there would be some—but she knew she could rely on her husband to do it with as neat dispatch as if he were arranging a contest for a cup. Yes, he would spare her, because it would be sparing his name. *His name!* Yes, she said to herself, dreamily, that was really all he had ever given her. There had been times in the past when she had wondered if it would have made any difference had she been a poor girl and had owed a great deal to him. Would gratitude have been a bond? But she had not had even the luxury of that sentiment. This beautiful Long Island home had always been hers, and she had loved every nook and cranny of it long before she had ever met him, while he, even now, cared for it only for the sport of racing fast boats, or now and then going off on a cruise with a jolly

stag party and plenty of cold bottles on board.

She had come down four weeks ago with the thought of Harriman stirring her strangely as she went about the place he had loved with her. They had been the most perfect companions the summer before. She had never met a man that so completely gave himself up to the fascination of lower Long Island—even as she had done. He was constantly pointing out to her the beauty of some great white sail silently gliding over what was apparently a green meadow—for the little inlets on which the boats sailed all day long slipped in and out among irregular patches of high swamp grass—or of the sky swept by great white cloud-wings as of angels, or of the sea, ever alike and yet ever changing. They never tired of the racy air—union of brine and pine—the spicy, bestirring air of lower Long Island. They had glided into this intimacy of thought and feeling as innocently as those pure white sails glided before the wind.

Then all at once there had been a shuddering awakening, brought about by some light word spoken by a woman who thought the worst and thought none the less of them—perhaps a little more—for it. The purity of the white sails was gone. They could not bear the usual attitude of the gay set, somehow they were of different calibre, and so they had talked it all over again and again, until at last the following spring had brought its solution—a decision not lightly taken on either side.

She smiled now, alone in the darkness—how well she had conned every argument—they were young, were both their lives to be sacrificed to an ill-considered act of a mere girl? Her husband did not need her, his valet was of infinitely more importance to him, perhaps his horses came next, and then his yacht, and then possibly she—or possibly another—she had long since ceased to care.

How they had protested again and again—Harriman and she—that they were made for each other! They were sympathetic, looked on life and nature from the same vantage point, enjoyed everything together, ah! *how* they enjoyed! Made for one another? Why, they *were* one, more united than ever husband and wife had been. Their union

would not be a mere yielding to passion—she felt she could not endure *that*—of course not—it would be a union of intellect, heart, soul—everything. How they had delighted in justifying themselves to each other! How sure they had been that *their* wrong-doing would be different from that of any other couple in all the centuries that had gone before! *This special instance—this one case—*(ah, how we all love to deceive ourselves!) *Wrong-doing!* why it was right-doing! They were the blithest of sinners, the most conscious of well-doers the sun shone on.

So for the past four weeks she had lived in a dream—eaten, slept, talked, driven as usual, but awake only to the one great fact that faced her. There were powerful memories stirring her at every turn of the drive—every irregular inlet, every odour had brought Harriman vividly before her. She was going to him—the struggle was over, another week to be dreamed through and she would be his till death parted them.

Till death parted them—she had heard that before—somewhere from the dim past those solemn words rose with a strange accusation. Why did such thoughts persist to-night? Why bring up again all those harrowing doubts? She had not decided lightly; she was entering into this new relation far more prayerfully, far more earnestly than ten years before as a mere child she had entered into marriage.

Till death—yes, this step *must* be final. Its finality, its steadfastness, was what separated it from mere—mere—ah! she could not say it. Yet—suddenly she sprang up and paced the little piazza—yes, something had happened after all. That was what had happened, the first shock of doubt had come to her. Doubt—not of him, no, no, she believed in him. He worshipped her, and what was more, he honoured her. Of course no other woman would ever believe it, but he honoured her for the very sacrifice she was about to make for him. He honoured her that she was not the type to deceive her husband. He knew all that the step meant to her. She was positive that his love for her was that clean, honest love which lasts after a woman's hair turns grey. She knew the glow would sweep into his great blue eyes, ten—yes twenty

—years from then at the sight of her, just as they did now.

But doubt none the less—and worse, doubt of herself! It had come! She should be thankful, at least, that it had not come too late. The tragedy of doubt afterward—that would have killed her by inches. Better far the doubt now. And how had that doubt entered her Eden? A pair of mocking black eyes answered her. Her hand felt again the slight pressure of an hour ago. She shivered and drew her golf cape closely about her, and turned her head and took some of the rough collar between her teeth. "I won't believe it—I can't. I won't!" she murmured, as she bit savagely at the woolly wrap.

It was all so absurd—positively childish! What had Hobart done? Nothing whatever. He had said nothing at any time that a man may not say to a woman in the same social standing. What had aroused that sudden consciousness, that unexpected spark, as of stone striking stone, flung straight from eye to eye? The slightest tightening of the good-night clasp of the hand, the sharp, quickened breath, and it was all over. She would have thought nothing of it a few years ago. Pshaw! it was nothing. Her anomalous position had sharpened her intuitions, she was morbid and overstrung, perhaps, she scolded herself, she was even growing absurd. And yet the next instant she was telling herself that a contented wife can afford a quickening breath, a flash of sympathy, whatever may be called that subtle, elusive sex-consciousness, but a woman who was on the brink of leaving her lawful husband for another man?—There was a sudden glimpse of possibilities—a great chasm seemed to open before her—a black defile. Horrible! she covered her face with her hands.

Half an hour later, her one thought was how to tell him. She never could bring herself to confess the truth—to reveal to him the spectre that had arisen between him and her. She knew he would take it all as a lack of trust in him. Ah, how that would hurt! He would think she held him as other men, light wooers of the passing moment. But even that was better than to confess it was herself she mistrusted. How she would fall in his eyes! It must be the other, hurt as it

would. She rose wearily, and went to her desk. After all, it had come about that it was not to her husband that the difficult letter was to be written.

She wrote rapidly and nervously scanned one note after another, before tearing it up in passionate disgust. In all, she destroyed four. Then a sudden inspiration came to her—at least a temporary way out of the difficulty:

DEAR MR. HARRIMAN: I have suddenly decided not to pay that visit to my sister, as I had intended to do next week. So I shall remain at Summertime, where we shall be glad to welcome you at any time.

When he came, as she knew he would, there was very little explanation. She had quivered in imagination before the pain in his eyes, the reality could not hurt worse. She implored him to believe that she still trusted him—loved him? Of course, as she always would continue to do. But she could not do it—she was not as courageous as she had thought herself—that was all. He knew it was not all, but he bowed before her decision as he must.

The day before he sailed, they sat talking conventionally in the little summer house overlooking the bay. Thither came Hobart. She rose politely, introduced the two men, continued to chat in her musical, low voice. The two men felt a frigidity beneath all her vivacity—there was a sense of strain, of a holding-in of some powerful emotion. No one could have named it—yet all three felt its influence.

To Harriman even her voice had changed, hardened as if the muscles in the throat were held in a vice. By a strange intuition he realised that this newcomer had played some part in her decision. Hobart only felt in some vague way that she would never respond to him again as he had felt her respond that one night. He glowered at Harriman and cursed his coming below his breath. The two men watched each other closely, dangerous lights came and went in their eyes. She chatted on without daring to stop, and here and there the men threw in a polite interjection or two. They were club men of the twentieth century. Had they been savages, they would have flown at each other's throats.

"Howdy!" rang out her husband's voice, as, cool and calm in his white yachting suit, he approached with a hand out for either man: "Stay to dinner?"

But neither man accepted. At the gate one man took the road to the left, the other the road to the right. Yet neither man really understood.

Annie Nathan Meyer.

THE DIFFIDENCE OF PRINT

The behaviour of newspapers came up for discussion again last month, and as usual no notice was taken of the reader's chief complaint. You might think from the criticism of newspapers that it was all a matter of tall headlines, slander and sensation. Start a reform movement, and that is the sort of thing it aims at. But why not own up? Our main grudge is against the most respectable. What if the people you met talked like a newspaper—never made an admission or saw but one side, never retracted except on compulsion or paused in the praise of themselves? Suppose their cause is a good one, do you like them for licking its boots? Consider that awful thing they call "the policy." There is nothing more amazing to the reader than the way a mind can be wrapped in a "policy." Many a decorous newspaper is edited by a moral papoose. In private life "the policy" would make you talk in epitaphs of last year's opinions, hook your fancy to a foregone conclusion, turn your mind into a bare card catalogue of the things you used to think. But being a man and not a newspaper, you can blame a working-man to-day and a capitalist to-morrow. Rules are good, but an exception is no sacrilege, and there is no fact on earth that a grown man need hide from and no cause in Heaven that is worth his cheating for. So it might be with newspapers, but they seem by nature secretive. Are you for Our President? Behold, we are at his feet. Are you against him, kind reader? Here, then, are ten more Philippine atrocities of which nine rest on no evidence, but we count them in for the good of the cause. Do the facts seem against us this morning? Then here goes for "Rug-weaving in Armenia," or, "Does a College Education Pay?" We trust it will not be suspected that we are

dodging the point. Here is the forlorn little editor, so afraid of things as they are that he is doomed for months to total irrelevancy; and there is the praiser of corporations who dares not stop; and this is Mr. Pecksniff's paper with the luxuriant moral and the little meannesses that destroy the vines. The types are familiar in every large city. Where are the people who like them? Yet they are clean and respectable, and, like most of our pet aversions, are safely within the law. Criticism in private takes these lines. Public criticism—the kind that comes from the pulpit or is engrossed in resolutions—aims only at what is gross and palpable. It blames the license of the press, when our main grievance is its strange constraints and silences. In spite of the great improvement in the news columns, the comment that gives personal character has in the past fifteen years grown so feeble that many talk of giving it up altogether and leaving us alone with the reporters.

It is a loss to American letters. No matter how well news is gathered or how accurately told, the time will never come when we are content with bare narration. Those frank and inspiring little newspaper essays were about the best things Americans ever did with their pen, but what with the death of some men and the deliquescence of others, they are now on the level with mere books. It is not a matter of premises or principles or morals in the conventional degree. We are friendly and inquisitive little animals, and the man is the main thing, after all, and there is never a moment when we would not rather meet a real one than look at a panorama of world politics or see a gas-tank explode. The newest thing in the world is a new way of looking at an old one, and the greatest thing that ever hap-

pened is what somebody happened to think. People read newspapers more for company than for guidance; and their criticism is nine-tenths epicurean. Virtue is safe, but the mind feels lonesome in most things that we read. A reformer never seems to miss anything not mentioned in a moral code, but it is not so with the rest of us. Here we read: "Another saddening proof of the havoc the war spirit has wrought among us is afforded by the shocking scandals in the Jonesville post-office. 'War is hell,' says Burke. It was indeed to be expected that the poison would spread from the heart to the members. The government that sanctions a selfish and unholy war cannot avoid the logical consequences, and from rapine and torture in the Philippines it is an easy step to knavery at home. 'Corrupt the morality at the centre,' said Milton, 'and the devil will ramp on the perimeter.' The return of the pro-consul laden with booty affords his fellow-citizen no safer example than he did in the days of Tacitus, and the warning that Sallust sounded to the venal city soon to perish (*mature perituras*) might well have been meant for us." Academic and in a sense conscientious, but where is the man on the premises? Or again, let the poor old Job of a public hearken unto the son of Barachel the Buzite: "Once more with characteristic vigour and common sense President Roosevelt has utterly confounded the assailants of the Administration and vindicated the honour of the nation. Not a shred remains of the charges against the army or the government. No one can now doubt that the headquarters of the Philippine revolt were in Boston, and fresh reports from Manila daily confirm the belief that but for treachery in this country the insurrection would not have lasted a day. President Roosevelt is not the man to shirk responsibility. As he said in his address to the Yale students, 'What this country needs is men that can bite.' Wise, statesmanlike and courageous, he has the people with him. 'Breathe hard,' said he at the Seattle Young Ladies' Seminary, waving a Rough Rider flag, 'play hard, rest hard, work hard; up and at it, no matter what it is.' Nothing could better express his own spirit and that of the American people." This is the way men divide in print, but there is nothing like it in nature. Nobody's private opinions ever take

this form. It is the monochrome of party and the stage necessity of debate, the twang of the pen and the hypocrisy of the ink-bottle which make the difference between men and editors. It is not an affair of the heart.

Men are never so prim and starchy, so deeply dyed and terribly committed in real life. Many an honest fellow-being, full of earnest whims and pleasing foibles, variegated, complex, alive and charming, goes down into print as into a sarcophagus, and when you mourn his loss thinks you are trifling with the sound moral sentiment engraved on the tomb. Perhaps it comes from hearing so much about bringing things "to the bar of public opinion" and all that. Perhaps it is due to an embarrassed sense of the presence of Tom, Dick and Harry. Lowell's theory of it was that the soul had done something in a pre-existent state it was now ashamed of. But the basis of criticism is negative—not the sins committed but the pleasures withheld—and the pleasure of being talked to as an equal is the main thing the readers miss. Suppose somebody does misunderstand, or a few fat gentlemen fall by the wayside or a spinster or two is frightened away, is the thing so grave? Must one feel as pompous as Cicero? Will his country come to him in a dream and say, "Marcus Tullius, what *are* you doing?" Let the great mind go crashing forth; the casualties will be surprisingly small. That is the proper advice to give to any American writer. The question before the man is what to do in his neutral intervals in the holidays of his virtues and the pauses of his sin, for there are days and days when the moral character needs nothing done to it and the politics are all in place, when life may be merely lived and the country merely looked at, a time of secular cravings, a permissibly mundane time, the days of the devil's siesta, the reformer's Saturday nights. But an editor seldom knows such intervals, for human nature is a different thing from print. Pen in hand, he believes we do all our thinking in majorities, enjoy by popular consent, make friends on principle, doubts if there is even the larva of an imagination or a latent power of pleasant dreams, or a tender side toward any mental temptation in this exceedingly business-like land.

Frank Moore Colby.

THE GUERDON OF DESIRE

O thou unknown companion of my soul,
I reach my yearning empty arms to thee
Across the dark! Wilt thou not come to me
Now when I call, Belovèd; though the whole
Wide universe of suns and seasons roll
Between thy world and mine? What is to be
Between our souls through all eternity
Is graven deep on God's unending scroll.

The days are long, Belovèd; but I know
That thou wilt come to me when I can say—
Though dizzy with pent passion's overflow:—
"God of the Masters, if it be the way
All mighty souls must travel, I will go
Unloved and lone until the Judgment Day!"

Elsa Barker.



IN ARCADY.

By Hamilton W. Mabie.

II.

THE LYRE OF APOLLO.

It was mid-June and the world was in flower. The delicate promise of April, when the pipes of the Faun echoed in the depths of woods faintly touched with the tenderest green, was fulfilled in a mass and ripeness of foliage which had parted with none of its freshness, but had become like a sea of moving and whispering greenness. The delicious heat of the early summer evoked a vagrant and elusive fragrance from the young grasses starred with flowers. The morning songs, which made the break of day throb with an ecstasy of melody, were caught up again and again through the long, tranquil hours by careless singers,

happy in some hidden place in the meadows or sheltered within the edges of the wood; and with these sudden bursts of hidden music, there came the cool breath of the dawn into the sultry noon. The world was folded in a dream of heat; not arid, blasting, palpitating; but caressing, vitalising, liberating. The earth, loved of the sun, was no longer coy and half afraid; she had given herself wholly, and in the glad surrender the beauty that lay hidden in her heart had clothed her like a garment. In the fulfilment of her life a sudden bliss had dissolved her passionless coldness into the life-giving warmth of universal fertility.

So deep was the current of life which flowed through the world and so full and sweeping the tide, that the youth, whom it seemed to overtake in the heart of the

pinetrees, was half intoxicated by the delicious draughts held to his lips, and was in an ecstasy of wonder and mystery and joy. He had known the world well since that early spring morning years before when he had come upon the Faun, and the two had gone together, eager feet keeping time to the vagrant music of the pipes, to the secret places where the wild things live and are not afraid. From that hour in his boyhood he had known bird and beast so well that he came and went among them even as one of them, and his voice brought no terror and his shadow no sudden fear as he wandered, glad and friendly, through the heart of the forest. For half a decade he had had the freedom of the field and the wood, and had lived like a child of nature in the joy and strength of the life that is one with the health and beauty of the hills and stars.

Again and again he had seemed to hear, borne on the air of some still afternoon, the faint music of the pipes of the Faun, but he had never again met that ancient dweller in the woods face to face. Nor had he needed to; for the fresh delight, the instinctive joy in the life of things, the free play of muscle, the complete surrender to the sight or sound or pleasure of the moment, had been his in full measure; and he had lived the life of the senses in glad unconsciousness. And the years had gone by and left no mark on him, save the hardening of muscle, the filling out of limb, the waxing strength, the growing exhilaration of youth and freedom and infinite capacity for action and pleasure swiftly coming to clear consciousness.

Through the long years of boyhood Nature lay mirrored in his senses without blur or mist, and the images of her manifold wonder and beauty had sunk into the depths of his being. He had lived in the moving world that lay about him, stirred into incessant action by its constant appeal to his energy, caught up and carried forward for days together in a joyful rush of play; led hither and thither in endless quest of little mysteries of sight and sound which teased and baffled him; absorbed into complete self-forgetfulness by the vast continent where his lot was cast, which called him with a thousand voices to exploration and discovery.

Of late, however, there had come a

touch of pain in his careless joy; a sense of mystery which disturbed and perplexed him; a consciousness of something strange and alien to the wild, free life he had been living. He no longer felt at home in the woods, and it seemed to him as if the old intimacy with the creatures that lived there had been chilled. He was no longer free-minded and free-hearted. He had lived until this hour in the world without him; now the world within was rising into view; he was coming to the knowledge of himself. And that knowledge was fraught with pain, as is all knowledge that penetrates to a man's soul and becomes part of him. As a child he had known only one world; now another world was rising into view, vexed with mists, obscured by shadows; a strange, mysterious, undiscovered country, full of enchantments, but elusive and baffling.

The world he knew seemed to contradict and fall apart from the world which was slowly disclosing itself to him, like a planet wheeling out of storm and mist into an ordered sphere. Every morning brought him the joy of discovery and the pain of "moving about in worlds not realised." The old order of his life had suddenly vanished; the sense of familiarity, of intimate living, of home-keeping and home-loving habit, had passed with it, and the youth awoke to find himself in a new world, without bound or horizon, through which no paths ran to wonted places of rest and use.

In such a mood, exhilarated and depressed, full of mounting life, but with the touch of pain on his spirit, the youth had found the murmur of the pines soothing and restful; like a cool hand laid on a hot forehead. Again and again, in these confused and perplexing months, he had fled to their silence and shade as to a retreat in the heart of old and dear things.

As he came across the fields on this radiant morning all the springs of joy were once more rising in him; the young summer touched him through every sense, and his soul rushed out to meet her in a passion of devotion and self-surrender. The pain was stilled, the sense of loneliness had vanished; and in their place had come a sudden consciousness of new intimacies forming themselves with incredible swiftness, a deep sense of a unity between his spirit and the heart of things of which

the old familiarity had been but a faint prophecy. Over the undiscovered country of his own soul the mists were melting, the clouds rolling up into the blue and dissolving in infinite depths of tenderest sky, mountain ranges were defining their outlines against the sky, and the "light that never was, on sea or land" was swiftly unveiling a harmony and unity of world with world which was itself a new and higher beauty than had dawned before on the vision of youth.

The stillness of the summer lay in the heart of the wood, and only the gentle swaying and whispering of the pines, caressed by the lightest of moving airs, made one aware that something stirred in the vast and shining silence of the sky. It seemed to the youth, when he had entered the inner sanctuary of the wood, as if the spirit of things were touching invisible chords so softly that they vibrated almost without sound. He recalled the pipes of the Faun, so clear, piercing, distinct, tuned to the simplest pleasures of the senses, with the feeling that he had heard them echoing through the wood in some other life; so remote, detached and alien were they to the richer mood, the deeper emotion, the mounting passion, of the time and place. He heard them as one hears a clear, far cry which lies in the ear, but calls to nothing in one's spirit and sets no echoes flying in one's soul.

And while he hung upon the silence, with the faint, shrill notes of the pipes making old music in his memory, suddenly, as from some deeper retreat, some more ancient sanctuary, there rose upon the hushed air a melody that laid a finger on his lips and a hand on his heart and flooded the innermost recesses of his being. Stricken with sudden silence, mute under the spell of a music which left no thought unspoken and no experience unexpressed, he hung on the thrilling notes as if all the wonder and beauty and mystery of the world and the soul had found speech at last, and out of the innermost heart of things life flowed in a tumultuous, free and joyous rush of sound.

The pipes of the Faun had spoken to him of the joy of living, of the delight of motion, of the pleasure of the eye and ear, of the manifold murmur and happiness of living creatures when the sun makes the fields glad and the woods are full of nesting birds. It was a music

which lay in the ear, clear and distinct, without modulation or mystery or any touch of that rich and baffling complexity of motive which comes with the rise into sound of those hidden and secret forces which feed the roots of life and nourish all beauty at the sources of being; the music of clear skies, of grain moving with the wind in long billows across the fields, of softly swaying forests, of rivers flowing in quiet fulness, of birds on the wing and creatures of many kinds living their lives in glad unison; and of a boy's happiness in the sight and sound of all these things.

But the music upon which the youth hung, mute and motionless in the shadow of the pines, did not rest in the ear, nor weave its melody out of familiar airs heard a thousand times in idle or busy hours; it flowed resistless and compelling into the secret places of the soul, and all the deep and far harmonies of which he dreamed when the mystery of the parts blending into one infinite whole subdued him were caught up in it and moved together in a flood of fathomless sweetness. In this rich harmony of the full, pulsating life of things the earlier song of the play of life over the surface of the world was but a slender rivulet lost in a wide and all-embracing tide. Those far pipings of the Faun made the merry, light-hearted music of the world as it lay mirrored in the senses; these later and penetrating tones made the music of the world as it sunk deep into the imagination and touched the soul of the youth. The prelusive notes of discovery were caught up and mingled with the sublime music of revelation; the world which flashed in the sun was the blossom and fruit of the fathomless life hidden in the heart of things, and this mysterious and flooding life was at one with the life that had come to knowledge and consciousness in his spirit.

The gods make the music to which youth moves with eager feet, and if the youth had thrown off the spell that held him mute and motionless in the heart of the pines he would have seen a face which was long the light of a world which has sunk below the horizon, but from which the artists and poets still draw their inspiration, and to which those who make the images of beauty have always gone to test the perfection of the work of

their hands; a face of noble and ineffable beauty; the features expressive of perfect symmetry and of the finest individuality; the eyes unshadowed by pain, luminous, tender, glowing; the great shape so divinely fashioned that strength was lost in beauty and beauty became the highest form of strength.

A long way the god had come and manifold had been his wanderings; but wherever he went the music of high heaven went with him. When he watched the herds in shepherd's guise, the sound of the strings touched by his hand had not only led the flocks, docile and happy, but so filled them with life that they had grown as flocks had never grown before. Healer and protector, bringer of light and health, the splendour of his face was the poetry of the world, the glance of his eye its prophecy, the trembling of the strings at his touch its music. He was the master of all living things and of the flash and charm of the soul of Nature caught for a moment in the shimmer of leaves and the shining of water.

But it was the diviner beauty, moving out of sight to ultimate ends, which gave his face its majesty of repose and depth of loveliness. For him there were no shadows; in his ear no discords sounded; for in him the brightness of the sky was prisoned and his hand made the music of the spheres. He saw the roots of things; he heard the grasses growing in the dark-

ness of the earth; he marked the rising and falling of the tide of life in all the invisible channels in which it ebbs and flows; in his mind all things were revealed in their divine order, and beginning and end were shown in radiant progression.

And because all things were revealed to him and the order of creation moved about him in unbroken unity he was the interpreter of this hidden harmony to men, the inspirer of all song, the maker of all visions, the master of the mystery of the world. In him fact and power and thought were blended and harmonised in the creative imagination, and from him flowed the stream of creative energy.

And while the youth hung on the throbbing of the unseen lyre the hidden order of the world was revealed to him, and he too heard the vast, inarticulate murmur of life ascending from form to form in the depths where the forces that mould the mountain summits and colour the light that shines on them, that fashion the flower with delicate skill and drive forth the blast that blights it, forever build and destroy that they may rebuild on broader foundations and on a nobler plan.

And the meaning of the world grew clear; for the youth understood his own spirit, and in that knowledge the confusions vanished while the mystery deepened; and the splendour fell on his heart so that it was a pain, and the melody of it seemed too great for his spirit.

(To be concluded.)

MY LOVE

I dare not ask you for your love—
The stars I cannot reach above.
I will not dream that you love me,
I only pray: May I love thee?

Alison M. Lederer.





EIGHT BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

M. HANOTAUX'S "CONTEMPORARY FRANCE."*

M. Gabriel Hanotaux has undertaken to narrate the history of contemporary France from February, 1871, to the end of the year 1900. The first volume, which is now before us, carries the narrative to the 24th of May, 1873. It therefore comprises, among other events of importance, the *régime* of M. Thiers, the conclusion of the war with Germany, the period of the Commune and the termination of the German occupation of French territory.

The interest of this book lies in the fact that it presents us with a discussion of certain topics of interest which have hitherto been treated, for the most part, by writers other than Frenchmen. It gives us, therefore, the French point of view as held by an author who possesses in a high degree the judicial temperament and the training of a professional historian. When the Franco-Prussian War broke out, M. Hanotaux was too young to be a mature observer of contemporary events. It is due to this circumstance, no doubt, that in his treatise a few minor errors are found; but it is also to this fact that we must in part ascribe the composure and serenity with which the author discusses matters upon which many Frenchmen bring to bear the resources of rhetoric rather than the dictates of pure reason.

Out of the *embarras de richesse* which this volume lays before us it is impossible for the reviewer to select all the features which deserve both comment and commendation. Among these, however, may be noted the lucidity with which M. Hanotaux shows that, although Napo-

leon III. pronounced the famous dictum that the Empire meant peace, the logic of events and the circumstances of his rule made it certain that the Empire in reality meant war. What actually gave the Third Napoleon his throne was the striking contrast between the glory of the Napoleonic legend and the inglorious incompetency of Louis Philippe. Under this *bourgeois* king the prestige of France sank low indeed. As our author expresses it:

In Belgium there had not been the courage to accept a throne; in the Egyptian affair there had been a withdrawal in face of the coalition of Europe. The head had been bowed in the affair of Pritchard. The finest army in Europe exhausted itself in the conquest of Algeria, a heritage of the Restoration. In one word, the Government of July without allies, without a programme, consigned the enthusiasm of France to a regimen of disillusion.

What France expected from a Napoleon was the exact opposite of all this. It demanded splendour, military triumphs and glory; for, to quote Lamartine, "France was bored." Moreover, Napoleon's doctrine of "complete nationalities" urged him on to military action. To the desire for enhanced prestige was due the alliance with England in the Crimean War. To the doctrine of complete nationalities was due the Italian War of 1859. But the German War of 1870 involved the admission of an error. The principle of complete nationalities had raised a spectre on the Rhine which threatened another and a still more vital principle—that of the balance of power upon the Continent of Europe.

M. Hanotaux is of the opinion that, in spite of the inefficiency of the French staff and the preparedness of the German forces, the early disasters of July and August, 1870, were by no means necessarily fatal. Even after the Prussians were

*Contemporary France. By Gabriel Hanotaux. Vol. I. (1870-73.) With portraits. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

sweeping over Eastern France in triumph there was still a chance:

Around Metz, France had a still formidable army and at Châlons forces wanting perhaps in cohesion, but which could be counted on. It was necessary to assemble these troops under Paris in order to cover the capital. The Regency opposed this measure of safety. At Paris the return of the beaten Emperor was dreaded. MacMahon hesitated. Was he to follow his own inspiration, retreat toward the Seine, or should he obey the directions of the political power, march to the northeast in order to effect his junction with Bazaine? A telegram from Marshal Bazaine, announcing Montmédy as his objective, decided him. He no longer thought of anything but going to the rescue of his colleague. The union of the two forces would have been formidable. But the Prussian armies outstripped MacMahon. Instead of joining Bazaine, the army of Châlons engulfed itself in the funnel of Sedan, where, after an heroic resistance, it was annihilated.

Some of the portraits which are drawn by M. Hanotaux are very good indeed. Among them is the sketch of M. Thiers, that redoubtable little man "fresh, smart, clothed in his maroon frock-coat, the white, crest-like tuft on the top of his head, his round eyes behind his spectacles"—a vain, pliant, irritable creature, yet brilliant in his talk, sagacious in judgment, and abounding in excellent reasons for everything that he saw fit to do.

He liked speaking in aphorisms; to those who reproached him with showing himself too much the hail-fellow to his adversaries, he said: "Reconnoissances are made only in the enemy's country." Here is another stroke, related by an eye-witness: "The evening of the discussion on the bishops' petition, at the reception at the Presidency, an acid-tongued Orleanist was saying in a group that M. Thiers had tricked his former friends, and that, in spite of his protestations, he aspired to the dictatorship. M. Thiers heard, drew near, and addressing the malcontent said to him: 'My good friend, one day King Louis Philippe wanted to make me join a ministerial combination which did not suit me. I held my ground; the King insisted: "You would like to make me believe," said Louis Philippe, sarcastically, "that you do not care for office?"' I was a bit annoyed, and I replied to the King: "Sir, on all the occasions when your Majesty has told me

that you only accepted the burden of the crown in desperation, I have always believed you.'"

The greatest single act that M. Thiers performed for France was the liberation of the territory which Germany held as security for the vast sum which France had been compelled to pay. He had the rare courage to allow the Germans to make a triumphal entry into Paris, since by this momentary humiliation he retained heroic Belfort within the French frontiers; and he spared no effort to hasten the evacuation of Champagne and the other districts which the Germans held. His constant maxim was: "First of all, the enemy out of France!" So long, indeed, as German troops were quartered on French soil, France hardly was in full possession of confidence in her own existence and in her future. There was a very definite peril in prolonging the German occupation. Many times unpleasant incidents occurred which seemed to threaten actual bloodshed. On one occasion, Bismarck telegraphed to Jules Favre that some French troops had through error entered a district reserved for the Germans, and with his usual brusqueness said that unless they were instantly withdrawn they would be attacked before the ending of the day. This message was received at eight o'clock in the evening, and the French detachments were withdrawn only half an hour before the stroke of midnight. Had a single shot been fired, France would have been plunged once more into new hostilities. Again, French prowlers shot at German troops, and local juries of their fellow-countrymen acquitted them. At once the Germans proclaimed martial law in the departments which they occupied, and thereafter they tried offenders by military law and promptly shot them. Every day of the occupation, therefore, involved infinite danger, and when Thiers succeeded in paying the three billion francs which constituted the war indemnity, he had saved his country from a peril that cannot be exaggerated.

M. Hanotaux speaks of Bismarck with much reticence, yet what he says is worth repeating:

This is not the place to pass judgment on Prince Bismarck. His powerful physiognomy

exercised a kind of hypnotism on the generation of his contemporaries. His acts are but little discussed, because distance of time is still wanting to measure their results. However, one can even now note that his political genius was incomplete, powerful though it was. Entirely devoted to the political game, there are some sentiments which he refused to take into account. His principal instrument was force; his motto from the beginning was *sanguine et ferro*.

His realism took the surrounding humanitarianism by surprise; the militarism by which he was sometimes swayed got the better of the general inclination to parliamentary institutions. He obtained successes which broke the order of ideas and sentiments dominant in Europe at the time when he lived. He acted in a revolutionary spirit. But a revolutionary in reaction, he deposited in the very heart of his work the germ of weakness inherent in works of violence, insufficiently balanced.

Prince Bismarck has often been compared with Cardinal Richelieu. The latter, refined, aristocratic, impassioned for all manifestations of human greatness, developed France in the direction of her national genius, while the other, a hard task-master to his own country, turned it aside from its path and has, for a long time perhaps, put it out of conceit with the elevated and sentimental ideal inherent in the ancient and traditional aspirations of that noble Germanic race.

The translator of this book, Mr. J. C. Tarver, has done his work on the whole quite well, though scarcely after the fashion which one would have expected from the student and biographer of Flaubert.

Harry Thurston Peck.

II.

FRANK DANBY'S "PIGS IN CLOVER."*

The Cad in Fiction might serve as a theme for quite an extensive literary monograph. Thackeray may have been the first English novelist to recognise the possibilities of the type, but he by no means exhausted the subject. His cads are, for the most part, of the rather obvious British type; his Fokers and his

Barnes Newcomes are all of purely native stock, and once the type is recognised they can under any given circumstances be depended upon to exhibit a certain definite degree of caddishness. A far more interesting type is that in which there enters a certain alien strain, a latent mongrel taint of Eastern blood, Semitic or Hindu or Negroid—a taint which in the exceptional instance shows itself in far more subtle ways than a mere extravagance of dress, an Oriental love of strong scents and flamboyant colours. Mr. Anthony Hope's *Quisanté* is still remembered as an interesting study of this type, showing how a strain of the Portuguese Jew may crop out unexpectedly in a third or fourth generation. *Quisanté* himself is a man possessing that certain indefinable something that appeals to women; a man whom even his fellow-men usually take to be a gentleman, but he has a certain twist in his moral nature, an opulent flow of language, that at times sweeps him off his own feet and involves him, through the mere love of hearing himself talk, in a series of picturesque and wholly unnecessary falsehoods that in the end undermine the affection even of the woman who has dedicated her life to him.

An analogous type of character, drawn more pitilessly and with greater sureness of touch, forms the centre of interest in the strong novel with a flippant and rather misleading title that bears upon its title-page the signature of "Frank Danby." If it were not an open secret that the author is a woman of Jewish origin, one would guess her sex in spite of the masculine pen-name and the well-sustained virility of style, not only by her subtle presentment of certain half-tones in feminine character, but more particularly by the continual surprises that one meets with in the shape of shrewd analyses of men's nature—miraculous flashes of observation which a man necessarily recognises as true, but which none but a woman would have thought of recording. This is not the first book in which "Frank Danby" has analysed the English Jew with a merciless frankness that verges upon malice. It is quite obvious that here again she has intended the main argument of the story to lie in a broad racial problem, the eligibility of the modern Jew to be received on a footing of social equality. At least she proclaims this

**Pigs in Clover*. By Frank Danby. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

purpose in her title, suggesting, as she does, the pushing droves of unsavoury and unwelcome intruders eager for a feast upon the forbidden social clover. Having in mind a clear and definite story to tell, she has undertaken to tell it on a very big scale, and at times one feels that she herself was a little bit self-conscious, a little bit overwhelmed by the weight of her subject. In these days it is not easy to draw a hard-and-fast line between realism and psychology. Yet, as a mere matter of artistic unity, the psychological writer who contents himself with a smaller canvas will produce a proportionately stronger piece of work. The realist, the man who intentionally touches upon the material surface of things, may make his picture as broad as he pleases, may crowd it with figures from all paths of life, may present humanity in battalions and in regiments. But the author whose special province is to probe down into the mysteries of the human heart, and the interest of whose picture centres in the dingy back parlour of a London lodging-house, gains nothing by sketching a map of the entire British Empire over the margins of his canvas.

"Frank Danby" theorises a great deal about the modern Jew. Practically her story contains just two types, the full-blooded Hebrew, self-made multi-millionaire, proud of his success, conscious of his social shortcomings, and good-naturedly amused at the pointed snubs that he receives; and the mongrel type, the "veneered cad in a golden frame," who almost passes for a gentleman, who betrays his origin to the casual stranger only by the slight burr of his "r," and who keeps the full knowledge of his social and moral obliquity concealed from those nearest and dearest to him almost until the last. There is something thoroughly artistic about the way in which we are introduced to Karl Althaus, South African millionaire, and his adopted brother Louis, in the full noon-tide of their prosperity, and then are permitted to catch one fleeting glimpse of their origin. It is as though a curtain were drawn aside for an instant from some grim, ghastly, lurid picture, and then allowed to fall back into place almost before the spectator realises the significance of what he has seen. One remembers only the squalid chamber in the

wretched Kosher provision shop near Houndsditch; the fat, repulsive old Jewess with a greasy black fringe above her forehead, paralysed, helpless on her bed, dead already excepting for the haunting pathos of her questioning eyes; the miserable Polish Jew, her husband, not satisfied with having drained her like a human leech of her last penny and her last ounce of strength, but heaping upon her the crowning insult, the final degradation of bringing in another woman, a girl from the London streets, to share their poverty and wretchedness. And finally, that crowning, indescribable scene, the haunting atmosphere of death, a dying Jewess, a dying English girl, a new-born child, and Karl Althaus, a lad of twelve, solemnly promising to be a brother and a protector to that child throughout its life. And in this glimpse of their origin we get the secret of the lifelong difference between these two men. Karl, coarse, vulgar, unscrupulous, nevertheless had his own definite moral standard. As a boy he might steal, but never beg; he might lie, but never break his promise. Louis was first, last and always a cad, and the great distinguishing feature of a cad is not that he has a lower standard than other men, but that in certain directions he has no moral standard at all.

There is a great deal in the book which the author might have left out—questions of racial antagonism, of imperialism in South Africa, of Cecil Rhodes and his Cape-to-Cairo schemes. The readers to whom this book will really appeal, and who will find its vital interest in the life history of just one man and one woman, would have sacrificed all the rest without a protest. The same story might have been told in a dozen different ways with a dozen different sets of facts, and would have worked out to exactly the same conclusion. As a matter of fact, the essential details of the story are as follows: In all South Africa there is no richer vein of ore than "the Geldenrief," and in it centres Karl's scheme for a colossal fortune. But the richest part of the vein dips down under the farm of one Piet de Groot, a pig-headed old Boer, who cares nothing for gold mines and will not sell. This farm is his home, his family burial lot; his father and grandfather lie beneath its sod, and no Englishman shall have it. But Piet is old and ill. His wife, Joan, is a

young Englishwoman, with a clear, virile brain and an essentially feminine temperament. She lives estranged from him, but sooner or later she will inherit the farm. All these facts Karl very well knows. He knows also that a crisis is imminent; that any day a political bomb-shell like the Jameson Raid may bring the Transvaal, and the Geldenrief with it, under English control. Meanwhile there are two things which an unscrupulous man could do. If he were a man possessed of that rare and indefinable compelling power, he might get Piet's wife, Joan, into a position where she would be at his mercy. If, like Karl, he had in England a powerful friend such as Lord Heyward—and especially if he was in possession of the shameful secret about Lord Heyward's daughter, he might exert a subtle influence through the British Parliament upon England's foreign policy. Karl Althaus, being neither a seducer nor a blackmailer of women, missed both opportunities. Louis, being an adept in both arts, missed neither.

A great deal has been written about the mysterious attraction of sex, that indefinable spell which the particular man may exert over the particular woman. The idea, however, has been elaborated and analysed by "Frank Danby" in a way which seems to leave nothing further to be added. She says:

There is a mystery known to all who know men and women, to all who have insight into, sympathy with, or understanding of, their fellow-travellers, but it is blank and incomprehensible to the Pharisees, and to all who would read and run at the same time. This is a mystery that fills the divorce courts, mocks the incredulous, and sets at nought all creeds and convictions. It is that a certain something, subtle, sweet, and rare, not a perfume, not a touch, but an echo of both, light, elusive, or pervading, is the special property of some loose-living men, a property that is beyond the reach of analysis, but recognisable in the freemasonry of the passions by all who have realised its existence. It is as the candle to the moth, as the rose to the butterfly, as the magnet to the steel. It is a surface lure of sex, it is an all-compelling whisper, almost it seems that to hear it is to obey. But some ears are deaf to it, some few dull ears.

This is the paragraph that serves as an

introduction to the chapters detailing the conquest of Joan de Groot by Louis Althaus—chapters wonderful in their discernment and merciless frankness, chapters which probably portray more nearly than any other contemporary novel the English equivalent of a *Bel Ami*. To Louis, Joan's attraction was not wholly a matter of self-interest. It was not merely that she was a means to an end, a stepping-stone to the possession of the Geldenrief, thereby enabling him to steal a march upon his brother Karl. He had not been ten minutes in her presence before he had realised that "her bright, illusive womanhood was shy and wild, and he wanted it, as men want always to bring down wild things." And as for Joan, in spite of her clear, level little brain, the virile brain that had made her quite a personage in the South African colony, and had produced a much-discussed novel called *The Kaffir and His Keeper*—she knew within those ten minutes "that she was lonely, and that love, the love of which she read, of which she wrote, had been nothing but a pulseless word, colder than print. Her loneliness shuddered through her and then was gone, and the low voice with its burred 'r's' filled its place."

The elaboration of this drama is a bit of rare literary art. The history of his conquest, his deliberate, persistent effort to bring down a "wild thing" is narrated with a probing insistence, a consummate knowledge in which not a single word rings false. "He blotted out thought and gave her sensation in its stead; she vibrated at his touch as violin strings at the hand of a musician;" and again, "always he met her moods half way. If she did not care for him *in every way*, if she was not as sure as he was that life meant nothing for either of them apart, then she was right. He would not take her in a mood. She must come to him, because she wanted him as he wanted her. He was an artist in his rôle." The best test of the truth of the picture is that one sees so clearly beforehand just what the inevitable outcome will be. A "dream voyage" to England, a brief month or two of paradise in a cottage near Bushey, and then the true character of Louis is gradually disclosed: the smallness of his moral stature, his abysmal selfishness. Joan remains the woman of moods that she has

always been, and he wearies of meeting these moods half way. She is a woman who will defer dinner for half an hour in order to gaze at a sunset, not realising that he is hungry, impatient and fuming inwardly, and when the belated meal is ready, she has not had the tact to guard against the inevitable steak coming on burned, cold and utterly unpalatable. Man-like, Louis ceases to come to Bushey even on Sunday. "Instead, Joan went to him in London. She had to meet him at unfrequented eating houses, at small hotels, where in private rooms, stiff with obtrusive velvet furniture, horrible with long pauses between the courses, with the leering waiter knocking ostentatiously before he entered, the glamour of love began to fall before her blue eyes and the reality of it to lurk hideously in the background of her drugged mind." It is a temptation to linger out of all proportion over these chapters. In bulk they form a mere fraction of the volume. But they are simply luminous with comprehension of a situation so piteously common in real life, and which so few novelists have ever succeeded in transplanting bodily into the pages of fiction. Take, for instance, the intuition shown in a paragraph like this:

She learned to cry in those days, when she was telling herself how happy she was; she cried silently, long, often. But she was gay when she was with Louis, because to be dull with him would mean that she was not happy with him; not to be happy with him would mean that she reproached him, and Louis could not bear reproaches. In her eyes, at least, he must be perfect. He gave her to understand this.

If Joan could only have realised it, the succession of petty quarrels, of wilful misunderstandings, of groundless reproaches that perplexed and distressed her, were the one thing which held Louis to her. They were the daily condiment that added a zest to a passion which had almost lost its savour. But there came a time, a crisis, that was in bitter earnest.

It was a memorable scene, the night when these two come together, each in possession of a momentous secret. She with the knowledge that a long treasured hope has at last grown into a certainty, a knowledge that has for the first time justified her in praying

that Piet de Groot may die; and woman-like, she fancies that Louis will understand and share her joy. The secret that he brings is the news that Piet de Groot is already dead; but this is a secret which he has no intention of sharing with Joan. First of all, he must get her signature to a full and absolute release of her interest in the Geldenrief, and in thinking that he can obtain this, he shows how little he understands Joan's character. In her passions she may be weak, but in the right and wrong of money matters she has a remarkably clear and level brain. She has wronged her husband enough already. Never through her act shall his wishes in regard to the property be disregarded. So in spite of her dread of the inevitable "scene" which must ensue with Louis, she has the strength to deny him, to argue with him, to hold him off. Within an hour after he has left her planning to renew the attack she learns the truth: that her husband is dead, that Louis knew it, that his interest in her first, last and always has centred in the Geldenrief. She knows her own pitiful weakness, that if not to-day, then to-morrow or the day after, at a pleading word from him, at the soft sound of those familiar burred "r's" she will sign the paper as he asks. So she burns her ships behind her. She seeks a lawyer, executes a paper relinquishing all rights in her husband's property, posts it to South Africa, and disappears into the obscurity of East London. It is here, months later, that Karl Althaus finds her destitute, a pitiful wreck of her former self, without a strong enough grip upon life even to mourn for the child that was born dead. It is from her lips that Karl learns of the share that Louis, the adopted brother, who owed all his prosperity and wealth to Karl, had had in her misery:

"I left him. He didn't leave me, he didn't desert me, don't think it, Karl. He was disappointed in me. I didn't want to be a drag on him. I knew he was dependent upon you. I knew he wasn't rich——"

"What!" he shouted, screamed it almost. No one had ever seen Karl Althaus like this before. He had risen from his seat, his face was purple; but still he saw her, terrified, white.

"Go on! Go on! *He wasn't rich——*"

"Karl!"

"I'm beside myself. Don't mind me—he

wasn't rich, you say. For God's sake, get on! Oh, my God, don't tell me he left you without money! Oh, my God, the thing I've reared!"

Karl marries her. At least he gives her the shelter of his name, demanding from her nothing, accepting nothing beyond the privilege of restoring her to her former position in the world's esteem and to her own self-respect. Yet his very generosity, his unvarying consideration, his careful attempt at concealment of his own feelings, make her life a daily punishment. "Karl's eyes, which seemed to her pleading eyes; Karl's wishes, which she thought she read there; Karl's hand on her shoulder, all outraged her; for in her life there was, there could be, but one man." There is the keynote; she was the type of woman in whose life there could be but one man. The author might have written *Finis* after these words, instead of forcing us to follow the story through the bitterness of its inevitable end. The world is a small place; never smaller than when it contains two people who by all the laws of justice and equity ought never to meet again. It was a foregone conclusion that sooner or later Joan and Louis would meet, and that when they met he would be weak enough and cruel enough to try to lure her back, if only to gratify a poor, contemptible vanity in his own power of pleasing. And if Joan once heard the soft tone of his voice, with that unforgettable foreign burr of the "r," she would have no power to deny. But once already in a similar crisis Joan had had the strength of her weakness. She had burned her ships behind her. In relinquishing the *Geldenrief*, she had committed financial suicide. This time it would not be a question of pounds and shillings, but of Karl's honour and her own self-respect, and what a woman like Joan would do in such a crisis it was quite unnecessary for the author to set down as she has done in the cold black and white of the printed page.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

III.

MR. PAGE'S "GORDON KEITH."*

Thomas Nelson Page has long been numbered among the serious collectors

*Gordon Keith. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

of material from which in time shall come the hundred-volumed Epic of America. He has been hitherto the accepted chronicler of the South, the land he knows and loves, and it is something of a disappointment to find him in his latest, most ambitious work so far afield from regions he had made his own. For Mr. Page has turned his back on Dixie, dialect and darkies, and forsaken specialty for general practice.

With every confidence in his ability to some day write a full-fledged romance, it must be admitted that the author has not attained perfection at a bound. The grip of the Short Story habit is still strong upon him; the glamour of the rounded episode. He is too apt to give undue significance to minor people and incidents that have but little bearing on his tale. And the result is often a diverted interest, and in the end an overcrowded stage, which can be cleared only through a most alarming death-rate. But Mr. Page's episodes are always entertaining, sometimes exciting, and thrilling more than once. His style is ever finished and agreeable, none the less so for infrequent, all unconscious lapses into local idiom. His sentiment is never mawkish and his drama, if at times a trifle "melo," is always wholesome.

The American novel in this year of grace is still—like heaven—all about us, and—like heaven—it has many mansions. And Mr. Page's story has a mansion for its motive power—the fine old Southern country seat of "Elphinstone," where the Keiths lived for generations in almost feudal state, and which was lost to them as a sad sequel to the Civil War. In spite of every effort to adapt himself to new conditions during the days of reconstruction, the elder Keith, soldier, diplomat and gentleman of the old school, was at length obliged to accept from Northern hands the overseership of broad acres once his own. And this he did without loss of dignity, while his son Gordon went into the world determined to regain the family property.

Gordon Keith was the son of a gentleman. And this fact, like the cat the honest miller left to his son, was his only patrimony. . . . He carried it with him as a devoted Romanist wears a sacred scapulary next to his heart.

It is with the career of Keith the

younger than the story deals. And the reader will find him an attractive fellow, manly, honest, chivalrous and hot-blooded. He becomes by turns a civil engineer, a schoolmaster, the driver of a mountain stage coach, and a financier, all phases which a strenuous young American having his way to make might well pass through; and his adventures, though occasionally irrelevant, give Mr. Page an opportunity for some capital descriptive writing.

It is when the action of his story changes to the North that we miss something of the charm of Mr. Page's earlier work. We feel that he has gone back too far for his model; back to the old three-volume days, in fact, when plot and counter complication interlaced and made a tangle which the reader had a right to see unwound. But the author has not shirked responsibilities; he has kept his weaving well in hand and leaves not a single strand at loose ends.

An attempt to follow Gordon Keith's adventures here would be unjust, for they are written in five hundred pages, and these are none too many. Moreover, Mr. Page's many admirers will be glad to follow them for themselves. The book, though not a great one, is by no means little. And if

We miss the old plantations,
The friends and the relations,

we have at least to thank its author for a worth-while story.

Herman Knickerbocker Vié.

IV.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A THIEF.*

"Scotland Yard" is of the opinion that a pickpocket does not count for much as a criminal specialist. A representative of the "Yard" said, not long ago: "We meet American detectives, every now and then, and when we get to talking about thieves that we know, they seem to think

that because a man can pick a pocket he is a remarkable person. We don't pay much attention to that class of people on this side. We pick them up when we need them, but we don't think it worth while to lose much time in wondering about their alleged skill as criminals. When an American detective can think of nothing else to say about a thief, whom he knows, he says: 'Well, anyhow, he is a good dip.' When that is all that can be said about a thief over here, the fact is simply noted down for future reference."

The hero in Mr. Hutchins Hapgood's new book, *The Autobiography of a Thief*, admits that he was a pickpocket. He also says that he was a burglar. That he failed to burgle with any remarkable success is evident from his own story. To be a "great" burglar requires ability such as "Light-Fingered Jim" did not possess. With the assistance of Mr. Hapgood, however, he has been able to make the story of his life interesting. Compared with other autobiographies of a similar kind, "Light-Fingered Jim's" account of himself is in many ways superior. Langdon W. Moore, a "greater" thief than "Jim" ever thought of being, put on paper what he was pleased to call his reminiscences. They were entertaining and instructive, but Moore omitted to tell all that he knew. Austin Bidwell, the Bank of England thief, as he was often called, also wrote his life, after he had served twenty years in an English prison. Like Moore, he probably forgot to tell much that might have been more interesting than that which he saw fit to publish.

"Light-Fingered Jim" may not have given to Mr. Hapgood all the details of his adventuresome career, but his "record," as written by Mr. Hapgood, is more completely laid bare than in either of the other books referred to. It is not such a big "record" as had Moore and Bidwell, but this fact does not make it any the less worth knowing. Its frankness constitutes its distinction. When it comes to things that "Jim" has no reluctance in speaking about, the story is told with a love for truth and fact such as few men or women would like to expose. It is not impossible that "Jim's" Irish imagination has made some incidents seem more picturesque and amus-

*The Autobiography of a Thief. Edited by Hutchins Hapgood. New York: Fox, Duffield and Company.

ing than they actually were; but a man whom the State has allowed to become a morphine fiend while in the State's custody as a felon, should be permitted certain luxuries of the imagination.

The story of the man as a "hop" victim constitutes for the present reviewer the most illuminating part of the book. Here is a man who fought the State as a thief for twenty years. The State won out in the struggle at least three times, and was able to put the thief behind prison bars. The life in "Stir" became very irksome. It was natural that the thief should do his utmost to relieve the monotony. What did the State do? Through its prison representatives and employes, it said to "Jim": "For a consideration we will furnish you with drugs which will help you to dream that you are not shut up." The thief was very anxious to have such dreams; "consideration" was found and delivered. Gradually, the drugs and the fretting about being shut in when the drugs failed to come fast enough, preyed upon the thief's nerves until he was declared insane and sent to the madhouse. The taxpayer was not let into the game at all; the State and "Jim" played it out between them. Recently, in one of the public prints, revelations of a similar character were published; they pertained to one of the madhouses in which "Jim" did some of his "time." The revelations showed that the taxpayer assists in a penological system which not only fails to reform the prisoner, but which also does its utmost to make him a raving maniac. In "Jim's" book there is hardly a statement which indicates that the reformatory theory of punishment receives recognition in the prisons of New York State. Revenge, pure and simple, is what "Jim" learned that society meant when it shut him up for his wrong-doing. It may be that he puts things strongly sometimes, but the spirit of the truth, at least, is plain in every chapter of the book. No man could imagine a long story such as "Jim" has told to Mr. Hapgood, and, at the end, have the story sound like the real thing. That, in general, it is the real thing, is the feeling the reader has, after he has finished with *The Autobiography of a Thief*. It is not a pleasant book; it is anything but a book such as "the young person" should receive as a birthday gift. It is

a book, however, which the man anxious to keep track of life in this country should read and ponder over.

Mr. Hapgood's part of the work seems well done. He has tried to let "Jim" tell his story in his own way. There are passages that do not always fit in with certain others, which are obviously "Jim's;" but it is possible that some of the long words and finished sentences are as much "Jim's" as Mr. Hapgood's. It is pathetic to read in the Postscript that "Jim" has been unable to get a foothold as a wage-earner since his return to decent living; but he, at least, has this consoling fact to encourage him—he has honestly tried to show that a thief's life is not worth while.

Josiah Flynt.

V.

"THE STORY OF AN EAST SIDE FAMILY."*

Often while studying those vast, complex, crowded pictures that French realism has painted of Paris life,—sombre, repellent pictures like *L'Assommoir* and *Le Ventre de Paris*,—the question will arise why no one has yet been found who could paint the same sort of pictures of the teeming life in New York, the noise and bustle and confusion of the great markets, the crowded, stifling tenements of the East Side. There have been plenty of attempts at stories of the slums, but they are all fragmentary, abortive, and, for the most part, fundamentally dishonest in their exaggeration of the work of reform accomplished by the city missions and the college settlements. At intervals, so rare as to be noteworthy, one comes across a really encouraging attempt, such as this new story by Mrs. Betts, which narrowly misses being a work of a high order. What strikes one in this volume is its obvious sincerity, frank courage and clear knowledge of existing conditions. It is marred by a certain personal note that

*The Story of an East Side Family. By Lillian W. Betts. New York: Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

will creep in, a sympathetic tone which is not quite sentimentality, and which nevertheless suggests the sound of a voice speaking through tears. On the whole, Mrs. Betts seems under no delusions as to the hopelessness of wholesale reform, but she does let her obvious interest in mission work lead her astray in the individual case. She sees that seed falling by the wayside and on stony ground will sometimes take root; and here and there in her story she has magnified these straggling seedlings into vigorous growth, bearing fruit a thousand-fold. But for the most part she has shown herself remarkably clear-sighted. The picture she paints is not a pleasant one; squalid, unhealthy tenements, an atmosphere reeking with stale beer, sodden, unkempt men and women, querulous voices rising and falling in angry tones, while the easy-going policeman just around the corner wonders how soon he will be forced to leave his seat on the lid of the grocer's coal bin and make a pretence at interfering.

The Story of an East Side Family is the name that Mrs. Betts has chosen to give her book. It is really a story of a dozen different families, the various threads being interwoven with no small amount of skill, resulting in a very effective impression of the motley, crowded life of the tenement district. The centre of interest, however, really lies in one couple, Jack and Mary. Somewhere in the book Jack's surname is mentioned, but the reader does not remember it; neither did Jack himself, for that matter; and that was why he constantly got into disgrace during the few weeks of schooling that constituted his whole education. Jack's first bit of real luck came when his big brother-in-law summarily kicked him out of his home in a flying curve that landed him in a huddled heap at the foot of the tenement stairs. Henceforth he grew up in the gutter, sleeping in barrels, boxes, empty hallways, earning a precarious living in a hundred ways known only to boys of the street. At nineteen, on his lucky days he helped to peddle coal and wood, his one stock in trade being his hoarse, raucous voice, that he had learned to pitch above the din of city streets, and that already had sown in his throat the seed of future trouble. Mary was Jack's only friend from childhood up, as pov-

erty-stricken, as neglected and usually as hungry as himself. Moreover, she was burdened with a drunken mother, whose only intervals of sobriety were those of enforced absence on the Island. One night Mary and Jack compare notes. She has had nothing to eat since last night's supper. He has had nothing since yesterday's breakfast. Suddenly he makes a proposition: "We can't be no worse off together than we is now. Let's get married." Their honeymoon begins in an empty hall bedroom over a German grocery store, the kindly grocer donating a broken-down table and two empty soap boxes as the sole furniture.

In five minutes Jack and Mary were sitting on the boxes in the dusky room. Jack looked about with a proud air of ownership. When docks, covered carts and open hallways have been one's only home for years, a hall bedroom, furnished with a table and two soap boxes, on one of which sits the wife you love, becomes palatial. As they sit in the dusky room, the love-light shining in their faces, although it is so dark they cannot see each other, there is a knock at the door and a scurrying through the hall. Jack opened the door to find a number of parcels. He gathered them up and put them on the table. A bottle and a candle were on top. Jack lighted the candle and put it in the bottle; and when he opened the bundles of bread and cheese and butter, he looked at them for a moment speechless. His honest blue eyes filled with tears. Mary rose and stole softly around the table, slipping her hand through his arm and leaning her cheek against his sleeve.

Jack looked down at the brown head, and, putting his head down on it, he murmured: "The duffer!" That was Jack's "God bless him!"

Such was the foundation of the particular East Side family that Mrs. Betts takes as her centre of interest. She follows the fluctuations of their fortunes faithfully and minutely to the end of their lives, and while she shows the upward progress that can be gained through sobriety, industry and a certain inborn shrewdness, she shows also that for human beings handicapped at the outset as this couple were handicapped the game of life is in the long run necessarily a losing game.

F. T. C.

VI.

MR. PIER'S "THE TRIUMPH."*

The Triumph may remind some persons that a big title is a dangerous thing. When we meet Neal Robeson aboard the train home-bound, with his doctor's diploma, so to speak, in his pocket and his recollection conjuring visions of the old place and people, warmed by the title of the book, imagination forecasts for us a picturesque struggle and victory. Whether or not Neal's later accomplishments have the requisite glamour, or just what constitutes the "triumph," each reader will decide for himself; for myself, I own to wishing that the author had been satisfied to ask less on the cover for his straightforward and thoroughly entertaining story.

Mr. Pier will be remembered pleasantly by a considerable number, and with anticipation by a critical view for *The Sentimentalists*, a semi-political novel which introduced some clever study in temperaments in the environment of Boston and the Middle West. Perhaps his new book has not all the subtlety of its immediate predecessor, nor the maturity of thought and expression which might have been expected to develop in the two years which have intervened; none the less, it shows invention, enthusiasm and a sympathetic attitude toward what lies below the surface of things. Its popularity is further insured by its trick of keeping provokingly uncertain until the last what will happen to the three persons who interest us at the very beginning. Indeed, to the credit of Mr. Pier's ability to invest characters with individuality, it must be added that we see too little of one of the chief figures in the book. There was a capital story in the person and doings of Lindsay Neville, the courageous political reformer and candidate for mayor of the near-by town who here too often is a presence rather than an actuality. With Neville constantly in the tail of one's eye, a little resentment is felt at the obtrusion of Braddish, who savours of the stock villain, and of his curiously complaisant accomplice McBride, competent though these be to test the metal

of Eleanor Craig, and finally to put her in that jeopardy which is opportunity for the affection and valour of her admirers.

The Triumph is a story of the Pennsylvania oil fields, and a very good picture in miniature it is of some phases of the operation of opening up an oil well. But before that it is a story of two ambitious, clean and capable young Americans. There is nothing very remarkable related about either of these men—though we understand that Lindsay Neville has capacities quite out of the common—but they win their way equally into liking and respect. Eleanor Craig, the young châteline of a small estate, to which she pluckily clings with only a small brother for company, brings them into rivalry. Then come the apparent discovery of oil on the Craig property, the appearance on the scene of Braddish, eager for revenge on Neal for having twice balked him in his brutal designs, and—the stage is set for the exciting developments which have their issue in a fight between all hands that brings to a dramatic close the rivalry of Neal and Lindsay. It is this part of Mr. Pier's book which will have liveliest interest for the majority of readers and which should give him large popularity, for it will afford satisfaction to every one who has a liking for suspense and danger and the defeat of the evil-doer. It shows the author to be properly appreciative of the picturesque, and possessed besides of a capital gift for narrative.

But there are better things in the novel. The little glimpses into the life, habits and relations of its people lend to it more permanent charm, and indicate that Mr. Pier's finest opportunity lies in the interpretation of character. Of itself, there is nothing particularly striking in the conception of the old country doctor who sees the shadow of death at his feet, yet pridefully refuses to give over his practice among the people he has known all his years; perhaps there is little more that is suggestive in the idea of a pensioned veteran whose reputation for bravery rests on a secret cowardice which at the crucial moment forced him to maim himself rather than face the fire of the enemy. But of these elements and of the diversions of a little circle of country folk Mr. Pier has made some pictures which linger in the memory. The chapter devoted to

*The Triumph. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

the celebration of "Peter Casey Day," in honour of the one man in the neighbourhood who died for his flag in the Civil War, has humour, and more than humour, in it; the descriptions of Sally Packer's party and of the athletic exhibition which Neal conducted at the school-house, and of the contest of wits at Blanchard's store, bear no trace of affectation, and need no adventitious aid of plot to give them interest. They are very close to real life. Several of the less important figures in the book are done with scarcely less cleverness. Mr. Pier should tell us more about people with whom he is plainly on such friendly terms.

Churchill Williams.

VII.

MRS. BANKS'S "ROUND ANVIL ROCK."*

A year has passed since Mrs. Nancy Huston Banks's *Oldfield* made its appearance. That quaint Kentucky story, fragrant with the spirit of gentle romance, was welcomed by a large audience of readers wearied of the wordy subtleties of the psychological novel. Almost all the American critics gave the book pleasant greetings, but it was left to the conservative English press to compare the work to the immortal *Cranford*. London was charmed with the peaceful pastoral village in the Pennyroyal region, where life suggested "mittens and lavender." Everywhere *Oldfield* went in England it left in its wake a trail of smiles and tears.

Mrs. Banks's new book, *'Round Anvil Rock*, is a tale of pioneer life in southern Kentucky. The plot is centred about a simple love-story. Ruth, a waif of the Wilderness Road, watched over and practically adopted by the notorious outlaw Philip Alston, is the chief character on a stage made brilliant by many famous Kentuckians. The author is a student of her native State's history, and she is indubitably successful in making her people seem alive and real. This was primarily the cause of *Oldfield's* popularity, and there is no line of demarcation between the two books. In *'Round Anvil Rock* we meet a dashing Andrew

Jackson and an inspired Peter Cartwright moving along the Wilderness Road—lights in the dim Kentucky forest.

'Round Anvil Rock is, first of all, a tale of a primitive country. The descriptions of nature oftentimes make us feel the ambient plains of loneliness which encompassed the lives of these early settlers. Several passages are fraught with strength and tintured with fine feeling. A night ride taken by Ruth's young foster-brother to prove his manliness is well done:

The courage and calmness which he had found in himself under this test, heartened him and made him the more determined to control his wandering fancy. Looking now neither to the right nor the left, he pressed on through the clearing toward the buffalo track in the border of the forest which would lead him into the Wilderness Road. Sternly setting his thoughts on the errand that was taking him to the salt-works, he began to think of the place in which they were situated, and to wonder why so bare, so brown, and so desolate a spot should have been called Green Lick. There was no greenness about it, and not the slightest sign that there ever had been any verdure, although it still lay in the very heart of an almost tropical forest. It must surely have been as it was now since time immemorial. Myriads of wild beasts coming and going through numberless centuries to drink the salt water, had trodden the earth around it as hard as iron, and had worn it down far below the surface of the surrounding country. The boy had seen it often, but always by daylight, and never alone, so that he noted many things now which he had not observed before. The huge bison must have gone over that well-beaten track one by one, to judge by its narrowness. He could see it dimly, running into the clearing like a black line beginning far off between the bordering trees; but as he looked, the darkness deepened, the mists thickened, and a look of unreality came over familiar objects. And then through the wavering gloom there suddenly towered a great dark mass topped by something which rose against the wild dimness like a colossal blacksmith's anvil. It might have been Vulcan's own forge, so strange and fabulous a thing it seemed! The boy's heart leaped with his pony's leap. His imagination spread its swift wings ere he could think; but in another instant he reminded himself. This was not an awful apparition, but a real thing, wondrous and unaccountable enough in its

**'Round Anvil Rock*. By Nancy Huston Banks. New York: The Macmillan Company.

reality. It was Anvil Rock—a great, solitary rock rising abruptly from the rockless loam of a level country, and lifting its single peak, rudely shaped like a blacksmith's anvil, straight up toward the clouds.

Tender little Miss Judy, the real heroine of *Oldfield*, has a successor in *'Round Anvil Rock* in the person of Miss Penelope. This half-sister of the Judge has few of the lovable qualities of her prototype, but is delightfully humorous. Her squabbles with lazy Widow Broadnax, the own sister of the Judge, are touches of genuine art. A strong character is that of Father Orin, the priest in the Wilderness. His old horse Toby has been exalted almost to the dignity of a personality. The parts of the book which are sure to appeal to all lovers of the South are the glimpses of Kentucky customs in the early antebellum days:

Those old-time country fiddlers—all of them, black or white—how wonderful they were! They have always been the wonder and the despair of all musicians who have played by rule and note. The very way that the country fiddler held his fiddle against his chest and never against his shoulder like the trained musician! The very way that the country fiddler grasped his bow, firmly and squarely in the middle, and never lightly at the end like a trained musician! The very way that he let go and went off and kept on—the amazing, inimitable spirit, the gayety, the rhythm, the swing! No trained musician ever heard the music of the country fiddler without wondering at its power, and longing in vain to know the secret of its charm. It would be worth a good deal to know where and how they learned the tunes that they played. Possibly these were handed down by ear from one to another; some perhaps have never been pent up in notes, and others may have been given to the note reader under other names than those by which the country fiddlers knew them. This is said to have been the case with "Old Zip Coon," and the names of many of them would seem to prove that they belonged to the time and the country. But there is a delightful uncertainty about the origin and the history of almost all of them—about "Leather Breeches" and "Sugar in the Gourd" and "Wagoner" and "Cotton-eyed Joe," and so on through a long list.

Mrs. Banks's second effort could be called a blend of an old-fashioned love-

story and a historical study. One could wish at times that the action were less detailed. The book belongs distinctly to the romantic school and is a worthy follower of *Oldfield*.

W. Jay Mills.

VIII.

MISS POWELL'S "THE HOUSE ON THE HUDSON."*

Some one has described this book as a glorified dime novel; but such comment need not be considered as necessarily unfavourable. If a dime novel be glorified enough, it becomes a romance which well deserves to live. Pretty nearly all the best stories of the elder Dumas are glorified dime novels; yet they will be read for at least another century or two. As a matter of fact, however, this book by Miss Powell has no particular likeness to a dime novel. Its earlier chapters suggest the usual modern story of English life, and the rest of the book is, in its own peculiar way, the literary congener of *Jane Eyre*. There are all sorts of things to criticise, both in the plan and in the execution. The first part of the book has little or no relation to what follows. The house on the Hudson no more suggests to you a house on the Hudson than it does a house in New South Wales. The heroine is almost impossible in her abnormal trustfulness and freedom from suspicion. The love-story is devoid of any interest whatever. After saying all this, the question naturally arises: What is there left in the book to praise?

The answer to this question is very simple. The author, without any consistent or symmetrical plot and with only a rudimentary technique, has, nevertheless, an instinctive gift for creating certain very definite impressions. The impression which she creates most strongly in this story is an indefinable, yet pervasive, feeling of dread which fastens on the reader from the very moment when he becomes aware that the house on the Hudson contains within its walls a mystery, a nameless horror, a vague, haunting suggestion of guilt and terror and remorse. This is why we have singled out

*The House on the Hudson. By Frances Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the book for notice; because in spite of everything which the practised critic can say against it, it does contain a spark of genuine creativeness and that instinctive efficiency which is born within the artist's brain. As the tale draws all its interest from the mystery that we have mentioned,

it would be quite unfair for us to tell the story here. Suffice it to say that here is a story which will hold the reader to the close, and which has certain qualities about it that will blind him to its defects until he shall have finished reading it.
R. P.



THE SHERRODS

By George Barr McCutcheon

CHAPTER X.

THE CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

It was six weeks before Jud had saved enough money to make the rather expensive trip to Glenville. In that time he found many experiences, novel and soul-trying. The busy city clashed against the rough edges of this unsophisticated youth and quickly wore them off. By the time he was ready to board the train for a two days' stay with Justine he had acquired what it had taken other men years to learn. Keen and quick-witted, he easily fell into the ways of strangers, putting forward as good a foot as any country-bred boy who ever went to Chicago.

The newspaper on which he was employed recognised his worth, and at the end of the month he was pleased beyond all expression to find a twenty-dollar gold piece in his envelope instead of a ten and a five. The chief artist told him his salary would improve correspondingly with his work. Still, he realised that twenty dollars a week was but little more than it required to keep him "going" in this spendthrift metropolis. The men he met were good fellows and they spent money with the freedom customary among newspaper workers. Jud did not spend his foolishly, yet he found he could save but little. He did not touch liquor; the

other boys in the office did. His friend, the chief artist, advised him to save what money he could, but to avoid as much as possible the danger of being called a "cheap skate." He was told to be anything but stingy.

The young artist would gladly have eaten at lunch counters and slept in the lowliest of flats if he could have followed his own inclinations. But how could he let the other boys spend money on expensive meals without responding as liberally? It was with joy, then, that he welcomed the increase, and besides it proved to him that there was promise of greater advancement and that at no far distant day he could bring Justine to the city.

He took a bright twenty-dollar gold piece to her on that first and long-expected visit. She met him at the station. All the way out to the little cottage he beamed with the pleasure and pride of possessing such love as came to him from this glowing girl. He forgot to compare her with the visions of loveliness he had become accustomed to seeing in the city. So overjoyed was he that he did not notice her simple garments, her sunburnt hands, her brown face. To him she was the most beautiful of all beings—the most perfect, the most to be desired.

"Jud, dear, I am so happy I could die," she whispered as they entered the cottage door after the drive home. He took her

in his arms and held her for neither knew how long.

"Are you so glad to see me, sweetheart?" he asked tenderly.

"Glad? If you had not come to-day I should have gone to Chicago to-night. I could not have waited another day. Oh, it is so good to have you here, it is so good to be in your arms. You don't know how I have longed for you, Jud—you don't know how lonely I have been all these years."

"Years! It has been but a month and a half," he said, smiling.

"But each day has been a year. Have they not seemed long to you?" she cried, chilled by the fear that they had been mere days to him when they had been such ages to her.

"My nights were years, Justine. My days were short; it was in the nights that I had time to think, and then I felt I should go wild with homesickness. You will never know how often I was tempted to get up out of bed and come back to you. I hope to God it won't be long till I can have you up there with me. I can't go through many such months as the last one; I'd die, Justine, honest I would."

"It won't be long, I know. You are getting on so nicely and you'll be able soon to take me with you. Maybe this winter?" She asked the question, eagerly, dubiously.

"This winter? Good heavens, if I can't have you up there this winter, what's the use of trying to do anything? I want you right away, but I know I can't do it for a month or two—"

"Don't hope too strongly, dear. You must not count on it. I don't believe you can do it so soon—no, not for six months," she said, again the loving adviser.

"You don't know me," he cried. "I can do it!"

"I hope you can, Jud, but—but, I am afraid—"

"Afraid? Don't you believe in me?"

"Don't say that, please. I am afraid you won't be ready to have me up there as a—a—"

"A what, sweetheart?"

"A very heavy burden."

"Burden! Justine, you will lift the greatest burden I will have to carry—my spirits. I need you and I'll have you if I starve myself."

"When you are ready, Jud, I'll go with you. You can tell when the time comes. I'll starve with you, if needs be."

That night they received callers in the firelit front room. The whole community knew that he was at home, and everybody came to sate legitimate curiosity. Some talked, others joked, a few stared, until at length the township was satisfied and hurried home to bed. For days the people talked of the change they had observed in Jud—not so much in respect to his clothes as to his advanced ideas. "Aleck" Cranby was authority for the statement that Sherrod was engaged in "drawin' picters fer a dictionary. Thet's how he knows so all-fired much."

The young artist's brief stay at home was the most blissful period in his life and in hers. They were separated only for moments. When the time came for him to go away he went with a cheerier heart and he left a happier one behind. In their last kiss there was the promise that he would return in a month, and there was, back of all, the conviction that she would go with him to Chicago within six months. On the train, however, he allowed gloomy thoughts to drive away the optimism that contact with Justine had inspired. He realised that every dollar he possessed in the world was in his pocket, and he had just six dollars and thirty cents. At such a rate, how much could he accumulate in six short months?

Back on the little farm there was a level-headed thinker who was counting on a year instead of six months, and who was racking her brains for means with which to help him in the struggle. One good crop would be a godsend.

For several weeks Jud observed the strictest economy. When next he went to the farm for a visit it was with sixty dollars. Most of this he gave to Justine, who hid it in a bureau drawer. Winter was on in full blast now, and he did not forget to purchase a warm coat for her, besides heavy dress-goods, underwear and many little necessities. Thanksgiving saw her dressed in better clothes than she had known since those almost forgotten days of affluence before the mining swindle. Jud himself was not too warmly clad. He refused to buy clothes for himself until he had supplied Justine with all she needed. His suit was old but neat, his shoes were new, his hat was

passable, but his overcoat was pitiful in its old age.

The night after his return from the farm he had a few good friends in his room to eat the apples, cakes and nuts which his wife had given him at home. It was a novel feast for the Chicago boys. Ned Draper, a dramatic critic, had money in the new suit of clothes which graced his person, and he sent out for wine, beer and cigars. The crowd made merry until two o'clock, but not one drop of liquor passed Jud's lips.

"Sherrod, where did you get that overcoat I saw you wearing to-day?" asked Draper in friendly banter. Jud flushed but answered steadily: "In Glenville."

"The glorious metropolis of Clay Township—the city of our youth," laughed Hennessy, the police reporter.

"You ought to pension it and give it a pair of crutches," went on Draper. "It has seen service enough and it's certainly infirm. I'll swear, I don't see how it manages to hang alone."

"It's the best I can afford," cried the owner resentfully.

"Aw, what are you givin' us? You're getting twenty a week and you're to have thirty by Christmas—if you're good, you know—and I would blow myself for some clothes. Hang it, old man, I mean it for your own good. People will think more of you if you spruce up and make a showing. Those clothes of yours don't fit and they're worn out. You don't know what a difference it will make in your game if you make a flash with yourself. It gets people thinking you're a peach when you may be a regular stiff. Go blow yourself for some clothes, and the next time you chase down to Glenville to see that girl she'll break her neck to marry you before you can get out of town. On the level, now, old man, I'm giving it to you straight. Tog up a bit. It doesn't cost a mint and it does help. I'll leave it to the crowd."

"The crowd" supported Draper, and Jud could but see the wisdom in their advice, although his pride rebelled against their method of giving it. The sight of the other men in the office dressing well, if not expensively, while he remained as ever the wearer of the rankest "hand-me-downs" had not been pleasing. For weeks he had been tempted to purchase a cheap suit of clothes at one of the big de-

partment stores, but the thought of economy prevented.

"You haven't any special expense," said Colton, the third guest. "Nobody depends on your salary but yourself, so why don't you cut loose? Your parents are dead, just as mine are, and you are as free as air. I can put you next to one of the best tailors in Chicago and he'll fix you out to look like a dream without skinning you to death."

Jud smiled grimly when Colton said that no one but himself depended on his salary. These fellows did not know he was married. An unaccountable fear that they might ridicule him if he posed as a married man who could not support his wife had caused him to keep silent concerning his domestic affairs. Besides, he had heard these and other men speak of certain wives, often in the presence of their husbands, in a manner which shocked him. No one had asked him if he were married, and he did not volunteer the information. It amused him hugely when his new acquaintances teased him about "his girl down in old Clay." Some day he would surprise them by introducing them to Justine, calmly in a matter-of-fact way, and then he would laugh at their incredulity.

"I can't afford clothes like you fellows wear," he said in response to Colton's offer.

"Of course you can—just as well as I can," said Colton.

"Or any one of us," added Draper. "Clothes won't break anybody."

"You're a good-looking chap, Sherrod, and if you dressed up a bit you'd crack every girl's heart in Chicago. 'Gad, I can see the splinters flying now," cried Hennessy admiringly.

"It's no joke," added Colton. "I could tog you out till you'd—"

"But I haven't the money, consarn it," cried the victim, a country boy all over again. They laughed at his verdancy, and it all ended by Colton agreeing to vouch for him at the tailor's, securing for him the privilege of paying so much a month until the account was settled.

Jud lay awake nights trying to decide the matter. He knew that he needed the clothes and that it was time to cast aside the shabby curiosities from Glenville. He said that he was to become an object of

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS.

ridicule if he persisted in wearing them. Pride demanded good clothes, that he might not be ashamed to be seen with well-dressed men; something else told him that he should save every penny for a day that was to come as soon as he could bring it about. At last he went to Colton and asked him what he thought the clothes would cost, first convincing himself that tailor-made garments were the only kind to be considered.

Colton hurried him off to the tailor and within an hour he was on the street again, dazed and aware that he had made a debt of one hundred and thirty dollars. He was to have two suits of clothes, business and dress, and an overcoat. For a week he was miserable and a dozen times he was tempted to run in and countermand the order. How could he ever pay it? What would Justine think? At length the garments were completed and he found them at his hall door. Attached was a statement for \$130, with the information that he was to pay \$10 a month, "a very gracious concession as a favour to our esteemed friend, Mr. Colton," said the accompanying note. In a fever of excitement he tried them on. The fit was perfect; he looked like other men. Still his heart was heavy. That night, taking up his old cast-off suit, he mourned over the greasy things that he and Justine had selected at Dave Green's store the week before they were married. They were his wedding clothes.

"I'll keep them forever," he half sobbed, and he hung them away carefully. The time came for his next visit to the little farm. In his letters he had said nothing about the new clothes, but he had admitted that unexpected expenses had come upon him. He could not bring himself to tell her of that extravagance. He believed that she would have approved, but he shrank from the confession.

When he boarded the train for the trip home, he was dressed in the clothes he had first worn to Chicago, the greasy wedding garments. He never forgot how guilty he felt when she told him the next evening, as they sat before the old fireplace, that he should buy a new overcoat and a heavy suit of clothes. And after he went away on Monday she wondered why he had been so quiet and preoccupied during his visit.

For weeks he hated the new clothes, handsome though they were, and yet he realised the difference they made at the office, where tolerance was turning to respect. He could not but appreciate the impression he now made in places where he had had no standing whatever up to the time when he had donned the guilty garments.

Not a day passed during his residence in the city that did not find him on the lookout for a certain graceful figure and glorious face. He never gave up the hope of some day meeting the vivacious Miss Wood. When first he had come to Chicago there had been no doubt in his mind that he would presently see her in the street; but that hope had been dissipated in a very short time. He did not fear that he would fail to recognise her, but he ceased to believe that she would not remember in him the simple boy of Proctor's Falls. He was also conscious of the fact that she could be friendly with the country lad, but might not so much as give greeting to the new Jud Sherrod. In one of his conversations with the chief artist he innocently asked if he knew Miss Wood. The artist said that he did not, but that as there were probably a million and a half of people in the city who were strangers to him, he did not consider it odd. Jud looked in a directory. He found two hundred and eighty-three persons whose surname was Wood. Not knowing his friend's Christian name, he was unable to select her from the list.

He did not know that the names of unmarried girls living with their parents were not to be found in the directory. In the society columns of the newspapers he frequently saw a name that struck his fancy, and he decided that if it did not belong to her, she had been imperfectly christened. He began to think of her as Celeste Wood. A Celeste Wood lived in the fashionable part of the north side, and he had not been there a month before he found the house and had gazed in awe upon its splendour—from a distance. Several times he passed the place, but in no instance did his eye behold the girl of Proctor's Falls.

He told Justine of his search for the

beautiful stranger, and she was as much interested as he. She, too, came to call her Celeste and to inquire as to his progress in every letter. They exchanged merry notes in which the mysterious Celeste was the chief topic.

Christmas came and he spent it with Justine. It was a white Christmas and a glad one for every one except Jud. He cursed the cowardice that forced him to sneak down to Glenville in that tattered suit of clothes, for he still shrank from the confession of what seemed extravagance and vanity. In spite of all he could do to prevent it, the cost of living in the city increased and he could save but little. Paying for those hated garments was a hard task. Each month it seemed to take the very ten dollars he had intended to save. The clothes he wore home were now bordering on the disreputable, and at Christmas time he vowed he would wear them no more. Justine had said that she hated to accept the presents he brought, when she saw how much he needed clothing.

Not once did he swerve in his fidelity to her. He was the only man in Chicago, it seemed to him, who refused to drink liquor. He dined with the fellows, accompanied them on various rounds of pleasure, but he never broke the promise he made to Justine: to drink no liquor. The gay crowd into which he was tossed—artists, writers, and good fellows—introduced him here and there, to nice people, to gay people, and to questionable people. In the cafés he met wine-tipping ladies who smiled on him; in the theatre he met gaily dressed women who smiled on him; in the street he met stylish creatures who smiled on him. He met the wives and sisters of his friends and was simple, gentle and gallant; he met the actresses and the gay ones of the midnight hour, and was the same; he met the capricious, alluring women of the fashionable world, and was still the abashed, clean-hearted lover of one good girl. She was the only woman. Three objects he had to strive for: to succeed in his work, to make a home for Justine, and to find Celeste. One sin harrassed him—the purchase of two suits of clothes and an overcoat.

Winter struggled on and matters grew worse with Justine. She did not tell Jud of the privations on the farm; to him she

turned a cheerful face. Nothing depressing that might happen down there on the over-tilled little farm should come to him; he should be handicapped in no way by the worries which beset her. The fall crop had been poor throughout the entire State. There had been little wheat in the summer and the corn-huskers of September found but half a crop. The farm was run on half rations after the holidays, simply because the granery was none too full. She had sold but little grain, being obliged to retain most of it for feeding purposes. What little money Jud sent to her soon disappeared, despite her frugality. She and old Mrs. Crane lived alone in the cottage, and together they fought the wolf from the kitchen door and from the barnyard. How Justine wished that she might again teach the little school down the lane! She had given it up that fall because the time could not be spared from the farm.

She cared for the horses, cows, and pigs—few in number, but pigs after all—while Mrs. Crane looked after the chickens. That winter was the coldest the country had known in thirty years, according to Uncle Sammy Godfrey, who said he had "kep' tab on the thermometer fer fifty-three year, an' danged ef he didn't b'lieve this'n wuz the coldest spell in all that time, 'nless it wuz that snap in sixty-two. That wuz the year it fruz the crick so solid 'at it didn't thaw out tell 'long 'bout the Fourth of July."

January was bitter cold. There were blizzards and snowstorms, and people, as well as stock, suffered intensely. Horses were frozen to death and whole flocks of sheep perished. Justine, young, strong and humane, worked night and day to keep her small lot of stock comfortable. The barn, the cow shed and the hog-pens were protected in every way possible from the blasts, and often she came to the house half frozen, her hands numb, her face stinging. But that bravery never knew a faltering moment. She faced the storms, the frosts and the dangers with the hardihood of a man, and she did a man's work.

With an axe she chopped wood in the grove back of the pasture until the heavy snows came. She would not ask neighbours to help her; indeed, she refused several kindly offers. There was not a man in the neighbourhood who would not have

gladly found time to perform some of her more difficult tasks.

One morning, cold almost beyond endurance, she awoke to find that in some mysterious manner a large pile of chopped wood lay in her dooryard. How it came there she did not know, nor would she use it until she found by the sled tracks in the snow that it had been hauled from her own piece of timberland. Again, in the night-time some one rebuilt a section of fence that had been torn down by the wind. She was grateful to the good neighbours, but there was a feeling of resentment growing out of the knowledge that people were pitying her. So when Harve Crose drove up one afternoon with a load of pumpkins for the stock, she declined to accept them. But she could not sit up of nights, tired and cold as she was, to drive away those who stole in surreptitiously and befriended her. She could not so much as thank these indefatigable friends.

Her heart and courage sank to the bottom one morning when she arose to learn that during the night the wind had blown the straw-thatched roof from her cow shed, and the two poor beasts were well-nigh dead from exposure. She sat down and cried; nor could Mrs. Crane comfort her. To replace that roof was a task to try the strength and endurance of the hardiest man; for her it seemed beyond accomplishment.

Nevertheless, she set about it as soon as the cows were transferred to the crowded barn. The roof, intact, lay alongside the pen, the straw scattered to the winds. There was but one way to replace the timbers, and that was to take them apart and reconstruct the roof piece by piece. She had battered several rough-hewn supports from their positions, and was surveying the task before her with a sullen expression in her eyes. The vigorous exercise had put a hot glow in her cheeks, and as she stood there in the snow, her axe across her shoulder, as straight as an arrow, she was a charming picture. A biting atmosphere chilled the breath as it came from her red, full lips, wafting it away white and frosty.

The man who vaulted the fence behind her and came slowly across the barn lot felt his heart beat fiercely against the rough oilskin jacket. The girl did not

see him until she turned at the sound of his hoarse voice.

"That ain't no work fer you," he was saying.

She found herself looking into the hostile eyes of 'Gene Crawley. There was real anger in the man's face; he looked contemptuously at the girl's slim figure, then at the wrecked house, then slowly down at his big, mittened hands. Justine gasped and moved back a step.

"I ain't a-goin' to hurt you, Missus Sherrod," he said quickly. "I'm goin' to help you, that's all."

"I do not require your assistance," she said coldly. "Why do you come here, 'Gene, when you know I despise to look at you? Why do you persist in annoying me? Is it because my husband isn't here to protect me?"

"We won't argy about that ag'in," he answered slowly. "You can't put that roof on the shed an' I kin, so that's why I'm here. I was jes' goin' past when I seen you out here slashin' away with that axe. Thinks I, I'll not 'low her to do that nasty job, an' so I jes' clumb over the fence an'—an'—well, ef helpin' you out of a hard job is annoyin' you, Justine, you'll have to put up with it, that's all. I'm goin' to put that roof on, whether you want me to er not. You're damn—I'm sorry I said that, but you're mighty near froze. Go in by the fire an' I'll 'tend to this."

"I insist that you are not to touch a hand to this lumber. I cannot pay you for the work, and I will not accept—"

"Don't say a word about pay. You k'n have me arrested ef you want to fer trespass, er you k'n go in an' git that shotgun of yourn an' blaze away at me, but I'm not goin' to let you kill yourself workin' out here on a job like this."

He drew off his oil jacket and threw it back in the snow. The axe dropped from her shoulder and was buried in the white drift. Without a word he strode to her side and fished the implement from the snow.

"I'd rather die than to have you do this for me, 'Gene Crawley," she hissed. "What do you think I'd be if I let you do it? What will the neighbours say if I let you lift a hand to help me? What—"

He interrupted with a smothered oath. "They dassent say anything, dang 'em," he grated. "This is my business, an' ef

they stick their noses in it they'll git 'em pounded to hell an' gone."

"Couldn't you have said all that without swearing?" she exclaimed scornfully. His face actually burned with shame and his bold eyes wavered.

"I didn't mean to, Justine. I—I jes' fergot. I want to tell you I don't cuss like I used to. Only when I git right mad. 'Sides, ef you'd gone in the house when I told you to, you wouldn't 'a' heerd."

"Are you going to get off my place?" she suddenly demanded.

"Not tell I've fixed this roof," he replied doggedly.

"I don't want it fixed," she said.

"What's the use sayin' that? You was tryin' to do it yourself when I come up here. Will you go in the house, er will you stand out here an' freeze?"

"Do you think you're doing me a favour in this? Do you think I will thank you after it is done?"

"I don't believe I expect to be thanked, an' I'm only doin' it because you hadn't ought to. I'd do it fer any woman."

He swung the axe against the restraining timbers, and a dozen strokes freed the roof from its twisted fastenings. She stood off at one side and glared at him. She forgot everything except that her enemy—Jud's bitterest foe—was deliberately befriending her. A sudden thought came to her, and the sharp exclamation that fell from her lips caused him to pause and glance at her.

"Ain't you goin' in by the fire?" he demanded, panting from the exertion.

"Gene Crawley, do you know who has been cutting wood up in the grove and bringing it to my door?" she demanded.

"Yes," he answered, looking away.

"You?"

"Yes."

"If I had known that, I'd have frozen to death before I used a stick," she cried, the tears rushing to her eyes.

"An' I fixed your fences, an'—an'—an' I might as well tell you, I come around ever' night to see that your stock is all right," he went on.

"Oh, God, if I had only known! You! You!" she exclaimed, glaring at him with such fury and hatred that his eyes dropped and a miserable laugh of humiliation struggled through his teeth. As if to ward off the fierce, direct stabs of

those bitter eyes, he fell to wielding the axe with all his strength. The chips flew, and far away through the crisp air rang the song of the steel. He did not look up until the roof lay detached and there was no more chopping to be done. His face was still burning hotly. It was the first real goodness of heart he had ever shown, and it had met repulse.

The anger melted when he saw her. She had not moved from the spot, but it was another creature altogether who stood there now. Justine's hands were pressed to her eyes and she was crying. Her whole body trembled and her thinly clad shoulders heaved convulsively.

Big 'Gene Crawley was helpless before this exhibition of feeling. He felt that he was to blame for her grief, and yet a longing to comfort her came over him. She looked forlorn, wretched, cold. He would have liked to pick up the shivering girl and carry her to the house. He tried to speak to her, but there was nothing to say. The fear that she would resent a friendly word from him checked the impulse.

Unable to control his own feelings and possessed of a wild desire to act in some way, he threw down the axe and performed one of those feats of prodigious strength for which he was noted. Stooping, he lifted the edge of the heavy roof until he could work his broad shoulders under the end. Then, with an effort, he slowly shifted his load to the side of the low shed. Rapidly he went about the little structure and replaced timbers that had been wrenched away, not once turning his face toward her. When all was in readiness for the final effort, he grasped the side of the roof that still touched the ground and prepared for the lift. The cords stood out in his neck, the veins were bursting in his temples, but steadily his heavy shoulders rose, and with them the whole weight of the timbers. His great back and powerful legs pushed forward and the roof moved slowly back to its place.

Then he collapsed against the side of the shed. She had witnessed this frightful display of strength with marvelling eyes. Once she was on the point of crying out to him to stop, certain that no human power could endure such a strain. When the task was done she gave way to unaccountable tears and fled to the house,

leaving him leaning against his support, fagged and trembling.

After a few moments his strength returned and he began to fill up the open places under the edge of the roof. At the end of an hour the shed was as good as new. Then, with a long look toward the unfriendly house in which she dwelt, he turned and started for the road defeated, but satisfied that he had been of service to her. At the sound of her voice he stopped near the fence. She had come from the house and was following him.

"Gene, I can only thank you for what you have done. I did not want you to do it, but—but I know I couldn't have managed it myself," she said hoarsely.

"Oh, it wasn't much," he growled, looking away.

"Gene, you must not come here again, and you must not do these things for me. I don't want you to help me. I know what you said about me down at the toll-gate that night, and I know what people will say if you come here. Won't you please stay away, 'Gene?'"

He looked steadily into her eyes for the first time, and there was a touch of real nobility in his face as he said slowly and with difficulty:

"I thought maybe, Justine, ef I kinder slaved aroun' fer you they might see that I am good an' honest, an' that I didn't mean what I said that night. I wisht somebody'd cut my tongue out afore I said them things, er I wisht I'd been Dock Ramsey an' got knocked down fer standin' up fer you. I can't see you workin' aroun' like this, when I ain't got a thing to do, an' I—I—well, I jes' thought people 'd see I was sorry fer what I said."

"But they'll say the very worst they can about it," she cried piteously.

"Then I'll kill somebody!" he grated, and clearing the fence, was off down the road.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GOOD OF EVIL.

When Justine wrote her next letter to Jud she purposely neglected to describe the encounter with 'Gene. For the first time she wilfully deceived him. In her letter she spoke lightly of the wind's work, and casually mentioned the unimportant fact that one of the neighbours

had generously helped her to make the repairs. She felt that Jud's hatred for Crawley would have inspired something rash in him. She was confident that he would throw aside his work, his chances—everything—and rush to her protection. And so she found consolation in deception.

It was her duty—to God and to herself—to keep these men apart, to prevent the addition of fuel to the flame which smouldered silently, stealthily. There was no doubt in her mind that 'Gene was truly penitent. She could not trust him, for she despised him too deeply, but she felt for him a new spirit of fairness. He had served her, and he had served like the whipped, beaten dog who loves the hand of a cruel master. For days after the episode at the cow shed she did not see him, and she was glad.

Every morning, however, she looked forth, fearful that she might see him at work or behold some result of his labour in the night. One morning she found a brace of rabbits and a wild turkey at her door. Mrs. Crane saw them, too, and she was so full of joy that the girl could not find heart to cast 'Gene Crawley's offering away. And she herself was hungry. While Mrs. Crane fried the rabbits the girl sat back of the stove out of patience with herself, yet scarcely able to resist the fragrant aroma that arose from the crackling skillet. Pride and hunger were struggling, and hunger won.

Jud came and went once more. She wore her best frocks and was cheeriness itself when he was with her. He brought her a few trifles, and she loved him as much as if he had given her jewels. And indeed, what pleased her most was the change in his looks. He wore his tailor-made suit. She did not know that he was still in debt to his tailor, and he did not tell her.

On the day of Jud's departure she met 'Gene in the village. Her husband had made her happy with the renewed promise that she could come to him in the spring. Justine's heart was singing, her lips were burning with the warmth of his love. Bundled in shawls and blankets, she drove slowly from the village through the first vicious attacks of a blizzard. Her thoughts were of the handsome, well-dressed youth in the warm railway coach. She forgot the cold, blus-

tery weather, and saw only the bright garden of paradise which his love had created. Her heart sang with the memory of the past two days and nights spent with him.

Just as her old grey horse fumbled his way into the open lane at the edge of town she saw a man plodding against the wind not far ahead along the roadside. It was 'Gene, and he was starting out upon a long walk to Martin Grimes's place. With a blow or two of the "gad," she urged the horse past him. The single glance she gave him showed his face red with the cold and his head bent against the wind. As she passed he looked up and spoke:

"Howdy, Justine."

"Good evening, 'Gene," she replied; but she could hardly hear her own voice.

"It's a nasty drive you got ahead of you," he called.

"Oh, I'll soon be home," she responded, and he was left behind.

For half a mile there rang in her ears the accusing words: "It's a nasty drive you got ahead of you." What of the walk ahead of him? Now that she had grown calm, she wondered how she could have passed him without asking him to ride home. He had been kind to her, after all; he had redeemed himself to some extent in the past few weeks, and—he had not asked her for the ride, as she had feared he would. She recalled his cheery greeting and his half-frozen face, and then his anxiety concerning the discomfort ahead of her. By no sign did he show a desire to annoy her with his company. She looked back over the road. In the twilight far behind she saw him trudging along, a lonely figure against the sky.

"It's a shame to make him walk all the way home. He'll freeze, and I can just as well take him in as not," she said to herself, and pulled the horse to a standstill, resolved to wait for him. Then came the fear that some one might see him riding home with her. The country would wonder and would gossip. Unsophisticated country girl as she was, she knew and abhorred gossip. Once a good girl's name is coupled with that of a man in the country, the whole community shuns her; she is lost. In the country they never forget and they never investi-

gate. Turning her face resolutely, she whipped up, leaving him far behind.

While she was stabling her horse by the light of a lantern she found herself, amid warm thoughts of Jud, reproaching herself for the unkindness to this man who hated her husband and who had sworn to be her undoing. She might have given him the ride, she argued against herself; it was so little to give, and he was so cold. The blizzard was blowing in force by this time, and her conscience smote her fiercely as she thought of him forging along against its blasting chill. In the village Jud had purchased several suits of warm underclothes for her and she had placed the package in the seat beside her. Groceries and other necessities were beneath the seat. To her dismay and grief, she found that the package had been in some manner jolted from the seat and was, doubtless, lost on the road miles back.

The next morning saw the storm still raging. The night just passed had been one of the most cruel the country had ever known. Her first thought was of her stock, then of 'Gene Crawley. Had he reached home safely, or had he been frozen out there on the open road? A chill of fear and remorse seized her and she turned sick at heart. Jud would not have allowed the man to face such a storm, and if he were frozen no one would condemn her cruelty more bitterly than tender-hearted Jud.

She ran to the rear door of her house, from which Grimes's house on the hill could be seen, a mile away. The gust of wind drove the door open as she turned the knob. Something rolled against her feet. The lost bundle lay before her. Left there in the night by—it could have been no other than 'Gene Crawley. It was a sob of honest thankfulness to the poor wretch she had spurned in the highway that came from her lips as she lifted the package and closed the door. For many minutes she stood by the window, clasping the bundle in her arms, looking out into the bleak morning. A feeling of relief surged up in the multitude of thoughts, and tears stood in her eyes. Not only had he braced the blizzard safely, hardily, but he had travelled a mile or more farther through the freezing night to deliver at her door.

the package she had lost from the seat that might have been shared with him.

"Did ye hear 'bout 'Gene Crawley?" asked Mrs. Crane later, when Justine came in from the barn. The old woman was preparing the frugal breakfast and Justine was seated beside the stove, her half-frozen feet near the oven. A sickening terror forced a groan from her lips, for something told her that the news was the worst. His body had been found!

"What—what is it?" she whispered.

"He whupped the daylight out'n Jake Smalley an' Laz Dunbar down to the tollgate day 'fore yest'day. Mrs. Brown wuz here las' night jest 'fore you got home, an' she says her man says 'twuz the wust fight that ever wuz fit in the county.

Justine was leaning back in her chair, her heart throbbing with relief.

"Was—was he hurt?" she asked indefinitely.

"Who, 'Gene? Not a speck! But that big Smalley wuz unsensibul when 'Gene got off'n him. Doc Pollister says he won't be able to see out'n them eyes o' his'n fer over a week. Laz lit out an' run like a whitehead after 'Gene hit him onct. I'm glad he didn't git hurt much, 'cause he's goin' to be baptised down at the crick to-morrer, an' he'd a tuck cold, shore. I tell you, that 'Gene Crawley's a nasty feller. Cunstable O'Brien's afeered to serve the warrant on him."

"What was it all about, Aunt Sue?"

"Oh, nothin' much," answered Mrs. Crane evasively, suddenly busying herself about the stove. "I never did see sitch a fire! It jest won't act right. Where'd this wood come from, Jestine?"

"From the jack-oak grove," said Justine. For awhile she was silent, a new impression forming itself in her brain. Stronger and stronger it grew, until it became almost a conviction. "Tell me what the fight was about," she went on, breaking in upon Mrs. Crane's chatter.

"Oh, I'd ruther—er—I don't know fer shore what it wuz about. Somethin' Jake said to 'Gene, I reckon. 'Gene fights 'thout any real cause, y' know." The old woman was clearly embarrassed and eager to evade the explanation.

"You do know and you must tell me," exclaimed Justine, now fully convinced.

"'Twon't do you no special good, Jestine, an' I wouldn't mind about it 'f I wuz you."

"Tell me: was it—did it have anything to do with me?"

"Didn't amount to nothin'—not a thing," expostulated the other. "You know how these fool fellers will talk."

"Did 'Gene Crawley say anything mean about me?" she insisted.

"No. 'Twuz jest the other way—er—I mean—"

"Heavens! What did they say? Tell me! What could they say?"

"I hadn't orter tell you, but I guess it's best you know. Seems like Jake an' Laz met 'Gene down to the tollgate, an' wuz a-wonderin' how you wuz gittin' along this cold spell. Jake, who's a low-down feller ef they ever wuz one, give 'Gene the wink an' says—now, this is how Mrs. Brown tells it—he says: 'Jud don't git home much, does he?' 'Gene said he didn't know, an' he didn't give a damn—'scuse me, but them's the words. 'Nen Laz says: 'Now's yer time to cut in, 'Gene. Do what you said you would. You cain't have a better chanst.' 'Nen Jake laughed an' said: 'She's all alone up yander, an' I reckon she's purty dern lonesome. Now's yer opportunity, 'Gene—' Jest then, Mrs. Brown says her man says, the fight begin. 'Fore Jake could finish up sayin' what he started out to say 'Gene lit into him right an' left. Down went Jake, an' Laz follered him. Jake wuz up fust, an' while he wuz tryin' to keep 'Gene off Laz broke fer the door an' got away. But the way 'Gene did whup that Smalley feller wuz a caution. Mr. Brown says you could 'a' heered him beller clean down to the mill."

"Is that all?" asked Justine breathlessly.

"Wuzn't that almost enough? Oh, yes; 'Gene tole Jake an' ever'body else there 'at ef ever a word wuz said about you ag'in, in any shape er form that wuzn't jest right, he'd lick the tarnation soul out'n the hull capoodle, men an' women. He said he meant women when he said women, an' ef he ever heerd of one of them talkin' about you er repeatin' what he said there at the tollgate on your weddin' night he'd jest lay her over his knee an'—"

"Were there many people at the toll-

gate when the fight took place?" interrupted Justine. She was glowing with excitement.

"The place wuz full, an' Mr. Brown says he never did see sitch a scatterment as they wuz when 'Gene sailed into Jake. Jim Hardesty tried to git under the stove an' Uncle Sammy Godfrey, old as he is, jumped clean over the counter an' upshot a half barrel of sugar. Ever'body run, an' nobody tried to help Jake, 'cept Dock Ramsey's mother, an' that's 'cause he goes with Liz Ramsey. They do tell that that's sure to be a match," and then the voluble Mrs. Crane branched off into other lanes of gossip.

The next Sunday a whole township saw Eugene Crawley walk into the little Presbyterian Church on the hill and nervously take a seat near the stove. Mr. Marks, the minister, was reading the first hymn, when 'Gene plunged into this strange place, and so great was the sensation that the reader, having stared blankly with the remainder of the witnesses, resumed reading on the opposite page and no one was the wiser. At first there was a certain fear in the hearts of all that he had come for no other purpose than to report the death of some loved one. No one dreamed that he had come to attend divine worship.

'Gene himself was astonished by his own temerity. It had taken all his courage to do it, and he was an humble man as he sat stiffly by the stove and looked at the upper left-hand corner of the organ. If the minister had uttered his name suddenly, 'Gene would have swooned. It was the first time he had been inside the church since a certain Christmas eve, twenty years before.

When Deacon Asbury asked him, after service, if he intended to come regularly, now that he had begun, 'Gene's reserve vanished, and, transfixing the old gentleman with a glare, he roared:

"What the hell is it to you, you old skinflint? You don't own the shebang, do you? I'll come ef I want to an' you needn't meddle about it either."

In consequence, the whole community said that his conversion was out of the question and that all the pulpits in Indiana could not pull him out of the rut into which he had fallen. 'Gene, in truth, felt that he was not wanted in the church and he went home with the conviction

that the deacon's inquiry was inspired by the hope that such a sinner as he might not continue to blight the sanctuary with his presence.

A day or so later the word was carried to the tollgate by Charlie Spangler that Justine Sherrod was "sick-a-bed," and it "looked as though she was liable to have lung fever." Dr. Pollister called at her house and found her really ill. He took her in hand at once, and instructed Mrs. Crane to see that she remained in bed until he said she could get up.

"But who is to take care of the stock?" wailed the sick girl.

"Mrs. Crane and I will see to the stock, so don't you worry, Justine. You've got to stay in bed, or Jed'll be coming to a funeral purty soon," observed the doctor, with the best of intentions but with little tact. She gasped at the thought that she might die and leave Jud; her illness had been but a trifling matter to her until the grim old physician so bluntly told her the truth. She realised that she was in danger, and that she wanted Jud to sit by the bedside.

"Is it so serious, doctor?" she asked anxiously.

"Not if you stay in bed. Only a bad cold and some fever, but it has to be looked after. You've got good lungs or you'd be a good deal wuss."

Then he went out and told Mrs. Crane to look after her, and said that he'd ask some one to drop around every day to care for the horses, cows and hogs, and to chop some wood occasionally.

As he drove toward the village in his rattling old buggy he met 'Gene Crawley on the road.

"Whoa!" he said to the horse; and that evening 'Gene Crawley was living up to a promise to "look out fer Justine's stock and to git up some wood whenever she needed it."

When Mrs. Crane told Justine that he was to come three times a day while she was sick to "look after things," the tired, feverish girl shook her head and sighed, but offered no protest against the unwelcome fate.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FINDING OF CELESTE.

Jud received several letters from her, telling him that she was ill but getting

better, and that the neighbours were very kind to her. He replied that he would come home if she needed him, but she insisted that it was not necessary. She penned that letter sitting up in bed. She wanted him, she hungered for him, she suffered in longing for one touch of his hand.

By this time Sherrod had formed many acquaintances, and had at last been persuaded to join an artists' club. The cost was not much, and he found great pleasure in the meetings. His salary had been increased, but his expenses grew correspondingly. Try as he would, he could find no way to curtail the cost of living. Sometimes he looked back and wondered how he had existed during the first few months in the city. Once he tried the plan of living as humbly as he had at first, but it was an utter impossibility. The worst feature was that he could send Justine but little money, nor could he see his way clear for bringing her to the city. He was bitter against himself. He loved her; no other woman tempted him from that devotion. But there seemed to be no way of making a home for her in Chicago. The honest fellow did not perceive the fact that selfishness was the weight which drew his intentions out of balance.

His companions liked him all the more because he was unswerving in his resolve to touch no liquor. He went with them to bars and wine rooms, but he never touched wines, nor was he tempted by women. Up in his room at the lodging-house hung a picture he had drawn after reading the story of a man's downfall. He called it "Wine, Women, Woe."

He had now allowed his friends to believe him unmarried so long that it was next to impossible to explain. They alluded frequently to the sweetheart down in the country, and he smiled, as if to say: "I don't mind being teased about her." He made no one his confidant and no one asked questions. The boys took it for granted that some day he would marry "the girl down there" and said nothing. He laughed when he thought of the surprise in store for them some day. This thought took him back usually to the day at Proctor's Falls when Celeste had spoken of him and Justine as sweethearts, and had given him fifty dollars with which to buy her a wedding present. The name and face of the donor had haunted

him ever since that day. Her card was in his pocketbook. Somewhere in this great city she lived, and he was beginning to know left other cards in the halls of her friends every day—ordinary cards; not like this that had made a man's career. But there seemed to be no chance to tell her the difference. He had not seen her.

One of the fellows at the club was Converse, a rich young man with a liking for art and the will to cultivate a rather mediocre talent. He took a fancy to the handsome young newspaper man, and invited him to his home on the south side. One evening late in March he dined with Converse and his parents. Douglass Converse was an only child, and was little more than a boy in years. The home in Michigan Avenue was beautiful and its occupants lived luxuriously. The dinner over, the two young men lounged in Converse's "den"—a room which astonished and delighted Jud—smoking and chatting idly.

"Funny you don't drink, Sherrod," said Converse quizzically.

"I took a pledge once, and I expect to keep it."

"Always?"

"Always."

"Pledge to your mother, I suppose."

"No; to a girl who—lives down there."

"Oh ho! That's the first bit of sentiment I ever heard from you. A sweetheart, eh?"

"Well, I can't deny it," said Jud, ashamed of the equivocation.

"Tell me about her," cried his friend enthusiastically.

"There's nothing to tell. I had a letter from her to-day."

"Then it's still on?"

"I hope so," answered Jud, smiling mysteriously.

"You're devilishly uncommunicative. If I had a sweetheart who could make me live up to a promise like that I'd be only too glad to sing her praises to the sky."

"Fall in love with some good, true girl, old fellow, and see how much you'll tell the world about it," said Jud, cleverly dodging the point.

"I am in love and with the best girl in the world, but what good does it do me? She's not in love with me. Confound the luck, I'm younger than she is!" cried Converse ruefully. Sherrod laughed and

puffed dreamily at his cigar for a few moments.

"It's a crime to be young, I presume," he said, as if obliged to re-open the conversation. Converse was standing at his desk looking at a photograph.

"Don't give up because you are young. You'll outgrow it. I was very young when—when—I mean, I was younger than you by several years when I first fell in love," went on Jud confusedly.

"But I have no chance, you know," said the other boyishly.

"Prefers another?"

"Don't know. I haven't had the courage to ask. She thinks I'm a nice boy, and such good company. Girls don't say those things about the fellow they care for seriously. I'd rather be anything than a nice boy."

"Is that her photograph?"

"Yes. Isn't she a dream?"

The owner of the den passed the portrait to his guest. Converse was surprised to see him start violently, and then pass his hand over his eyes as if brushing away some form of doubt.

"This is—this is Miss Wood?" asked Sherrod at last.

"Do you know her? If you do, you can't wonder that I'm hard hit," cried the other.

"I met her once down near my old home. One doesn't forget a face like hers. So I find her, after all, and the sweetheart of my best friend," Jud was saying hazily.

"Lord, no! Don't put it that way. She'd fall dead if any one suddenly intimated that such a relationship existed—keel over with surprise. But have you never seen her more than once?"

"Just once. She bought the first picture I ever sold."

"Great Cæsar! Are you the fellow who drew a picture of a waterfall somewhere and sold it to her for fifty dollars?" Converse was staring at Jud with eager eyes.

"I'm the one who imposed upon her," said Jud lamely.

"Then you're the good-looking country boy with the beautiful sweetheart that Celeste talked so much about. Well, this beats the—"

"Celeste? Is that her name?" cried Jud, sitting bolt upright.

"Yes. Her mother is French—she was a countess, by the way. Celeste has

that picture hanging in her den—and her den is a wonder, too—and she never fails to tell about that little experience down in Indiana. She'll be crazy to meet you."

Jud's heart gave a leap. He was bewildered in a tumult of emotions. The recognition of the portrait; the mysterious coincidence in names—the one his imagination had given her and the one she bore; the thoughts that she remembered him and Justine; that his picture hung in her den; that she might really be glad to see him. Impossibilities upon impossibilities!

"My picture in her den?" he managed to stammer, feeling sure that his friend could detect an emotion that might require explanation.

"Sure—most prominent thing in the room. She says the boy who drew it will be a master some day. The trouble is, she forgot your name. She says she'd know your face or the girl's anywhere, but the name is gone. By George! This will please her."

The girl's! Jud's thoughts flew back to Justine tenderly, even resentfully; for why should this careless city maid speak of her as "the girl"?

"I'll take you to call, Sherrod. I know she'll be glad to see you, and I'll surprise her. This is great! Let's see: I'll say you are a particular friend, but I'll not give up your name. She'd remember it. I can see her now, when she first gazes upon your face. Great!"

Jud went home that night in a delightful torture of anticipation. After all these months of waiting and watching, fate—nothing less than fate—was to bring him to her side with the long unspoken words of gratitude and joy. What would she be like? How would she look? How would she be dressed? Not in that familiar grey of his memory, to be sure, but—but— And so he wondered as he tossed in his bed that night. It would be some days before Converse could take him to the home of Miss Wood, and until then he must be content with imaginings. One thing worried him. Just before he had left his friend Douglass had asked, with an unhidden concern in his voice:

"You're sure you've got a sweetheart down there?"

Jud's heart stopped beating for a second. Something within him urged him

to cry out that he had no sweetheart, but a loving, loyal wife. But the old spirit of timidity conquered.

"I am sure I had one," he replied, and his heart throbbed with relief.

"And you're the kind of a fellow who'll stick to her, too. I know you well enough to say that," said the other warmly, as if some odd misgiving had passed from his mind.

"Thanks for the good opinion," said Jud, a great lump clogging his throat.

And when at last he slept his dreams were of the old days and Justine, and how lonely he was without her—how lonely she must be down there in the cold, dark night—sick, perhaps, and longing for him. In his dream they were at Proctor's Falls, then in Chicago, then she was beside him in the bed. His arm, moved by dream love, stretched out and drew her close to his breast, and there were no scores of miles between his tranquil heart and that of the girl he worshipped.

(To be continued.)



EVOLUTION

Far down the years I remember a time
When Nature's colours were all sublime,
And Nature's beauty sank into my heart.
The red blood leapt as a swift-launched dart;
The tossing of horses' manes,
The gleam of a tiger's tooth,
The muscled arm—were sights most fair;
I was wild with the draught of the unseen air.
*And the madness that hurtled through my veins
Was Youth; was Youth.*

A change crept over the world's fair face—
'Twas fair with a sweeter, a nobler grace.
A Being dawned, and I gazed entranced;
It swayed my soul as it danced or glanced;
It sang, and my heart did thirst.
It languished. "Oh, Heav'n above,
Kill me," I cried, "but spare that life!"
In vain; its bosom sheathed Death's knife.
*And the bubble that formed, and charmed, and burst,
Was Love; was Love.*

The frost of Winter is on my hair;
My cry of Passion is turned to prayer.
The veil has dropped from my yearning eyes;
The lesson's learned, and the plan all-wise
Revealed to my marv'ling soul—
Revealed by Affliction's rod.
I give to others what cheer I may,
For the peace I give is my own rich pay.
*And the sacred calm that has made me whole
Is God; is God.*

H. Arthur Powell.

A DEFENCE OF "DARREL"

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE BOOKMAN":

With the utmost good-nature possible in these cutthroat times, I desire to fall foul of H. T. P. for his assault upon Irving Bacheller's *Darrel*. A bit of critical work may be so bad as momentarily to rank in importance with the good, and I am willing to grant this distinction to H. T. P.'s review.

H. T. P. begins by disclosing the secret of Mr. Bacheller's method. I am distressed to learn that it is so uncommon as to require detective research, and still more distressed to hear it openly condemned. I should have said that the diligent collection of material bearing upon scene and character was commendable in an author, and that the bigger his scrap-book and his "rag-bag" were, the more realistic his tale might prove to be. Furthermore, the practice of getting one's information first and writing one's story afterward seems worthy of all acceptance. This, indeed, might be praise for some men, yet it is less than justice in the case of Mr. Bacheller. The picture is that of a travelling story-writer, notebook in hand, and it was not meant to flatter. The impression conveyed is that *Darrel* was the result of a visit or series of visits to the North Country by an author in search of material for a story. The truth is far away. That region is Mr. Bacheller's home, and he has never wholly lost sight of it. Ancestry, temperament, the adventures of boyhood, the earlier and the later education, tradition and the wisdom of old men, and finally, a keen and sympathetic study—these made up the contents of the "rag-bag" which Mr. Bacheller had at hand when he wrote one of the truest stories that was ever set before a reader. Well aware of this, I did not at first perceive what H. T. P.'s statement would mean to one who lacked information. Upon a second glance, however, I seemed to detect a considerable misrepresentation, which I have here endeavoured to correct.

The "rag-bag," therefore, was somewhat better furnished than one might suppose who had only H. T. P. to guide him, yet this is of small importance if

we accept the critic's theory that the contents have been strung haphazard to form the story. This is not worth discussing; but behind the careless statement there probably lies a real ground for controversy. The method of portraying character by detached pictures is what H. T. P. means by his gentle metaphor of the "rag-bag." Undoubtedly Mr. Bacheller uses the "rag-bag" method, and I have been persuaded that it is the only one by which the people in books have ever been made to seem alive. It is certain that Mr. Bacheller gained, and now holds, his thousands of readers chiefly by this merit, that his characters step out from the printed page and are warm with good red blood. It is equally certain that he never presents a character as a continuity beyond the natural limits of easy apprehension. *Darrel* is not a consecutive demonstration in ethics; he is a man with opinions, a man with faults and virtues, the living exponent of a brave, cheerful and far-reaching philosophy. But he is made of rags, such rags as constitute your own knowledge of some fine-spirited old man whom you have known very well indeed for many years.

Ah! Irving Bacheller has the knack of pulling things out of that "rag-bag" of his! He puts in his hand and finally pulls out a bit of cloth, which he presently lays aside; and after an appreciable interval he takes out another. One of these rags has a pattern of a little red sleigh; another bears a print of an old tinker of clocks sitting on a horse in front of a farmhouse; a third shows a quaint scene of boy-and-girl love; a fourth displays the tinker and his guest among the clocks; a fifth reveals them by the fire-light in the big woods at night; and so on to the end. Somehow, when we've seen all these rags we've seen Sidney Trove and *Darrel*, and their many friends and enemies, all very real and vivid.

It was the same with Uncle Eben. Though he had the dear old man for a straight thirty thousand words at the beginning, it was all rags. Eben and his fiddle, the boy in the basket, the flight across the fields, the solemn portal of the forest, the dim aisles fragrant with incense from

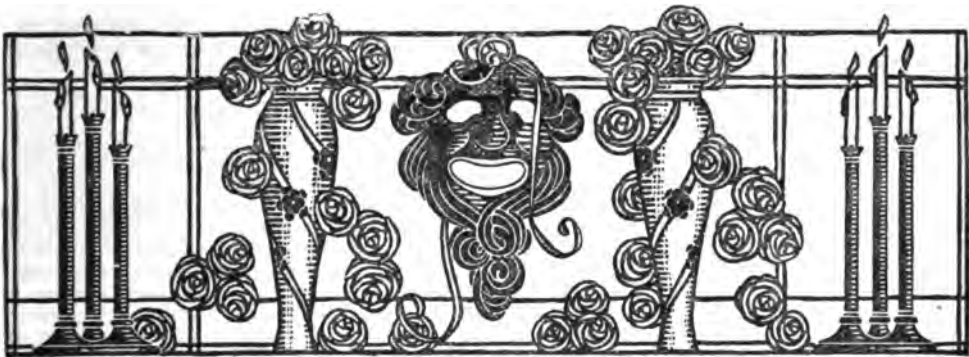
a thousand swinging boughs, the dawn, the noontime, the halt amid the corn—rags, all rags. Fancy what the unnatural continuity of character analysis would have done with Uncle Eben; picture that journey through the woods reduced to a panorama. Try to think what the laborious analysis would have made of Eben's decision to run away with the boy, or of Darrel's resolve to go to prison. No, no; give us rags by all means. We may reason ourselves into the belief that human consciousness is a "reverberant continuum," as the psychologists say, but the normal mind's eye cannot *see* a human being as a continuum of any kind, and therefore a continuum in a book will never seem human. Mr. Bacheller knows that the elements of this problem are memory and imagination, and that both are flashes in the dark. This method is not haphazard; it is founded upon an excellent study of the phenomena of mental presentation.

Upon the grave question whether chromo-lithographs are called chromos in the forties I cannot speak with certainty, but as the things themselves, whatever they were called, were invented by Senefelder in 1796 and scattered over the civilised

world in the next forty years, it is a little singular that H. T. P. should have ventured without knowledge into confident criticism on that point. Moreover, though Maeterlinck wrote about bees, he did not invent them nor regulate their habits. If Mr. Bacheller desired to represent a character of his tale as an accurate observer of bees, the need was to find out what bees do; and the suggestion that the author should have watched them until he had learned something that nobody else had ever recorded it delightfully amazing. The postponement of publication which this would have entailed may be a pleasant subject of reflection to H. T. P. because he does not like *Darrel*, but, for my own part, I cannot hope to be here more than fifty or sixty years longer, and I am glad that Mr. Bacheller took the short cut to his information, so that I might see his book.

As Colonel Higginson has pointed out, Darrel is a type of man once familiar in American rural life, but now gone forever. Of this important thing H. T. P. seems not to have been aware.

Richard Burton.



THE BOOK MART



READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

Appleton and Company:

The Sins of a Saint. By J. R. Aitken.

An historical romance of the tenth century, a period somewhat untouched in the realm of fiction. As a preface to his book the author has quoted the following from Milner's *History of England*: "The events of this reign are among the most painful in English history; and though not free from obscurity, they are sufficiently clear to win for the king our sympathies as the victim of unmerited injuries, and rouse indignant feeling as the lust of power and pride of place which involved an ecclesiastical party adverse to him in the guilt of atrocious crimes."

Castle Omeragh. By F. Frankfort Moore.
A novel of Ireland in the days of Charles the Second.

The Autobiography of Joseph Le Conte. Edited by William Dallam Armes.

The life of Professor Le Conte is interesting, especially to those persons who knew him as "Professor Joe." The autobiography was prepared with the understanding that it should be published after the death of the writer.

The Captain's Toll-Gate. By Frank R. Stockton.

A posthumous novel, the scenes of which are laid in Washington and that part of West Virginia in which Mr. Stockton spent the last few years of his life. Mrs. Stockton has written a "Memorial Sketch," which is charmingly illustrated with etched portraits. Further mention of the book will be found in the Chronicle and Comment of the present number of *THE BOOKMAN*.

Baker and Taylor Company:

Present-Day Evangelism. By J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.

A religious handbook on the basis of which the work in an individual church or in a community may be successfully organized. The book, as may readily be imagined from the title, is evangelical in tone.

Barnes and Company:

The Child Housekeeper. By Elizabeth Colson and Anna G. Chittenden.

The authors of this volume give simple lessons in child housekeeping, supplementing them with songs, stories and games. The music has been written by Alice R. Baldwin, and the illustrations have been made by Alice Léonore Upton. Mr. Jacob A. Riis has written an introduction commending the work.

Cooke:

Remembrances of Emerson. By John Albee.

The contents of this book are divided under the following headings: "A Day with Emerson," "Emerson's Influence on the Young Men of His Time" and "Emerson as Essayist." The frontispiece is from an untouched negative of Emerson by J. J. Hawes.

Dillingham:

Because of Power. By Ella Stryker Mapes.

A first novel of a new writer, who up to the present time has been known principally through her contributions to the magazines. The scenes of the story are laid near Tuxedo, at Palm Beach, and at some of the well-known places in New York. Mrs. Mapes has been encroaching on Mrs. Atherton's pet property by calling her hero a descendant of Alexander Hamilton.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Aaron Burr Conspiracy. By Walter F. McCaleb, Ph.D.

A history largely from original and hitherto unused sources. While Dr. McCaleb was making a study of Texas under the Spanish régime he chanced upon a number of documents relating to Burr. These documents were found in the Bexar Archives in San Antonio, and in the Mexican Archives in Mexico City. This was the beginning of several years of research, the result of which is to be found in the present volume.

On the Polar Star in the Arctic Sea. By His Royal Highness Duke of the Abruzzi. With the statements of Commander U. Cagni upon the Sledge Expedition to 86° 34' North, and of Dr. A. Cavalli Moli-

nelli upon His Return to the Bay of Tep-litz. Translated by William Le Queux.

A work published in two volumes, containing two hundred and twelve illustrations and sixteen full-page photogravure plates, besides five maps. The expedition, which was composed of Italians and Norwegians, succeeded in bringing the *Polar Star* to the highest latitude in the north of Europe hitherto attained by a ship following a coast line.

Thoughts from Maeterlinck. Chosen and Arranged by E. S. S.

A collection of some of the most striking passages from the works of Maeterlinck, arranged topically. The selection has been made by the wife of the authorised translator, Mr. Alfred Sutro.

Memories of Yale Life and Men. By Timothy Dwight, D.D., LL.D.

Dr. Dwight's "memories" cover a period from 1845 to 1899, and perhaps no one man is better fitted to write of Yale life.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

How to Make School Gardens. By H. D. Hemenway.

A manual for teachers and pupils, with illustrations of gardens at the Normal School, Hyannis, Mass.; Whittier School, Hampton, Va.; and the School-Garden Exhibit, School of Horticulture, Hartford, Conn.

The Land of Joy. By Ralph Henry Barbour.

This romance of "young love" has been running serially in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. It is Mr. Barbour's first novel, although he has written a number of college stories and considerable verse under the name of Richard Stillman Powell. The present novel is also a college story, and should appeal to young lovers. Mr. Barbour is about thirty-two years old, and lives in Cambridge.

How to Keep Well. By Floyd M. Crandall, M.D.

Dr. Crandall has given to the public a summary of the practical knowledge which he has gained in the twenty years of medical practice, and the book should prove a valuable guide to persons who want to know how to keep well. Dr. Crandall describes his book as "an explanation of modern methods of preventing disease."

Funk and Wagnalls:

How Paris Amuses Itself. By F. Berkeley Smith.

Mr. Smith, son of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith and author of *The Real Latin Quarter*, has written an amusing book of Paris which is admirably suited for summer reading. The illustrations, and there are over a hundred of them, are

sufficient in themselves to attract the reader. This book receives notice in the "Chronicle and Comment" of the present issue.

On the Trail of Moses. By Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

A series of "revival" sermons preached by the minister in charge of Grace Methodist Church, New York City.

Grafton Press:

The Buckeye Doctor. By William W. Pennell, M.D.

Evidently the author's own story. A young physician's trials in a narrow-minded community where his "new-fangled ideas" create consternation and disgust. In the story are some rather clever character sketches and dashes of homely philosophy.

Harper Brothers:

The Poems and Verses of Charles Dickens. By F. G. Kitton.

The compiler of this work is one of the best-known authorities on Dickens. The book includes poems from Dickens's novels; lyrics and prologues from his own plays and from plays of Westland Marston; songs, choruses and concerted pieces from *The Village Coquettes*, a comic opera of 1836. A frontispiece by Maclise, R.A., represents Dickens, his wife and her sister.

The Redfields' Succession. By Henry B. Boone and Kenneth Brown.

A novel with the scenes laid chiefly in Virginia. A contest over a will is one of the features of the story, in which a Southern girl and an impecunious New Yorker are the principal characters. The authors of this book are brothers-in-law and Virginians by adoption.

The Black Lion Inn. By Alfred Henry Lewis. (Imprint of R. H. Russell.)

Mr. Lewis brings together a number of true Western types, who foregather at the Black Lion Inn and tell the tales which form the material for this story. Mr. Lewis's *Wolfville* met with considerable success.

The Little Princess. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Imprint of R. H. Russell.)

A story of the children's play which has recently been produced in New York, with scenes and photographs of the young actress, Millie James.

The Sultan of Sulu. By George Ade. (Imprint of R. H. Russell.)

Mr. Ade's "original satire in two acts" has been published in book form, with scenes from the opera, and a frontispiece of Mr. Moulan as Ki-Ram. The first performance occurred in Chicago in 1902, and it has been running in New York since December of the same year.

Perverved Proverbs. By Colonel D. Streamer. (Imprint of R. H. Russell.)

A volume of humorous verse, which the author calls "a manual of immorals for the many."

Questionable Shapes. By William Dean Howells.

Mr. Howells's latest book contains three stories, "His Apparition," "The Angel of the Lord" and "Though One Rose from the Dead." In these tales Mr. Howells has returned to the field of some of his earlier work, the region of psychical phenomena.

The Love of Monsieur. By George Gibbs.

A new novel by the author of *In Search of Mademoiselle*. The publishers wish it to be understood that this is not an historical novel, but a romance of bygone days, in which no historical characters appear. And this is something in its favour.

Lane:

Silas Marner. By George Eliot.

Volume VII. in the Pocket Edition Library. The volumes are attractively bound in red cloth.

My Kalendar of Country Delights. By Helen Milman.

The author, Mrs. Caldwell Crofton, says in her prelude: "Now that a great wish of my life has been fulfilled, and I can boast of a garden room of my own . . . I have made up my mind to keep a kalendar of my own, and write wherein what comes to me with flowers, and song of birds, and treasures I find in books which fill the shelves on the green walls." There are a number of charming sketches by Mr. Donald Maxwell, and the book, on the whole, is out of the ordinary.

Nine Points of the Law. By Wilfrid Scarborough Jackson.

An amusing story for light reading.

Macmillan Company:

People of the Whirlpool. By the Author of *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife*.

A story written in somewhat the same vein as its predecessor. The scene is partly laid in and about the country of Barbara and Evan and partly in New York City. A land scheme has drawn some New Yorkers to build "cottages upon the hills" that are conveniently near to town, and the doings of these cottagers are silhouetted by the searching light of their effect upon a rural community.

Boys' Self-Governing Clubs. By Winifred Buck.

The author of this little book has had twelve years' experience in managing boys' clubs, and she is, therefore, able to give many helpful suggestions in regard

to their organisation and management. St. Mark's Place Boys Club, which the author says is the original and most famous of the boys' clubs, was started twenty-five years ago.

Representative English Comedies. From the Beginnings to Shakespeare. Edited by C. M. Gayley.

This volume contains introductory essays and notes and an historical view of our earlier comedy by various writers. The editor is Professor of the English Language and Literature in the University of California. The aim of the book and those which will follow is to "indicate the development of a literary type by a selection of its representative specimens, arranged in the order of their production and accompanied by critical and historical studies."

Philosophy Four. By Owen Wister.

A charming story published in the series entitled "The Macmillan Little Novels by Favourite Authors."

Man Overboard. By F. Marion Crawford.

The second story to appear in the Macmillan Little Novels Series. Both of these books will receive further notice.

Bass, Pike, Perch and Others. By James A. Henshall.

A new volume in the American Sportsman's Library, edited by Caspar Whitney. This book includes all of the game fishes of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains except the salmon and trout, and the tarpon, jewfish and other fishes of large size, which are described in other volumes of this series.

In the Guardianship of God. By Flora Annie Steel.

Mrs. Steel will be remembered especially as the author of a striking novel entitled *On the Face of the Waters*. Her present book is a collection of short stories of Indian life, named after the first one. They are said to be true to the native life of the Indian of the present day. This book will receive further notice.

The Kempton-Wace Letters.

A book of entertaining letters which are supposed to have passed between Dane Kempton, an idealist, and his foster-son, whose ideas are in direct contrast.

Robert Browning. By G. K. Chesterton.

A volume belonging to the series of English Men of Letters. Mr. Chesterton needs no introduction to THE BOOKMAN's readers, as he is a frequent contributor to its pages.

The Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Cornhill to Cairo, Etc. Edited by Walter Jerrold.

A new volume in the Dent Edition of

Thackeray, which is illustrated by Charles E. Brock and edited by Mr. Jerrold. Besides from "Cornhill to Cairo," the book contains "Novels by Eminent Hands," "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," "The History of the Next French Revolution," "Dickens in France" and "Carlyle's French Revolution."

Book of Snobs. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Edited by Walter Jerrold.

Another volume in the Dent Edition, containing, besides "The Book of Snobs," "Cox's Diary," "Character Sketches" and several Tales.

Where There is Nothing. By W. B. Yeats.

Being Volume I. of plays for an Irish theatre. *Where There is Nothing* is in five acts, and it calls for eighteen characters.

Ideas of Good and Evil. By W. B. Yeats.

Mr. Yeats is fast coming to the front. This is the second book bearing his name to be published this month. The present volume is a collection of essays. Mr. Yeats is well known in Ireland as a poet and essayist.

The Moral System of Shakespeare. A Popular Illustration of Fiction as the Experimental Side of Philosophy. By Richard G. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D.

Professor Moulton has intended this book for the general reader, and he has, therefore, excluded technical discussion from the text. The author surveys the world of persons, incidents and story created by Shakespeare, and traces underlying principles with some approach to systematic method.

The Big Game Fishes of the United States. By Charles Frederic Holder.

Another volume belonging to the American Sportsman's Library, edited by Mr. Caspar Whitney.

A Gentleman of the South. A Memory of the Black Belt from the Manuscript Memoirs of the Late Colonel Stanton Elmore. Edited without change by William Garrott Brown.

A love-story of the South shortly after the Mexican War. In his preface Mr. Brown says that the narrative which he tells was found among the papers of the late Colonel Elmore, who died in London near the end of the last century.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

This small edition of *Hamlet* is edited with notes, an introduction and outline questions by L. A. Sherman, who is Professor of English Literature in the University of Nebraska.

An Illustrated History of English Literature. By Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse. Volumes I. and III.

Were this work of inferior literary quality, which is by no means the case,

it would still be a publication of considerable importance. There have been other histories of English literature which may ultimately be ranked far above this; but we have seen none which can be in any way compared to it in attractiveness of appearance. The fact that the first and the third volumes appear simultaneously is because Volumes I. and II. are the work of Dr. Garnett, and Volumes III. and IV. the work of Edmund Gosse. This work will receive further mention in *THE BOOKMAN*.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

The Triumph. By Arthur Stanwood Pier.

A modern American novel by the author of two pretty good books: *The Pedagogues* and *The Sentimentalists*. A review of *The Triumph* appears elsewhere in the present number of *THE BOOKMAN*.

Despotism and Democracy. A Study in Washington Society and Politics.

An anonymous volume, the contents of which have been appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

One for Many. Confessions of a Young Girl. By Vera. Translated by Henry Britoff.

We refrain from commenting on this book, as it is obviously on the same lines as another work of a similar nature which *THE BOOKMAN* has not cared to discuss.

Pott and Company:

Leo Tolstoy. By G. K. Chesterton, G. H. Perris and Others.

A new volume in The Bookman Biographies Series. The monograph has a number of illustrations. The preceding volumes in this series are *Robert Louis Stevenson* and *Thomas Carlyle*.

Putnam's Sons:

Florida Fancies. By F. R. Swift.

An illustrated book describing the fishing and hunting expeditions of a Northerner who takes a mid-winter holiday in Florida. The narrator does not waste time in talking about hotel life or about the pleasures of the beach, but prefers to get away from the beaten track.

Puerto Rican and Other Impressions. By William James.

A collection of poems, some of which are accompanied by illustrations.

Psychology and Common Life. By Frank Sargent Hoffman, Ph.D.

A survey of the present results of psychical research with special reference to their bearings upon the interests of

every-day life. The author has selected the most important facts from the great mass of material now accumulated by students of psychical research, and he has described these facts in a way that will be understood by the general reader.

Echoes from Erin. By William Westcott Fink.

A book of verse, of which many are written in the Irish dialect. Ireland seems to be figuring quite conspicuously in current literature.

Danish Life in Town and Country. By Jessie Brochner.

A new volume in a series entitled *Our European Neighbours*, edited by William Harbutt Dawson. Previous books in this series have touched upon France, Germany, Russia, Switzerland, Spain and Italy. The volumes in preparation are *Austrian Life in Town and Country* and *Turkish Life in Town and Country*.

Modern Civic Art. By Charles Mulford Robinson.

Mr. Robinson gives many valuable suggestions as to how cities can be made beautiful. *The Improvement of Town and Cities*, by the same author, treats of "The Practical Basis of Civic Æsthetics."

The Fur Traders of the Columbia River and the Rocky Mountains. As Described by Washington Irving.

Mr. Frank Lincoln Olmsted, editor of the Knickerbocker Literature Series, has included in this series two volumes of Irving's which deal with the West, *Astoria* and *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville*.

Divinity and Man. By W. K. Roberts.

It is easier to describe this book in the author's own words, which are as follows: "An interpretation of spiritual law in its relation to mundane phenomena and to the ruling incentives and moral duties of man, together with an allegory dealing with cosmic evolution and certain social and religious problems."

A Political History of Slavery. By William Henry Smith. Two volumes.

Mr. Smith gives a detailed account of the slavery controversy from the earliest agitations in the eighteenth century to the close of the Reconstruction Period in America. Mr. Whitelaw Reid has written the introduction.

Crown Theological Library. Volume I. Delitzsch's *Babel and Bible*.

These are two lectures delivered by Professor Friedrich Delitzsch before the members of the Deutsche Orient-Gesellschaft in the presence of the German Emperor. The volume is edited with an introduction by C. H. W. Johns, M.A.

Sociology. The Science of Human Society. By J. H. W. Stuckenberg, LL.D. Two volumes.

Some years ago Professor Stuckenberg published an *Introduction to the Study of Sociology*, and since then he has been gathering material for the present volume. For this purpose he has used the libraries of Berlin, Paris, London, Boston and Cambridge. Professor Stuckenberg is a member of the Philosophical Society of Berlin.

Stokes and Company:

The Sacrifice of the Shannon. By W. Albert Hickman.

A story of Eastern Canada. A portion of the book was written aboard the Canadian government ice-crusher *Minto*, in the ice of the Strait of Northumberland, in February, 1902.

Felix. By Robert Hichens.

A new novel in Mr. Hichens's usual vein.

The Old China Book. By N. Hudson Moore.

A book written to meet the wants of those who own old china, particularly old English china, and who would like to know more about it. Illustrations accompany the text.

Scribner's Sons:

The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer. By Charles Lever.

An imported edition of a story which appeared years ago in the *Dublin University Magazine*, and which is very welcome in its present attractive form.

Thomas Campion. Songs and Masques, with Observations in the Art of English Poesy. Edited by A. H. Bullen.

An imported volume belonging to the Muses' Library Series. When the editor of this little book published, in 1887, *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books*, the merits of Thomas Campion remained unrecognised. Since then he has taken his rightful place among English poets. "The first edition of Campion's Latin Poems," says Mr. Bullen (*Campioni Poemata*, 1905), "is exceedingly rare. In 1889 I had not been able to trace a copy. At a later date Mr. W. H. Alnutt informed me that a perfect copy (the only perfect copy known) is in the possession of Viscount Clifden, who has very kindly allowed me to make free use of this precious little volume."

Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque. With Other Stories. By Edgar Allan Poe.

A thin paper imported edition of a number of Poe's weird tales. Among them may be found "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Roget," "Thou Art the Man" and "The Masque of the Red Death." This volume belongs to the Caxton Series of illustrated reprints of famous classics. A

photogravure of Poe makes an effective frontispiece.

Sidelights on Charles Lamb. By Bertram Dobell.

The author of this biography has collected every fact relating to Lamb or to his works which have been at all available. In his preface he wishes to correct one small mistake in his book. In the chapter entitled "More About Wainwright and Lamb" it is stated that none of Wainwright's biographers seem to have known of the existence of his Bonmot booklet. Mr. Dobell says that this is an error, as he has since found that the account of Wainwright in the volume entitled *Twelve Bad Men* mentions the booklet. The frontispiece in the volume under consideration is a facsimile of Lamb's poem of "The Three Graves" from an original manuscript in the possession of the publisher. The book is an imported one.

Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. By Charles Holroyd, Keeper of the National Gallery of British Art, with Translations of the Life of the Master by his scholar, Ascanio Condivi, and Three Dialogues from the Portuguese by Francisco D'Ollanda.

An elaborately illustrated volume, also imported, which is divided under two headings: "The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti" and "The works of Michael Angelo." Ascanio Condivi was the friend and pupil of Michael Angelo, and his work has almost the authority of an autobiography, as many of his phrases are in the very words of his master.

The Works of Lord Byron. A New, Revised and Enlarged Edition, with Illustrations. Poetry. Vol. VI. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A.

It was originally intended that this edition of Byron's life would be comprised within twelve volumes of about four hundred pages each. But the work has been expanded until a thirteenth volume became necessary. It is expected that the final volume will be published during the coming summer. Mr. John Murray is the publisher of this work in England. Volume VI. contains the poem "Don Juan" and an introduction to it.

Sir A. Henry Layard, G.C.B., D.C.L. Autobiography and Letters from His Childhood until His Appointment as H. M. Ambassador at Madrid. Edited by the Hon. William N. Bruce, with a Chapter on His Parliamentary Career by the Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Otway. In two volumes.

Sir Henry Layard had a life full of adventure and activity. He was born in Paris, March 5, 1817, and died in London on July 5, 1894. He won distinction as traveller, archæologist, politician, diplomatist and student of the Fine Arts, and before he was twenty-three he had accomplished the most adventurous and perilous of his many travels. These volumes are also importations.

The Diary of John Evelyn, Esq., F.R.S. Edited by William Bray.

A new and imported volume in the Caxton Thin Paper Edition of the illustrated reprints of famous classics.

Gordon Keith. By Thomas Nelson Page.

We refer our readers to the review of this book which may be found elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. By Mary King Waddington.

A notice of this book will be found in the "Chronicle and Comment" of the present issue.

Smart Set Publishing Company:

The Fighting Chance. By Gertrude Lynch.

Admirers of Miss Lynch's work will be pleased to welcome her first novel. It is a story of an ingénue, and the character is extremely well drawn—so well drawn, in fact, that nearly every one will think that he or she knows the original. Miss Lynch belongs to the younger women writers, and her work appears frequently in the magazines and newspapers. Mr. Bayard Jones has made the illustrations for *The Fighting Chance*.

A Puritan Witch. By Marvin Dana.

A romantic love-story which reveals much real feeling. Mr. Dana is one of the editors of *The Smart Set*, and in his preface he says: "If any reader question the possibility of certain events in this romance, the author gives assurance that he has drawn on imagination only to a legitimate extent. In such essentials as have to do with witchcraft, herein are no flights of fancy; nought save the stern realisms of fact."

The Vulgarians. By Edgar Fawcett.

In this novel Mr. Fawcett has given a picture of American life which he has drawn from facts. The vulgarians, in spite of their great wealth, are truly likeable.

Perkins the Fakeer. By Edward S. Van Zile.

In this volume Mr. Van Zile has collected some of his reincarnation tales which have appeared in *The Smart Set*. Some of the stories are: "When Reginald Was Caroline," "How Chopin Came to Remsen" and "Clarissa's Troublesome Baby." Of Mr. Perkins, Mr. Van Zile says that he is a Yankee who lived for fifty years in India, and became an adept in mysteries rejected by the Occidental mind.

Revell and Company:

The Samaritans. By J. A. Steuart.

Mr. Steuart carries his reader into the London of to-day, where the men and women spend many of their days behind bars and where the honest poor are

herded in tenements. The book is a study of the housing of the overcrowded masses under the guise of fiction.

Esperanto. (The Universal Language.) The Student's Complete Text-Book. Containing Full Grammar Exercises, Conversations, Commercial Letters and Two Vocabularies. Compiled by J. C. O'Connor, B.A.

This grammar of the Auxiliary International Language has had the advantage of the personal supervision of the founder, Dr. Zamenhof.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

American Heroes and Heroism. By William A. Mowry, A.M., Ph.D., and Arthur May Mowry, A.M.

A text-book for children, in which the reading lessons are made entertaining as well as instructive.

Taylor and Company:

The Novels and Poems of Charles Kingsley. Hereward the Wake. Volumes I. and II. With an Introduction by Maurice Kingsley.

These are the first volumes in a Library Edition of Charles Kingsley's works. The edition will be in fourteen volumes, printed entirely in new type. The edition is to be supplemented by the Letters and Memories of his life, edited by his wife.

Young and Company:

Dainty Devils.

The author of this novel prefers to remain anonymous. The story deals with certain phases of society, and it is written with the intention of making somewhat of a stir. The author, we understand, is a New York woman, and her manuscript had many and varied experiences before it found a publisher daring enough to print it.

BOSTON, MASS.

Angel Guardian Press:

The Untrained Nurse. By a Graduate of Bellevue Hospital.

This book is not written to take the place of the trained nurse or of the doctor, but to help those persons who are not able to call upon either in time of illness.

Badger:

April Twilights. By Willia Sibert Cather.

A book of verse by a young Virginian who has spent much of her time in Nebraska, and who has done considerable newspaper work.

A Field of Folk. By Isabelle Howe Fiske.

This little volume contains over a hundred poems, the subjects being equally divided between life and nature.

Bartlett:

Aphorisms. By Ivan Panin.

A small volume of aphorisms of sorrow, of charity and love, of God, of religion, of wisdom and folly, of family and society, of conduct of life, of observations and of letters and art.

Clarke Company:

Letters and Diary of John Rowe. 1759-1762. 1704-1779. Edited by Anne Rowe Cunningham. With extracts from a paper written for the Massachusetts Historical Society. By Edward Lillie Pierce.

These extracts have been printed because "it seemed that such valuable records of life in Boston nearly one hundred and fifty years ago ought to be put beyond the possibility of loss."

Ginn and Company:

Hero Stories from American History. By Albert F. Blaisdell.

A school book which may be used as a supplementary reading book on American history for the fifth and sixth grades in elementary schools, or for collateral reading in connection with a formal text-book of a somewhat higher grade.

Wood Folk at School. By William J. Long.

The fourth volume in the Wood Folk Series. The author has become well known in the last few years because of his animal studies. In this book Mr. Long shows the deer teaching her dainty fawns, the moose directing her calf, the old bear leading her cubs, and many other glimpses of animal life. Mr. Long made these studies from his tent door in the heart of the woods.

A General History of Commerce. By William Clarence Webster, Ph.D.

A text-book in which the author tells the story of commerce in a systematic manner, in order that the reader may get clear-cut and accurate pictures of the commercial growth and decay of separate nations.

Discourse on War. By William Ellery Channing. With an Introduction by Edwin D. Mead.

The best of Channing's addresses and sermons upon war and the honour and welfare of nations are here brought together. The volume is the third in the International Library, the earlier volumes being Bloch's *Future War* and Sumner's *Addresses on War*.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Correspondence Between Ralph Waldo Emerson and Herman Grimm. Edited by Frederick William Hollis.

These letters are reprinted, with the exception of the original German letters, from the *Atlantic Monthly* of April, 1903. The letters cover the period from April 5, 1856, to December 18, 1871. The volume is illustrated by two photogravure portraits, one of Emerson, the other of Grimm.

Trent's Trust, and Other Stories. By Bret Harte.

The seven stories in this collection all deal with the old pioneer life in California which Bret Harte has immortalised. The first story in the collection occupies almost half of the book, and it contains an interesting mystery. New chapters are given in the lives of Colonel Starbottle and Jack Hamlin.

His Daughter First. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

This is the first novel which Mr. Hardy has written in a good many years. It is a story of American life of to-day, and its plot turns upon the money market of New York and the love complications of a country house party. Mr. Hardy is at present Minister to Spain.

Texas. A Contest of Civilisations. By George P. Garrison.

A volume belonging to the American Commonwealth Series. Professor Garrison is of the University of Texas, and is conversant with his subject.

A Spectre of Power. By Charles Egbert Craddock.

This author is perhaps better known under the name of "Miss Murfree," and the scenes of her stories are usually laid in the Tennessee mountain region. The present story deals with the struggles of the early French and English, and centres about the love-story of a Scotch girl, the daughter of a trader.

The Log of a Cow Boy. By Andy Adams.

A narrative of the old trail days by one who for ten years worked on cattle ranches in Texas. All told, "Andy Adams" has lived for twenty years on the plains, most of the time in the saddle, so that his story is one of actual experience.

*Little, Brown and Company:**

The Wars of Peace. By A. F. Wilson.

A novel dealing with the subject of Trusts and their consequences. A financier organises an industrial combination

*Under this heading last month we erroneously referred to the author of *Barbara, A Woman of the West*, as a woman. John H. Whitson is a man, at present living in Boston, although he was born in Indiana and spent many years of his life in the West.

which causes suffering and disaster, and eventually alienates his own son. This son buys a mill and attempts to run it according to his own ideas. The destruction of the mill is one of the dramatic scenes in the story.

Sarah Tuldon. A Woman Who Had Her Way. By Orme Agnus.

A study of an English peasant girl, who is an unusual type. The author gives a realistic picture of the conditions which exist in England among the labouring class, and the publishers have compared the author to Thomas Hardy.

The Siege of Youth. By Frances Charles.

The scenes of this story are laid in San Francisco, the author's home. "It deals with art, with journalism and with human nature," say the publishers. The author's previous novel, *In the Country God Forgot*, has been well received.

The Dominant Strain. By Anna Chapin Ray.

The hero of this novel is one Cotton Mather Thayer, whose father was a descendant of the Puritans, and whose mother was a Russian musician, and the warring strains in his nature afford material for a hero. The novel has a musical atmosphere and a modern flavour.

Love Thrives in War. By Mary Catherine Crowley.

An historical novel of the War of 1812; in which the heroine is rich in lovers, being wooed by an Indian, a British officer and an American patriot.

A Prince of Sinners. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Mr. Oppenheim is to be congratulated for having chosen an enticing title. The story deals with English social life of the present day. It is meeting with much success.

Page and Company:

The Silent Maid. By Frederic Werden Pangborn.

This is the story of Still Mægth, her strange bewitchment, and how she came to love a mortal man.

Earth's Enigmas. By Charles G. D. Roberts.

A collection of short stories, some of which have been published before and three of which are quite new: "The House at Stony Lonesome," "The Hill of Chastisement" and "On the Tantram Dyke." The stories vary in character; some of them present the problems of life or nature; others are the almost literal transcript of dreams; while others are scenes from the life in Canada with which Mr. Roberts has been particularly identified. Mr. Charles Livingston Bull has made the illustrations.

Pipes of Pan. Number II. From the Green Book of the Bards. By Bliss Carman.

There are to be five volumes of verse in this series. The first was *From the Book of Myths*, and the three which are in preparation are *From the Songs of the Sea Children*, *From the Book of Grand Pré* and *From the Book of Pierrot*.

Prince Hagen. A Phantasy. By Upton Sinclair.

The author of this "phantasy" is the person who pretended to have killed himself last year in order to write *The Journal of Arthur Stirling*, a book which THE BOOKMAN exposed in the March number.

The Book of the Rose. By Charles G. D. Roberts.

A volume of poems divided under two headings: "The Book of the Rose" and "Miscellaneous Poems."

Pilgrim Press:

The Annie Laurie Mine. By David N. Beach.

A story of "love, economics and religion," which contains some lurid illustrations by Mr. Charles Copeland. The author has kindly sent us this copy with his compliments.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Autobiography of a Beggar. By I. K. Friedman.

A humorous book telling of the adventures and the incidents relating to the Beggars' Club. There are eighteen illustrations by W. Glackens.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Coates and Company:

The Tu-Tze's Tower. By Louise Betts Edwards.

A strange story, with the scenes laid in China.

Jewish Publication Society of America:

Maimonides. By David Yellin and Israel Abrahams.

The first of a series of books to deal with "Jewish Worthies." The aim of this series is to present biographies of famous Jews, with especial regard to the general history of the periods at which they lived.

Jacobs and Company:

The Peril and the Preservation of the Home. Being the William L. Bull Lectures for the Year 1903. By Jacob A. Riis.

The subjects of these lectures are as follows: "Our Sins in the Past," "Our Fight for the Home," "Our Flight in the Present," "Our Grip on the Tomorrow." The book is illustrated.

Lippincott Company:

The True Abraham Lincoln. By William Eleroy Curtis.

The latest volume in the series of True Biographies, in which series also appeared Mr. Curtis's *The True Thomas Jefferson*. The book contains twenty-four illustrations, and many inside bits of information about Lincoln and his life. Mr. Curtis's first purpose is to show Lincoln as a man, then as a leader of the Springfield Bar, as an orator, as a politician, as President, and so on to the end.

Pigs in Clover. By Frank Danby.

No adequate idea of this book can be given in a few words. We therefore refer the readers of this department to the review printed elsewhere, and to the comment about the author also published in this number.

The First and Second Books of the Maccabees. Edited by W. Fairweather, M.A.

A new volume in the "Temple Bible," of which the Lippincott Company are the publishers in this country, and Dent and Company in London.

Westminster Press:

Studies of Familiar Hymns. By Louis F. Benson, D.D.

This book is the outcome of six papers which were written for *Forward* and *The Wellspring*, periodicals of the Presbyterian and Congregational publishing houses, designed for young people and the family.

CHICAGO, ILL.

McClurg and Company:

A Selection from the Best English Essays. Illustrative of the History of English Prose Style. Chosen and Arranged with Historical and Critical Introductions. By Sherwin Cody.

Following the Preface and a General Introduction, Mr. Cody takes up the following masters of English prose: Bacon, Swift, Addison, Lamb, De Quincey, Carlyle, Emerson, Macaulay, Ruskin and Matthew Arnold.

The Law of Mental Medicine. By Thomas J. Hudson, LL.D.

Dr. Hudson points out a system which is based on the principle that suggestion controls the subjective mind, which in its turn controls the functions of the body. Dr. Hudson is also the author of *The Law of Psychic Phenomena* and *The Divine Pedigree of Man*.

Rand, McNally and Company:

Composition and Rhetoric. Based on Literary Models. By Rose M. Kavana and Arthur Beatty.

In the present book the authors apply to the teaching of composition, the studio

method so long practised in the art of painting. "The method of this book," says the Introduction, "is distinctly a literary, not a rhetorical method, and differs from all others in its use throughout of a system of a typical paragraph and theme-models derived from particular pieces of literature and from conversation in our life." The book is illustrated from well-known paintings.

The King of the Golden River; or, The Black Brothers. A Legend of Stiria. By John Ruskin. Edited by Katharine Lee Bates.

A school-book belonging to the series of *Canterbury Classics*. It is the aim of this series to furnish all good reading that is desired, but it aims also to help in arousing a desire for the more imaginative and inspiring legends of the Aryan race. In the case of every volume the text of the authoritative edition will be reproduced. Miss Bates is Professor of English Literature in Wellesley College.

Stone and Company:

Truth and a Woman. By Anna Robeson Brown.

A story essentially for women, suitable for summer reading.

LONDON.

Duckworth and Company:

A Girl Among the Anarchists. By Isabel Meredith.

In a preface to this novel Mr. Morley Roberts writes: "This book, if it is read with understanding, will, I feel assured, do not a little to show how it comes about that Anarchism is as truly endemic in Western civilisations as cholera is in India. Isabel Meredith . . . occupies a very curious and unique position in the history of English Anarchism. . . . So far as the outlook of her book extends, she is a disciple of Spinoza."

Church Discipline. By Joseph McCabe.

An ethical study of the Church of Rome, in which the author has embodied the material of a series of lectures which he delivered under the auspices of the Union of Ethical Societies.

Gay and Bird:

Idle-Hour Flights. By Robert D. Burnie.

An imported volume of verse. In an Appendix Mr. Burnie has printed the "Elegy on Alfred, Bishop of Llandaff," written by Mrs. Key-Blunt, a daughter of the composer of "The Star-Spangled Banner." "I have not before had an opportunity of publishing it," writes Mr. Burnie, "and my reason for now thus doing so is that I am hopeful that it may circulate in the United States, and that

in that great republic many will be pleased to have the opportunity to read the beautiful elegy, and to have the name of their talented countrywoman thus brought under notice.

Richards:

Hephæstus. By Arthur Stringer.

An imported book of verse, which contains, besides the initial poem, "Persephone at Enna" and "Sappho in Leucadia." Mr. Stringer is a young Canadian, whose work appears frequently in the various magazines and whose first novel is to be published in the near future.

A Study of Metre. By T. S. Omond.

An imported book, dedicated to "all lovers of English poetry." The present volume is built upon certain essays and magazine articles of a mainly tentative character, which were published about six years ago. The author has revised and restated his own views, as well as paid attention to those of others.

ASHLAND, WIS.

Chemaquamegon Press:

More Light on a Dark Subject. By Dr. J. R. Bailey.

The author has sent us a personal copy of his book, which he describes as "a series of lessons in higher physiology for the benefit of parents and posterity."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Hall:

Physicians, Their Patients, Pills, Paregoric, Poisons! By Earle Scanland.

A paper-covered book published in Brooklyn, and costing twenty-five cents a copy. The author herself tells us that it is very amusing.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Sever and Company:

The Legend of the Holy Grail and the Perceval of Crestien of Troyes. By William Wells Newell.

The papers in this pamphlet are reprints from the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*.

CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Tribune Company Print:

The Quaint Family of Three. By Duncan McRa.

A small paper-covered book, in which the writer describes a family living in a log house in West Virginia.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Jennings and Pye:

Where Town and Country Meet. By James Buckham.

Most of the sketches in this book appeared in *Zion's Herald*, of Boston. These sketches are under the following headings: "Indian Spring," "In Angling Time," "Some Hermits of the Marsh," "Pilgrims of the Night," "The Music of Brooks," "In the Heart of the Pines," "A Doorstep Singer," and others of a similar nature.

EVANSTON, ILL.

Lord:

Evenings in Little Russia. From the Russian of Gógol. Translated by Edna Worthley Underwood and William Hamilton Cline.

Three stories and a preface by Gógol, with a foreword by the translators, make up this volume.

FRANKLIN, OHIO.

Editor Publishing Company:

Flamina. By Alfred de Vervins.

A small book of fiction. The scene of the story is laid in Spain in the seventeenth century, and the characters are supposed to have figured in history.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Main Chance. By Meredith Nicholson.

Mr. Nicholson belongs to the Indiana school of writers. Up to the present time he has been known as a poet and newspaper man. The present book is Mr. Nicholson's first venture in fiction, and it deals with life in a Middle West city.

The Grey Cloak. By Harold MacGrath.

Mr. MacGrath writes most entertaining romances, and his new book will doubtless add to the reputation he has made in *Arms and the Woman* and *The Puppet Crown*. The story which Mr. MacGrath has to tell in *The Grey Cloak* is full of daring adventures and of joyful love-making, and it is all told in a way to hold the reader's attention.

The Works of Shakespeare. Cymbeline. Edited by Edward Dowden.

A new volume in the "Dowden Shakespeare." *The Play of Cymbeline* was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623, where it is placed among the tragedies, and is the last play in the volume.

The Song of the Cardinal. By Gene Stratton-Porter.

A bird's love-story. The book is attractively and appropriately bound in red, and the illustrations are camera studies from life.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Butler:

The Art of Living Long. A New and Improved English Version of the Treatise of the Celebrated Venetian Centenarian, Louis Cornaro. With Essays by Joseph Addison, Lord Bacon and Sir William Temple.

In this volume is presented a new translation of *The Temperate Life*, the historic treatise of Louis Cornaro. In this country we believe that the best-known edition of this work has been the one issued in London in 1779. The four "Discourses" that complete Cornaro's treatise, prefaced by an Introduction penned by Addison, are followed by essays from Lord Bacon's *History of Life and Death* and Sir William Temple's *Health and Long Life*.

MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.

Gospel Trumpet Publishing Company:

What Shall I Do to Be Saved? By E. E. Byrum.

A religious book, in which the author gives words of advice, warning, and encouragement to the unsaved, pointing out the way of salvation, and the requirements necessary to obtain it. The volume is cheaply bound and printed.

PORTLAND, ORE.

The Chieftain and Satires. By Valentine Brown.

A book of verse, which Mr. Valentine Brown dedicates to his infant son, "Zenas Shelley Brown." By consulting the preface, we learn that this is Mr. Brown's third book of verse.

PRINCETON, N. J.

University Library:

The Poems of Philip Freneau. Poet of the American Revolution. Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by Fred Lewis Pattee. Volume I.

The present edition of the poetical works of Philip Freneau was begun at the advice of the late Moses Coit Tyler. The volume is a large one, and it contains biographical matter and many poems.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Robertson:

Visions, and Other Verse. By Edward Robeson Taylor.

A new book of verse by Dr. Taylor, the author of *Moods and Other Verses* and *Into the Light*. Dr. Taylor is especially well known in San Francisco, where he lives.

For the Pleasure of His Company. By Charles Warren Stoddard.

Mr. Stoddard is the author of a number of charming books, among them *In the Footprints of the Padres, Exits and Entrances, South Sea Idyls and Mashallah: A Flight Into Egypt*. Mr. Stoddard calls the present volume "An Affair of the Misty City—Thrice Told," and it is one of those books which must be read to be appreciated.

A Tale of a Town; or, The Progress of the Trust. By Lionel Josaphare.

A pamphlet belonging to the Flame Series, about which the less said the better.

Whitaker and Ray Company:

Civil War Stories. By John T. Bell.

The author was formerly a member of the Second Iowa Infantry, and he has compiled these stories from the official records of the Union and Confederate Armies.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

Bulletin Newspaper Company:

On Our Selection! By Arthur H. Davis (Steele Rudd).

The contents of this book provided the lightest of newspaper reading when the material was published in the *Bulletin*.

TOPEKA, KAN.

Crane and Company:

Elementary Studies in Insect Life. By Samuel J. Hunter, A.M.

This book is divided into two parts. Part I. deals with the development of insects and their relations to their surroundings, while Part II. is devoted to methods, equipments, and laboratory exercises. The author is Associate Professor of Comparative Zoölogy and Entomology in the University of Kansas.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Neale Publishing Company:

Verses. By Bertha Gerneaux Woods.

A collection of short poems, most of which have appeared in various weekly and monthly publications.

The Testimony of Reason. By Samuel L. Phillips.

A book of about one hundred pages, in which the author gives the testimony of reason for his belief in the Christian religion.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between May and June, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Wee Macgregor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 25 cents.
2. Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) \$1.75 net.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Adventures of Harry Revel. Quiller-Couch. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Conquering of Kate. Mowbray. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Substitute. Harben. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Mrs. Tree. Richards. (Estes.) 75 cents.
2. Geoffrey Strong. Richards. (Estes.) 75 cents.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. The Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. Waddington. (Scribner.) \$2.50 net.
6. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Wee Macgregor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) \$1.25.
4. A Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) \$1.75 net.
5. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
6. New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. (Lane.) \$6.00 net.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
2. The Golden Fleece. Phillips. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
3. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.

5. At the Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. The Triumph. Pier. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
2. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Trail of the Grand Seigneur. Lyman. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) \$1.50.
6. Wee Macgregor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) \$1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Golden Fleece. Phillips. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Trail of the Grand Seigneur. Lyman. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. A Mummer's Wife. Moore. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Trail of the Grand Seigneur. Lyman. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) \$1.50.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Mystery of Murray Davenport. Stephens. (Page.) \$1.50.
6. At the Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Mystery of Murray Davenport. Stephens. (Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
6. Marjorie. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Grand Seigneur. Lyman. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Shute. (Everett Press.) \$1.00.
4. The Better Way. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
6. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Golden Fleece. Phillips. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Master of Appleby. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Dr. Bryson. Spearman. (Tyrell.) \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Poole Publishing Co.) \$1.50.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
4. Adam Rush. Meekins. (Hall.) \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.
5. Wee Macgregor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) \$1.00; paper, 25 cents.
6. { The Love Story of Abner Stone. Litsey. (Barnes.) \$1.20.
Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Morang.) \$1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Mystery of Murray Davenport. Stephens. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The History of Louisiana. Gayarre. (Hansell.) \$10.00 net.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Children of Destiny. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Shadow of the Czar. Carling. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Brewster's Millions. Greaves. (Stone.) \$1.50.
6. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Bird Life. Chapman. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Ruskin's Works. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$2.24.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Golden Fleece. Phillips. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Mystery of Murray Davenport. Stephens. (Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Aaron Burr Conspiracy. McCaleb. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$2.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
4. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Trail of the Grand Seigneur. Lyman. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Wee Macgregor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 25 cents.
2. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. How Paris Amuses Itself. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls.) \$1.50 net.
5. The Better Way. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.00 net.
6. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Marjorie. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. Wee Macgregor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) \$1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. For a Maiden Brave. Hotchkiss. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. At the Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

ST PAUL, MINN.

1. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
2. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
5. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Wee Macgregor. Bell. (Vancus.) \$6.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Poole-Stewart Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Briggs.) \$1.00.
4. Journeys End. Forman. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
5. A Garden of Lies. Forman. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
6. The Blazed Trail. White. (Morang.) 75 cents and \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Wee Macgregor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) \$1.00.
5. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Youth. Conrad. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Middle-Aged Love Stories. Daskam. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
2. The Story of My Life. Keller. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. No Hero. Hornung. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
4. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Adventures of Harry Revel. Couch. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

	POINTS
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " 2d " "	8
" " 3d " "	7
" " 4th " "	6
" " 5th " "	5
" " 6th " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50	195
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00	123
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50	97
4. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50	73
5. { The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50	56
6. { Wee Macgregor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) \$1.00	56

NOTE.—Through an arithmetical error, sixth place in the June BOOKMAN was given to *Darrel of the Blessed Isles*, which was credited with 37 points. That place, however, belonged properly to Anna Katherine Green's *The Filigree Ball*, published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. We find that the lists should have given *The Filigree Ball* 43 points.

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ever esteemed to proceed
from a due reverence to God,
to society and to ourselves."

Bacon



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Herr BURGSTALLER	Herr HERZ
M. TION	Herr KOCIAN
Mrs. GADSKI	Mrs. RUDOL. WUNDER
M. GRAY	Mrs. SEVGARDT

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A strong, well-fed and well-nourished brain is absolutely essential.

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It was made by a skilled food expert.

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have been established over 20 YEARS. By our system of contracts every family is enabled to purchase an up-to-date VOSA piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the new

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It is indeed the "Dainty Woman's Friend"; a delicate preparation of the purest ingredients, a luxury but also a necessity to every man, woman and child who desires the beauty of perfect cleanliness.

HAND SAPOLIO neither coats over the surface, nor does it go down into the pores and dissolve the necessary oils. It opens the pores, liberates their activities, but works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of a perfect complexion. Test it yourself.

FINGERS ROUGHENED by needlework catch every stain and look hopelessly dirty. HAND SAPOLIO will remove not only the dirt, but also the loosened, injured cuticle, and restore the fingers to their natural beauty.

AID THE NATURAL CHANGES of the skin by using HAND SAPOLIO. and you will gain, or retain, a natural beauty that no cosmetics can produce. Can you afford to be without it? Don't infer. Try it!

AUGUST, 1903.

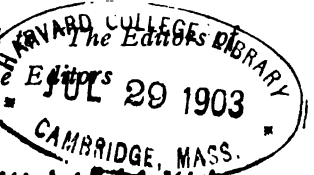
THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN should be addressed

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X H Y X A A A Y I A K K A A I A Y Y X I Y Y I A A A A A

The new series of stories dealing with Sherlock Holmes is to be entitled *The Return of Sherlock Holmes*. It will appear in the *Strand*, in England, and in *Collier's Weekly* in this country. Consequently, the stories will not be included in the American edition of the *Strand*. Four of the stories had already been completed by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle when we discussed the matter with him a few weeks ago. The titles of these four are as follows:

- I. The Adventure of the Empty House.
- II. The Adventure of the Norwood Builder.
- III. The Adventure of the Dancing Man.
- IV. The Adventure of the Solitary Cyclist.

It is not yet decided whether the new series will contain eight or twelve tales. We have had the pleasure of reading some of these stories in manuscript, and the whole subject of the return of Sherlock Holmes is one on which we shall have a good deal more to say in our next issue. Meanwhile we wish to call our readers' attention to the above cryptogram, which is the clue to the mystery of one of the four stories whose titles are given. It is a fac-simile reproduction of the message which Sherlock Holmes found on the window-sill. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle expresses himself as considering it very simple. We submit it to our readers, and should be glad to hear what they make of the message.

It is understood that for the American serial rights alone of these new stories Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is to receive something not far from two dollars a word. This bit of information reached the ears of the Senior Editor's small daughter. Now the Senior Editor's small daughter has qualified. In fact, she belongs to the Innermost Circle of three really, truly Sherlockians, and the information was received by her with huge wonder and delight. A little later she was seen going up and down with eyes very wide open and talking enthusiastically to herself. The curiosity of her elders was aroused, and approaching her quietly they overheard a dialogue which ran something like this: "My dear Holmes, you positively astonish me!" "Fourteen dollars!" "Quite so," said Sherlock. "Eight dollars."

Mr. William Eleroy Curtis has written a great many books in his time, nearly all of them based on his experiences of travel. He has given us books on South America and on Japan and on other places, but surely he never had such luck with any of these as he had with his recent and most interesting volume, entitled *The Turk and His Lost Provinces*. It appeared exactly at the psychological moment. As it issued from the press, both the Turk and most of his lost provinces were threatening each other,

Mr. W. E.
Curtis's Luck.



WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

and, incidentally, the peace of Europe. Macedonia seemed on the verge of rising. The Albanians were raiding and cutting throats. Russia and Austria were demanding of the Sultan immediate reforms. Roumania was forbidding Russian troops to cross her territory. Bulgaria was mobilising her army to help the Macedonians. Everybody expected a general outbreak, and so everybody seized on Mr. Curtis's book, the more so because it was full of things which conventional travellers would never notice, but which the keen eye of a trained journalist spotted in an instant and transferred to his note-book.

This was luck enough for one man; yet Mr. Curtis was fortunate enough to get the benefit of still another side-wind. The reading public had barely laid the book down before it had to take it up again because of the dramatic assassination of the King and Queen of Serbia. Now Mr. Curtis had made his chapter on Serbia particularly interesting. He had got together all the facts and a great deal of the gossip regarding the court life at Belgrade. The story was not a nice one, but it served to explain a great many things which, without this book, the average for-

eigner would not have known. Alexander of Serbia, descended from swine-herds, a degenerate from his birth, depraved with that touch of Oriental depravity whereof the Western world knows little, married to an obese, intriguing woman who was ten years his senior, and at last yielding himself utterly to her domination—here is a character concerning whom no dull chapter could possibly be written.

A good many persons have professed themselves shocked because vengeance has not fallen upon the officers and men who forced their way into the palace and slew their King at midnight. All this indignation is very much misplaced. Alexander of Serbia deserved to die, if any monarch ever did. If the execution of Charles I. of England can be justified, then the destruction of Alexander can almost be commended. In the first place, as a man he had disgraced his kingdom in the eyes of the world by his hideous life. As a king, he had violated the constitution which he had sworn to support. He had suspended all law and had ruled as a tyrant, being at the same time the mere tool of the doctor's widow whom he had married, and whose brother, Nikodem, he had resolved, in defiance of all reason, to proclaim as his successor. As head of the army, he had planned to have



THE LATE KING ALEXANDER.

sixty of his officers put to death during the next *coup d'état* which he was meditating. To let him go unchecked would have been to degrade the country below the level of an African despotism. To expel him from the kingdom would have been to light the fires of civil war and to make Servia a prey to intrigue for the next century to come. Hence, to take his life and the life of the dissolute Nikodem, who hoped to succeed him, was in reality the only thing that could assure a return to decent government and an end of a *régime* of lawlessness and filth. To be sure, the King might have been tried by some improvised tribunal and he might have been decorously hanged; but this would not have been one whit more legal than the swifter vengeance of the sword. Servia is still sufficiently Eastern to retain

many Oriental ways; and the death scene in the palace was Oriental to a degree. One judges things political mainly from the standpoint of their results. The result in this case has been the extinction of a line of kings whose very names have been as a stench in the nostrils of the nations, and the enthronement of a monarch who is, at any rate, a gentleman, a man of dignified and decorous ways and with no desire to go beyond his constitutional rights.

✱

The portrait of the late King, which we have herewith reproduced from the book of Mr. Curtis, is an interesting study to the physiognomist. It repels one instantly. It suggests a worm; and somehow,

King Alexander.



M. EDMOND ROSTAND, THE NEW ACADEMICIAN.



MADAME EDMOND ROSTAND.

very curiously, its repulsiveness is heightened by a superficial student look which it possesses. The face, indeed, is more German than Serb. It is a peculiar type of German—Bavarian rather than Prussian—grossly materialistic, sensual, and yet without the heaviness and stupidity which would make the other qualities quite harmless, or, at any

rate, unnoticeable. A thorough beast does not repel us. It is the combination of beast and man that is abhorrent to one's sense of what is normal. In Alexander one sees a dreadful combination of snake and swine and man, with the result that you get involuntarily the impression of a monster.

✻

Miss Gwendolen Overton, the author of *Anne Carmel*, has come upon very unusual experiences during more than half of her twenty-nine years. The daughter of Captain Gilbert Overton was born in what on the frontier passed for a fort—an army post in the far West named Fort Hayes, and she began her career of continuous travelling when she was a month or two old. At that time she was taken with the troops, in an ambulance, the long march from Kansas to Arizona. She has lived in nearly all the army posts of Arizona and New Mexico. She took to burro-back in her tenderest years. Soon she was promoted to a mule, and by and by she became a finished and noted horsewoman. She was on the frontier most of the time, and in the East part of the time, until she was fourteen. Thereafter she and her people lived for a few years in France, where she received much of that part of her education which has come from books. Later the Overtons spent two years in Washington; and when Miss Overton was about twenty-



M. ROSTAND'S RECEPTION IN THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

one or twenty-two the family went to live in Los Angeles, California. There Miss Overton lives when she is not on one of her long periodical trips to the East, to Mexico, to Canada or elsewhere. She has picked up a good deal of Spanish, as well as an exceptionally fine and accurate knowledge of the French language, of French life and of the best French literature. For the most part she is now a quiet dweller in Los Angeles.

Miss Overton belongs to the real West of the plains and mountains, rather than to modern California. She is often spoken of as a Californian writer; but as a matter of fact her outlook upon life, and to a large extent also her character both as a woman and as a writer, have been formed by the West of the plains and the mountains, where there are no health resorts. The portions of Arizona and New Mexico in which army posts were situated a score of years ago were likely to leave a deep impression on any one who grew up amid them. For this reason the distinction of Miss Overton as a Californian writer is inexact; besides, Miss Overton does not, as it happens, write about California. "If I can claim to be from or of any one place," she says, "I suppose I should say it was of the part of the country I wrote about in my first book. That life influenced me very greatly, and I dare say that no one who does not know it can understand the hold it takes on the affection and imagination of one who was brought up to it." In her choice of reading Miss Overton differs (characteristically) from other present-day novelists. She reads few modern novels, and does not care for the lives of other authors, poets and people of that description. People of action attract her; and it is the lives of these that are especially to her fancy. Modern novels she does not read to any very large extent; probably any one who has been brought up and trained on the better French novelists and the French critics becomes hypercritical. "Personally, I know I have a standard so severe as a consequence of Ste. Beuve and Brunetière that I am foredoomed to dissatisfaction with anything I may do." Miss Overton is at her desk by 8.30 every morning and works until luncheon. She spends her afternoons in recreation. In

particular she likes sailing, and much of her leisure is spent on the water in company with her younger brother.

Since M. Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* no play has caused so great a stir among Parisian theatre-goers and critics as M. Octave Mirbeau's *Les Affaires Sont Les Af-*



MISS GWENDOLEN OVERTON. AUTHOR OF "ANNE CARMEL."



OCTAVE MIRBEAU.

fares, which as a book is reviewed elsewhere in this number. Under the title *Business is Business* this play is to be presented in New York next autumn. We do not, however, think that it will be anything like so successful here as it has been at the Comédie Française. In the first place, the play is essentially French. We have our *Lechats* undoubtedly; the arrogance of wealth is as obnoxious on this side of the Atlantic as on the other; but it differs entirely in its manifestation. Secondly, we can think of no actor who will do for the character just what De Feraudy did for it in Paris. Although with *Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires* M. Mirbeau has for the first time commanded wide recognition outside of France, he has been for some years one of the most important figures of Paris literary life. Among his novels may be mentioned *Le Calvaire*, *L'Abbé Jules*, *Sébastien Roch* and the widely discussed *Journal d'une Femme de Chambre*. Among his successes on the stage are *Les Mauvais Bergers*, *Le Portefeuille*, *L'Épidémie*, *Vieux Ménages* and *Scruples*, two pieces in one act.

We are very glad to hear that San Francisco is to have a monument to the late

Bret Harte.

Bret Harte. The suggestion was made about two months ago at the Bohemian Club, and the idea quickly became very popular. The work is to be done by Mr. Robert

Aitken, the sculptor, who has saturated himself with Bret Harte literature, and is in favor of using "The Luck of Roaring Camp" as the theme upon which to base his design. He thinks, too, that the concluding lines to Harte's poem to San Francisco should be inscribed on the base of the monument. While on this subject we wish to refer to a newspaper paragraph, bearing a San Francisco date line, which conveys the news that J. A. Chaffee, famous as the original of "Tennessee's Pardner," was recently taken to an Oakland sanitarium. Since 1849, Chaffee has lived in a small Tuolumne County mining camp with his partner Chamberlain. In the early days he saved Chamberlain from the vigilance committee when the Vigilantes had a rope around the victim's throat. It was the only case on record in the county where the Vigilantes gave way in such a case. Chamberlain was accused of stealing the miners' gold, but Chaffee cleared him, as every one believed Chaffee. The two men settled down to live, where they have remained ever since, washing out enough placer gold to maintain them. Bret Harte heard of the lynching incident and wove out of it his story, in which Tennessee vainly tried to save his partner's life, although his partner had robbed him of his wife. In Harte's story Tennessee cuts down



EDWARD W. TOWNSEND, WHOSE NOVELS "FORT BIRKETT" AND "A SUMMER IN NEW YORK" ARE REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS NUMBER.

From a painting by A. Q. Collins.

his partner's body, loads it into a cart, takes it home and buries it

Two days after laying aside *Trent's Trust*, the last volume from the pen of the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," we find the seven stories which make up the book have mentally drifted away from us and are lost in the haze of Bret Harte Land. With great admiration for Bret Harte, we are convinced that there are very few readers who could pass any sort of a creditable examination in his

Jack Hamlin and Yuba Bill are types of American character which will live for some years to come. In a minute you can conjure up the pompous figure of Colonel Starbottle; you can see his law office, his mint julep, his fan, and his blue coat with brass buttons; you can catch an echo of his pompous and persuasive eloquence; but try to remember the plot of any particular story in which he took a prominent part, and you will find it quite another matter. As the volume happens to be before us, we can say that in the story in *Trent's Trust* he appears in the rôle of the guardian of a



THE BEN-HUR TREE.

The beech at Crawfordsville under which General Lew Wallace wrote *Ben-Hur* was recently destroyed by a storm.

stories. Of the forty odd volumes which bear his name, we retain the memory of the atmosphere, and of a certain set of episodes; but just what these episodes have had to do with any particular story is quite gone from us. There were, of course, a few of his characters whom one could not easily forget and whose idiosyncrasies always stand out boldly and distinctly. Perhaps they were exaggerated and their vices and virtues in a measure idealised; nevertheless, Colonel Starbottle and John Oakhurst and

little girl. "A Ward of Colonel Starbottle's" amused us immensely as we read it, but probably by next week we shall have forgotten even the title. In other words, with the exception of some few of the earlier tales, such as "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Miggles," "Tennessee's Pardner," and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," none of the stories has any distinct individuality; each is simply a part of Bret Harte land, a region which, nevertheless, you can go back to very often with profit and pleasure.

E. Phillips Oppenheim's latest novel, *A Prince of Sinners*, has called attention to this prolific English writer, whose books have been

E. Phillips Oppenheim.

steadily growing in popularity in this country. Mr. Oppenheim had written ten novels previous to *A Prince of Sinners*. He has been best known in this country, previous to the publication of *A Prince of Sinners*, by *The Great Awakening*, *A Millionaire of Yesterday*, *The Survivor* and *The Traitors*. In each of these novels his skill as a story-teller was evident. But in *A Prince of Sinners* Mr. Oppenheim was really ahead of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in attempting to show, through the vehicle of fiction, that the salvation of the English workingman is dependent upon the restoration of a protective tariff in his country. Yet in this book the tariff discussion plays but a small part, the real story being the event-



E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.



CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

ful career and love affairs of Kingston Brooks, the hero, and his relations with Lord Arranmore, the "Prince of Sinners." Mr. Oppenheim, although born and educated in England, married in 1892 Miss Elsie Hopkins of Boston, and at present he resides at Ervington, in Leicestershire. He is a member of the *Savage* and the *Authors' Clubs*, and his favourite sport is golf.

■

An exceedingly interesting figure, not only as a literary man, but as a traveller with a fondness for the unbeaten path and the remote corners of the earth, is Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, who is most widely known as the creator of *Captain Kettle*. The love of travel and adventure possessed him even as a boy. With others of his age he always spent his holidays making sailing trips in an open five-tonner around the English and Scotch coasts. Once free of school, he and his companions made straight for the sea. This remarkable life was the best apprenticeship for that later period, when perils by sea and land

had to be encountered and were braved without flinching. In savage lands Mr. Hyne does not usually go about armed like Captain Kettle. He says that in dealing with wild tribes he has always found "a big, brown, ugly fist" the handiest weapon, and probably the safest which you can carry. Last season he hunted wild boar and shot moufflon on the western spurs of the Atlas Mountains, in Southern Morocco, and ascended higher than had any European before him. His object was to prospect the country, with a view to forming a surveying expedition of greater magnitude before long, should he succeed in obtaining the Sultan's permission. Few men know Africa more extensively or have thought over its political future more earnestly than Mr. Hyne. Most of Africa will, he thinks, become, like India, an integral part of the British Empire.

Since Mr. Hyne married, in 1897, his travels have been more by land than by sea, as his wife is not a good sailor. In her company he has pretty thoroughly "done" the littoral of North Africa from Algiers to Tunis, while he has penetrated to many of the oases considerably south of Biskra. His exploits and journeys have taken him into some of the most interesting portions of the world. One of the most interesting of his experiences, to Americans, is his sojourn in our own Gulf States. He thoroughly explored the intricate group of "keys" clustered around the mouth of the Mississippi, voyaging in his yacht among scenery and verdure of incomparable beauty. It was on his journey home, sailing from New Orleans on a tramp steamer, that he met the redoubtable "Captain Kettle."

Mr. Hyne is a tall, stalwart, athletic-looking man of thirty-six, with a cosmopolitan air about him and the ability to tell capital stories. He is fond of all kinds of outdoor sports, but particularly fishing and bird-shooting. He has a large estate in Yorkshire, some of his acres being devoted to sheep farming; while he holds the rights of salmon-fishing and grouse-shooting over others. Just now he is living at a delightful old shooting-box which he has recently bought, with the date 1660 on its centre gable, close to Kettlewell, at the head of Wharf-

dale. In spite of having become "gradually tamed," as he remarks of his newly acquired willingness to stay at home, he promises further elaborations of his experience and imagination. Most of the scenes of *Thompson's Progress*, his latest story, are laid in the immediate neighbourhood of the region in which he has spent most of his life.

A very curious feature of the contemporary making of books is the comparative excellence of almost all the stories dealing with the

Sea Stories.

sea. If one picks up at random a novel of politics, or of metropolitan life, or of the Middle West, or of the American Revolution, or of some remote historical period in French or English history, one does so at considerable of a venture. But if it happens to be a story of the sea, the chances are very much that it will be found at least worth a reading, for nearly all the men writing to-day about ships and sailors seem to have real stories to tell. First of all, of course, is Mr. Kipling, of whom it is unnecessary to say much. Mr. W. W. Jacobs may paradoxically be said to have won his success as a writer of sea stories because he has wisely confined himself to the shore, being much more at home among the public houses of Wapping and the East India docks than in the forecastles of deep-sea vessels. Mr. Frank T. Bullen was doing admirable work two or three years ago, and is doing fairly good work still; while Joseph Conrad improves with each new volume. The reputation of Clark Russell is well established and does not stand in need of approval, but James B. Connolly is a new and younger man, and so we wish again to call attention to the very excellent volume of short sea tales, *Out of Gloucester*, which was published last year.

We have just been reading a new book by another writer who seems destined to take a place beside those already named. It is *Deep Sea Vagabonds*, by Albert Sonnichsen; a direct, straightforward account of two years' experience on sailing ships on the Pacific, the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans. There is no attempt at a plot of any sort; the writer started out without any definite destina-

tion in mind, and leaving one ship, embarked on another without much thought as to the port toward which it was bound. In one or two places it seems to us that the author has embellished actual fact by the introduction of a little fiction, but if certain incidents did not really take place they might readily have done so, and throughout the volume you get the smell of the sea and feel the roll and pitch of the ship, and that, after all, is the main thing. In one chapter the author has something to say on the subject of the sailor's appreciation of writers of sea stories. Mr. Sonnichsen found his shipmates sceptical about Clark Russell. "Why can't those blooming literary cranks paint sailors as they are?" asks one old tar. "*Dana's Two Years Before the Mast* comes nearest to it I know of, but that's of fifty years ago. He's all right. Here's this Clark Russell, an able seaman, you can see by his writing, but he knows more about seamanship than sailors. He might be able to write a good text-book on ship work, but when he writes novels he paints sea life about as true as dime novels illustrate life in the West—it's all cutlasses and boarding-pikes with him. Shore folks have the idea we're a lot of old water-logged, barnacle-covered shellbacks, always hitching up our trousers and chewing plug tobacco. As a matter of fact, how many of us in this forecastle chew tobacco? Why, none of us. We're pretty weak on the drink, I'll admit; but, good God, think of the many months we go without it! Then we don't 'Shiver our timbers!' or shout 'Ship, ahoy!' when we see a friend coming down the street. Not on your life! We leave that to amateur yachtsmen. Did you ever see a stage sailor? Notice how he comes from behind the wings, rolling like an old hulk in a heavy sea, squirting juice like a clam at low tide, turning his eyes about in their sockets and jerking away at his belt. Why, it is sickening!"

But good as *Deep Sea Vagabonds* is, in the point of artistic workmanship it must be ranked below Joseph Conrad's *Youth*. The first of the three stories which make up the volume, the story from which the book takes its name is the narrative of a single adventurous voyage. There were five of them, men of middle age and pros-

perity, and they were sitting round a mahogany table on which were the bottle and claret glasses. They had all begun life in the merchant service, and between them there was the strong bond of the sea and the fellowship of the craft. It was Marlow who told the story, the story of the old *Judea*, from London bound for Bankok, and as he talks the English dining-room with its mahogany table fades away and you feel something of the glow and ardour of Marlow's youth and the pathos of the old worn-out ship bearing up under repeated disasters, fighting desperately and almost humanly against death. A strong story.

It is a rather far cry from a book of such pent-up power as Mr. Conrad's *Youth* to the almost burlesque tone of Morgan Robertson's latest volume, *Sinful Peck*. In spite of a wide divergence in style, these two writers had at the start a good deal in common. They had, to begin with, that intimate knowledge of the sea and of seamanship which comes only from personal experience before the mast; and they had also a sympathetic comprehension of the sailor's point of view, his attitude toward life, his primitive desires and aspirations. But they have gradually been parting company. Mr. Conrad has steadily been taking himself and his work and life in general more and more seriously. Mr. Robertson, on the contrary, has never written in a lighter, more irresponsible vein than appears in these *Sinful Peck* stories. It will be remembered that in his first volume, entitled *Spun Yarn*, he told a story of thirteen schooner sailors from the big lakes who were shanghaied on board a merchant ship bound for the East Indies, and who, ignorant of the ways of salt-water sailors, resented the brutality to which they were subjected, refused to be "broken in," and ended by taking possession of the captain's cabin and making the captain and officers do the work of crew throughout the homeward voyage. These men answered to a choice assortment of names which, once heard, refuse to be forgotten, such as Sinful Peck, Seldom Helward, Poop Deck Cahill and Bigpig Monnaghan. Recently Mr. Robertson conceived the idea of giving further instalments of the adventures of this joyous and irrepressible band. Thir-

ty years are supposed to have elapsed. The erstwhile turbulent sailors have become respectable citizens of Detroit, merchants, lawyers, bank presidents and owners of a successful line of lake steamers. Sinful Peck alone, irrepressible as ever, makes a rash election bet that he will hunt up their old enemy, the sea captain, and sign under him to make a voyage around the world. But having lost his bet, Sinful Peck does not propose to sail alone. He gives a farewell dinner to his twelve friends, and by judiciously tampering with the wine so arranges matters that the following morning twelve highly bewildered and most disreputable-looking old sailors awake to find themselves well started on a voyage around the world. The way in which Sinful Peck succeeds in lugging these twelve men with him from pillar to post, from East to West, through countless hairbreadth escapes, from Chinese pirates and deadly epidemics, forms a narrative which might have served as a text for a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. There is only one thing with which it suggests comparison, and that is a grown-up edition of the adventures of Palmer Cox's Brownies.



Another popular writer who knows his ropes almost as well as though he were a sailor born and bred, and who might have made a very creditable reputation as a writer of sea stories, is Mr. Marion Crawford, and yet, unless we are much mistaken, his recent nautical ghost story, entitled *Man Overboard*, is his first venture in this type of fiction. To be quite frank, the nautical side of the story is far better done than the ghostly element. It is curious how few authors in dealing with the supernatural know when to preserve a discreet silence. In this case Mr. Crawford seems just to have missed doing a very clever piece of work. There are two sailors who are brothers, twins bearing such a strong resemblance to each other that the officers and the rest of the crew cannot tell them apart. They are both in love with the same girl back in the town they came from, and the girl loves one of them, Jack, in return. One of them, "Jack, or was it Jim?" can whistle just one tune, "Nancy Lee;" one of them, "Jack, or was it Jim?" is a little more cheerful in disposition than the other. One of them,

"Jack, or was it Jim?" is washed overboard one stormy night, and for the remainder of the voyage many weird things are constantly happening; for instance, every night the man at the wheel hears a strange sound just behind him. It may have been only the music of the waves, but every sailor who took his turn at that wheel was willing to swear that it was "Nancy Lee." Every day the cook set forth twelve knives and forks and spoons for each meal, and after every meal there were thirteen knives and forks and spoons waiting to be washed. Every day the surviving brother, who said that he was Jack, threw the dead man's pipe overboard, and on the morrow that pipe, a little more mouldy, a little more waterlogged, but with evidence of having been freshly smoked, was found in its accustomed place. Now all this is rather cleverly managed. The reader's excitement is gradually worked up to just the right pitch. It seems a pity that the artistic finish of the story should have been marred by the introduction of a visible ghost who appears at the wedding of the girl they had left behind them at home and convinces her that she has married the wrong man.



One of the last writers from whom a story of the supernatural or mystical would be expected is Anatole France, and yet this is precisely the sort of thing which he chose to do in his latest volume—a morbid, rather gruesome tale which, with characteristic irony, he chose to entitle *Histoire Comique*. In a general way it may be defined as a study of life in theatrical circles. There is a young actress who is loved desperately, but in vain, by a member of the same company, but who has given her heart to another and more prepossessing actor. The unsuccessful suitor warns her that he will brook no rival, that if he cannot have her no one else shall. And for a time this threat avails to keep her from the man that she loves. But finally she consents to meet him at a little place outside of Paris, one of those places so typically French, with the trim, well-kept gardens and the neat gravel walk leading up to the entrance. It is while there, just as twilight is falling, that she starts nervously away from her lover, convinced that she has heard the gravel of that walk

creaking beneath the stealthy footsteps, and when later they start to leave the house they find the other man upon the threshold, who, just as he commits suicide, warns her that by his death he has put an impassable barrier between her and his rival. And in the sequel this proves to be true. Never from that time on can she and the other man draw near to each other without her hearing, like an intolerable echo, the sound of that gravel walk creaking beneath the weight of unseen feet.

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To realise that the days of variety and adventure have not entirely passed away, and

Jack London.

that the literary man of California of the present time may serve his apprenticeship in as many occupations as Bret Harte did in the mining era fifty years ago, one need only read the record of the career of Jack London, who is still a very young man, and who, consequently, may gratify his desire for change in all kinds of eccentric

ways for many years to come. As yet, the list of his different occupations, though a long one, is by no means complete. The nomadic strain in him, nourished by reading and romantic speculation, led him to leave home soon after he was fifteen. In his search for adventures among the scum marine population of San Francisco Bay he soon lost his ideal romance and replaced it with the real romance of things. He became, in turn, a salmon fisher, an oyster pirate, a schooner sailor, a fish patrolman, a long-shoreman and a general bayfaring adventurer. When he was seventeen he shipped before the mast as able seaman, going as far as Japan, and spending some time seal-hunting on the Russian side of Bering Sea. He also served at divers times in various forecastles.

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Swayed partly by interest in sociology and economics, partly by the fascination of the enterprise, he tramped many thousands of miles over the United States and Canada. "On rods and blind baggages I



VISITOR: Who is that?

MUSEUM ATTENDANT: Oh, that's an historical novelist. He is writing a costume novel, and he has permission to do his work in here, where he can imbibe the atmosphere of the old costumes and give his play the correct historical air.

fought my way from the open West, where men bucked big and the job hunted the man, to the congested labour centres of the East, where men were small potatoes and hunted the job for all they were worth. And I found myself looking upon life from a new and totally different angle. I had dropped down from the proletariat into what sociologists love

to call the 'submerged tenth,' and I was startled to discover the way in which that submerged tenth was recruited." He had more than one jail experience in the course of several thousand miles of tramping, because he possessed no fixed place of abode and no visible means of support. Later on he repeated his vagabond career in the East End of London,



JACK LONDON.

the result being his volume on *The People of the Abyss*, which, after its serial run in one of the magazines, is to appear in book form in the autumn. Eventually he decided that tramping was not all beer and skittles and returned to Oakland, where he entered the High School. Breaking off his course in the University of California in the middle of his Freshman year, he went over Chilcoat

riage, in keeping with the delightful shipboard roll of his walk. His smooth, unshaven face, with its square, firm-set chin, is strikingly expressive, the keen, grey-blue eyes are thoughtful and impassioned by turns, the brow and chin indicate strength and purpose, and the handsome, mobile mouth terminates in what some writer felicitously terms "pictured corners." He impresses any one who meets him casually as a sailor or an adventurer, not as a writer.



MARGARET FULLER.

Pass with the first of the Klondike rush of 1897. It was in the Klondike that he gathered the material for his first books, which brought him before the reading public. His first magazine article was published in *The Overland Monthly* in 1899, and his first book appeared the following year.

He is a Socialist, and takes an active part in the propaganda of the Socialist party. At present he is living on the Piedmont Hills overlooking San Francisco Bay. Among his hobbies, other than Socialism, may be mentioned kite-flying and boat-sailing. Much of his writing is done on his sloop-yacht in San Francisco Bay; at present he is writing a novel of the sea. In appearance Mr. London is a man of medium stature and weight, broad-shouldered, well-muscled, sturdy and of a breezy car-

We publish in another part of this number a paper by Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer which was suggested by the recent appearance of Margaret Fuller's love-letters to James Nathan. This paper of Mrs. Meyer's represents the view of those who still cherish an enthusiasm for the personality of Margaret Fuller. In this enthusiasm we must confess that we do not share. In her own day her rather scrappy erudition was easily accepted as profound. Her aggressiveness was admired as indicating force of character. Her incoherent talk was thought to contain a subtle philosophy. Her eccentric ways impressed shallow minds as indicative of originality. Emerson was amused by her; but he saw clearly enough that she was in reality a freak, and he said so in his reminiscences. To-day the woman would be regarded with derision, and her performances would be restricted to women's clubs and the Stetsonian Sisterhood. Her plain and almost unpleasant face, her strange, nervous peculiarities, her nasal twang and her arrogant assumption that she was one of the forces of the age would relegate her instantly to the long category of offensive cranks. Her cheap erudition, based upon some reading of German literature and a very shaky knowledge of the classics, would now appear positively ridiculous in the face of her pretensions. All that we can see in these so-called love-letters is an exhibition of egotism, pleased at finding a new field for its exhibition in long monologues addressed to a young Jewish commission merchant who was cad enough to leave the letters behind him so that they might be published, and afford further evidence of the very flimsy foundation on which their writer's reputation rests.

William Ernest Henley's death inflicts a real loss upon contemporary literature, and also removes a very striking personality. The two

**William Ernest
Henley.**

things by which he will be longest remembered are his *Hospital Sketches* and his frank revelation of the true Stevenson. In the former we have a sheaf of poems worthy of comparison with those written by that strange French genius Hégésippe Moreau, who, like Henley, wrought out, upon the cot of a hospital, verses which are almost unmatched for poignancy and pathos. Who that has ever read the poem beginning "*Sur ce grabat chaud de mon agonie*" can ever forget it? And who that has read what Henley wrote of his horror while he lay waiting for the moment when he should be summoned to the

surgeon's knife can ever lose the impression of sickening dread which these wonderful lines convey? As for Henley's bluntness with regard to Stevenson, the judgment of his contemporaries has dealt harshly with him, not because he spoke that which was untrue, but because it was all so true as to offend those foolish souls who let their admiration for Stevenson the writer perceive a sort of demigod in Stevenson the man. Posterity, however, will be grateful to Mr. Henley for the unflinching courage with which he exposed the egotism, the selfishness and the miserly meanness of a character which was typically Scotch in its blend of sentimentality and slyness. The one poem of all which Henley wrote that has made the deepest impression is the following. It gives a perfect picture of the grimness,



THE LATE WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.



the audacity and the defiant courage of the mind which conceived it, and of the power with which the writer could use his mother-tongue:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

In publishing Mr. Simeon Ford's speeches in book form, a mistake has been made from every point of view, except, perhaps, the commercial. They may sell; indeed, they are quite likely to; but not having been meant to print, it would have been an accident if they had been worth the printing. As a matter of fact, that accident did not occur. We have read them solemnly through, and tried some of them with a joyous and ingratiating air on other people. We have inquired anxiously of many who have read them; for a conscientious person is always disturbed if he cannot be amused by what is very confidently proclaimed as humorous. It is of no use. Without the dinner and the crowd and the dull speeches that precede, and the lights and the liqueurs and the tobacco, and the competition of Chauncey M. Depew, and other comfortable discouragements of thought, they are not inspiring. This is not the least reflection on Mr. Ford as an after-dinner speaker. It simply implies that he has not killed two birds with one stone.

A recent newspaper interview quotes that candidate for fistic honours, James J. Corbett, as speaking of "the days of the London Prize Ring rules and that great English pugilist, Rodney Stone." Even

from a knight of the squared circle we should have expected something better when talking of his own profession.

On another page we are printing a poem by Mr. Meredith Nicholson, whose novel of contemporary life, *The Main Chance*, is re-

viewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Although this is his first sustained work of fiction for several years, Mr. Nicholson has been a conspicuous figure in the strenuous literary life of Indianapolis, a city which has been his home since he was five years of age. Although he found the making of verses

Meredith
Nicholson.



M. JULES CLARETIE, THE DIRECTOR OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, IN THE UNIFORM OF THE SERVICE DURING THE SIEGE OF PARIS IN 1871.

more congenial, he began by trying the law and was at one time a stenographer and general assistant in the office of William Wallace, where he came to know the lawyer's brother, General Lew Wallace, who had just then returned from Constantinople. General Wallace read his verses, liked them, encouraged his literary ambition, and soon Mr. Nicholson had given up the idea of the law and had become engaged in ac-

tive newspaper work. For ten years he followed journalism as reporter, telegraph editor, State editor and literary editor. Then he went to Denver. This change of scene brought new experience. He had undertaken the management of some coal-mining property, and as resident representative of the majority stockholders he learned much of the purely commercial side of life. Then he went to Omaha, where he married. A few years ago he returned to Indianapolis and



MRS. JOHN WESLEY (MRS. VAZEILLE), TO WHOM JOHN WESLEY WAS MARRIED, 1751.

began work on the present novel. Before this he had published a book of verse and a sociological volume entitled *The Hoosiers*, in the series of National Studies of American Letters.

We deplore the publication of any and all books of the nature of Howard Pyle's *Rejected of Men*. We do not see any reason whatever why any one should want to read this book. On the other hand, we see three very distinct reasons why people should wish to avoid doing so. • In the first place, it is downright blasphemous; in the second place, it is in the worst possible taste; and in the third place, it is very, very dull.

The late Richard Henry Stoddard possessed the sort of reputation which has no reference to actual achievement. He began to write verse at a time when our countrymen were still in a very raw state of cultivation, and when to write even fairly well was an exceptional thing. Mr. Stoddard never wrote more than fairly well, but he became known; and during the last twenty years of his life he had a sort of vague, intangible recognition, based upon the general impression that he had done good work in the past. When the news of his death came it was not likely that one person in a hundred thousand of those who read the announcement could have told offhand the title of anything that Mr. Stoddard had ever written, or could have quoted a single line from any of his poems. It may seem rather ungracious to say this now; but, after all, it is strictly true, and it would be hypocrisy to pretend that literature has suffered any loss.

The two-hundredth anniversary of John Wesley's birth has received somewhat less notice in the secular press than was due to the memory of so great a man. For whatever one may think of Wesley from a theological point of view, there is no doubt that in the annals of Protestantism his influence has been second only to that of Luther and John Calvin. He represents in the English-speaking world a regenerating force whose impulse still endures, and which in Wesley's own time was almost miraculous. Its essence was emotional rather than intellectual, yet this only serves to show how true it is that no religion can exercise an enduring sway unless it appeals strongly to the heart. It was the weakest point in the system of Greek and Roman paganism that while they appealed to the sense of duty and to the imagination, they left the heart untouched; and on the other hand, it has been the strength of historic Christianity that it stirred the very depths of feeling.

Wesley's purely religious achievements are too well known to need recapitulation. Viewed broadly, he re- vi-



THE REVEREND JOHN WESLEY.

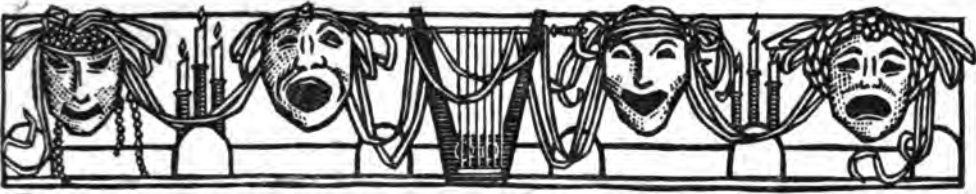
talised the Protestant faith in England and America, and made it once more a living force. The spiritual torpor into which the middle and lower classes had sunk was dispelled by the extraordinary propaganda which he carried on with an energy and an eloquence that have seldom found a parallel. The "blind mouths" of the Church of England, as Milton called them scornfully, the portwine school of theology, the fox-hunting shepherds of souls, had brutalised or stupefied the people. Wesley hurled himself upon this sodden mass of ignorance and indifference with all the fire of a Tertullian; and when he died every Protestant body had been either nourished or lashed into vigorous life.

Wesley as a man was, in every phase but one, a figure to admire. A scholar of genuine erudition, he used his scholarship for noble ends. A genial, generous spirit, he charmed even those who cared nothing for his public teaching. Even old Dr. Johnson, who detested a dissenter almost as much as he despised a Scotchman, said of Wesley: "The dog is so enchanting that I hate to meet him because he will not let me have my talk out!" Wesley's only weakness was his sentimentality where women were concerned. There was not the slightest harm in it from the point of view of morality; but his mawkish philandering made him only too often an object of contempt. He was always writing or talking to some woman in a

nauseous mixture of religious phraseology and falsetto sentiment. His pursuit of Grace Murray is well known, and she seems to have at last been bored by him so that she married another man who knew how to come to the point as a man ought to do. When he visited this country he had another long-protracted, maudlin mooning over a Miss Hopkey in Georgia—an affair which ended in an ecclesiastical and social *csclandre*, and the girl's marriage to some one else. Wesley finally wedded a widow, a Mrs. Vazeille, who was a beauty in her day, but who possessed a frightful temper and a jealousy whose manifestations were those of insanity. This woman made life almost unendurable for Wesley, and even in his old age she is described on more than one occasion as "foaming with fury" and dragging him about the room by the hair.

These personal matters are lightly touched upon by the anonymous author of an excellent life of Wesley lately published by Messrs. Eaton and Mains in a volume that is much to be commended for its profuse and interesting illustrations. The book by Luke Tyerman is still the standard biography for readers who desire to know the whole life of this great revivalist without extenuation. It is written with a curious mixture of religious feeling and worldly cynicism, and it gives details for which one may search in vain elsewhere outside of original documents.





THE INEVITABLE WORD

What finding sense, what instinct sure,
Informed the master sons of rhyme?
What magic made their words endure
Above the noise and dust of time?

Through stately speech and thrilling song
Their words inevitably leap,
As countless springs to one stream throng
And in communion onward sweep.

The bold for long may strive to match
The world's long-tested, singing lines,
And yet a careless tavern catch
Among their best unrivalled shines!

And scholars grave, with studious care,
O'erlook what untaught men have found
Beside the common thoroughfare
In harsh, untilled, forbidding ground.

Alert and strong the martial thought
In marching cadence wheels and climbs,
And hymns of faith, but crudely wrought,
Ring in the heart their deathless chimes.

And whether Chance appoint the way,
Or Skill direct and guide the pen,
The laurel's won if men shall say,
"Thought need not trace this path again!"

Meredith Nicholson.





IN ARCADY.

By Hamilton W. Mabie.

III.

THE SICKLE OF DEMETER.

In the great, open world of far-spreading fields there was a sense of repose. The tide which had fertilised all things that grow and bloom and bear fruit was beginning to ebb, though there was no sign of vanishing beauty on the face of the landscape. In the riot of midsummer, when the lust of life sometimes rose to a kind of Bacchic fury of delight, there had been no richer bloom of beauty on the surface of Nature than that which lay, half seen and half remembered, on the fields in the ripe autumn afternoon. The rich loveliness that had once spread itself like a soft veil over all things had slowly sunk to their roots, and as it receded, diffused a deeper splendour, a more concentrated and enchanting beauty, over the tranquil fields.

With the ripening of the season had come a stillness in which the voices of reapers and gleaners were heard at a great distance; as if Nature had ceased to work and sat listening to the harvest songs of her children, glad in heart because of her fertility. To the tumult of creative forces vitalising the earth afresh in the early summer had succeeded the deep repose of completed work; the noise and clamour of action had died in the silence of that meditative mood which follows fast upon the finished task and reveals its quality and significance.

The final transfiguration which, like a great torch held aloft by a retreating goddess, was to flash from the heart of things a sudden, brief and ineffable splendour, was still unlighted, and the earth rested in quiet content, ripe with all

fruitfulness, laden with the wealth of vine and grain and bending bough. Through long, tranquil days the rhythm of the scythe had beat on the ear, and brought back an ancient music heard in forgotten years when the race was young and played with the gods who still haunted the world they had made. The heavy-laden wain had moved slowly across the fields, like some rude barge overweighted with an opulent cargo, and awkwardly drifting through the long afternoons to its anchorage beside the great, empty barns. A steady heat, not blinding and consuming, but pervasive and penetrating, evoked the sweetness of ripened grain, and mellow fruits seemed to distil and express their sweetness in the air. The fragrance of fruitage, so much richer than that of the budding time, filled the world and made the heart glad with the sense of fulfilment and possession.

To the man who came slowly across the fields the whole world smelled of the ripened summer; of all the rich juices which had mounted out of the soil in a million million spears and stalks and blades and stems; of all the potencies of form and colour and odour, hidden in the darkness, that had escaped to take shape in innumerable grasses, flowers and shrubs with a skill surpassing the thought of man, and had breathed into them a sweetness deep as the fathomless purity of Nature; of the mysterious fountain of life at the heart of things, which so many men have sought but which no man has found, which had silently overflowed and vitalised all things, and was now receding as silently and mysteriously as it had risen.

Life had once more expressed itself and was again silent; the old miracle had

been performed anew under the eyes of all men, and was as incomprehensible to these latest as it had been to the earliest workers in the fields; the mystery had been revealed afresh and was still impenetrable; the earth had fed her children and filled their storehouses and granaries against the time of need; but no man had seen the lift of her hand or caught the sound of her foot in all those months when the world could hardly contain the manifold and tremendous energies she kept at work.

Time, the ripener, had made friends with the man who meditated in the well-gleaned fields and had enriched him year by year. Far back in boyhood he had heard the pipes of the Faun and followed them, glad and free, into the depths of the wood and lived at ease with the creatures that hide there; the birds paid no more attention to him than to other familiar and friendly things; he had early won the freedom of the fields and been as one of the wild things that have no other roof but the sky, and are fed by the providence of Nature.

And then, in his golden youth, when the imagination kindles and the commonest things are touched with poetry, he had listened like one enchanted to the full, rich tones of Apollo's lyre, vibrating to the touch of the secret forces and revealing the mystery and splendour and sublime order of things in such a swell and sweep of melody as set all the worlds singing together. And in that divine music the world that had lain outspread in his senses in all its varied beauty sank into his imagination and broadened immeasurably into a universe whose loveliness was the bloom of the streaming life at its heart, whose aspects and movements and forces were signs and words of his own inner life, whose vastness and order and variety were a sublime symbol of an intelligence everywhere at work but nowhere revealed, which was at one with his own spirit.

These two great revelations had made his life one long, orderly, quiet unfolding; as the physical characteristics of one age had passed away its spiritual quality had been wrought into him, and he had gone on from one period to another with steadily increasing wealth of impression, knowledge and power. In-

stead of weakening, the years had enriched him; at the ripe moment in each succeeding period he had transmuted the physical into spiritual strength, and his past lived in his present, unwasted and unforgotten. Old now in years, the joy and freshness of childhood, the ardour and enthusiasm of youth, the organised and tempered strength of maturity, were his in higher measure and finer quality than he had possessed them before. For him the Faun still piped far afield when the tenderest green was on the trees; for him the far-sounding chords of Apollo's lyre were still struck when the beauty of the summer flooded the world; and now, at the summit of the long ascent of the years, he walked with Nature with quick eye, kindling imagination, and a repose in his heart as deep as that which folded the world in a vast peace.

And for him, as for all who live with Nature, the hour of revelation was not ended; upon the later as upon the earlier years there was to come the breath of the divine. As he walked the stillness seemed to deepen; the voices of reapers and gleaners died into silence; the great barges came to anchorage beside the barns. A hush fell upon the world toward sunset, so akin to that which fills the dim arches and deep aisles of cathedrals that the old man paused, looked thoughtfully over the landscape, and seated himself beside a familiar tree. The air was warm, and moved so gently that it seemed like the caress of unseen hand; the western sky turned into gold and the world became a temple the splendour of which had been foreshowed, but never realised before. All things were silent; for it was the vesper hour of the summer and Nature was both shrine and worshipper.

Reverent and worshipful the man sat with uncovered head, and eyes which seemed to see the vision of the years silently passing, laden with gifts. And while he waited and remembered and worshipped, across the level stretches of the fields, far toward the horizon, a golden mist seemed to move toward him, borne lightly forward by an unseen current of air. Slowly it drew nearer, and as it came the silence deepened and a sudden awe ran through the world. The mist grew more dense and

real, and within it outlines defined and shapes formed themselves, and the heart of the man told him that again the gods were abroad. Faint and far he seemed to hear the clear, shrill notes of the Faun, and nearer and deeper and clearer the music of the lyre breathed through the silence the great song of the creative moment; and then, preluded by the simple melody of childhood and the richer music of youth, the Goddess stood in the fields and he saw her move her divinely moulded arms as if in benediction. The glory of the west shone behind her like burnished gold and wrapped her in a splendour which at once revealed and hid her; her yellow hair was like a nimbus round her benignant face, and she moved as one who possessed the world and enriched it without self-improvement. Custodian of the fields, guardian of the sower and the reaper, the mellow air was incense to her and the bursting graneries and barns were her treasure-houses.

Behind her lay the long road of her wanderings, and as it had blossomed before her feet, so now, in the hour of her enthronement, it gathered unto itself, like a robe of cloth of gold, all the rich beauty it had won while the sun had caressed and cherished it. Before the Goddess, like a splendid offering, the richness of the world was spread; and in her its fruitful processes were incarnated and personified. The life that recorded its earliest coming in the most delicate and elusive forms of beauty, and, later, rose into a kind of Bacchic fury of creative energy until the whole world throbbed and pulsed with the divine intoxication of mounting and climbing and blossoming vitality, was hushed and harmonised in a sublime repose; its passion completely expressed, its secret and hidden forces sent to their farthest ends, its mysterious processes accomplished, its work done with divine joy and perfection.

The ancient symbolism had been manifest again in the vision of all who could understand the frozen earth; the slow-moving sun; the hard, black seed sown in darkness; the searching of the light and heat, lovingly caressing the fields; the death of the seed, the birth of the flower and grain; the slender blade creeping up out of the grave of the husk into the world of life; the growing stalk caught

in the universal stirring of things; the time of flowering, redolent of fragrance and jubilant with the songs of birds; the ripening in the long, quiet summer days, when all things were glad of life and silently grew in its fulness; and now, at the end, the fruit-bearing and harvesting, the consummation of it all and the crowning of the year.

The Goddess, whose yellow hair was like a nimbus of sunshine about her, brought the fragrance of the early summer in her train, and crocus and hyacinth, narcissus and violet, daffodil, arbutus and hepatica were in the air in delicate suggestion; in her coming the rose, which lies on the heart of nature, the ravishing symbol of her passion, bloomed again in all its deep-dyed loveliness. With her, too, moved the rich, ardent, passionate, stirring and climbing and unfolding of mid-summer, when the earth bares her heart to the sun and gives herself in a great surrender. In the Goddess, moving across the fields with a step so light and buoyant that she seemed a vision floating in air, the full, ripe putting forth of the life of the world, radiant with visible beauty to the eye and fathomlessly significant of the invisible order of things to the imagination, was personified.

And now, in the supreme hour when all the forces of Nature fulfilled themselves in fruitage, the silent watcher of the ancient mystery saw in the coming and presence of the Goddess the symbol of his own life. To him, as to the open fields, there had been the time of the sowing and of the reaping; to him, as to the landscape, there had been the early glow of life, the delicate beauty, the fresh and sweet beginnings of growth; the opening of the spirit through the senses, like a flower unfolding petal after petal to the glance of the sun and the touch of the air. To him, also, had come the effulgence of the young summer when the imagination, kindling a sudden fire and light within, had flooded the senses and streamed out over the world and touched all things with a glory not their own, and the life of the youth had been a rushing tide of joy and strength and exultant energy; deep, tumultuous and passionate with the gladness and the pain of a meaning at the heart too great for any kind of speech. And now had come the broad

content, the deep serenity, the fathomless repose of powers put forth, energy expressed, functions fulfilled, growth accomplished. In the silence which enfolded the Goddess and brought the sense of infinite peace with it the watcher was aware of the harmony between his life and the life of Nature. The two had moved so long in unison that they had become as one, set to the same music, borne onward to the same ends; each fulfilling itself in obedience to that law of order, of beauty, of fruitfulness, under which the world has bloomed and borne its fruit through uncounted centuries.

And while he watched and meditated, and the meaning of it all grew clear and sank into his soul, the golden west softly veiled itself in the mists that gather at the gates of night, and the vision faded and the man was alone with the earliest stars.

POSTLUDE.

Age had come graciously to the man who sat before the wide hearth. There had been no sudden change, no withering of the affections, no abrupt decline of power; the tide had gone out gently and softly in the hush at the end of the day and left a deep peace behind it. There had been a long ripening, and then a half-realised translation of the physical into spiritual energies; knowledge had deepened into wisdom, and in the cool of the evening there had come that tranquil meditation which distils sweetness out of arduous activities and passionate experiences; the pause which intervenes between successive stages of unfolding; the silence in which one parts from a life ending and greets a life beginning. As the grain ripens for the gleaning and the fruit for the plucking, so the spirit of a man ripens in the quietness of age.

In this deep serenity the man sat by the fire which had become a bed of glowing embers and warmed his soul as well as his body. And there passed before him the vision of the life within and the life without mounting together, season after season, to perfect fruition. He saw the tender twig, green and sensitive, growing shyly in the shadow of great trees. He saw the full, round trunk, with heavy branches dense with foliage, expanding

quietly through immemorial years, and assimilating with itself the forces of soil and air and sky until it held the ripe juices of centuries of summers. He saw the tree in its full maturity, standing in the strength of complete growth and ripeness. He heard its crash when the axe of the woodman had done its work; he had watched the earliest flame creeping between the logs, and bursting at length into a blaze in which all the forgotten summers that had given it of their vitality conspired together to recall the splendour of golden hours far down the horizon of the past. And now, its growth completely accomplished, its life completely lived, the tree had become a bed of embers, soon to become a handful of ashes.

This parable, old as the earth and new as the slenderest sapling in the woods, the old man read again with a deep and tranquil joy. There was a true kinship between him and the life going out in light and warmth at his feet, as there was between him and all things that live within the wide empire of Nature. As he sat there, with whitened locks but with the heart of youth, tranquil and expectant, the light shone on the path by which he had come and it lay before him like a road across a rolling country upon which one looks down from some friendly hill. Far off against the horizon he saw the boy, breaking joyfully into the vast playground of childhood, where the mightiest forces sport with children and the most significant and impressive forms become the symbols of their young fancies; and he caught once more the piercing tones of the pipes of the Faun.

And travelling along the road, he overtook the youth, eager, exultant, open-eyed, running with swift feet, his soul kindling into a great flame and the familiar landscape changing into fairyland at the touch of the master magician; and again, as of old, there came the flooding melody, streaming up from the heart of things, which swept from the lyre of the god and ran to the ends of the world.

Once more the road lengthened and passed through fields of ripened grain; and in the mellow silence there rose a mist against the horizon, slowly moving nearer, and out of illusive mystery of light and shadow emerged the goddess of

the yellow hair, for whom the earth yields up her store of vitality, and in whom all things that fulfil themselves in perfect growth are personified.

Without, the stillness of the winter night filled the wide heavens set with a thousand stars. The earth was hidden out of sight by a great fall of snow, which had wrought magical changes in the familiar landscape. Long ago the last harvest-field had been gleaned, and the latest load safely housed in the great barns. The meadows lay cold and sterile in the fierce winds that swept them; and the shining heavens seemed to be infinitely distant from the earth over which they had brooded in the long summer days.

The old man saw the stainless white-

ness on the stretches of meadow and the icy glitter of the wintry stars, but there was no shadow on his face. The fields, like the tree, had lived their life to the end and borne their fruit. The glow was fading among the embers, and he overlaid them with ashes; to-morrow another hand would uncover them, and their last lingering vitality would light another fire. Deep under the snow he heard the stirrings of the life that was making ready for another outpouring of blossom and fruit.

To-night a sinking fire, an ice-bound world, a body smitten with age; to-morrow the glow of another flame, the beauty of another summer, the reach and splendour of a larger life!

THE END.

EASY LESSONS IN FICTION

HOW TO MAKE A COLONIAL NOVEL AND A REPUTATION AS A HISTORIAN AT THE SAME TIME.

The young beginner who wishes to make two hundred and seventy-seven dollars a week at his home by a light and easy fireside occupation will find nothing better suited to his purpose than a novel of Revolutionary days of the kind known to the book trade as a "seller." He should bear in mind, however, that he cannot make as much during the first week of his endeavour, as a great portion of that time should be devoted to a careful study of the period that he desires to treat, and of the most striking figures in the War of Independence. At the same time, he should lay in a supply of the stock phrases that tradition asserts were current in the early days of our national existence. Any old literary hack will gladly give him in return for a few shillings two or three score of serviceable expressions, like "gadzooks," "aye, marry," and "by my halidon."

Thus equipped, and with a handful of well-authenticated historical anecdotes in his pocket, he may begin his story, which must be thoroughly commonplace—nothing, in fact, but a sort of clothes-line on

which to string along at convenient intervals the colonial expressions that he has bought from the hack and the historical anecdotes that he has culled from his schoolbooks. The story, when finished, should be called by some name like "Mistress Betty Braxton," or "Ralph Riddlepate," or "To Clutch and to Cling." It will then be found to bear a close resemblance to my great novel, *Dashing Hal Molineux of the Buffs*," from which the following thrilling chapter has been taken:

Captain Molineux was ushered into the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, who sat at the head of the table with his eyes fixed on a man who stood trembling before him. The General had just helped himself to some peas, and a number of these were balanced along the keen blade of his steel knife:

"Shall I eat of these?" he demanded. There was no reply, and he said again: "Shall I eat of these?" at the same time raising his knife as if to trundle the spring delicacies into his mouth.

The pallid wretch lifted his hand, as if to

prevent him, and a moment later was led away into outer darkness.

"You are just in time!" cried the Commander-in-Chief, as he pushed away the dish of poisoned peas. "There is yet much to be done ere the Colonies can be free from British yoke. There is the battle of Long Island to be fought, the Delaware to be crossed, and there is a cold winter ahead of us at Valley Forge. What say you, Captain, shall we drink a bumper to good Mistress Jane?"

At this moment three patriots entered the room, bringing with them a spy whom they had just captured and in whose boots they had found a letter addressed to General Arnold.

"What is your name?" demanded the General.

"Major Andre," replied the other. "And I have but one request to make, and that is that I may be shot and not hanged."

"I regret," replied the Commander-in-Chief, "that I cannot grant you even this poor boon. I can promise you, however, a handsome monument as soon as the names of these miserable varlets who seized you have been forgotten."

The attractive and gallant young officer was about to thank the General, when Captain Molineux stepped forward with extended hand.

"Aye, marry!" he cried, "but thou canst not have forgotten bluff Harry Molineux, who entertained thee when thou didst come to visit General Tarleton?"

"By my halidon, I remember thee well. But 'twas a sorry feast that thou didst set before me then, brave Captain Hal. Nothing but sweet potatoes. Thou must do better by me now."

And the brave young royalist was led away to his prison cell, while dashing Hal Molineux strolled down to the banks of the Delaware to select a good place for the crossing, and the General summoned the landlady and asked her if she had seen General Benedict Arnold that day.

"Aye, that I have, sir," she replied. "He went spurring by but an hour ago, and 'tis said that 'twas the news of that young officer's capture that set him flying."

"Gone!" cried the General. "Did he leave no word when he would return?"

"His serving man was here in my kitchen

but a minute gone, and Priscilla, my daughter, says that he told her that the General declared that he had business of pressing importance in New York."

"If you please, sir," interrupted Priscilla, entering the door, "there's a most agreeable foreign gentleman here would like to see your Excellency at once."

"Let him enter," responded the General. "And do you bide here, too, Mistress Jane, for we seem to have come upon evil days, what with spies and poisoned peas and the treasonable conduct of Benedict Arnold."

The newcomer proved to be a young gentleman of distinguished appearance, courtly manners and ardent temperament, who, addressing the General in French, told him that he had come all the way from Paris for the purpose of offering his aid to the American revolutionists. At the same time he presented credentials signed by his august king, Louis XVI.

"This is indeed very kind of you, noble sir," replied the General, rising and grasping the stranger by the hand. "And may I ask whom I have the honour of addressing?"

"The Marquis de Lafayette," responded the stranger with a low bow. And at this moment Captain Molineux dashed into the room crying: "Eureka! Eureka! The best place for us to cross the river is at the point directly opposite the city of Trenton. Those Hessians are great people to keep Christmas, and this time we'll give 'em a surprise when they wake up."

The young beginner cannot be too careful in regard to the anecdotes that he selects for use in his colonial novel. The better they are known, the greater the delight with which they will be recognised and hailed by name by the eager reader. It is well to bear in mind the fact that those that are taken from the First Reader are superior to those taken from the Fifth Reader, because most of the people who read historical novels did not carry their course of early reading as far as the last-named point.

James L. Ford.





HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE.

By

Frederic Taber Cooper and Arthur Bartlett Maurice

Part Sixth.—1871-1884.

During the period covered by the present article the foundation of the two leading American comic weeklies, *Puck* and *Judge*, the former in 1877 and the latter in 1881, led to a distinct advance in political caricature in this country. It also made it possible for the first time to draw an intelligent comparison between the tendencies of caricature in England and in America. No one can look over the early files of *Puck* and *Judge* and compare them with *Punch* for the corresponding years without being struck with the contrast, not merely in methods of drawing and printing, but in the whole underlying spirit. For the past half century *Punch* has adhered faithfully to its original attitude of neutrality upon questions of party politics. Its aim has been to represent the weight of public opinion in a sober and conservative spirit; to discountenance and rebuke the excesses of whichever party is in power; to commemorate the great national calamities, as well as the occasions of national rejoicings. If it somewhat overstepped its established bounds in its repeated attacks upon Lord Beaconsfield because his foreign policy was regarded with distrust, it made amends with an eloquent tribute at the time of that statesman's death. And if

on one occasion it cartooned him in the guise of the melancholy Dane, with broad impartiality it travestied his great rival, Gladstone, a month or two later, in precisely the same character. Taken as a whole, the English cartoons are not so distinctly popular in tone as those in this country. The underlying thought is apt to be more cultured, more bookish, so to speak, to take the form of parodies upon Shakespeare and Dante, Dickens and Scott. And yet, taking them all in all, it would be difficult to point out any parallel series of cartoons which, after the lapse of years, require so little explanation to make them intelligible, or which cover in so comprehensive a manner the current history of the world.

On the other hand, the typical American cartoon of a generation ago concerned itself but little with questions of international interest, while in its treatment of domestic affairs it was largely lacking in the dignity and restraint which characterised the British school. Being founded upon party politics, its purpose was primarily not to reflect public opinion but to mould it; to make political capital; to win votes by fair means, if possible, but to win them. From their very inception *Puck* and *Judge*, as the mouth-

pieces of their respective parties, have exerted a formidable power, whose far-reaching influence it would be impossible to gauge, especially during the febrile periods of the presidential campaigns. At these times the animosity shown in some of the cartoons seems rather surprising, when looked at from the sober vantage ground of later years. Political molehills were exaggerated into mountains,

icature of the time. It marked the high-water line of the element of purely personal abuse in comic art. In the end the extreme measures to which each of the rival parties resorted during that year had very beneficial effects, for after the election the nation, in calmer mood, grew ashamed at the thought of its violence and bitterness, and subsequent campaigns have consequently been much more free



"POOR FRANCE! THE BRANCHES ARE BROKEN, BUT THE TRUNK STILL HOLDS."
BY DAUMIER IN "CHARIVARI."

and even those elements of vulgar vituperation and cheap personal abuse—features of political campaigns which we are happily outgrowing—were eagerly seized upon for the purpose of pictorial satire. The peculiar bitterness which marked the memorable campaign between Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Blaine in 1884 was strongly mirrored in the political car-

from these objectionable features. Mr. Harrison, Mr. Bryan, Mr. McKinley and Mr. Roosevelt have all been assailed from many different points. But we are no longer in the mood to tolerate attempts to rake up alleged personal scandals and to use them in the pamphlet and the cartoon. Enough of this was done by both parties in 1884 to last us for a generation at least.



THE NEW YEAR BRINGS NEW HOPE FOR FRANCE.
BY DAUMIER IN "CHARIVARI."

There are cartoons which appeared in *Puck* and *Judge* which even at this late day we should not think of reprinting, and which the publications in which they appeared and the artists who drew them would probably like to forget.

Nevertheless, to the close student of political history there is in the American cartoon of this period, with all its flamboyant colourings, its reckless exaggeration, its puerile animosity, material which the more sober and dignified British cartoon does not offer. It does not sum up so adequately the sober second thought of the nation, but it does keep us in touch with the changing mood of popular opinion, its varying pulse-beat from hour to hour. To glance over the old files throughout any one of the presidential campaigns is the next best thing to living them over again, listening once more to the daily heated arguments, the inflammable stump speeches, the rancorous vituperation which meant so much at the time, and which seemed so idle the day after the election.

It is not strange that during these years American cartoonists concerned themselves but little with matters outside of their own country. For more than a decade after the close of the Franco-Prussian War there were very few episodes which assumed international importance, and still fewer in which the United States had any personal interest. France was am-

ply occupied in recovering from the effects of her exhaustive struggle; United Germany was undergoing the process of crystallising into definite form. Europe, as a whole, had no more energy than was needed to attend to domestic affairs and to keeping a jealous eye upon English ambition in Egypt and Russian aggression in the Balkan States. For some little time after the French Commune echoes of that internecine struggle were still to be found in the work of caricaturists, both in France and Germany. Before taking final leave of that veteran French artist, Honoré Daumier, it seems necessary to allude briefly to a few of the cartoons of that splendidly tragic series of his old age dealing with the France which, having undergone the horrors of the Germanic invasion and of the Commune, is shattered but not broken, and begins to look forward with wistful eyes to a time when she shall have recovered her strength and her prosperity. One of the most striking of these cartoons represents France as a deep-rooted tree which has been bent and rent by the passing whirlwind. "Poor France! The branches are broken, but the trunk holds always." Simple as the design is, the artist by countless touches of light and of shadow has given it a sombre significance which long remains in the memory. It was to Napoleon that Daumier bitterly ascribed the misfortunes of



"You shall stay there, nailed to the cover, a warning to future generations of Frenchmen."
By Daumier in *Charivari*.



The whole spirit of these pictures, which appeared in the *Fliegende Blätter* after the Napoleonic downfall in 1871, is a travesty on the splendid lines of Schiller in the "Maid of Orleans" (*Jungfrau von Orleans*).

La Patrie, and in these cartoons he lost no opportunity of attacking Napoleonic legend. Stark and dead, nailed to the Book of History is the Imperial eagle. "You will remain outside, nailed fast on the cover," a hideous warning to future generations of Frenchmen, is Daumier's moral. Of brighter nature is the cartoon called "The New Year." It represents



"THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL." FROM THE "FLIEGENDE BLÄTTER" IN 1871.

the dawning of 1872, and portrays France sweeping away the last broken relics of her period of disaster.

In Germany, also, one finds a few tardy cartoons bearing upon Napoleon III. Even in the *Fliegende Blätter*, a periodical which throughout its history has confined itself, with few exceptions, to social

satire, perennial skits upon the dignified Herr Professor, the self-important young lieutenant, the punctilious university student, one famous cartoon appeared late in the year 1871, entitled "The Root of All Evil." It portrayed Napoleon III. as a gigantic, distorted vegetable of the carrot or turnip order, his flabby features distended into tuberous rotundity, the familiar hall-mark of his sweeping moustache and imperial lengthened grotesquely into the semblance of a three-fold root. Still better known is a series of cartoons which ran through half-a-dozen numbers of the *Fliegende Blätter*, entitled "The Franco-Prussian War: A Tragedy in Five Acts," in which the captions are all clever applications of lines from Schiller's *Maid of Orleans*. As compared with the work of really great cartoonists, this series has little to make it memorable. But as an expression of a victorious nation's good-natured contempt, its tendency to view the whole fierce struggle of 1870-71 as an amusing farce enacted by a company of grotesque marionettes, it is not without significance and interest.

Punch, however, is really the most satisfactory and comprehensive source for the history of political caricature during the years following the siege of Paris down to 1886. From the indefatigable pencil of Tenniel and Sambourne we get an exhaustive and pungent record of the whole period of Disraeli's ascendancy, the fruits of his much-criticised foreign policy, England's attitude regarding the Suez Canal, her share in the Turco-Russian conflict, her acquisition of the island of Cyprus, the fall of Khartoum, the Fenian difficulties of 1885 and the history of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy.

Throughout the cartoons of this period there is no one figure which appears with more persistent regularity than that of Lord Beaconsfield, and with scarcely an exception he is uniformly treated with the same unmistakable air of indulgent contempt. Of course, his strongly marked features, the unmistakably Semitic cast of nose and lips, the closely curled black ringlets clustering above his ears, all offered irresistible temptation to the cartoonist, with the result that throughout the entire series, in whatever guise he is portrayed, the suggestion of charlatan, of necromancer, of mountebank, of one kind or another of the endless genus "fake," is



ÆOLUS—RULER OF THE STORMS. THE EASTERLY WIND TOO MUCH FOR BISMARCK.

never wholly absent. Even in Tenniel's cartoon, "New Crowns for Old Ones," which commemorates the passage of the Royal Titles Bill, conferring upon the Queen the title of Empress of India, the scene is confessedly adapted from Aladdin, and "Dizzy" is portrayed as a slippery Oriental with an oily smile, in the act of trading a gaudy-looking piece of tinsel headgear for the more modest, but genuine, regal crown topped with the cross of Malta. The bestowal of the title of Earl of Beaconsfield upon Mr. Disraeli, which followed within a very few weeks, was too good a chance for satire for Mr. Tenniel to let pass, and he hit it off in a page entitled "One Good Turn Deserves Another," in which Victoria, with the Imperial crown of India upon her head, is conferring a coronet upon "Dizzy," kneeling obsequiously at her feet.

At this time the one international question which bade fair to assume any considerable importance was that of Russia's attitude in the Balkan peninsula. Already in June, 1886, we find *Punch* portraying the Czar of Russia as a master of the hounds, just ready to let slip the leash from his "dogs of war," Servia, Montenegro, Bosnia and Herzegovina, in pursuit of the unsuspecting Sultan of Turkey, while John Bull, in the guise of a policeman, is cautiously peering from behind a fence, evidently wondering whether this is a case which calls for active interference. It is only a few days later that the outbreak of an insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina hastens a decision on the part of Europe to "keep the Ring" and let the Sultan ward off the

"dogs of war" single-handed—an incident duly commemorated in *Punch* on June 19. The Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria, however, aroused public sentiment throughout the Continent to such a degree that the Powers united in demanding an armistice. Tenniel's interpretation of this incident takes the form of a sick-chamber, in which the Sick Man of Europe is surrounded by a corps of illustrious physicians, Drs. Bull, William I., Francis Joseph and Company, who are firmly insisting that their patient shall swallow a huge pill labelled "Armistice"—"or else there's no knowing what might happen!" The protocol on Turkish affairs which soon after this was proposed by Russia and supported by Disraeli, forms the subject of two suggestive cartoons in *Punch*. The first, entitled "Pons Asinorum," depicts the protocol as a make-shift bridge supported on the docile shoulders of John Bull and the other European Powers, and opening a lagoon entitled "Eastern Question." Over this bridge the Russian bear is stealthily crawling to his desired goal, his eye half closed in a sly wink, his sides bristling like a veritable arsenal with weapons. The second cartoon, alluding to the Porte's rejection of the protocol, represents Disraeli



"NEW CROWNS FOR OLD."

Disraeli offering Victoria the Imperial crown of India.

looking disconsolately upon a smouldering pile of powder kegs and ammunition, over which he has placed the protocol, twisted into the shape of a candle-snuffer. "Confound the thing! It is all ablaze!" he ejaculates, while Lord Hartington reminds him, "Ah, my dear D., paper will burn, you know!"

The next significant caricature which is reproduced in these pages belongs to the period of actual hostilities between Turkey and Russia, after Plevna had been completely invested and the Turks were at all points being steadily beaten back. This caricature, entitled "Tight-



"TIGHTENING THE GRIP."

ening the Grip," showing the struggling Turk slowly being crushed to death in the relentless hug of a gigantic bear, may safely be left to speak for itself without further description. Meanwhile, England was watching with growing disquiet Russia's actions in the Balkan. In one cartoon of this period, Mr. Bull is bluntly refusing to be drawn into a game of "Blind Hookey" with the other European Powers. "Now then, Mr. Bull, we're only waiting for you," says Russia; and John Bull rejoins: "Thank you, I don't like the game. I like to see the cards!" Prince Bismarck at this time was

doing his best to bring about an understanding between England and Russia, but the difficulties of the situation threatened to prove too much even for that veteran diplomat. *Punch* cleverly hit off the situation by representing Bismarck as Æolus, the wind-god, struggling desperately with an unmanageable wind-bag, which is swelling threateningly in the direction of the East and assuming the form of a dangerous war-cloud. Eventually all misunderstandings were peacefully smoothed away at the Berlin Congress, which Tenniel commemorates with a cartoon showing "Dizzy" in the guise of a tight-rope performer triumphantly carrying the Sultan on his shoulders along a rope labelled "Congress," his inherent double-dealing being suggested by his balancing pole, which he sways back and forth indifferently, and the opposite ends of which are labelled "peace" and "war."

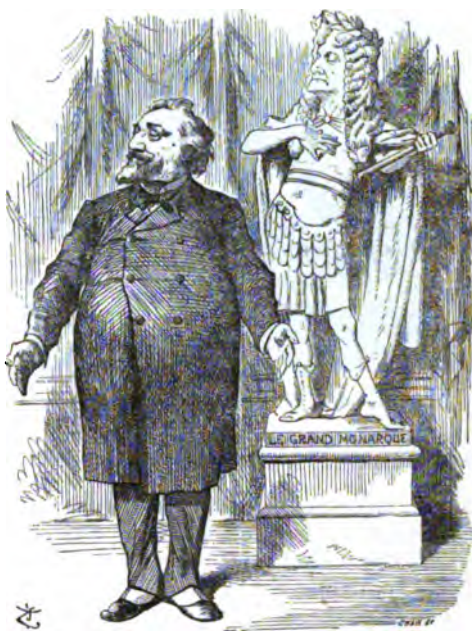
Comparatively few cartoons of this period touch upon American matters. All the more noteworthy is the one which Mr. Tenniel dedicated to the memory of President Garfield at the time of the latter's assassination. It bears the inscription, "A Common Sorrow," and shows a weeping Columbia clasped closely in the arms of a sorrowing and sympathetic Britannia.

M. Gambetta seldom received attention at the hands of English caricaturists; but in 1881, when the resignation of Jules Ferry and his colleagues resulted in the formation of a new ministry with Gambetta at the head, and both English and German newspapers were sarcastically saying that "the Gambetta Cabinet represented only himself," *Punch* had to have his little fling at the French statesman, portraying him as beaming with self-complacence, and striking an attitude in front of a statue of Louis XIV., while he echoes the latter's famous dictum, "*L'État c'est moi!*"

Two cartoons which tell their own story are devoted to Fenianism. The first commemorates the Phoenix Park outrage in which Lord Frederick Cavendish, the newly appointed Chief Secretary, lost his life. The cartoon is called "The Irish Frankenstein," and is certainly baleful enough to do full justice to the hideousness of the crime it is intended to symbolise. The second cartoon, entitled "The Hidden Hand," shows the Fenian monster receiving a bag of gold from a mysterious hand stretched from behind a cur-



A COMMON SORROW.



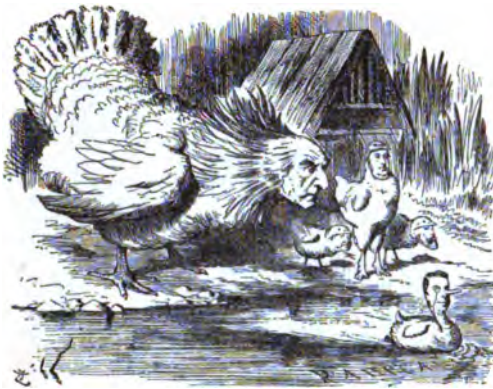
"L'ÉTAT C'EST MOI!"



THE HIDDEN HAND.



THE IRISH FRANKENSTEIN.



THE DARING DUCKLING. JUNE, 1883.

An early appearance of Mr. Chamberlain in caricature.

tain. The reference is to a supposed inner circle of assassins, directed and paid by greater villains who kept themselves carefully behind the scenes.

The tragedy of Khartoum formed the subject of several grim and forceful pages. "Mirage" was almost prophetic in its conception, representing General Gordon gazing across the desert, where, by the tantalising refraction of the air, he can plainly see the advancing British hosts, who in reality are destined to arrive too late. "Too Late," in fact, are the very words which serve as a caption of the next cartoon, Khartoum has fallen, and Britan-

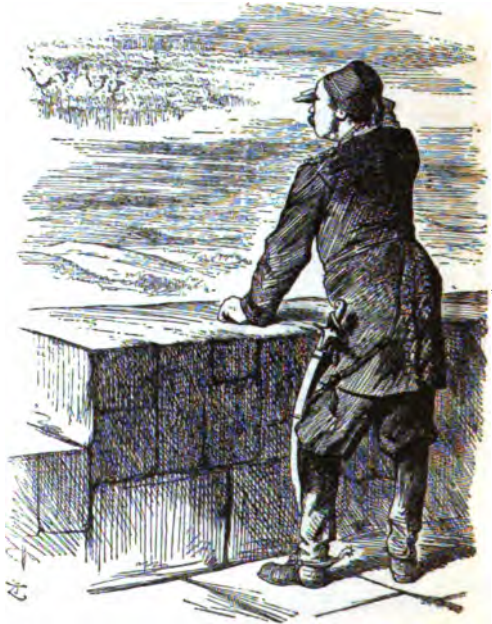
nia, having come upon a fruitless mission, stands a picture of despair, her face buried upon her arm, her useless shield lying neglected upon the ground.

II.

It was not until late in the '60's, when Thomas Nast began his pictorial campaign in the pages of *Harper's Weekly* against the Ring which held New York in its clutches, that American caricature could claim a pencil which entitled it to any sort of consideration from the artistic point of view. Some of the cartoons which have been reproduced in earlier papers of this series have possessed unquestionable cleverness of invention and idea; for instance, many of those dealing with President Jackson's administration and his relations with the United States Bank, and some of the purely allegorical cartoons treating of slavery and of the Civil War. But in all these there was so much lacking; so many artistic shortcomings were covered up by the convenient loops. The artists felt themselves free from any obligation to give expression to the countenances of their subjects so long as the fundamental idea was there, and the loops offered an easy vehicle for the utterance of the fitting sentence. It was a thoroughly wooden school of caricature, in which one can find



SETTLING THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

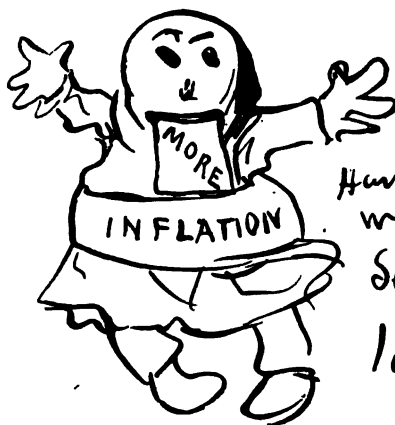


"MIRAGE."
GORDON WAITING AT KHARTOUM.



*Time - as committee -
Harpers weekly -
Feb - 14 - 1874.*

THE DONKEY: FIRST USED TO RIDICULE THE INFLATION TENDENCY.



*Harpers weekly
Sep. 4.
1875.*

The Rag Baby -

THE FIRST "RAG BABY."

LABOR CAP



*Harpers weekly
Feb. 7 - 1874.*

The Dinner Pail.



FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE CAP AND DINNER PAIL AS EMBLEMATIC OF LABOUR.



*Harpers weekly
May - 25 - 1872.*

Th. Nast.

*Grant as
William Tell - will not
surrender or bow to the
old hat.*

THE GRATZ BROWN TAG TO GREELEY'S COAT.

no trace of the splendid suggestion which the caricaturists should have been drawing from contemporary masters of the art in France and England.

Although during the years of his fecundity Thomas Nast drew many cartoons bearing on events of international importance, his name will always be remembered, first of all, in connection with the series through which he held up the extravagances and iniquities of the Tweed Ring in the pillory of public opinion. He had decided convictions on other subjects. To the end of his life it was his nature to feel intensely, even in small matters, but his scorn and hatred of the corrupt organisation that was looting New York became a positive mania, which was reflected in the cartoons which he literally



THE BRAINS OF TAMMANY.

hurled week after week against Tweed and his satellites. "I don't care what they write about me," said Tweed, "but can't you stop those terrible cartoons?" and in the end they, more than anything else, led to his downfall, his flight and his capture in Spain, where he was recognised by the police through the likeness Nast had drawn of him as a kidnapper. But in recognising Nast's services in behalf of New York City it is not fair to overlook his work as a political caricaturist on broader issues. To him we owe also the Gratz Brown tag to Greeley's coat in the campaign of 1872, the "Rag Baby of Inflation," the Jackass as emblematic of the Democratic Party, the Labour Cap and the Full Dinner Pail, which in later years were so much developed by the cartoonists of *Judge*. To-day, at the beginning of the twentieth century, we

have a caricature which for scope and craftsmanship is equal, if not superior, to that of any nation of Europe. It was Thomas Nast who first gave American caricature a dignity and a meaning.

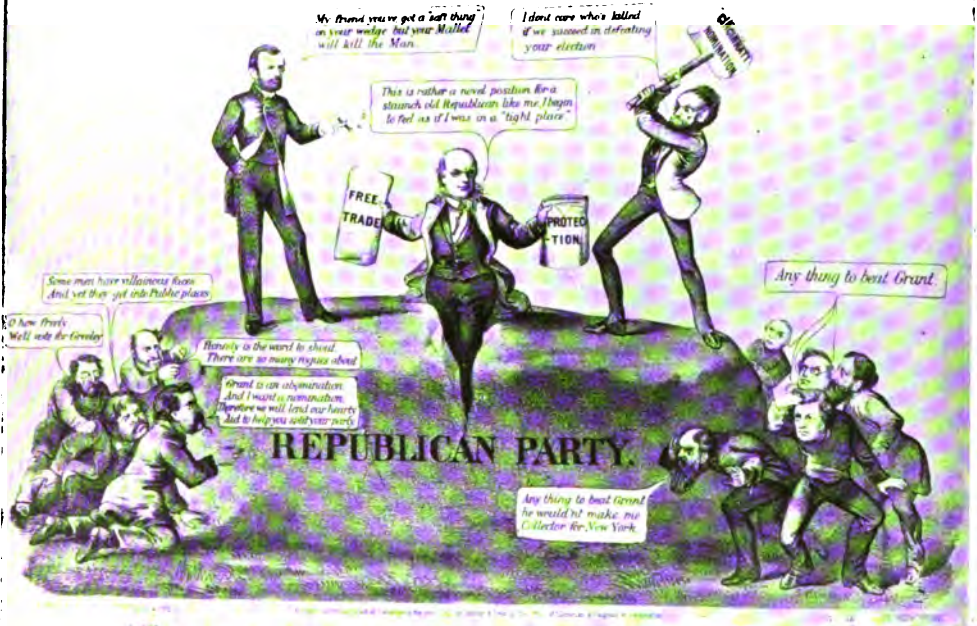
The earliest Presidential election which falls within the scope of the present article, that of 1872, antedates the establishment of American comic weeklies. The central figure in the few caricatures which have survived from that year was, of course, Horace Greeley, whose candidacy at one time was thought seriously to threaten the fortunes of the Republican Party. The caricatures themselves, with the exception of those drawn by Thomas Nast, show little improvement over the caricatures which were executed during the Civil War. The artists relied entirely upon the traditional loops to make them intelligible to the public, and the features of the political characters portrayed were expressionless and wooden. One of the best of this series was drawn in support of the Horace Greeley candidacy. Uncle Sam is represented as a landlord and President Grant as his tenant, a shiftless widow with a dog at her heels and a bottle of rum in the basket on her arm. The Widow Grant has come to ask for a new lease. "Well, Uncle Sam," she says, "I've called to see if you will let me have the White House for four years longer, as I find the place suits me very well." "No, Marm Grant," retorts Uncle Sam, shaking his head, "I reckon I'll do no such thing. I've had too many complaints about you from the neighbours during the last four years. I'm just sick of you and your tobacco smoke and bull pups, so I've given the lease to Honest Horace Greeley, who will take better care of the place than you have."

In another of this series Horace Greeley is represented as the entering wedge to split the rock of the Republican Party. Greeley, with a paper bearing the words "Free Trade" in one hand and one bearing "Protection" on the other, is represented as being hammered into the aperture by a huge mallet—Democratic Nomination—wielded by Carl Schurz. "This is rather a novel position for a staunch old Republican like me," he says. "I begin to feel as if I was in a tight place." President Grant, with a cigar in his hand, is looking on complacently.



" A POPULAR VERDICT."

TAYLOR & CO. PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK



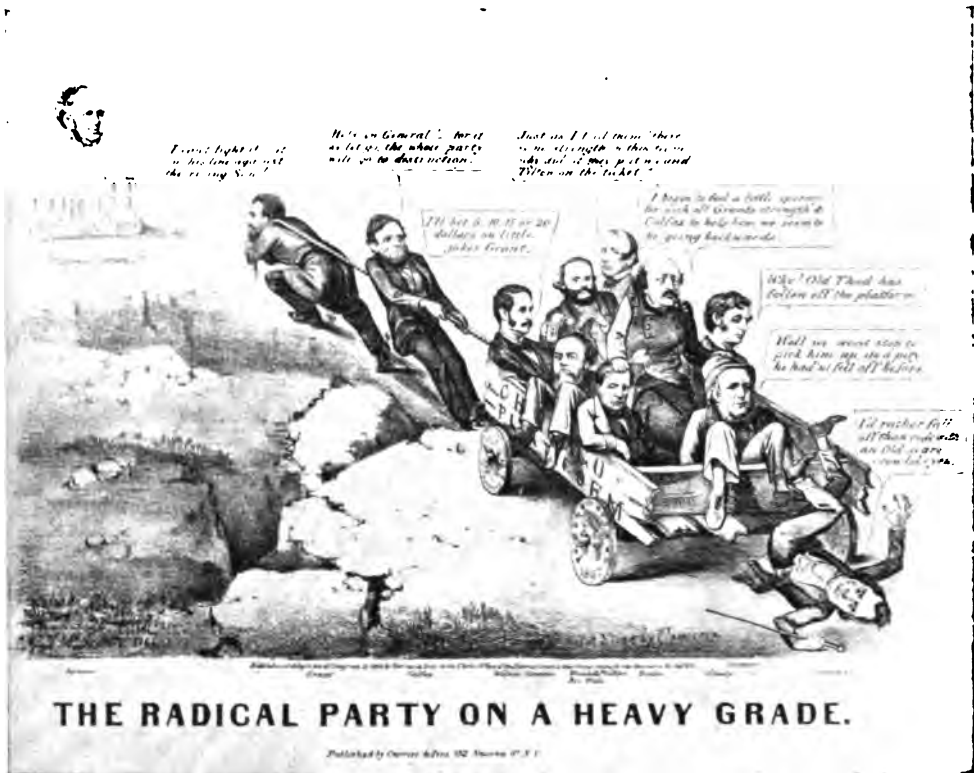
SPLITTING THE PARTY. The Entering Wedge

From the Collection of the New York Historical Society.

"My friend," he calls out to Schurz, "you've got a soft thing on your wedge, but your mallet will kill the man." To which Schurz replies: "I don't care who's killed, if we succeed in defeating your election." Below, creeping furtively about the rock, are the figures of Dana, Sumner, Gratz Brown, Trumbull, Hall, Sweeny, Hall and Hoffman of the Ring. "Anything to beat Grant!" is the cry of these conspirators. "Honesty is the word to shout, there are so many

fer, of course, to the English edition, for as a matter of fact, twenty-four numbers of a German *Puck* were published during the year 1876.

As that year was an important one in American history, these numbers can by no means be ignored, and despite their crude appearance when contrasted with the *Puck* of later days, they contain some of Keppler's most admirable work. For instance, there is the figure of the tattooed Columbia, the pre-



From the Collection of the New York Historical Society.

rogues about," mutters Tweed. "Oh, how freely we'll win with Greeley," says Hall. "Anything to beat Grant. He wouldn't make me Collector for New York," are the words of Dana. The cartoon belongs to the school of American caricature which was in vogue in the days of President Jackson.

As has already been stated, *Puck* was not founded until 1877, too late to take part in the Tilden-Hayes campaign. When we speak of *Puck*, however, we re-

cursor of Gillam's famous Tattooed Man. This figure appeared in November, 1876, and was the idea of Charles Hauser, *Puck's* first editor. The artist's idea of the unhappy condition of our nation is shown in the hideous tattooed designs with which Columbia's body is scarred from head to foot. We can read "Whiskey Ring," "Black Friday," "Secession," "Tammany," "Election Frauds," "Corruption," "Civil War," "Credit Mobilier" and "Taxes." The figure is as repulsive



THE TATTOOED COLUMBIA.

By courtesy of the Puck Company.

as that which eight years later drove Mr. Blaine to frenzy.

A familiar device in the caricature of the later '70's was that of representing political figures as being headless and placing their heads in another part of the picture, so that you might adjust them to suit yourself. In this way the artist did not commit himself to prophecy and was enabled to please both parties. For instance, an excellent example of this is shown in the cartoon called "You Pays Your Money and You Takes Your Choice," drawn by Keppler during the campaign of 1876. Of the two headless figures one is seated in the window of the White House gesticulating derisively at his beaten opponent. The other, thoroughly crushed and with a nose of frightfully exaggerated length—both Mr. Tilden and Mr. Hayes were rather largenosed men—is leaning helplessly against the wall of the cold outside. At the bottom of the picture are the heads of the two candidates, which one might cut out and adjust as pleased himself.

Probably no cartoon dealing with the Garfield-Hancock campaign of 1880 was more widely discussed than that called "For-

bidding the Banns," drawn for *Puck* by Keppler. "Forbidding the Bans" shows a political wedding party at the altar with Uncle Sam as the reluctant and uncomfortable groom, General Garfield as the eager bride, and the figure of the ballot box as the officiating clergyman. The bridesmaids are Mr. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, with Colonel Henry Watterson bringing up the rear. The ceremony is well along and the contracting parties are about to be united when W. H. Barnum, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, rushes in shouting, "I forbid the bans!" and waving frantically the figure of a little baby marked "Credit Mobilier." The faces of all the bridal party show consternation at the unexpected interruption, while the bride protests coyly: "But it was such a little one."

The defeat of General Hancock in 1880 was commemorated by Keppler in *Puck*



By courtesy of the Puck Company.



"FORBIDDING THE BANNS." A FAMOUS CARTOON OF THE GARFIELD-HANCOCK CAMPAIGN.

By courtesy of the Puck Company.

with the cartoon called "The Wake Over the Remains of the Democratic Party." The ludicrous corpse of the defunct is stretched on a rough board and covered with a loose sheet. The lighted candles at the four corners protrude from the necks of bottles, and the mourners are in-

dulging in a protracted carouse which seems destined to end in a free fight. In the centre of the picture Kelly, with Ben Butler as a partner, is doing a dance in the most approved manner of Donnybrook Fair. All about there is the general atmosphere of turmoil and unnatural excite-



THE WAKE OVER THE REMAINS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AFTER THE ELECTION OF 1880.

By courtesy of the Puck Company.



WHY THEY DISLIKE HIM.

By courtesy of the Puck Company.

3d Edition.
4 A. M.

The **World.**

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1894.

3d Edition.
4 A. M.

VOL. XXV., NO. 8475.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

CLEVELAND.

He will Surely be the Next President.

New York, Ind. Ill., New Jersey and Connecticut.

They Stand Solidly and Squarely in the Republican Column.

Whitigue Probably Carried for Blaine.

Vermont's N. Loring Crossen by Mr. Crossen.

Minnesota's Gales in Alliance, but the State Republican.

A Public Scheme to Build the Two Highways and Ports.

California, Florida and Oregon Expected to Join Republicans.

Our President has 113 Electors, and will be Re-elected.

THE MAN FOR THE HOUR AND THE OCCASION. THE EMPIRE STATE.

The New National Sexton—"He Gathers Them In."

It is Democratic and Will So Remain.

Gen. Cleveland's Plurality Between 1,000 and 2,000.

The Congressional Delegation Will be 17 to 17.

The Republicans Still Retain the Assembly.

Several Democratic States Reported from Franklin D. Thompson.



THE FIRST "TATTOOED MAN" CARTOON.

By courtesy of the Puck Company.

ment, but the figures of Hewitt, Davis, Belmont and English are stretched out in a manner indicating that the festivities of the night have proved too much for them.

As has already been pointed out, the political caricature commemorating the Cleveland-Blaine campaign of 1884 was chiefly remarkable for its extraordinary rancour. There was little, if any, really good-natured satire underlying these cartoons; they were designed and executed vindictively, and their main object was to hurt. Mr. Cleveland's official record in Buffalo and as Governor of New York had been such as to cause many of the more liberal Republicans to support his candidacy and offered little to the political cartoonist, so the exponents of Republican caricature found it expedient to base their attacks on matters of purely personal nature.

Even in later years the cartoonist did not entirely refrain from this method of belittling his capabilities. It was sneeringly said that much of the success of his administration was due to the charm, the tact and the personal magnetism of Mrs. Cleveland, and this idea was the inspiration of a number of cartoons which were far from being in the best of taste. One of these which was not particularly offensive was that entitled "Mr. Cleveland's Best Card." It was simply a huge playing card bearing the picture of Mrs. Cleveland. Another much more obnoxious was a curious imitation of the famous French cartoon "*Partant pour la Syrie*," which was published in Paris after the flight of the Empress Eugénie.

The Democratic cartoonists, besides their use of the Tattooed Man idea and the alleged scandals in Mr. Blaine's political career, made a strong point of the soundness and cleanness of Mr. Cleveland's official record. A typical caricature of this nature was that drawn by Gillam called "Why They Dislike Him." It represents Mr. Cleveland as a lion lying on the rock of Civil Service Reform. Perched on the limb of a tree overhead

are a group of chattering monkeys, his political enemies, who are hurling at him implications and abuse because he will not consent to serve as the catspaw to pluck for them the chestnuts out of the political fire. Familiar faces among the group of noisy bandar-log are those of Croker, Butler and Dana. Prostrate and helpless under the paw of the lion is a monkey with the face of Grady.

The most terrible and effective series of cartoons published during the Cleveland-Blaine campaign was that in which the Republican candidate appeared as the Tattooed Man in the political show. For many weeks during the summer and autumn of 1884, Mr. Blaine was assailed through this figure in the pages of *Puck*. The story of the origin of this historic cartoon is as follows: Mr. Bernard Gillam, the artist, had conceived the idea of a cartoon in which each of the presidential possibilities should appear as some sort of freak in a political side-show. One of these freaks was to be the Tattooed Man, but Mr. Gillam at first hit upon David Davis as the person to be so represented. He was describing the proposed cartoon one day in the office of *Puck* when Mr. Bunner, who was at that time the editor, turned suddenly and said: "David Davis? Nonsense! Blaine is the man for that." The cartoon so conceived was splendidly executed, and became one of the great pictorial factors in turning the scale of the election. It stirred Mr. Blaine himself to a point where he resolved to prosecute the publishers of *Puck*, and was persuaded from this course only by the very strongest pressure. The tattoo marks which were most obnoxious to him were those which spelled out the word "Bribery." A curious feature of this series was that Mr. Bernard Gillam was an ardent Republican, voting for Mr. Blaine on election day, and at the same time that he was executing the Tattooed Man cartoon in *Puck* was drawing equally vindictive caricatures of Mr. Cleveland and the Democratic party in the rival pages of *Judge*.

(To be concluded.)





THE FONT IN THE FOREST

There's a prim little pond
At the Back of Beyond,
And its waters are over your ears;
It's a sort of a tarn
Behind Robin Hood's Barn,
Where the fish live a million years.

And the Mortals who drink
At its pebbly brink
Are immediately changed into mullets,
Whose heads grow immense
At their bodies' expense,
And whose eyes become bulbous as bullets.

But they willingly stay
Who have once found the way,
And they crave neither credit nor blame;
For to wiggle their tails
And to practise their scales
Is enough in the Fountain of Fame.

Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.



THE REAL MARGARET FULLER*

Eighteen years ago I read for the first time *The Memoirs of Margaret Fuller*. Since then I have frequently asked myself how can the world still continue to misunderstand! Notwithstanding the large circle of friends who adored her when once upon terms of intimacy, on mere superficial impression she was fated to antagonise. Emerson has confessed to

his deep-seated prejudice, and how magnificently at last she swept it aside. James Freeman Clarke tells of the lady who fled from her for several years, only at the last to become most deeply attached to her. It was the same with many of her friends; some had a horror of "blue stockings," others had dreaded her power of satire, others had thought her affected and overpoweringly conceited, and others again had felt a personal dislike that amounted to a physical aversion—yet in the end all succumbed to her powerful magnetism. Once conquered, these reluctant friends perhaps understood

*Love-Letters of Margaret Fuller, 1845-1846, with an Introduction by Julia Ward Howe. To which are added The Reminiscences of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Horace Greeley and Charles T. Congdon. New York: Appleton and Company, 1903.

her, loved her best. This is certainly true of William H. Channing, whose portion of the *Memoirs* is peculiarly illuminating. And yet even he read into her tale of the Cactus a meaning quite other than the one Margaret Fuller intended. Here it is:

There is a species of cactus from whose outer bark, if torn by an ignorant person, there exudes a poisonous liquid; but the natives, who know the plant, strike to the core, and there find a sweet, refreshing juice that renews their strength.

The *Memoirs* have been before the world nearly a quarter of a century, and yet no one seems to have struck to the core and revealed the marvellously passionate soul, the warmly throbbing heart therein. If, as Mrs. Howe claims, the name of Margaret Fuller is still one to conjure with, it would conjure up a woman of powerful intellect and brilliant conversation, who stood for Woman and her advancement long before she recognised herself as a Cause, who was the intellectual equal of the strongest minds of her day, whose name comes down to us linked in companionship with the names of those men most dear to American bookmen. It would conjure up to few, if any, one of the most pathetic figures of all time—a woman of immense emotional capacity, yet always weighed by the intellectual scale; a woman of passionate heart, of sudden impulse, yet prized for the acuteness of her critical judgment; a woman exquisitely responsive to all manifestations of physical beauty, yet painfully aware of possessing none; a woman of important mental gifts, yet knowingly squandering them on a *milieu* not worth while; a woman of active sympathies and executive ability, yet without a really noble field of service—all these limitations felt keenly, and yet lived through with rare sweetness and grace and courage; and, finally, a woman to whom at the age of thirty-eight there came at the same moment both perfect fulfilment of the emotional life and a career at once eminently worthy, and an opportunity for complete self-expression that is granted to few of us, a respite far too brief, and then the tragic end!

Almost at random one may mine in the two volumes of the *Memoirs* and bring

up nuggets that surely have not been assayed at their true worth:

With the intellect I always have, always shall, overcome; but that is not half of the work. The life, the life! Oh, my God! shall the life never be sweet?

And this on reading Goethe:

Of a disposition that requires the most refined, the most exalted tenderness, without charms to inspire it—poor Mignon! fear not the transition through death; no penal fires can have in store worse torments than thou art familiar with already.

And this after meeting George Sand:

Will there never be a being to combine a man's mind and woman's heart, and who yet finds life too rich to weep over? Never?

And now appear her *Love-Letters*. From the moment of their whispered announcement—the world a bit aghast—I have asked myself, now will the world understand? It did not seem possible that a woman's love-letters once in print, her emotional nature could be totally misunderstood. And yet, the *Love-Letters* have encountered very largely the same mental attitude that has been maintained in the face of the *Memoirs*.*

To be sure, they are entitled *Love-Letters*, but everything has been done, save the title—for which we are probably indebted to the publishers—to intellectualise them, to attenuate the note of passion. One reviewer dares write of them that they "fairly pulsate with womanly tenderness," an admission immediately tempered by a sedate reference to the "purity of thought" and "refinement of style." Another critic gleans from the letters that the writer's relation toward her correspondent was that of "a sort of literary patroness!" Is it the custom of "literary patronesses" to touch the lips to the pages of a book that has been handled by their protégés? And do they mention their action quite casually to them?

Ten months after her parting with her lover she writes:

But, alas! we shall meet here no more. I have felt these last four days a desire for you that amounted almost to anguish.

*Yet why be astonished, for the self-revelation is far greater in the earlier book!

Is this the language of the "literary patroness?" Or this?

You come not, dear friend. The day was full of golden sunlight, for the thought of you stood at the end, but you come not.

In the Introduction the reader is informed that the series of letters is inspired by "a very fervent friendship." Let us see.

What good does it do for you to stay away, when, absent or present, every hour you grow upon me and the root strikes to my inmost life?

Is this the language even of "very fervent friendship?" Or this?

You say "be embraced," but this letter is not an embrace, and that was what I needed, to feel the warmth of your heart and soul.

The "spiritual sympathy" of the two is insisted upon at every point. Even the recipient of the letters has done his best. "Her high intellectuality, purity of sentiment and winning conversation," he says, "soon attracted me." This is disingenuous. We take more comfort in Friend Delf, who writes: "How stands your friendship with her—which, by the way, may be too cold a name for her feeling"—he does not seem to be lacking either in discernment or common sense.

One must admit that Margaret Fuller herself is somewhat to blame for this peculiar attitude. She possessed a strong reluctance to face facts—certain facts—as they were. She loved to think there was something mystic in their affinity; she speaks of being born under the same constellation, she often speaks of him as her "loved brother," of herself as his "chosen sister," now and then she is his "Muse"; she delights in contemplating "the mysterious tie that binds us." She could not bear to regard herself as just a woman in love with a man. The instant she touches the earth she bounds off again. She always had a strong distaste for what was coarse or gross; she has a delightfully feminine way of shutting her eyes to what she did not care to see. She could spiritualise the most difficult position. Something of this is personal temperament and something is to be attributed to the influences of transcendentalism. Throughout the literary expression

of the book there is the note of an inspiration that rings strangely to-day.

One instance of her peculiar cult of love is shown in her observation on Dante, Petrarch and Michel Angelo:

Michel Angelo alone was true to his idea of love, even when he could not hope the possession of its object. His love always soars; it is a stairway to the heavens.

And again:

Dante has made a record which corresponds in some degree with my intuitions, . . . for he loved from afar and never entered into the most intimate relations.

Another instance is found in her *Memoirs* on having interviewed George Sand. Here her peculiar myopic vision is revealed, together with a somewhat surprising insight:

She has bravely acted out her nature, and always with good intentions. She might have loved one man permanently if she could have found one contemporary with her who could interest and command her throughout her range; but there was hardly a possibility of that for such a person. . . . Also, there may have been something of the Bacchante in her life. . . . But she was never coarse, never gross, and I am sure her generous heart has not failed to draw some rich drops from every kind of wine-press.

There is also a peculiar dual strain, an ostrich-like burying of the head in the sand, in a woman who could write those love-letters, and the stirring revelations of the *Memoirs*, and yet after her marriage pen this:

As to marriage, I think the intercourse of heart and mind may be fully enjoyed without entering into this partnership of daily life.

It is inevitable in the face of the publication of the *Love-Letters* that the question will be asked, Is it worth while? I am convinced that the writer would never have given her permission. There is in her *Memoirs* a criticism of Goethe's Bettina that is significant:

I do not like Bettina for publishing her heart. . . . I think these veins of gold should pass in secret through the earth, inaccessible to all who will not take the trouble to mine for them.

There is also a touching bit of confidence in one of her letters:

You will understand my song, but you will not translate it into language too human.

In another letter there is a confession which, in the light of its publication, bears distinct pathos:

And forgive, should my letters be somewhat reserved. I am afraid it will make me timid that my letters must go so far and through so many hands. When they only went by the little foot page, a street or two, and I could presently add with lips and eyes all that was wanting to explain them, I had more courage than I can have this way.

Now that lips and eyes are forever stilled, does there not seem almost a sacrilege in letting these outpourings of her full heart pass through the hands of the public? Indeed, in one of her letters she specifically commanded that all should be burned:

"They have been like manna," she continues, "possible to use for food in their day, but they are not immortal. Let them perish."

Yet one may be consoled by the thought that this reserve, this dislike of revealing her emotional life, was characteristic of an unmarried woman; and that after attaining wifehood and motherhood a great deal of this reluctance would disappear. In any case, the *Love-Letters* will turn people to the real treasure-house—*The Memoirs of Margaret Fuller*; and thus, in leading to a more sympathetic understanding of the woman, they will be justified, even if somewhat vicariously.

And if the woman, Margaret Fuller, comes at last to a sympathetic understanding?

After the birth of her son she wrote this to her mother:

In earlier days I dreamed of doing and being much, but now am content with the Magdalen to rest my plea hereon, "*She has loved much.*"

How many thus sum her up, "She has loved much?" Has she not thus far been remembered rather as one who *thought* much? But to me she has long stood for the Tragedy of Womanhood which lies

in the enforced choice of either emotional or intellectual expression. To few women comes the full, free expression of both. There are women to whom this is indeed no tragedy; there are women to whom the intellectual life means all; there are women to whom the emotional life means all; there are women to whom both the intellectual and the emotional life are alike necessary. In such are planted the seeds of tragedy—and of the queendom of such were Sonya Kovaletfska and Margaret Fuller.

And since all came finally to Margaret Fuller, abandonment, motherhood, supreme sacrifice, why should one hesitate to unveil the suffering of her early life? To me her letter to James Freeman Clarke, written in her twentieth year, is one of the saddest letters ever penned by hand of woman. Remember, she was surrounded to an exceptional degree by admiring friends of both sexes; her power of understanding others, of helping them assert their better selves, of awakening and preserving confidences was by all acclaimed as little short of miraculous. Emerson, Clarke, Channing, her biographers, one and all have spoken of her supreme perfectness as a friend. They tell of confidences suddenly poured out alike by friend and stranger, by cultured and ignorant, and of the never-failing response. Clarke has evidently surprised her into self-revelation by a request for *her* confidence in exchange for his. Cannot one read between the lines the depth of pain that has caused this cry to well forth?

Ten minutes before I received your note I scarcely thought that anything again would make my stifled heart throb so warm a pulse of pleasure. Excuse my cold doubts—you will when I tell you that this experiment has before had such uniform results; those who professed to seek my friendship . . . have always contented themselves with that inequality in the connection which I have never striven to veil. Indeed, I have thought myself more valued and better beloved because the sympathy, the interest, were all on my side. True! such regard could never gratify my affections, since it was paid, not to myself, but to the need they had of me; still, it was dear and pleasing . . . and I cannot see that there is anything else for me to do on earth. And I should re-

joice to cultivate generosity, since (see that *since*) affections gentler and more sympathetic are denied me.

That Clarke did not sound the emotional depths of her complex nature is shown by his annotation that "she needed a friend to whom to speak of her studies, to whom to express the ideas which were dawning and taking shape in her mind."

To one who rightly reads, surely her need was something other than "a friend to whom to speak of her studies." Alas!

Here she is, ten years later, sitting with friends about her who cherished her deeply, and who doubtless thought her a woman completely enriched by their affection, yet she writes in her journal:

There was no warmth for me on all those altars. Their natures seemed deep, yet there was not one from whom I could draw the living fountain. I could only cheat the hour with them, prize, admire or pity. It was sad; yet who would have seen sadness in me?

And here she mourns—of course, this is all before her marriage:

... that I never should have a thorough experience of life, never know the full riches of my being ... that I was always to return to myself, to be my own priest, parent, child, husband and wife.

And this wish, drawn from the bitterness of her heart:

Could but love, like knowledge, be its own reward!

Again and again throughout the pages of the *Memoirs* we find the consciousness that, save in full emotional experience, she cannot, even as to her intellect, come fully into her own. In one of her weirdly passionate apostrophes to Beethoven, her "only friend," she permits herself an outcry:

Why is it not thus with me? Is it because, as a woman, I am bound by a physical law which prevents the soul from manifesting itself? Sometimes the moon seems mockingly to say so—to say that I, too, shall not shine unless I can find a sun. Oh, cold and barren moon, tell a different tale!

This likening of herself to the moon is a comparison often on her pen. We find it again in her poem "To the Moon," which appears in full in the *Love-Letters* (with the significant change of a pronoun):

But if I steadfast gaze upon thy face,
A human secret, like my own, I trace;
For through the woman's smile looks the male
eye.

In the *Love-Letters* also comes this significant passage:

Psyche was but a mortal woman, yet as the bride of Love she became a daughter of the gods, too."

So it makes us content—those that cherish her memory—that she, too, should have become a daughter of the gods—the bride of Love. It all came to her in the end, let us never forget that. And although the happiness came to her together with deepest anguish of mind, yet for a brief respite at least it came with peace. And the end had more in it than the fact that she died, as she always wished to die, together with her loved ones. We have the blessed certain knowledge that she would not have had it otherwise. Even had she been offered the vision of Cassandra, she would have lifted bravely to her lips both the cup of joy and the hemlock-dealing chalice.

Did she not write to her lover when suffering in their secret relation:

The violet cannot wish to be again imprisoned in the sod, because she may be trampled on by some rude foot.

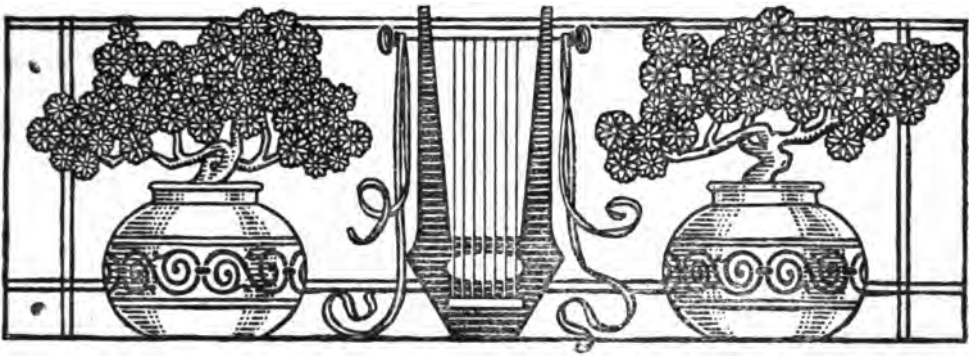
And in the *Memoirs* there appears a poem that meant much to her. May we not regard it as an irrefutable acceptance of her fate?

For once let me press firm my lips upon the
moment's brow,
For once let me distinctly feel I am all happy
now.

* * * * *

... and to its latest breath
My own shall answer. Having lived, I shrink
not now from death.

Annie Nathan Meyer.



NINE BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

MR CHESTERTON'S "BROWNING."*

Before his essay on Browning appeared certain of Mr. Chesterton's readers (and they were those who liked him the most) had become a little anxious about him. Those energetic paragraphs of his, largely quoted in the newspapers, were beginning to seem a little too athletic for the thought behind them, and sometimes insisted on matters that might as well be taken for granted. He had formed habits of emphasis which he could not break, and every now and then would thrust on you some old familiar truth with an air of discovery. It is the danger of the literary temperament, especially in the thumping days of youth, that it makes such a virtue of egregiousness, and performs all manner of acrobatic feats where walking would better serve its turn. Tell a young writer he is astonishing, and the chances are that he will aim to electrify in every line and count that day lost when the gentle reader does not jump at him. Call him brilliant and he will set his teeth and hew an epigram, no matter how foolish he feels at the time. Authors are forever getting out of order in their effort to do by sheer force of will what they have hitherto done spontaneously, and Mr. Chesterton's essays when they lost their pleasant, impulsive air lost the main source of their attractiveness. For his is a personal kind of writing, wherein a man pleases others

in proportion as he pleases himself, and if his own appetite falls off, so does that of his readers. Essay-writing is something more than the coining of smart phrases in cold blood, and in literary matters it is never worth while to seem any wiser than you really feel. There have been signs of late that Mr. Chesterton's literary style was living beyond its income.

But for a man in that state the study of Browning is the best remedy in the world, and it has cured Mr. Chesterton. The more one reads of Browning, the more certain it is that he wrote mainly for his personal relief, without regard to other people's feelings or processes of thought.

Well, British Public, ye who like me not
(God love you!)—

Some say he so disliked the usual man that he tried to hide from him. Mr. Chesterton's theory is that he thought the usual man was like himself—that "his sagacious destiny, while giving him knowledge of everything else, left him in ignorance of the ignorance of the world."

"A man who is intellectually vain," he adds, "does not make himself incomprehensible, because he is so enormously impressed with the difference between his readers' intelligence and his own that he talks down to them with elaborate repetition and lucidity. . . . But a young man of genius who has a genuine humility in his heart does not elaborately explain his discoveries, because he does not think they are discoveries. He thinks that the whole street is humming with his ideas, and that the postman and the tailor are poets like himself.

*Robert Browning, in English Men of Letters Series. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1903.

Browning's impenetrable poetry was the natural expression of this beautiful optimism. *Sordello* was the most glorious compliment that has ever been paid to the average man."

It is more likely that he never thought of the matter at all. He was vastly pleased with what was going on in his head, and he said to himself, "Out with it," and very often, as Mr. Chesterton elsewhere says, it came out tail foremost. He was quite careless of the average mind; he would as lief wreck it. He was careless of anybody else's mind, so bent was he on indulging his own. His question was not, What will you have? but What do I feel like doing? and readers had to take their chances, some to give him up as too deep, and others to beat their brains for inner meanings where there were none. He liked life so well that he prized its most vapid moments and expressed his mind at its best and at its worst, wrote sometimes as other men drum on window-panes, catalogued a lot of objects he liked the look of, relaxed in verse, ate in it, sometimes slept in it, used it, in short, for so many strange little personal purposes, that reading it sometimes seems an intrusion. Hence, he is quite as much a puzzle to the too thoughtful as he is to those who prefer not to think, for a great man's nonsense is sure to drive his commentators mad looking for a message. Browning differed from others not so much in the greatness of his mind as in the fact that he showed more of it. He seems obscure sometimes because people are unprepared for that degree of confidence. Then, there are certain preconceived notions as to the limits of literature, an expectation of large, plain things, of truth with a door-knob, of smooth, symmetrical thoughts, not at all in the shape they come to the mind, but neatly trimmed for others to see when they leave it. No living man understands Browning; but for that matter, few men understand their wives. It is not fatal to enjoyment. People who are perfectly clear to each other are simply keeping things back. Any man would be a mystery if you could see him from the inside, and Browning puzzles us chiefly because we are not accustomed to seeing a mind exposed to view. It is the man's presence, not his message, that we care for in these books; his zest for every-

thing, his best foot and his worst foot, his deepest feelings and his foolishness, and the tag-ends of his dreams. They are not the greatest poems in the world, but there was the greatest pleasure in the making of them. It is just the place for a writer to go and forget his minor literary duties, the sense of his demanding public, the obligation of the shining phrase, the need of making editorial cats jump, the standing orders for a *jeu d'esprit*; and Mr. Chesterton, with unflinching instinct, has gone there and been restored.

It is the heartiest and most delightful essay that has appeared these many years. It is the record of his own experience, which most criticism is not, and even when you disagree with him you know he could not have put it differently and told his truth. One may not accept, for instance, this distinction between Browning's and Meredith's respective obscurities, but he will hardly deny the writer's keenness or ingenuousness:

The works of George Meredith are, as it were, obscure even when we know what they mean. They deal with nameless emotions, fugitive sensations, subconscious certainties and uncertainties, and it really requires a somewhat curious and unfamiliar mode of speech to indicate the presence of these. But the great part of Browning's actual sentiments, and almost all the finest and most literary of them, are perfectly plain, popular and eternal sentiments. Meredith is really a singer producing strange notes and cadences difficult to follow because of the delicate rhythm of the song he sings. Browning is simply a great demagogue, with an impediment in his speech.

. . . If Browning and George Meredith were each describing the same act, they might both be obscure, but their obscurities would be entirely different. Suppose, for instance, they were describing so prosaic and material an act as a man being knocked downstairs by another man to whom he had given the lie. Meredith's description would refer to something which an ordinary observer would not see, or at least could not describe. It might be a sudden sense of anarchy in the brain of the assaulter, or a stupefaction and stunned serenity in that of the object of the assault. He might write: "Wainwood's 'Men vary in veracity,' brought the baronet's arm up. He felt the doors of his brain burst, and Wainwood a swift rushing of himself through air accompanied with a clarity of the annihilated." Mere-

dith, in other words, would cause he was describing queer menaces. But Browning might simply be describing the material incident of the man being knocked downstairs, and his description would run:

"What then? 'You lie' and doormat below
stairs
Takes bump from back."

is not subtlety, but merely a kind of swiftness. Browning is not, dith, anxious to pause and examine the sensations of the combatants, nor does he become obscure through this anxiety. He is only so anxious to get his man to the bottom of the stairs quickly that he leaves out about half the story.

And so it goes. There is hardly a



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

From a curious painting in possession of the Authors' Club of New York.

passage in the book that does not show the author's qualities at their best—not a touch of perfunctoriness or of the buck-fever common to those who behold genius—an intimate and cordial piece of work of a mind stimulated to good things on its own account by the qualities of what it feeds on.

F. M. Colby.

II.

DR. DWIGHT'S "MEMORIES OF YALE LIFE AND MEN."*

Dr. Dwight has employed his leisure since resigning the presidency of Yale, in calling up before another generation the now almost forgotten worthies of the college faculty during his time, and bestowing upon them most profuse and unlimited panegyric. A man of the most genial nature himself, he has seen the friends of his youth through rose-coloured glasses. A body of commonplace scholars which has left scarcely a trace on the history of its time, and whose methods of teaching were reminiscent of the eighteenth century, were each "the most learned, most gifted, most remarkable men of their day." Robert Bakewell, for example, whose name has long since passed into oblivion, was not only a remarkable scholar, but "a man of cultured manners, of very sweet and kindly disposition, of gentle and charming nature, of transparent purity of character, of the most sincere and simple Christian faith." In giving us *resumés* of the lives of these almost forgotten worthies, Doctor Dwight is unable to point out any noteworthy results of their scholastic work, no book that has shown novelty or originality, no hint that they were even abreast of their own times in science or thought. To read the good doctor's quaint catalogue descriptions of their mental traits, one would suppose these ministerial teachers of youth really lived prior to the Revolution. Theologically, many of them really were as unenlightened, narrow, and dogmatic as Jonathan Edwards. As late as 1872, we remember that they were ac-

customed to entertain their restless (compulsory) student congregations with two-hour sermons, morning and afternoon, on the relation of the doctrines of St. Paul with the Pentateuch, or some similar topic.

It is curious that the religious bias should have affected the earlier methods of teaching as it did. That it prevented any allusion to Herbert Spencer, to Darwin, to Huxley, or to any progressive spirit, might well be understood; that it looked askance at latitudinarianism, that it prevented the acquisition to the faculty of bright, but irreligious minds, that it frowned on the discussion of vital questions, might also be easily believed; but that it preserved far into the nineteenth century (indeed, up to the last quarter of it) the old schoolmaster idea of discipline and instruction, seems difficult for us to accept. In a way, the history of Yale students is allied to the history of the English people. Slowly, from precedent to precedent, their liberties and opportunities have broadened down. Student life in the forties consisted of real hardships, mental and physical. Dr. Dwight, when a student in '45, rose about 4.30 A.M., attended prayers in a cold chapel at five A.M., then recited for an hour (that is to say, was examined, for all his instructor ever said was, "Proceed" and "Sufficient"). He was then obliged to eat breakfast in commons, where the college provided food not always of an agreeable quality. Any dereliction from duty by a student was punished by a "removal from the precincts of the college." Expulsions were common. There seemed to be no mild punishments. Each student must be in his room at study each evening, and at chapel nearly all of Sunday. Tutors paraded the college campus like policemen. The college was like a barracks. The faculty was all in all, and the student had no choice of study, or religion, or mode of life. By insisting on their inherited doctrine *in loco parentis* and playing the part of police and detective, with little seeming interest in their true calling—instruction—the faculty held themselves aloof, and superior to the students, and were, in consequence, well hated. Slowly and by degrees all this has been changed, electives have come for each year, and the student

*Memories of Yale Life and Men. 1845-1899. By Timothy Dwight. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

can now choose his own study. The student may live as he pleases, in college or out, and he may believe or disbelieve in the Gospels, as he sees fit. Members of the faculty are not now necessarily ministers or theologians, nor do they police the college as in the old days when Professor Thacher, hearing a disturbance, would rush out of his house breathing

different, it appears, from the old Yale College as the elder century, with its quaintness and its formalities, is from the one that followed. The age of Woolsey, with his severities of religion and discipline; of quaint old Loomis, with his astronomies and arithmetics; of Packard, with his mysterious reputation for "Greek roots," and his cutting sarcasms at the



DR. TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

threatenings and slaughter, and, armed with a heavy cane, quell the rioting and put the students to flight. The world's freshest thought in science and religion is welcomed where once it was barred out as from a monastery. Again, where once a recitation was not intended for instruction but for examination, now genuine elucidation of the subject or text is sought. The New Yale University is as

delinquent student's expense of Porter, with his vague, indefinite religious psychology and moral philosophy; of the fiery Dr. Leonard Bacon, his long sermons and his combative pulpit oratory—has passed into oblivion, and a new and better Yale, with its young and ambitious president, presents a new order, and a better and larger ideal.

Here and there among the almost for-

gotten worthies were men who, by their genius, seemed to be in advance of their time and penetrated by a truer ideal of teaching. Professor Hadley and Professor Whitney were of these. They were Yale's greatest scholars and greatest instructors. Some of the older members of the present faculty still living, and hence not remembered in Dr. Dwight's book, may be also mentioned. Professor Sumner was one of these. Professors Wright, Wheeler and Beers are others. It was an inspiring and delightful experience to have sat under one of these in their different departments, but oh! what oases they were, in what a desert of dry examiners! How they shone by contrast! Dr. Dwight may have been, perhaps, just such another—in his classroom, helpful to students, eager to impart knowledge, an enthusiast in his specialty. In his book, he usually has the dry wit and humor of a man not taking himself too seriously—and all the old worthies took themselves so very seriously!

To-day it is the subject to be taught, not the man who teaches. Yesterday it was the man, not the subject. Old Dr. Taylor, of Andover, pounded and roared Greek grammar into his Seniors by day, and chased "wanton youths" (as he called the mischievous Juniors) over the campus at night. The great "Uncle Sam" was deemed a safe guide and pattern for the youth of those days. Parents sent their sons to this scholastic celebrity, or to that famous disciplinarian, or to this remarkably meek and lowly Christian, to get the benefit of his personal influence. Study was of little consequence. We can remember when President Woolsey was known as the Great Disciplinarian of students of his day. His rigid moral and Christian example was in the eyes of our parents far more important than study or learning. Dr. Dwight tells a story of his meeting the Senior class one time. "I understand," said President Woolsey, "that a plan has been formed by the Senior class for a ball to-morrow evening, and that much contention has arisen in the class respecting certain matters connected with it. There will be no ball."

Imagine young President Hadley adopting the tone of that laconic decision! "There will be no ball!" The

fiat pronounced, the Seniors slunk away abashed. The great man had, with cutting coldness, annihilated not only their especial ball, but all ideas of a ball forever!

To all the elder generation of Yale men Dr. Dwight's book will be a treat—even if we cannot always agree with his rose-coloured estimates of our teachers in the days of our youth. Good men they were, the almost forgotten worthies—filled with spiritual grace, if not always especially gifted, carrying the burden of the great University on to the close of the century to the best of their narrow Puritan light, true to its interests as they saw them, honest, fearless and unselfish. Dr. Dwight explains why he became early emancipated from the old "rigour and vigour." He spent the years 1856-58 in Berlin and Bonn, and received impressions from Von Ranke, Michelet, Ritter, Nietzsche and others which lasted him all his life. The old, narrow, provincial spirit which had never appealed to him, never grew to dominate his views—as appeared when, later, he was called to fill the Presidential chair. Dr. Porter ended the old, Dr. Dwight began the new University. Probably no one man had been or ever will be Yale's President at so important a time. Dr. Dwight really helped to save Yale at a threatening period. Harvard, Columbia and the new universities were making rapid strides ahead. President Porter, of the old school, was dreamily hesitating over the new and startling reforms, even combatting some of them when proposed. William Walter Phelps would go on to alumni dinners and inveigh against the old methods of the provincial ministers in faculty and corporation, to deaf ears. Almost every one was indifferent. In 1883-85 came a stagnant period, then suddenly everything changed—without their hardly knowing it, the old school of *pædagogy* had died. The new Yale was born. Dr. Dwight was its gentle and intelligent *accoucheur*. And from then on Yale has made the fine headway of a healthy child.

At the end of his book the author makes a noble appeal for further aid to Yale in its splendid progress to full development. It is well seen that he, like some of his forgotten worthies, has Yale's best interests unselfishly at heart. When the Oxford delegate to Yale's bicenten-

nial sighed as he said that Yale "was full of future glory, and that Oxford's glories were of the past," he meant not only rich endowments, but that he saw far ahead to the time when America, not England or Germany, would be the one to complete the education of the young men of the world. That time, we believe, will be here sooner than many expect. "Ah," the Oxford delegate also said, "America,

who is not content with opening fairs or posing as a figurehead in charge of a fleet, or perhaps representing his august relative in foreign countries, holding himself amiable in uncomfortable surroundings and persuading his nation that he has won the sympathies of a difficult people. The prince who does those things plays his part in world politics, and we admire him for it. But, after all,



THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI.

when it gets aroused, does things so grandly!"

John Seymour Wood.

III.

THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI'S "ON THE POLAR STAR."*

It is plain that the Duke of the Abruzzi is not a degenerate scion of the house of Savoy. He is a prince of the royal blood,

*On the Polar Star. By the Duke of the Abruzzi. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

the qualities required for such a career are a certain evenness of temper and a certain knowledge of the gossip of nations; and at present in this country what we admire more is a man's ability to cut out a career for himself. The Duke of the Abruzzi has made a personal career, and it will be remembered by historians long after the career of our royal guest from Germany has disappeared in libraries. The Duke of the Abruzzi came to America and climbed Mount St. Elias. Several persons had tried to do that, including an eminent American arctic explorer whose name is honoured among the searchers for the remains of

Sir John Franklin. He turned back on the lower slopes of the mountain, but the Duke of the Abruzzi and his party won easily to the top, and it was not good luck, but the good judgment of the leader, that brought them there.

Good judgment is not so remarkable in a leader. It might not be noticeable in the case of a commander who was not a prince; but on the one hand, it is an interesting characteristic to note, because in America we do not expect much of princes, and on the other because such a display of energy, and especially of forethought, shows that the Duke of the Abruzzi is worthy of a place beside the best of explorers, and that means a good deal. Perhaps there is only one other arctic explorer living to-day who combines the qualities of foresight and energy in such a degree as to deserve a place in the first rank, and that man is Dr. Nansen. In his arctic work the Duke of the Abruzzi has shown the same characteristics that he showed in his ascent of Mount St. Elias—foresight, system and energy; and this seems somehow unexpected in an Italian arctic explorer, for it has been something like three centuries since Italians had any concern with the arctic regions at all. To be sure, it was in rivalry with Italians that the modern desire for arctic exploration had its foundation. Familiarity with the arctic regions grew directly from the commercial necessity of the English and the Dutch to find a passage to the far East which should supersede the trade route that was dominated, so far as Europe was concerned, by Venice and Naples. In the sixteenth century the English and Dutch caught the North Pole fever, and the northern nations, including the Americans, have inherited the disease. It has passed through the phases of desire to make trade and desire for glory combined, and desire for information in branches of science and desire for glory disguised under the pretext of a search for scientific information, and desire for glory not disguised at all, the latest manifestation.

The Duke of the Abruzzi went to the North with the undisguised motive of reaching the North Pole. There is probably no value that can be counted in dollars and cents to be derived from reaching the North Pole. Except for the pur-

poses of geographers, there is to be obtained by the leader who shall push to the most northern spot in the world very little information which cannot be gathered further south; but he who shall attain that spot will win plenty of glory. And the man who makes the nearest approach to the pole achieves a minor glory which lasts until some one surpasses him. This glory the Duke of the Abruzzi may call his own. He has entered the race for the pole and has come out more than thirty minutes of latitude ahead of any competitor. He has also shown courage in entering the field of arctic literature, and as a matter of fact, to gain honourable footing in that is in its way almost as difficult to to be distinguished in the field of arctic exploration, for perhaps no quarter of the globe, not even Africa, has been so admirably and exhaustively described as have been the arctic regions. The Duke of the Abruzzi has told his tale in a simple and straightforward way. He is not half a poet, as Nansen is, nor has he the literary tendencies which inspired Kane and Hayes to write attractive descriptions of scenery. Apparently he is not a sportsman as Jackson is. It is interesting, by the way, to compare his book with the work of Jackson, who was one of his predecessors in Franz Josef Land. In Jackson's book there is a very good description of the birds and the flowers and the animals that are to be found in the Franz Josef archipelago. In *On the Polar Star* there is nothing of this; the Duke of the Abruzzi meant to get to the North Pole if he could, and his thoughts were occupied with measures to reach his goal and at the same time to keep his party safe. He did not succeed in doing either. He had the courage not to join the sledge party himself. He had lost some fingers by frostbite, and his hand was in a condition which might have hampered the party dangerously. His expedition did not reach the pole. But it made a record which is thus far the best which has been achieved. Although three men were lost, apparently that was due to no lack of caution on the leader's part. His story of his expedition is told partly in the form of his own diary, partly in the form of the narratives by Captain Cagni, who commanded the party which reached the farthest north, and Dr. Molinelli, the

leader of the second detachment of the supporting party. All these stories inspire the thrill that stories of imminent peril and courage in surmounting it always inspire, and they have the strength that comes of a simple manner of narration. The writers are more reserved than one expects Italians to be; nevertheless the anxiety of the leader during the absence of the sledge parties is so evident that it keeps the readers in suspense from page to page. The experiences of leaders of the sledge parties suggest the experiences of Dr. Nansen in the same region. The only scientific reports are that of the doctor, which throws no new light on arctic practice, and those dealing with equipment, which are very elaborately worked out and cannot fail to be of the utmost value to explorers. It is interesting to note that among the articles of equipment for the sledge trip was butter, which previously had not been reckoned of service in arctic sledge trips, but apparently proved valuable to the Italians. There is a queer atmosphere of *naïveté* in the book; the fact that this is the first Italian expedition to the North, that Italians are not used to arctic exploration, is clearly discernible between the lines. The leader has prefaced his work with a short summary of arctic history, and it is a curious fact that he seems to have but little knowledge of American achievements in the Arctic with the exception of those accomplished by the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition. His equipment, too, does not include the devices of recent American explorers, but mainly those of the Nares expedition, of Greeley and of Nansen. The story is translated into excellent English by William Le Queux, and is admirably bound and printed. The illustrations, many of which are photographs, are excellent.

Albert White Vorse.

IV.

OCTAVE MIRBEAU'S "LES AFFAIRES SONT LES AFFAIRES."*

Since Balzac died there have been a number of notable types of the financier, the *brasseur d'affaire*, in French fiction and in French drama. For example, the pathetic Nabob of Daudet's novel, the in-

famous Saccard of Zola's *L'Argent*, Feuillet's Montjoye and M. Poirier of Augier's delightful comedy. But the French critics in their estimates of Octave Mirbeau's *Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires*, which was presented for the first time at the Comédie Française on the evening of the 20th of April, and of which all literary and artistic Paris has since been talking, have overlooked these later financiers, and for prototypes of Isidore Lechat have gone back to Mercadat and Crevel of *La Cousine Bette* and the Baron de Nucingen, the son-in-law of Père Goriot. This is not difficult to understand, because Lechat, despite his distinctly modern environment, is a type essentially Balzacian. He was such a man as Balzac described in his novels and would like to have shown on the stage. Lechat is a man who has sprung up from nothing, and who by force of his relentless energy and industrial genius has become a dominant power in the financial world. The means employed have been far from scrupulous: he has cheated his creditors once or twice, he has driven business associates to suicide, but to those who reproach him he replies that in business, as in politics, the end justifies the means, and great things cannot be accomplished if one is over-squeamish about soiling one's hands. To him, as to Balzac's financiers, great enterprises represent not only a means to augment his fortune, they furnish him also with the excitement for which he craves and which gives an outlet to his infinite and noisy energies. In one respect he resembles Augier's M. Poirier. Like Poirier, the one weak point in Lechat's armour, the point by which he is often made ridiculous, is his innate snobbery. He goes about loudly protesting his allegiance to the people, but each protestation is quickly contradicted by some act, and in the manner in which M. Mirbeau has handled these contrasts one might trace a distinct resemblance to certain passages in *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*.

Throughout the play Lechat occupies the centre of the stage, but grouped about him are a number of very clearly drawn characters. Of his immediate family there are his wife, his son and his daughter. The wife is a colourless, rather ill-natured woman, who has been dulled and cowed by her husband's great wealth and who clings avariciously to the

**Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires*. Comédie en Trois Actes. Par Octave Mirbeau. Paris: Charpentier et Fasquelle.



"LES AFFAIRES SONT LES AFFAIRES." THE DRAMATIC SUCCESS OF THE YEAR AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE. ACT I.

economical ideas of her bourgeois early life. The daughter, Germaine, by no means an amiable character, represents the revolt of a stubborn and imperious mind against another equally stubborn and imperious. She has never loved her father as a child; as a woman she has come almost to hate him. All her life the idea of business has been constantly before her, until she has learned to loathe and despise the word. The son, Xavier, is not only intensely Parisian, he is a type which belongs distinctively to the Paris of the last ten or twelve years. "He is *de l'épatant*," says his father, describing him, and this word, which is so hard to translate and which is such an addition to the French language, sums him up exactly. Xavier owns a yacht, a racing stable and a fifty thousand-franc automobile, which he drives along at an insane speed. He loses money to dukes at the gaming table. He plunges into all sorts of excesses, all of which his father not only condones but regards with positive admiration, since it is such a splendid advertisement for his own wealth and business.

The first act shows the gardens of the château de Vauperdu, a princely domain which Lechat has acquired bit by bit and of which he is immensely proud. In the first few minutes we listen to the conversation between Madame Lechat and Germaine, learn something of their dispositions and realise how strong is the spirit of discontent in the family. An old gardener enters. He has been discharged and has come to say good-bye, and his distress gives us an insight into the cruel and unfeeling use to which Lechat likes to put his power. The next person to come upon the stage is Lucien Garraud, a young chemist whom Lechat has employed for the purpose of assisting him in some utterly ridiculous agricultural discovery. Garraud is Germaine's lover, the one in whose arms she has flung herself, partly through affection and partly through her revulsion against her father and her surroundings. Then voices are heard in the distance, there are loud shouts of "Vive Isidore Lechat! Vive le Citoyen Isidore Lechat!" and the financier, throwing copper and silver right and left to his noisy acclaimers, appears upon the stage accompanied by Phinck and Gruggh, two scamps who

have come with him from Paris for the purpose of outwitting him in a business deal. From the instant of his appearance on the stage Lechat, with his volubility, his gesticulation, his energy, sweeps everything before him. He talks about his campaign and his newspaper, the *Petit Tricolore*. Although he hardly knows their names, he begins to "tut-over" Phinck and Gruggh, for an assumption of jovial informality is a phase of his cunning. He introduces his wife, "Madame Lechat," and "my daughter, Mademoiselle Germaine Isidore Lechat. . . . A fine match. Ah! ah! Hot-headed sometimes—but good-hearted, like her father—and an intellectuelle, if you please—the disease of the day. Ask for the disease of the day—broken-down marquises and penniless princes need not risk seasickness to find a great dot (pointing toward his daughter)—America at home. "Ah! ah!" From his daughter Lechat turns to the subject of his son. "What, you don't know him? But he is very well known—they speak only of him in the sporting newspapers—he has a racing stable—a yacht—a fifty-thousand-franc automobile—friends in the highest society—the prettiest actresses of Paris—he is only twenty-one and he has already figured in two or three extremely chic scandals—he is *de l'épatant*." Then he rushes on to the subject of his trotters, "twenty-eight thousand francs, *Mon Dieu!*" and with them he has just crushed two sheep and overturned a cow and her calf. Then it is of his fifty million francs that he talks and of his estate. With the same breath in which he expresses his republican sentiments he asks his guests whether they would prefer the Louis XV. room or the Henry II. room or the Louis XIII. room or the Louis XVI. room. "There are in my château as many rooms as there are kings in the history of France. An idea, is it not?" In this first appearance Mirbeau puts before you every phase of his hero's colossal egotism and vanity. That he is also cruel you see in his demeanour toward his steward, a broken-down nobleman, whom he delights in humiliating upon every opportunity. The purpose of this first act is simply to bring before you the people of the play. When the curtain falls after all these buffooneries Phinck and Gruggh are convinced that they have a ninny to deal with.

That they have figured without their host is shown late in the second act. Meanwhile, Germaine and Lucien have had a meeting in which she has bared to him her soul and urged an elopement. Lucien agrees, urging only that the elopement be postponed for a little time. The three-cornered game between Lechat, Gruggh and Phinck shows admirably the resources of the cunning old financier. Isidore shows them his portrait, calls for wine and cigars, throws himself into an arm-chair and bids them begin the account of their scheme. No literature, no oratory, he says, simply facts. In vain they try to gull him by dwelling eloquently on the great industrial movements of Europe, on patriotism, on the immensity of their plan. Lechat, by his brutality, his force, brings them back always to the point, baffles them at every turn, and when the interview is at an end has wrung from them information which not only they had no intention of divulging, but which places them absolutely in his power. The act ends with a conversation between Isidore and Xavier, who has come in dressed in the costume of an automobilist and coldly presented two fingers to his father's handshake. Xavier wants two hundred thousand francs with which to pay a debt of honour. He has been at Ostend, gambling with a duke, and on hearing this Lechat is instantly appeased and makes out the cheque. As the curtain goes down father and son are playfully twitting each other about exploits in the *coulisses* of the Paris theatres.

Act III. opens with the same characters on the stage. The father, in return for his generosity, demands that his son shall through social means exact certain information and obtain certain influences. There is an ominous note in their parting words:

ISIDORE. A la bonne heure. . . . Embrasse-moi. . . . (Ils s'embrassent.) . . . Et ta machine? . . . Toujours content?

XAVIER. Épatante. . . .

ISIDORE. Sois prudent . . . mon garçon. . . . Pas trop de vitesse. . . .

XAVIER. Peuh! Du cinquante-cinq à l'heure.

ISIDORE. C'est trop. . . . Ah! je n'aime pas ces mécaniques-là. . . . Pense à embrasser tout de même ta mère et ta sœur, avant de partir. . . .

Adjoining the estate of Lechat is that of the Marquis de Porcellet, who is already indebted to the financier to the extent of 130,000 francs. The Marquis comes to ask for an additional loan, and Isidore, who has always coveted the adjoining property, suggests a marriage between his visitor's son and Germaine. With rough force and insidious logic Lechat overrules all the other's objections. Madame Lechat and her daughter are called, and formally, with the accents of a tortured man, the Marquis demands the hand of Germaine. To the frenzied astonishment of Lechat, his daughter refuses. "I am not free," and, finally, "I have a lover." The scene which ensues is terrible. Lechat rushes about bullying, cursing, threatening, but to no avail. The Marquis withdraws furious, thinking that he has been a dupe. Lechat, half-mad, would strike his daughter did not the mother intervene. Lucien appears, is driven away, and after bidding farewell to her mother, Germaine follows him. But Lechat's misfortunes are by no means at an end. The steward rushes in announcing the death of Xavier, who, while driving his automobile at a frightful speed, has been dashed to pieces against the wall of a café. At first Isidore does not comprehend, but when the truth dawns on him he springs upon the steward until the man calls out in terror. Even now they are bringing Xavier's body in, and this is the moment that Phinck and Gruggh have seized to force their scheme upon him. With hypocritical expressions of condolence they thrust the papers into his hands to sign, thinking that in his great affliction he will fall an easy victim. But *les affaires sont les affaires* and the marvellous animal power of Lechat asserts itself. "You are canaille, you are villains! Write!" And standing over them, he bends them to his will, forcing them to place everything in the absolute control of Isidore Lechat and abandoning to him all rights and power. Then, when their signatures have been affixed he reads the papers carefully, places them in his pocket and goes out of the room.

It has been hinted by some that the character of Isidore Lechat was drawn from Lebaudy, the father of the unfortunate Max Lebaudy, the Little Sugarman, whose muddled affairs were so thor-

oughly aired a few years ago in the French court. Others have claimed that the name Isidore had a racial significance, and that for Lechat one should read Katzenstein. But whether there is a key or not to the play is of no great importance. M. Mirbeau has produced a work which, by its realism, has not only held Paris audiences spellbound when interpreted on the stage of the Comédie Française, but which, when read over calmly in book form, impresses us as being a very important piece of contemporary literature. Time alone will tell whether *Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires* is to take its place in the repertory of great French plays. But it is unquestionably one of the great plays of a decade.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

V.

OWEN WISTER'S "PHILOSOPHY FOUR."*

There are many worthy people who cherish the delusion that the figures marked upon examination books are a fair estimate of the practical good which a student is obtaining from his college course, and that his precise standing in the graduating class is a reliable gauge of his future chances of success or failure. They are not aware that they are judging life from the standpoint of that venerable, but somewhat misleading, fable of "The Hare and the Tortoise;" and because some of the human hares have loitered by the wayside, and some of the human tortoises, dull, plodding and industrious, have come in ahead, they take the result as a measure of relative speed throughout life. The undergraduate world makes no such blunders. In every class there are certain students who are recognised as born leaders. In class politics, in athletics, in college journalism, in all that gives undergraduate life cohesion and unity, they come to the front. In the older New England universities they belong largely to that number whose fathers and grandfathers before them were prominent in the social life of their class, and whose family names figure prominently in the pages of early Amer-

ican history. To such as these, a four-years' course at Yale or Harvard is enveloped in a maze of traditions undreamed of by the stranger and the alien. The University is not only a seat of learning from which the maximum of knowledge must be extracted at a definite rate per day; it is a miniature world in which they are to find their level, just as they will find it later in the bigger world; and they are quite as much interested in finding out what their fellow-classmates think of them as they are in winning the approval of the dean and faculty. And in the long run, the verdict of the undergraduate world is not greatly at variance with that of the world at large.

In view of the joyously irresponsible mood of Mr. Wister's little sketch of college life, the foregoing rather ponderous digression seems absurdly out of place. And yet it was a necessary digression, in order to make the average reader recognise that *Philosophy Four* really does point a moral—although a rather topsyturvy moral, after all—as well as reflect undergraduate life with such fidelity that no Harvard graduate of twenty years' standing can read it without experiencing successive waves of nostalgia. He projects us at once into the sultry atmosphere of examination week, with all its unforgotten sights and sounds and odours—the fragrance of early June flowers wafted in at the windows, the lazy droning of ponderous beetles, blundering into the student lamps, the distant singing of the Glee Club borne in from the steps of a dormitory across the yard. Within the room two anxious, perspiring students, Bertie and Billy, are being prepared for an imminent examination in Philosophy Four by a fellow classmate, Oscar Maironi, at the exorbitant sum of five dollars an hour. Bertie and Billy are of the type of the grasshopper in La Fontaine's familiar fable; throughout the season of plenty they have played and sung, oblivious of fate approaching in the form of the Greek philosopher; but suddenly the very names of Aristotle and Plato and Epicharmos of Cos send cold chills down their backs, and they hastily seek out Maironi, the human ant, and pre-empt a share of his stored-up knowledge.

Now Maironi is a type of student that will be readily recognised. He is the type of the human tortoise, patient, plodding,

*Philosophy Four. By Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company.

bound ultimately to attain his goal, because a certain number of forward steps make a foot, and a definite number of feet make a mile. His retentive memory absorbs the words of professorial wisdom after the fashion of a sponge; and when examination day comes, sponge-like he will squeeze it back again, somewhat muddier and somewhat more scanty than when he received it, yet essentially the same and without an added drop of originality. Over the two irresponsible spirits, Billy and Bertie, Oscar labours faithfully, sadly bewildered and somewhat pained by their lack of reverence for the sages of antiquity, understanding only vaguely the rapid fire of their chaff and their slang, but allowing himself no protest beyond a mildly sarcastic reference to their "original research." By seven on Monday evening they have "salted down the early Greek bucks;" by midnight they have "called the turn on Plato;" Tuesday night brings them down to the multiplicity of the ego. The examination is set for Thursday. Accordingly, Wednesday is dedicated to a general survey of the whole subject. As it happens, Wednesday morning dawns bright and clear, a most alluring morning for a wild and irresponsible break for liberty. The open country beyond the Charles calls to them irresistibly. There is, besides, a sort of tradition, that somewhere in the direction of Quincy there is a wonderful old tavern, a mysterious, illusive, will-o'-the-wisp sort of place called the Bird-in-Hand, where marvellous dinners and still more fabulous wines could be obtained if only one could find the place. "Have you any sand?" Bertie inquires of Billy. "Sand!" Billy yells in response, and within twenty minutes they are driving rapidly in the direction of Quincy, leaving Oscar in the lurch. "You see," explains Mr. Wister, "it was Oscar that had made them run so, or rather it was Duty and Fate walking in Oscar's displeasing likeness. Nothing easier, nothing more reasonable than to see the tutor and tell him that they should not need him to-day. But that would have spoiled everything. They did not know it, but deep in their child-like hearts was a delicious sense that in thus unaccountably disappearing they had won a great gain, had got away ahead of Duty and Fate."

It was a wild and exhilarating day that Bertie and Billy spent in pursuit of the illusive Bird-in-Hand. They cooled themselves with a swim in the Charles; they lay on the bank and shouted questions from the Greek philosophers at each other, turning it into a game by each crediting himself with twenty-five cents when the other failed to answer correctly; and finally, when daylight was turning into dusk they stumbled unexpectedly upon the long-sought tavern, thanks to the timely shying of their horse; enjoyed a gorgeous repast in which "silver fizz" played a most conspicuous part; lost all conception of time and place and drove homeward by the waning light of the moon in such an exhilarated state that when Billy tumbled out over the wheel he had only energy enough left to inquire who fell out, and when told, to add with plaintive cadence: "Did Billy fall out? Poor Billy!"

Now by all the laws of probability a night like this should have paved the way for a first-class failure in Philosophy Four, but it did nothing of the sort. Oscar, who had spent the previous day in calling with business-like punctuality once an hour at their room and leaving memoranda that his services have been duly tendered, received a modest seventy-five per cent. in return for answering the Professor's questions in the Professor's own language; but Billy's mark was eighty-six and Bertie's ninety, and they were both highly complimented by the Professor, Bertie for his discussion of the double personality and his apt illustration of the intoxicated hack driver who had fallen from his hack and inquired who it was that had fallen, and then had pitied himself; and Billy for his striking and independent suggestions concerning the distortions of time and space which hashish and other drugs produced. But perhaps the most delicious touch of all is found in Oscar's unbounded astonishment:

He hastened to the Professor with his tale. "There is no mistake," said the Professor. Oscar smiled with increased deference. "But," he urged, "I assure you, sir, those young men knew absolutely nothing. I was their tutor and they knew nothing at all. I taught them all their information myself." "In that case," replied the Professor, not pleased with Oscar's

tale-bearing, "you must have given them more than you could spare. Good-morning."

Frederic Taber Cooper.

VI.—VII.

MR. TOWNSEND'S "A SUMMER IN NEW YORK" AND "FORT BIRKETT."*

Mr. Edward W. Townsend has produced this spring two entertaining stories, neither of which lays claim to more than the passing piazza popularity both are quite certain to enjoy.

A Summer in New York is the attractive title upon an attractive cover, containing, in the familiar form of letters to a confidential friend, a record of the experiences and impressions of one Miss Alice Wonderly—a name too openly suggestive of Lewis Carroll's famous heroine to leave great doubt as to the author's depth of purpose. This latter Alice comes from the Western town of Ironville to find her Wonderland in the metropolis, under the guidance of Mr. Townsend, who may be said to know his ground as Baedeker knows his Bremen. Alice is as breezy as her own vocabulary, and even though she seeks to summon a Pullman porter by means of the signal cord, distinctly clever; and the situation affords an opportunity for some of Mr. Townsend's characteristic writing. The little book is brimming over with high spirits and good-natured fun, but its snapshots at social life are not always in perfect focus, and its comedy at times degenerates to rough-and-tumble farce.

Alice is introduced at Claremont to "such a breakfast as we used to have in Paris" and—shades of Le Grand Vatel!—the repast begins with Petite Marmite!

She, with her Cousin Will, visits a "place called Long Acre Square. . . . It's a part of Broadway that looks as if it had been struck by a volcano, an earthquake, a landslide and a blizzard all at once. We climbed a pile of rocks so high that the automobiles which tried to run us down had to give it up, and then Cousin Will, smiling and bowing on all sides,

**A Summer in New York.* By Edward W. Townsend. New York: Messrs. Henry Holt and Company.

**Fort Birkett.* By Edward W. Townsend. New York: W. J. Ritchie.

began like the man who explains the views in a panorama:

"Here you see what in the span of a few brief moons—two hundred people instantly surrounded us—is destined to be to the known world and Canada what the Place de la Concorde, Paris, now is to Europe—its centre!"

"A newsboy shrieked, 'Go it, boss!' the crowd cheered, and Cousin Will continued: 'Aye, the centre of gayety, of art, literature, drama, of occidental civilisation in all its cheerful moods. In the near future here we shall find transportation unequalled, views unsurpassed, climate glorious, society various, fresh eggs and milk in abundance, theatres, hotels, policy shops, cab stands, wrextras in red and yellow, fresh every hour. Could fond heart wish more?'"

"The crowd, which now blocked the cars, naturally yelled 'Wow!' and 'Good boy!' and 'Hi! hi!'"

And thus encouraged, Cousin Will—who, by the way, is not a maniac—continues in his merry vein till a workman waving a red flag appears.

"'Was the man with the red flag an Anarchist?' I panted when we'd run half a block. 'No,' said Will, 'he was flagging that subway blast you just felt.'"

Oh, well, it's summer, and—as Chimie Fadden has made it possible to inquire—"Wot d'ell?"

In *Fort Birkett* Mr. Townsend abandons city life for the California ranges, and the result is a very readable story of adventure. Two Eastern men, De Witt Pelham and Vanderlyn Lennox, set out with guide and outfit from the St. Joaquin valley to inspect a mineral deposit across the mountains in Nevada. On the way they meet with bears and bandits, dare-devil desperadoes and enchanting mountain maids. Incidentally they come upon a gravel bed where nuggets large as thimbles may be gathered by the shovelful. Such matters have been the woof and warp of stirring tales before and so will be again, but Mr. Townsend has employed the familiar material with gratifying success. His style is direct and clear, his action rapid and his local colour laid on, one might guess, from first-hand observation. And this without attempt to trespass on the author of *The Virginian's* pre-empted and recorded claim. *Fort Birkett* preserves no pass-

ing phase of civilisation, and its characters, whether mountaineer or tenderfoot, are one and all refreshingly preposterous. From the able jurist who jetsams ammunition to make room for tea to the faithful Piute Indian, in whom the best qualities of Uncas and the excellent Uncle Tom unite, we follow them with interest, though without undue concern.

The Piute is the fair heroine's trusted vassal, and once when in the forest depths Miss Connie Hammatt recognises him by a song:

"... it was the song the old Indian had crooned to lull her panic over childish mishaps—a fall from a bareback horse, her first sight of a bear." . . .

But Constance by the time the story opens has got bravely past such infantile emotions. Under the tutelage of Piute Sam she had acquired the lore of woods and mountains, and when it came to outwitting bandits she was never more at home. No wonder Vanderlyn Lennox, fresh from his studies in the science of mining, fell in love with her and disguised himself as a grizzly bear to rescue her from the outlaws' camp. No wonder the wicked Rawlins, "with his aquiline eyes alight with a long-latent fire," desired to win her hand, and vowed: "I will have her, and the gold, too, with or without agreement."

Fort Birkett is a book for folks who "can read nothing very deep in summer," and such will find in it a source of entertainment, returning to their winter J. S. Mill with minds refreshed. And latent in the breast of most men does there not lurk a taste for gore? Which, happily, may usually be assuaged by proxy; a strong desire to hurl some undeserving person from a precipice, or at least to read about its being done?

Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.

VIII.

MRS. STEELE'S "IN THE GUARDIANSHIP OF GOD."*

In Mrs. Steele's latest book, the initial story of which is "In the Guardian-

* In the Guardianship of God. By Flora Annie Steele. New York: The Macmillan Company.

ship of God," there is rather more of "Things as They Are" than of "The sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells." It treats tersely of the grave and never-to-be-solved problem of sad humanity in the world of unconquerable superstition which lies between the banks of Mai Gunga.

These stories have not all the lavish and splendid colour of those in "In the Permanent Way," of Kabootchi and her pigeons, or "The Blue-Throated God" which is a stirring short story; but there is no falling off in strength and perception. The author's profound knowledge of the native is always mingled with respect where respect is due and great forbearance with his ignorance. Unlike little Jerry in "Voices in the Night," who wanted to paint the whole map of India red, she yields the Hindu his just portion, and so often forces the flower of beauty to spring from ignorance and crime that the reader finds himself still "a-wastin' Christian kisses on a 'eathen idol's foot."

She shows a vast sympathy for the Hindu and his suffering, and an almost impassioned feeling for his country; therefore the point of view in all Mrs. Steele's books is that of the "inner circle" of *Hind* rather than that of the oft-threshed-out Anglo-Indian society, which takes the native as lightly as it takes in fiction its own morality.

Two most sympathetic stories in this collection are "A Bad Character Suit" and "Surabi," the former showing the Hindu at his best in the loyalty of old Peroo, with his unconscious tendency to intrigue.

. . . Peroo, on this point, would have been a match for a whole college of Jesuits, as he laid on the pipeclay with a lavish hand and burnished buttons. . . . "Huzoor! The first bugle has gone. The Huzoor will find his uniform—a corporal's, with three good-conduct stripes—is ready. The absence of a rifle is to be regretted. . . ."

Poor drunken George Afford, who had never won three good-conduct stripes in his life, yet who could not break his word to an inferior. This story is exceedingly tender in its simplicity, as is the character of old Gopi in "Surabi." Gentle old Gopi, one of the mysteries of Indian life,

yet like many a more complex mystery, to be interpreted only by the heart. Gopi, whose mind was a confusion of piety and mystic meanings, leading, however, in their circuitous way, to the old and tremendous crucifixion of Self.

In "The Squaring of the Gods" there is some of the most impassioned description that Mrs. Steele has ever done, especially that of Benares.

. . . The strangest, saddest city on God's earth. . . The only city in the world whose every stone tells of that search after righteousness which lies so close to the heart of humanity. . . Benares, with its sunless alleys full of the perfume of dead flowers and spent incense—alleys which thread their way past shrine after shrine. . . Niches in stone, or only the bare imprint of a bloody hand on the tall, blank walls. . . It lay this night along the outward curve of the Ganges, dreamful exceedingly, dimly paler than the sky. . . A face or two, patient, dark, turned to the bridge, and another voice came, calm and impassive. . . "Tis easier for folk to find salvation with rails and bridges than, as of old, with blistered feet and boats."

Mrs. Steele's novels might be called *Novels of Place*, for at times the overwhelming feeling for the country and the tendency to describe at length subordinates the story she is telling. Therefore, in her longer books there is often a total lack of sequence in development of plot, or the interweaving of her incident. The habit of breaking off at the close of a chapter to take up a wholly different thread in the next becomes maddening to the reader's mind, and leaves a sensation of progress made by climbing three steps to fall back two. But the author possesses that which is lacking in many novelists who have a more scientific grasp upon construction—a rich and abundant store of exciting incident and imaginative action. No one can read *The Hosts of the Lord* without perceiving that the author's strength lies first in description, which is full of poetic colour, and, secondly, that her grasp in story telling is on the immediate scene. It is when the subject is lengthily sustained that the constructive faculty weakens.

The gift of short-story telling—which was in its primeval day nothing less than minstrelsy—is based upon one of the

most vital attributes which concern the human mind, namely, "grasp" or proportion, that which many term "a knowledge of values." The mind with a fine sense of proportion will instinctively unify time, place and action in a narrative, and this very unification of the essentials of dramatic construction will tell the story tersely and immediately.

This, Mrs. Steele shows in her handling of incident, and reveals wherein her true strength lies; it is in the short story. Those of *In the Guardianship of God* are by no means tales of "Edens newly made," for the subjects are tragic in their hard facts, and some of them neutralized with dull sadness; but—just as in the author's preceding books—one may perceive through the medium of an enlightened vision the world of strange meanings which lies behind that wall of materialism with which the modern mind is prone to surround the one-fifth of the human race whose records date for three thousand years. True, it is a race which expresses itself in a confusion of tongues, a periodic plague, a mass of unintelligibility to the Anglo-Saxon sense, and which bears the national hall-mark of a wholly illogical mind; but happily Mrs. Steele has seen the "other side" through the lens of sympathy, which "liveth, learning whence woe springs."

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

IX.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON'S "THE MAIN CHANCE."*

It is rather a representative group of people that Mr. Nicholson has brought together in this story of a Western city. And the city itself, as he paints it, a growing railroad centre in the valley of the Missouri, is very typical of its class—very crude, very unbeautiful, very pretentious, but a pretty good place to live in, after all. No one who has mixed in that life could fail to recognise William Porter, the president of the Clarkson National Bank; a cautious, shrewd man, but with all his shrewdness full of those

*The Main Chance. By Meredith Nicholson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.50.

curious little personal vanities and narrownesses which so often characterise the provincial financier—and spoil him for a wider orbit. Porter's daughter, Evelyn, is the heroine of the book, but not, to tell the truth, a very effective one. Evelyn has been to college, a fact which distinguishes her from the majority of the Clarkson girls, and finding on her return home that her old friends are disposed to regard her with a good deal of awe, she sets herself to convince them that she is nothing but an ordinary girl, after all—a thing of which she amply convinces the reader of *The Main Chance*! Neither is the hero of the tale a character one is likely to remember long. John Saxton is a Boston man, who has failed conspicuously at ranching in Wyoming and has been sent to Clarkson by some Eastern friends—more because they were sorry for him than anything else—to take charge of some properties they supposed to be worthless. He is a lovable fellow, this modest, quiet man who “received kindnesses so shyly, as if, of course, they could not be meant for him, but it was all right, anyway, and he would move on just as soon as the other fellow came;” one likes him and is glad when his industry brings him success; but simple goodness is not a quality that makes for interest in novels.

Mr. Nicholson has shown more skill in his portrayal of James Wheaton, cashier of the Clarkson bank, and the villain of the book. He is a villain of mild quality, whose ill-doing has its root in the purely negative trait of cowardice, but such subtlety as the book displays is centred in the study of his character. One can understand the shrinking with which the reserved, ambitious man who has attained with such difficulty a foothold in the business and social life of Clarkson looks back on the sordid little home in the obscure Ohio village, from which he and his brother had run away as lads to commence a tramping career through the West. Even at that early stage James Wheaton's cowardice had manifested itself; he had permitted his brother to take the blame and to “do time” for a small theft in which the two were concerned. The brother had emerged from jail a

confirmed ne'er-do-weel, and it became the chief object of James, who meantime secured a place in the Bank of Clarkson, whither he had drifted, and began his fight for success with that desperate regard for respectability which really dominated his small nature to conceal the existence of his disreputable relative from his world. It is by means of his knowledge of this brother that Timothy Margrave, Porter's enemy in financial matters, makes Wheaton his tool, though Wheaton loves Porter's daughter and is anxious to keep faith with his chief. And it is Wheaton's silence concerning a crime his brother commits later that indirectly causes the tragedy of the tale, the murder of Warrick Raridon, most lovable and beloved of Clarkson's young people. The climax is well managed, but it seems, somehow, to lack effectiveness; and, indeed, that is the defect throughout the book. Hough and a few other writers have taught us to expect a certain largeness, an epic quality, and also unlimited picturesqueness in all stories of the West; it is precisely these things one misses in *The Main Chance*—in the manner rather than in the matter. Clarkson and its people are representative enough, so much so that one cannot quite understand when one has finished reading its history why said history is as tame as the annals of a New Jersey village.

But one family in *The Main Chance* is a joy, and most readers, we fancy, will regret that the author has not given more space to the Margraves. Tim Margrave, the street-car potentate, plethoric in purse and in person, vulgar and ignorant, but possessed of the qualities that make unerringly for success, is drawn with no little spirit, and what humour the book possesses shows in his conversation. And the one glimpse we have into his home, with its job-lot “library” and its other evidences of the advance of culture in the West, makes us wish for more. The aspiring Miss Mabel Margrave is much more interesting than the retiring Evelyn Porter, and altogether, as not infrequently happens in novels, these minor characters furnish more entertainment than those who occupy chief place.

Eleanor Booth Simmons.



Tangle-Town

By Grace Denio Litchfield

"How much farther to Tangle-Town now, Mr. Hurd?"

"The matter of a half mile or so," the farmer replied, flicking the loose reins on the horses' backs. "Get up there! Are you tired? You're none too strong yet, I reckon."

"I will not admit that I am tired," the younger man said, taking off his straw hat to pass his hand slowly over his head. "This air is champagne. Still, it is a goodish pull up from Millbrook at the end of a day's journey. Shall we come in sight of Tangle-Town soon?"

"Well, no. You don't see the town from the road. In fact, there ain't any road there—leastways none that counts. There's a new road now."

"No road there, and a new road?" queried Thorpe Merrick. "How is that? Don't you live in Tangle-Town?"

"I do to be sure, though not just to say so. Truth is, there ain't anybody lived in Tangle-Town this forty year," answered the old man with slow emphasis. "Dr. Braunlich didn't tell you about it, eh?"

"What should he have told me? He said if I wanted unparalleled air, country food, absolute quiet—in short, everything to brace me up again, I would better write to see if you could take me in. Seems to me he said he spent a day or so here once. Came up to attend your wife—wasn't that it?"

"So he did," said Mr. Hurd, stroking his lean chin in a reminiscent way. "Martha was right down sick, and by luck I heard there was a swell city doctor stopping at Millbrook. So I fetched him up, and he straightened her out less than no time. He wouldn't take a fee, neither—said he never physicked for pay in his holidays. I've sent him a tub of our best butter every year regular since. 'Twas

all along of his sending you we took you in. We ain't no boarding-house keepers, Martha and I. We ain't got no call to be. To be sure we've Miss Ingram. But that's different."

"Miss Ingram? I thought I was to be the only boarder."

"Well, she's a young woman come up to us once out of Millbrook, when a fever broke out in the summer houses there. My wife and I we just took to her like she was our own, and she says she never forgot us, nor the place neither. Her brother's folks have gone travelling this year, and nothing would do her but she must come to us, and her little niece along of her. Mighty lucky for you you're a married man. Martha she wouldn't have had you on no account if you weren't—not while Miss Ingram's here."

Thorpe's brown eyes twinkled.

"Best set me down somewhere else. I wouldn't interfere with Miss Ingram for worlds."

"Oh, dear no!" responded Mr. Hurd heartily. "You can come right along now. The man who's got a wife already is safe not to go a-courting, and you two will just be fit company for each other. You see there ain't anybody up here but ourselves and the farm hands, except Johnson's and Briggs's folks, and their farms is a good bit away."

"Don't the villagers count?"

"Laws, there's no villagers. There's nothing but the town."

"And where are the town's people?"

"Lord knows."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you see it's this way with Tangle-Town. There was a lawsuit come up some forty odd years ago about the land the town is in, and the courts shut up everything, so nothing could be touched

nor sold. And it went on and on till the folks couldn't bear it longer. So they up in a body, and left the houses standing and went plumb out of the town. I don't know where the most of them is, but it's as well they went. That suit ain't decided yet."

"How came you to stay on, then?"

"Oh, our farm was outside of the boundary, all but a few acres. So our folks they let that go and kep' the rest. Martha and me was just married then."

"And what has become of the town?"

"Well, it's a poor enough place now," replied the farmer contemptuously. "Nothing's been touched in it since, and it's all run to seed and knocking down fast. It's the dearest place you ever see—the houses all there and nobody in 'em. Miss Ingram says it's an astral town. She do say queer things sometimes."

"It must be a curious place," mused the young man.

"Curious? I don't know. It ain't no sort of use, Tangle-Town ain't. Nor that ain't its rightful name. 'Twas Woodville in old times. That's the fancy name folks give it after 'twas grown over. They used to come way up from Millbrook as if 'twas a sight worth climbing this mountain for. But I guess they've pretty much forgot it by now. Nobody comes up any more except it's to the farms. There. We're a coming by the old road this minute."

"Where? I see no road."

The farmer drew up, pointing with his whip to a slight depression in the hillside. The young man sprang impulsively from the buggy.

"Here?"

"You're standing square on it."

Thorpe glanced along the faintly indicated line. It led up the hill into the forest, where the trees stood dense, the sunlight filtering through upon the tangled undergrowth in a sparse trickle of gold. The shade looked cool and restful; pine odours stole out spicily; the grass was soft and enticing. Thorpe moved on a few steps.

"I should like to stretch my legs a bit. Can I find the way from here?"

"Easy enough. Keep on to the town, and go through it to the mill. Then follow up the brook to the farm gate."

Thorpe turned. A brier-rose behind him barred the way, stretching a slen-

der branch from tree to tree. He was about to break through it when the farmer called to him.

"Hold on, Mr. Merrick. Don't harm that there bush. Miss Ingram sets a heap by it. She says there ain't any other place she knows of where everything is shut out by a rose. Queer notions she has sometimes."

"All right," laughed Thorpe. "This is evidently the forest-bound city of the fairy tales. I will be the prince. The gate shall unclose for me."

Detaching the branch he passed behind it, and securing it carefully in its place again, went on with an amused farewell nod.

The thick-growing trees soon shut out the roadway, enveloping him in a restful sense of isolation. He drew in long intoxicating draughts of the resinous air. It flooded his veins with new life. His fatigue fell from him like a mantle. The slope here was more gradual, and now he distinguished the gurgling of a brook in the distance. As he listened, a sudden breeze blew past, and he heard the sharp, high twang of a small bell. Peering through the trees, he discovered to his surprise a dozen or more dilapidated little houses on each side, leading up toward a picturesque mossy old mill with a broken wheel and the glint of idle water beneath it.

Thorpe gave a sigh of æsthetic satisfaction. No fabled sleeping-city could have outrivalled this for beauty. The forest had taken the deserted village to its heart, and made it as indissolubly one with it as if Nature had created them together. The grassy street was a nursery for trees, and the houses were gardens of wild luxuriance. Moss clung to whatever was left of wall and roof, and flowering vines grew everywhere, creeping in at the open doors or clambering out at the sashless windows in rich profusion. Wherever Time had taken anything, a blossom had been left in payment. In a shanty marked by an anvil as the blacksmith's, a tree stood boldly up in the centre, spreading out protecting branches in lieu of the roof that some storm had stolen. Farther on was the framework of a house barely completed when the exodus occurred. This was now a grey wooden cage, enclosing a maze of ferns and daisies, while creepers had utilised the beams

as a trellis about which their delicate tendrils waved or clung at will. In the village shop, by some curious freak of fate, a pair of rusty hinges had held their own against all odds, and the latchless door swung out and in at the lightest gust, striking a stout little bell within, and thus causing the intermittent tinkle that had caught Thorpe's ear. It seemed the only live thing left of mortal make, though here and there a remnant of fence vainly protested against that lawlessness of nature that respects no human boundaries, or some one house, more strongly built than the rest, stood defiant still, with shut blinds and barred doors, sullenly keeping the universal conqueror at bay.

Thorpe stood looking about him with fascinated eyes. This was a paradise in which to dream away the summer hours, such as poet had never had before. If peace were not to be found here, then was there no peace under all God's heaven. He was moving slowly on, when, with a sort of shock, he saw a book lying on the turf—a small daintily bound copy of Marcus Aurelius. He stooped for it with a feeling akin to vexation. This was not the perfect solitude he had dreamed. Who was it that wandered in this dead village, sprinkling about pocket editions of dead philosophers? Was it perhaps that carefully guarded maiden who said "queer things" and had "queer notions sometimes?" He opened the book at the fly-leaf with mechanical curiosity. Yes. "Margaret Ingram, New York."

The next instant he caught sight of two advancing figures. One was a little girl of seven or eight. The other was a tall, slender young woman dressed in white, with a broad-brimmed Leghorn hat tied down Quaker-fashion over a loose knot of shining hair and shading a face of grave serenity.

"By George!" Thorpe said to himself as he saw her. "This is the very Spirit of the place."

She moved nearer, slow and graceful, with hanging arms and bent head, searching on the ground as she came, while the little girl hovered about her like a butterfly, fluttering from one side to the other with a gay tossing of short skirts. The child was the first to perceive Thorpe, and stood still in wide-eyed astonishment.

"O Aunt Margaret, there is a man! And he has your book!"

Margaret stopped too, and lifting her head met Thorpe's gaze with large, dark-blue eyes that had in them the depth and calm and light of a sheltered mountain lake—eyes looking out seriously from under full drooping white lids, thickly fringed above and below with straight blonde lashes. Thorpe immediately took off his hat, and going up, proffered the book with a bow. Margaret took it from him with a quiet "Thank you" and a smile, which, slight as it was, brought a surpassing sweetness into her face. As she was turning away Thorpe impulsively drew a companion volume from his pocket and opened it.

"May not Epictetus complete the introduction begun by Antoninus?"

Margaret involuntarily glanced at the written name. A flash of recognition crossed her face.

"Oh, *you!* We were expecting you, of course, only not by this road."

"Don't be alarmed. I have not broken your portcullis," Thorpe returned laughingly. "The rose still shuts out all but me. Or should it exclude me as well?"

"No, indeed," she answered frankly. "Of course I know you already through your poems, so that you do not need Epictetus to stand sponsor for you. Shall I show you the way to the farm? I dare say you are tired. Come, Beth."

"No, no, I am no invalid," Thorpe protested, as Beth came dancing up. "I ceased being one exactly ten minutes ago, when I stepped this side of your enchanted rose. Don't take me to the farm yet. Show me all there is here first."

Margaret looked dreamily away.

"I cannot do that. I can show you only the outside of it. You must find out the rest for yourself."

"What have you found in it?"

"I?" she said thoughtfully. "I can't quite put it into words. But I think one gets near to the truth of things here. One sees realities in what were only dreams. Beautiful things seem more possible. There are fewer problems."

"Of course, as yet I see only the obvious," returned Thorpe. "Somehow, though, beautiful as it is, it reminds one of an arrested life—one that under different auspices might have developed its first promise, but that from some inadequate cause or other has become a hope-

less ruin." He looked about him with a long, sighing breath. "Yes, it is like a disheartened, wretched life, however dressed up in fineries, fatally conquered by foolish difficulties and ignominious failures."

Margaret detected a personal note behind the words. Could it possibly be his own life that he meant? She looked at him with keen interest. He was a tall, well-built, goodly looking fellow, with an intellectual head, covered with wavy reddish-brown hair, and a close-cropped beard and mustache a shade brighter. The face was one to respect and trust, while the eyes, frank, kindly and true, were an instant passport to favour. No, his poems had not misrepresented him. Margaret was not disappointed.

"Do you think," she began hesitatingly, "that it is always a failure when one seems to fail?"

Thorpe looked down at the girl with an interest equal to her own. He had rarely seen a face like this, which to its undeniable beauty of feature added a singular charm of expression, a look combining nobility, strength, and repose to a remarkable degree. In meeting her it was always that look that one noted first, even her beauty seeming less beautiful compared with it.

"I have discovered more in Tangle-Town than you have had time to," she went on, emboldened by Thorpe's smile. "I see failure turned to success, and ruin made beautiful simply by natural laws. I see how in the end Time brings everything into harmony—*everything*—even trouble, and what might have been despair. It is helpful to me here. It is inspiring. I come here every day."

"And may I come, too?"

Margaret smiled.

"The place is not mine, Mr. Merrick."

"Oh, yes it is," put in Beth, catching at the last words. "It is just Aunt Margaret's and mine. Nobody else comes here. We will let you come, though, if you want to," she added, with gracious, childish patronage.

"Where shall we take Mr. Merrick now, Beth?" Margaret asked. "Shall we show him the grocery shop and make the bell ring, as it does when the ghost-folk pass in to buy spirit bread? Or shall we show him where the dream-horses are shod? Or the church?"

"The church," decided the child. "That is the prettiest. I will show the way."

She ran on, the others following, till they reached a small, wooden chapel so densely overgrown with ivy as to seem fashioned of living green.

"See," Margaret said, "the door is gone. I like it so. There is nothing to bar any one out. All creeds may enter unchallenged."

"How quaint! How ideal!" Thorpe exclaimed, as they crossed the vestibule into the building through a second entrance opposite the first. Like that it was bereft of its door and wreathed with creepers, which had climbed in through every crevice, invading the whole interior and decorating it as for a festival.

"What a unique spot!" he continued. "And what a treasure-house of bloom! How nature everywhere is art's despair. Look at that network of vines across those windows. What mullions could be as delicate? The roof is half gone, I see. I suppose you will say it is that prayers may ascend unhindered. What a rusty old bell! Does it summon all your ghostly faiths to confession every Sunday morning?"

"No. The tongue has fallen out. It swings, if the wind is high, but it never makes a sound. It is like a soul seeking expression. I wonder what your creed is, Mr. Merrick. Your poems do not tell."

"I need not ask yours, Miss Ingram. It is written upon you. You believe unshakenly in all that is beautiful and best. As for me, my creed is like this church, half temple, half ruin. I began as all do, with a cut-and-dried faith. But it has fallen through in places, and has been grown over in others. It stands me in poor stead sometimes."

Margaret studied his face candidly.

"At least you have not let resolve and courage go," she said at last.

"But I have," Thorpe answered, a swift frown gathering on his brow. "Or, rather, they have been wrung from me bit by bit. Fancy losing one's armour in the very morning of the fight! I started out well enough equipped, but—" He broke off with a forced laugh. "How about real failures, Miss Ingram? Is your charity broad enough to discover beauty in human ruins?"

"You are not calling your life that,

surely!" Margaret said reproachfully. "You, with your future!"

Thorpe's frown deepened.

"I have no future. Any talent that I had has been harried from me. You have read my last poem."

"Your illness has made you despondent," Margaret ventured. "I will not believe you."

"It is the truth, though," he insisted.

"Talent can die prematurely, like other things. Being born a poet does not give one a coat of mail, proof against inimical conditions. The poetry in a man can die out of him for lack of proper nutrition as easily as his soul can be starved out of his body—more easily, in fact, being more ethereal. The poet beyond all needs just that touch of human sympathy which is to him a daily re-creation, or his heart fails him, and he goes dumb with his song half sung."

A haggard look came into his face, and Margaret, distinguishing lines of weariness and discouragement that she had missed before, felt a wave of pity surge over her.

"You need rest," she said, in a deep, low voice whose tones were balm. "You are very tired. And when you are rested through and through, you will write again."

Thorpe turned and looked down at her. His mobile face took on a sudden brightness.

"I believe you are going to help me," he exclaimed, with grateful conviction.

"Not I, but Tangle-Town," she returned, smiling, and cast a loving glance about her.

That was the beginning of many intimate talks between these two through the long summer days that followed. There was little to interest them in the immediate surroundings of the farm, and they gravitated naturally to Tangle-Town with the child, who found it an unrivalled playground. Mrs. Hurd beamed, as morning after morning the three started off for the woods, Thorpe swinging half a dozen books in a strap, and chatting as gaily as a magpie, his clear laugh ringing out long after the trees hid him.

"What a thing it is to have that young man here!" she observed to her husband. "Twould be lonesome for her with nobody but us that are too old for her, or the child that is too young. 'Tis only the

same ages understand each other rightly. It does seem as if Providence was in it, sending him here to go about with her and look at things in fancy ways same as she does, and him a safe married man. But for that they'd a-been falling head and heels in love, and we held responsible."

"I feel as if we had always known each other," Thorpe was saying, as he lay on a bank of moss near the mill, idly assisting Beth to trim her hat with wild-flowers.

"So do I," Margaret rejoined. "Yet our meeting was pure chance. We might never have met."

"Oh, we simply *had* to meet," Thorpe asserted brightly. "Crystalline atoms find each other without guide-post or magnet. Is the soul's instinct less true? I found you because I needed you."

"How do you need Aunt Margaret?" inquired Beth soberly. "I think it is Aunt Margaret who needs you. You carry all the books."

"But it is she who chooses the reading," Thorpe explained, patting the child's hand. "Our joint stock is small enough, but it is certainly good, Beth, and doubly good read aloud. Your aunt knows all the finest bits, and makes the best better by something that she puts in. They all mean more to me than they did. So you see I do need her, since it is she who leads and I who follow."

"Neither leads and neither follows," corrected Margaret. "We go together."

Thorpe looked at her with inexpressible content as he lay back upon the moss, noting the gleams in her knotted hair when the light flecked it, and the lovely curve of her lips.

"That is the good of holding by a friend's hand," he responded. "Going together we reach higher levels than going alone."

"You talk as if you were climbing a tree," Beth observed pettishly, "and you aren't even walking. You are both just sitting still."

Thorpe laughed gaily. Laughter came easily in these light-hearted hours.

"What a matter-of-fact puss you are!" he said, drawing the child up to him. "You are like my Lottie, only she is not quite so old."

Beth roused instantly to interrogatory interest.

"Have you a little girl?"
 "Assuredly. Two of them for that matter."

"Where are they?"

"At Newport."

"Are they there all alone? Aren't they with anybody?"

Thorpe's features suddenly altered. His face grew hard and his voice dry and cold.

"They are with their mother."

"Are they nice little girls?" Beth went on.

"Oh, *very*."

"Tell me what they look like. Does Lottie look like me?"

Thorpe fumbled in his pockets and tossed a photograph to the child.

"There. That is my entire family."

"Oh, the pretty lady! Look, Aunt Margaret, see the pretty lady!" cried Beth delightedly. "Who is the pretty lady with the two little girls?"

"My wife," Thorpe answered shortly.

He got up and walked off a few steps, then turned and came back, stooping over Margaret's shoulder to look at the picture.

"It is a pretty face, isn't it?" he said. "An exceedingly pretty face."

"Will she not be here this summer?" Margaret asked, feeling unaccountably awkward and constrained.

"She prefers Newport," he answered stiffly, then added hastily: "That is as it should be, of course. That is where pretty faces belong. She adores Newport. I despise it. Oh, how I blessed that fever and the doctor who sanctioned—no, who ordered me away from it all—ordered me freedom from everything belittling and soul-destroying—freedom to be myself, really to live for a few heavenly weeks!"

Margaret made no answer, but looked steadily down at the photograph, while Beth, her temporary curiosity allayed, moved away to search for more bluebells. Thorpe presently threw himself again on the bank.

"You need not say it," he began moodily. "I understand you well enough by now to interpret your silences. I know perfectly what you think. You condemn me. But wait—let me tell you. My wife—pshaw! What is there to tell? Any fault there may be is mine. It is a man's business to make his surroundings—to

reach his ideals through all hindrances. Still I had not bargained that she should unexpectedly inherit money—any amount of it—afterward. That was fate's awful blunder. Imagine her—imagine *any* woman with Fortunatus' purse dropped out of the skies into her hands, and an untiring zest for every foolish—" he broke off, biting his lip. "I seem to be blaming her. I don't mean to. It is her life. She must live her life. Why shouldn't she? But what a life for a literary man—for a student! bound to society's wheel and forced for decency's sake to go its deadly rounds till his very life-blood dries up in its dust! I *had* to break loose from it this summer. I had to, or die. Do you blame me for that?"

"No," said Margaret. "But—"

Thorpe reached out a long, slender hand and gently took hers.

"Dear friend," he said, in tones that moved her strangely, "it is no light thing I rebel at. It is all my own abominable weakness. Yet perhaps you would not blame me if you understood."

A soft colour swept over Margaret's face.

"I think I do understand. I know it is hard. Still—"

Thorpe dropped her hand.

"Hard?" he repeated, frowning. "It is cruel. It is killing the best in me. Yet how can I alter it? From year's end to year's end I am in the thick of an aimless, uncongenial, detestably fashionable crowd. I cannot escape them, I dine with them, sup with them, go to the opera and theatre with them, play host to them, follow them about from place to place—live with them, day in, day out. Oh, it is no one's fault. It is all that cursed money. It is not *my* money. I cannot dictate how it shall or shall not be spent. Yet life has become one prolonged, hideous antagonism between my ambitions and my surroundings. It sounds trivial and absurd, but you can't realise the hopelessness behind the ridiculous pettiness of it all!"

He flung away a handful of moss he had torn up; then as he caught the expression of her face a light came into his eyes, and the tension about his mouth lessened.

"You do know," he said quietly. "You do understand."

The two did not speak again for a long time, save to the child, when she called

out from where she sat swinging merrily in the loop of a wild grapevine. They were in a favourite haunt of theirs by the mill-pond, under some giant oaks that kept the spot cool and dark even at mid-day. The Hurd farm was so near that they could hear the men's talk in the fields, and catch an occasional glimpse of a red shirt and the flash of a scythe in the sun. Yet they felt worlds removed in this fragrant, green seclusion, with sweet summer sounds floating all about, and drops of light spattering noiselessly down, seeming to set the leaves athrill as they fell through.

Finally Margaret spoke.

"If we are so placed that we cannot reach to our best, is that an excuse for not becoming all that we may be? How many of us are set to grow in the full sunshine? I am sorry for you. Do believe that. But show yourself stronger than fate. Compel yourself to be yourself in defiance of everything. Take up your work. Fight for your talent's life—fight till death, if you must. Only never give in! Be the greater because of what there is to overcome!"

Her voice vibrated. There was another long silence between them when she finished.

"I thank you again," Thorpe said at last, slowly rising to his feet and drawing a deep breath. "Yes, I have been weak. Well—I must bear it, that is all. God bless you. You can never guess what I owe you."

"Do you think I owe you nothing?" rejoined Margaret, with one of her rare smiles. "This summer has been an intellectual revelation; you have opened so many new doors of thought—of appreciation—to me. I realise that I was brain-starved before."

Thorpe's face brightened as he met her clear, untroubled gaze.

"It simply comes back to the one thing, then," he said. "Friendship is always a mutual help. Hurrah!" With one of the quick changes of mood which lent him such interest, he turned and tossed Beth to his shoulder. "How the sun shines! This is just the finest possible world, Beth, isn't it?"

About this time Beth fell ill, and the wonted routine came to an abrupt end. Margaret left the child's room only for her meals, and to his surprise Thorpe no

longer knew how to pass the hours that hitherto had flown on wings. He hung aimlessly about the farmhouse, or wandered dejectedly off to Tangle-Town, and dragged through the long, dull evenings as best he could. His restlessness returned. He felt himself growing causelessly irritable. His head began to ache again, and he could neither read nor think to any purpose. Beth's illness was nothing serious and lasted only five days, but they seemed an eternity. Then suddenly she recovered, and lo, life swung cheerily back into the old grooves.

There was a magnificent full moon the first evening that Margaret and the child were downstairs again. They sat out on the porch, and as they watched it mounting the heavens a silence fell between them. At last Thorpe bent toward Margaret.

"We have never seen Tangle-Town by moonlight. It must be glorious there to-night. Let us go."

Margaret hesitated, not knowing why.

"Come. Do come," he murmured.

"But—but it will be late for Beth," Margaret faltered, catching at an excuse. "There is a dew. She might take cold."

"Leave her behind, then. There will never be such another night. Won't you come?" His voice sank lower still.

An uneasiness took possession of Margaret. She did not know what she feared, but she was afraid. Thorpe saw it.

"Are you unwilling to go with me?" he asked, in a hurt undertone.

Margaret found no answer ready. Her eyes dropped.

"Oh, never mind," he said quickly. "I will take Beth. Don't worry. She shall not wet her feet."

He crossed the porch to where Mrs. Hurd sat rocking to and fro, the child nestled in her lap.

"Come, Beth. Come with me to see how Tangle-Town looks when the ghosts are out."

He caught her up almost roughly as he spoke and ran down the steps with her, she clinging tightly round his neck, frightened rather than pleased at the novel expedition.

Mr. Hurd removed his pipe from his mouth.

"Dear, dear. There should be ghosts there sure enough. It's an out-and-out

cemetery of a place—a lot of graves with no bodies in 'em, and that lonesome bell always ringing for the dead to be brought back. It passes me what you two find there to please you. But I'm not poet-folk. I don't know how to see things different from the way they look."

His wife nodded cheerily to Margaret, who stood by the steps feeling oddly repulsed.

"Why don't you go along, dearie? If you're so fond of cemeteries, the night's the time for them by all odds."

Margaret wavered, and looked toward the retreating pair. Neither of them glanced back. Yielding to an uncontrollable impulse she wound a lacy white shawl about her head and open throat, and catching her skirts together, followed after. Her footsteps made no noise on the grass-grown path. There was no sound anywhere except the voices of the two ahead and the ripple of the stream beside which the way led.

It was a superb night. The meadows lay bathed in such a flood of light that it was like entering Egyptian darkness when they reached the forest and turned down from the mill into Tangle-Town's one street. Seen at this hour, it might have been a place they had never known. The trees reached up to apparently immeasurable heights, defined here and there with bold silver lines, while beneath them, alternating with patches of dazzling white, strewn about on the ground like things that one might lift up and bear away, was an overwhelming blackness, in which the fireflies' feeble flash seemed to drown. All around were the faint, weird night-noises of the woods, and occasionally there was the whir of a heavy wing, and something dim and shapeless went blindly by.

"Oh, how bright and how black it is!" Beth cried, tightening her clasp around Thorpe's neck. "I wish Aunt Margaret had come. Let's go back!"

"No, we must see the ghosts first. It is an evil night, Beth. The place is alive with them."

"Where? I don't see any."

"Why, there, under those trees. Don't you see the blackness stirring?"

"I'm not sure. Oh, I think I do. I don't like ghosts!"

"You needn't mind these, Beth. There is no worse spirit here than myself."

"Are you a bad spirit?"

"The very devil of a bad spirit, it seems. That is why I am here now, away from all that is beautiful and good."

"Oh, Mr. Merrick, what's that? There—against that door?"

"Your aunt would say it was a soul crying to be let in out of the dark. Don't be afraid, child. It is only a fallen branch."

"Oh, dear! What's that noise in the blacksmith's shop? Are they really shoeing the dream horses?"

"Frogs, Beth."

"I don't like it here, Mr. Merrick! Oh, I don't like it!"

"No, it is all disappointing and commonplace, my dear, isn't it? The moonlight is a fraud. We will go home."

Wheeling about abruptly he came face to face with Margaret. The moonlight fell full upon her. In her loveliness and calm she seemed the embodiment of a holy, summer night. The child gave a cry of joy.

"Oh, Aunt Margaret!"

Thorpe looked at Margaret, and an electric flash went over him, striking light into his soul. He could not speak at first. When he did, his voice was singularly gentle.

"Beth," he said, "I was mistaken. There are no ghosts here. The night is heavenly, and angels are about. But I had my back to the moonlight until now."

Margaret said nothing. She laid her hand for an instant upon Beth's, and then they went slowly home. But the marvelous beauty of the night, and something besides the beauty—something indefinable and irresistible—flooded both their hearts alike, crushing down speech and thought, and leaving them conscious only of a vague exquisiteness of sensation that might be joy, or might be pain.

The morning after proved dull and heavy. Farmer Hurd anxiously consulted the lowering sky, and decided that the hay must be hurried in. Beth plead for a ride on the hay-carts, and they all went out to the fields together.

But the spell of the previous evening still lay over Margaret. She moved as in a sleep, watching the child with unseeing eyes, and when Thorpe suggested leaving the sultry meadows for the shadowed coolness of Tangle-Town, she went with him passively.

"How quiet you are!" he said, stopping mechanically, as they came to the mill-pond. "You are not yourself."

She roused slightly, and for the first time noted his nervous, restless manner.

"Nor are you. What is it?"

"I did not sleep—that is all," Thorpe answered quickly. "Last night's moonlight bewitched me. I thought of the poem I am to write, but I could not make it go. Other thoughts kept ringing through my head till I had to run them into metre to be rid of them."

Margaret awoke instantly from her lethargy.

"You have written a poem? Oh, I must hear it!"

"It is not a poem. It is but a few insignificant lines. One does not what one would, but what one must."

"Yes, yes. Say them."

Something stronger than himself seized upon Thorpe, as he looked at her.

"I had not meant to say them. But—if you wish. Sit here, won't you? Here, where you always sit."

Margaret sat down, folding her hands in her lap and looking eagerly up at him as he leaned against a stalwart oak. The stillness was oppressive. The little bell was silent. Not a bird twittered. Not a leaf stirred. There was a hush, as if the earth swooned. The water betrayed that it moved only by the sluggish drifting of a twig upon its leaden surface.

"Now!" Margaret said breathlessly. "Now!"

"No. Wait a moment. Take off your hat. I cannot see your face. There. That is better. What hair you have! It is like spun sunbeams. It lights up the place. Don't look away from me. Look up. To look into your eyes is seeing my thoughts sung as I speak."

He leaned down toward her with eyes that held hers riveted, and began:

Into my life she came

One golden day,

Softly, as blossoms come

Into the May.

I only knew that she was there

By the fragrance in the air.

Into my heart she came,

One day of days,

Stilly, as on Night's dark

God's stars out-blaze.

I only knew that she was there

By the glory everywhere.

He bent nearer as he ended. All his soul was in his face. All its answer was in hers. A veil had been suddenly rent between their hearts, and each read the other's to its profoundest depth.

Margaret first realised what had happened. The stinging colour flew from neck to brow. She started up, trembling violently, and covered her face with her hands.

"O God! O God!" broke from her.

Thorpe seemed scarcely to breathe.

"Margaret!" he whispered.

"How dare you call me that!" she exclaimed, lifting a pair of blazing eyes. "How dare you look at me so!"

"Because I love you!" Thorpe said fiercely, though still beneath his breath. "Heart and soul I love you. You know it. And you love me. You cannot deny it. We cannot help ourselves. God made us for each other. Confess it, Margaret. Let us be true in that, at least!"

Margaret gasped.

"True!"

"You love me, Margaret. Confess it."

Her lips moved to disown it, but instead came a helpless, frightened cry.

"Thorpe! Thorpe!"

He made a sound of inarticulate exultation, and hearing it, her face whitened. She sprang back from him, extending both hands, palm-outward, in terrified entreaty.

"Don't be afraid of me!" he begged.

"I am not mad. I am not lost to honour. Do you suppose I do not see my wife standing between us this moment, separating us forever? Do not shrink from me. I would not touch so much as the finger-tips of those beautiful hands of yours. How can my love harm you?"

"Oh, the sin of it!" Margaret moaned.

"It is not sin. It is fate. It is no fault of ours."

"Oh, how could this hideous thing have come to us!—to us!"

"It is *not* hideous, Margaret. It is hopeless, but it has sprung out of the very best that is in us."

Margaret was shaking like an aspen leaf. Sinking to her knees she bowed her head with a gesture of unutterable humiliation.

"Is it this that our best has brought us to? The shame—the shame of it!"

"What shame is there in the inevitable? Margaret, listen to me this once!"

"There is nothing left to listen to. You have said already what you should have died rather than say."

"I *had* to say it, Margaret. I could have forced back an ocean-tide sooner. Be brave. Face the truth. It is not in our power to love or not as we choose. We love because we must. What pain it brings us we will bear together."

"Oh, I had such hopes!" the poor girl said, lifting her head and looking at him with great tears dropping down her cheeks. "I thought our friendship would be an influence for good to each of us, raising us above ourselves, inspiring us with higher aims, worthier ideals—that you would be a better man, I a better woman, always, because of it. And now everything is at an end."

A breeze had sprung up. The air was a furnace breath against their faces. The little bell rang fretfully, and the rustle of the leaves was one continuous, agitated whisper.

"Why is everything at an end?" Thorpe cried hotly. "I refuse to give up what I may have because I may not have more. What is left us but our friendship? Are we not strong enough to know the truth, and still dare to meet?"

Margaret wrung her hands.

"Everything must be at an end!"

It was darkening fast. The wind was a long wail.

"But why, Margaret?" Thorpe went on impetuously. "Why not keep the little that fate leaves us? Let us be to each other our lives through what we have been to each other this summer. Let our friendship still bring us the good that you had hoped from it. Margaret—think of the dreadful years before us both!"

"I do. I do."

"Then why not lighten them as far as we may? Margaret, I need you. Don't let me fall back to where I was. Oh, I cannot—I will not give you up!"

"If—if it were only right!" stammered Margaret, shaken by his vehemence.

Faint flashes of light were playing on every side. Thunder muttered sullenly in the distance.

"How can it not be right?" insisted Thorpe. "What do I ask that is wrong? I ask only your beautiful, blessed friendship in exchange for mine, in place of the love that we must deny ourselves. Mar-

garet! Margaret! By what law are we compelled to starve because we may not feast?"

"Could we ever again be merely friends?" Margaret asked, holding back the hair from her forehead with both hands, as the wind blew the bright locks across it. "Will it be easy, knowing—what we do—" a burning blush crimsoned her face, but she forced herself to finish. "Will it be easy to be again—only friends, never—never again—lovers?"

"Is *any* duty easy in this horrible muddle of a world? No, it will not be easy. It would be easier to die this minute. But we will be strong. Only say that all shall go on as if this hour had been blotted out. Cannot you promise me so little as that?"

As he spoke, the lightning cut like a sabre stroke through the branches above them, accompanied by a clap of thunder so deep, so prolonged and awful that Margaret sprang to her feet in terror.

"The storm! The storm!"

It was grown dark as night under the oaks. The wind tore by in angry gusts. There was the splash of heavy drops, now thrown singly, now in handfuls, against the leaves.

"The church!" cried Thorpe. "Come!"

It was the nearest point of shelter. They had barely reached it when the heavens were smitten asunder and the storm descended like a living Fury. The wind lashed itself into a hurricane, sweeping the rain in an opaque, slanting sheet before it. The trees bent and writhed, clashing together with groans as of human agony. All through Tangle-Town were sounds of fresh destruction, a board ripped off here, bricks loosened there, and here again a shutter pried open and twisted from its hinges, to be flung splintering to the earth, while in every lull of the tempest the little bell rang ceaselessly, like an unavailing signal of distress. The church was flooded, the rain pouring in torrents through the broken roof and defenceless windows. The only dry spot was the chancel. Here Margaret and Thorpe had taken refuge, standing close to the altar, pale with a suppressed storm of passion, of which this outward manifestation seemed but the shadow. The building shook, as peal on peal of thunder crashed above it. Flash after flash swept blinding by. The wind was like maniac

laughter. But the two beside the altar neither spoke nor moved. Finally there came a blast that caught the steeple and wrestled with it furiously. There was the sound of a wrench, a giving way, a headlong, heavy fall, and the wind, abandoning its prey, went screaming past. The belfry, though shaken and tottering, still held, but the bell lay buried deep in the rotten boards of the vestibule.

Then Margaret looked at Thorpe with a wan smile.

"It is gone. I thought it like a soul seeking expression—do you remember? It can never find it now."

"My soul has found its voice," Thorpe said quickly. "It is for you to answer it. Margaret, even here in this holy place I dare ask it. Promise me your friendship!"

Margaret looked searchingly in his face for a long moment. Then she reached out her trembling hand.

"I promise it," she said steadily, looking at him with beautiful, solemn eyes. "All that one friend may be to another I will be to you till I die."

"Amen," Thorpe said.

He held her hand for a second's space with a pressure that was pain, then released it, and they stood silently side by side again, waiting for the storm to pass, and the face of each wore the look of one newly consecrated.

The days that followed were of mingled light and cloud. The storm had swept the summer away, and the early autumn brought capricious skies and frosty nights. A change came over Thorpe and Margaret with the altering days. They were constantly on guard, lest some chance word or look should betray them as it had before, and their manner toward each other assumed a formality singularly at variance with the unembarrassed frankness of their earlier intercourse.

"They ain't near so friendly as they were," Mrs. Hurd remarked regretfully to her husband, as she watched them off for Tangle-Town one bright morning. "Maybe they're getting some talked out."

"Talked out? Land sakes, Martha, here you've been talking steady to me these forty year, and seems as you might just have begun on it each morning, you're that fresh at it every day!"

Mrs. Hurd chuckled good-humouredly.

"Tain't like as they were man and wife, you know, Joseph. You've always got something to say to a husband, if it's only to rate him. But you do get put to it for talk sometimes with folks as don't belong to you. It's a real strain to have to keep having ideas."

To the two walking away it was like escaping from Purgatory to get beyond the reach of this friendly scrutiny.

"How I hate being spied upon!" Thorpe muttered. "When I see you in the city will there always be some one on the watch to criticise and misconstrue? I wonder how I shall stand it when I cannot escape with you to Tangle-Town?"

Margaret glanced at him in rebuke, when suddenly he seized her by the arm and drew her backward.

"Margaret! Margaret!" he exclaimed. "Take care!"

"Oh, the pretty snake!" cried Beth, darting forward. "Where did it go? You were just going to step on it, Aunt Margaret. Your foot was ever so close. And Mr. Merrick called you 'Margaret.' He always called you 'Miss Ingram' before. He said: 'Margaret, Margaret, take care!' just like that, didn't you, Mr. Merrick?"

Thorpe flushed with annoyance.

"I can't stop to think of my manners with your aunt's foot on a viper," he replied sharply; then, as the child danced unceremoniously away, he turned, half amused, half provoked, to Margaret.

Her face, usually so striking in its repose, had lost its calm of late. Her eyes were full of trouble, and there was a constrained, anxious look about her mouth. Thorpe noticed it particularly now, and attributed it to her probable alarm.

"There was no real danger," he said reassuringly. "After all it was a harmless thing—not a viper, by any means. Were you frightened, Margaret?"

"Don't please!" she exclaimed, with contracting brows. "Don't call me that ever again."

"But why not? Any friend may take so small a liberty as that upon occasion, and for us—. I love your name," he went on dreamily, a musical cadence coming into his voice. "It suits you as nothing else could, it is so full of dignity and womanliness. Margaret, pearl of great price."

"Hush! Hush!" she entreated.

"Why hush?" Thorpe broke out. "What am I saying? Is it anything wicked? I must be myself sometimes. You are so cold, so distant—one would think we had quarrelled. I am sick of this eternal self-repression. To see you—to be near you, and not— Oh, don't look at me like that! Forgive me!"

Yet the second offence was not far off.

They were sauntering through Tangle-Town the next day, deep in a discussion of books. Thorpe was at his best, and Margaret replied or listened to his delightful rambling, brilliant talk, for the moment completely herself again.

"But you are a poet, too," she exclaimed at last. "You are to be one of the world's great poets. And I have such dreams for you! There is so much I expect of you!"

"It helps to know that there is some one whose ideals one is to live up to," Thorpe rejoined. "What is it that you expect?"

"First of all you are to be a good man," Margaret said earnestly, clasping her hands. "Your fame is to be secondary to that—is to grow out of that. It is my desire of desires for you. I want your life and your life's talent to be so interwoven—so one—that men will say of you afterward as they said of Lanier's poet:

'His song was only living aloud,
His work, a singing with his hand!'"

"You set me no light task," Thorpe replied. "Is it not enough if I manage to keep free of the grosser vices—if I am honourable, upright, honest as the world goes? Do you demand that I shall be a Sir Galahad?"

"Yes," she answered spiritedly, "I do! Other men may stop short of that point, and still be good men. But not you, because it is given you to see more clearly than they, and it is right to exact much of one to whom much is intrusted. Goodness is measured, not by comparing one's self with others, but with one's own possibilities. You must pay royally for your soul's royal birthright. Other men may be content only to keep their armour bright and their swords unsheathed. But you—you must see the Holy Grail!"

"And if I see it?"

For answer Margaret looked at him with a smile so confident, so radiant, so

transfiguring, that Thorpe was carried by it out of himself. His heart gave a bound. He forgot everything.

"*Darling!*" he exclaimed.

Margaret recoiled from the word as from a blow. The light went instantly out of her face. She turned from him with a despairing gesture.

"Beth," she called, "come back to me. I do not like you to run off." And but for Beth, there was not a word spoken for a long time.

The next afternoon they were again in their old haunt, the child busy thrusting autumn leaves and wild asters into the moss for a flower bed. Margaret sat near, looking preoccupied and grave. Suddenly she turned to Thorpe.

"Write something," she said impatiently. "Why do you not work? I thought you were to do so much, and that I was to be your critic. Give me something to criticise."

"I have written something," Thorpe confessed reluctantly.

Margaret's face cleared.

"You are at work, then? Ah! What have you done?"

"Oh, I have not begun on a poem yet. This is a mere rhyme. You will not care for it."

"Try me!"

She was charming with enthusiastic interest and expectation. Thorpe hesitated, looking at her doubtfully, while a dozen conflicting expressions crossed his face.

"Remember that you asked for it," he said at last. "This is it:

'Like a garden of marvellous midsummer
blooms

In a tangle of twilights, and sunfloods, and
glooms,—

A riot of raptures in scarlet and blue
With blisses of purple and gold breaking
through,—

A temple to Passion, with moss-banks for
stairs,

And colours for anthems, and perfumes for
prayers,

Where all longings, all dreams, all desires
that be

Exhale in the breath of each blossoming
tree,—

Such, O Love, is my heart's love—my heart's
love for thee!

'Like a mist, fallen soft as a sleep o'er the land,
 A Peace all-compelling, too vast to withstand,
 Wherein dreams lie undreamed and all prayers rest unspoken,—
 An impalpable Hush, from man's own soul evoked,
 Holding passion and sense in divinest control
 By the touch of God's finger laid white on the soul,—
 A holiest Calm, a supreme Ecstasy
 Where Heaven begins, and Earth ceases to be,—
 Such, O Love, is my soul's love—my soul's love for thee!'

There was a silence when he finished. Margaret sat with downcast eyes and half-averted face, but he could see her thick lashes trembling against her cheek and her lip quivering. The quiver was in her voice, too, when she spoke, though she tried to steady it.

"Can you write nothing but love-songs?"

She said the words with slow, distinct scorn, and there was a bitter indignation in her face as she turned toward him. Yet struggling with the scorn was a rush of indomitable love, and it was that only that Thorpe saw.

"I have not tried. I can write only of what is in me."

He spoke very quietly, but his whole heart leaped out to hers with the words.

Margaret rose to her feet and flung back her head, raising both arms above it like one suffocating. Thorpe sprang up also and stood confronting her with glowing face and burning eyes. It was a moment fraught with intense possibilities to them both. Only an instant and the crisis passed, but they stood looking at each other still, pale and haggard, as if some devastating breath had swept over them. Then Margaret dropped her arms and moved back.

"Stay where you are," she said imperiously. "Do not come with me. No, I will not have it. Stay with Mr. Merrick, Beth. I am going off. I must be alone."

The last words were a cry of intolerable pain, as she turned and hurried out of sight. Heart and brain were on fire. Was this persistent battle with self never to cease? Was victory's flag always to flaunt itself on the side of wrong? A dry

sob broke in her throat. Oh, the shameful, exquisite pity of it all!

For a long time she went blindly on through the splendour of the autumnal woods. The day was grey and cheerless, but the maples and sumachs were blazing fires, and the goldenrod made spots of sunlight all about. The wind blew fitfully, and the leaves fell like bright hopes. The ground was thick with them where Margaret passed. The little bell rang out sharply as in alarm, but the clamour in her soul deafened her to outside sounds. Then something like a gentle arm arrested her. She pushed on disregarding, and the next moment saw that she had broken down the brier-rose of her barricade. She stooped and lifted the branch. But there was no rose there now. What did it matter? She dropped it and went on. Let enter who would. Her fairy world was spoiled.

Late that afternoon Thorpe Merrick went in search of her. He turned instinctively to the church, and there he found her. She was kneeling on the chancel steps, both hands pressed against her breast. Her hat lay on the floor, and her head was thrown back, showing the exquisite round of her firm, white throat, from which the lace of her gown fell away softly. Her eyes were nearly closed. There was just a line of dark blue between her lashes. The perfect lids looked as if moulded in marble. There was not a trace of colour in cheek or lip, and the curve of her mouth was sadder than anything Thorpe had ever seen. Yet the whole expression of the noble, upturned face was one of ineffable calm. A saint might have looked so, he thought, in the hour of martyrdom.

She rose as Thorpe advanced.

"I am glad you have come," she said quietly. "I have much to say to you. I have thought it all out, and now I see our way clear. There is but one way that is right. Wait. I must speak first," she insisted gently, as he would have interrupted her. "It was not your fault that I was so easily persuaded into our compact that other day. I would not let myself realise the wrong of it then. But I do now. Now I *know*." She drew a long breath that was like a sob. "We must never meet again."

"Margaret!"

"No, no—listen to me. I listened to

you before. Listen to me now. Listen to your own conscience. You know this cannot go on."

"What cannot go on? Our friendship?"

"It is not friendship, Thorpe. Let us be honest. It is love still. It is a love that we have no right to, a love that would blast us did we let it. Our friendship is a lie. It is love masquerading, and in our souls we are neither of us deceived."

"Supposing it is, Margaret," Thorpe cried passionately. "Good God, how can I deny it, when every moment of every day I crucify it afresh! Yes, I admit it. I admit that I love you—that I always shall love you with every fibre of my being. Even so I deny that there is the shadow of wrong in what we call our friendship. We must dissemble to that extent."

Margaret lifted her clear, steadfast eyes to his.

"As you recited your poem this afternoon, your face—your voice—but I knew without that. I felt that you meant it for me. It was as if you were pouring hot poison into my veins. When I left you I was beside myself. I could not reason. I could not think. I was one unendurable emotion. Was it in our bargain of friendship that you should write love-songs to me, and have me listen to them—criticise them—discuss them with you in cold blood?"

"How can you be so cruel, Margaret?"

"It is you who were cruel," she replied, with a sudden softening of her voice, and a sad, tender little smile. "But I forgive you, for it made the truth clear to me. At first, as I tell you, I could not think. I could only feel. But gradually I grew calmer, and the thought of your wife came to me, and then I saw it all."

"What has Charlotte to do with our friendship?" cried Thorpe harshly. "Leave her out of the question. We do her no wrong. She could have no right to complain."

"No right? O Thorpe, think! Without one syllable of love between us, your change of tone when you speak to me—every look you give me—the allusions that only I can understand—the fact that we are so constrained—impatient—when any one is by—that we breathe freely, act naturally, only when

we are alone—oh, do you not see? Our cloak of friendship is no cloak. We try to make it an excuse, but it is no excuse. You wrong your wife, I wrong her, every time that we meet under its name."

Thorpe was grown very pale.

"Margaret, forgive me," he said humbly. "I have been terribly to blame. But try me again. Trust me. I will tear my tongue out by the roots rather than let it betray me by a tremor. I will crush all else down, and be truly your friend—your friend only."

Margaret shook her head.

"We are not so strong as we thought," she answered sadly. "We have failed miserably. In spite of our high ideals we are not able to kill an unlawful love and put friendship in its place. Had we not confessed it—had I not known—it might perhaps have been different. I cannot say. But now there is no choice. We cannot play at friendship. All must end."

"Merely for the shadowy rights of a woman who claims no smallest part—desires no smallest part—of what I give to you, who would but trample it under foot if I offered it to her!"

"That is not the point. It is solely a question of your duty and of my duty. You may not fail of yours because she fails of hers. Even if she no longer cares, she is your wife, and no other living woman has the right to usurp any of her duties or privileges, though you suffer by their loss. All that you give to me is hers by rights. It is the same as if you took her unused jewels to give me. I rob her when I permit it."

"How little you realise the facts, Margaret! Her least pleasure is more to her than my life's entire sacrifice could be. She would not care even though she knew all."

"That alters nothing. The wrong we do is the same. Right is not a matter of other people's knowing or not knowing, or of their caring or not caring."

"But our lives, Margaret—yours and mine?"

"We must endure them."

"And must we throw away all that we might lawfully still be to each other?"

"How can we lawfully be anything to each other, knowing that behind every legitimate impulse of attraction there is always that lawless one lurking?"

"But, Margaret, think of the good, the

intellectual, and spiritual help our friendship was to bring us!"

Margaret's pale face flushed.

"What amount of intellectual gain could compensate us for a moral loss? Where would be our spiritual help? There is no half-way measure possible. We must part."

"And stand each on a lower level for ever simply for lack of the other's aid?"

"Would any height be a real gain, Thorpe, won through wrong-doing? If sin is accounted to each in proportion to his standards, then, judged by ours, we have greatly fallen already. We *must* part."

"Surely it need not come to this, Margaret! I cannot think our friendship sin."

"Ah, were it only friendship as at first, then it need never have come to this. Then it might have been the joy of both our lives for ever. But not now. Love has spoiled our friendship, and no inspiration could come of it any more into either of our lives. Your friend I shall be while I live—unalterably. But I can no more be the friend by your side. You must go your way, and I mine, alone."

"But how can anything change it now, Margaret? Do you not know that my love is fixed—unchangeable? that neither separation, nor time, nor even death can touch it?"

She sighed heavily.

"Yes, I know. It is for always with both of us. It is our lot. That we must accept—must bear. But it shall be as if death had already parted us. Our love shall be a memory to sanctify—not stain—our future. We will never meet again."

"But we shall meet, Margaret. We live in the same city, not far apart. We must meet again."

"We shall not meet. I will not tempt fate. I have a brother in another city—a sister—other homes. I have made up my mind. I shall not be near you when you go back. There will be no danger of our meeting—ever."

Thorpe smote his hands together and ground his teeth.

"Great God! am I driving you to this!"

"No, no. It is my choice, my punishment. I was weak, shamefully weak. But I am strong now—strong enough to

bid you good-bye. Yes, good-bye for ever. Surely you will not be less strong than I?" She smiled wistfully up at him through the tears that were raining over her cheeks.

Thorpe did not answer. He turned brusquely away, smothering a groan, and walking off to the doorway, stood there some long moments, framed in by the creepers festooned on either side. The wind blew them to and fro. A few red leaves fluttered down and lay like spattered blood at his feet. When he returned to Margaret, his lips were twitching and his eyes wet.

"You are right," he said, in a choked voice. "It shall be as you wish. I will leave to-morrow—to-night."

He knelt down, and taking her hands placed them on his forehead and pressed them close.

"God forgive me," he said brokenly. "It is tearing my soul out to leave you."

"God help us," she whispered back, and as she bent over him, scalding tears fell over his hands. Then she lifted herself up with a sudden passionate cry of pain.

"O my love, my love! God help us both to become apart all that in these mad days I have dreamed we might become together! Promise me—promise me—if you have truly cared—that you will—because I have cared so much—that you will be—you will try—"

"I promise," he said hoarsely. "I will."

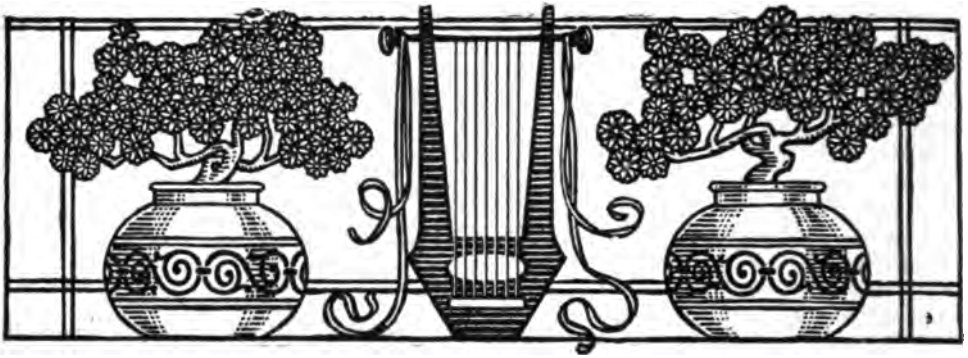
Still holding her hands fast, he rose to his feet and stood gazing down at her with devouring eyes.

"Good-bye," he said at last. "Dearest! Dearest! Good-bye."

And dropping his head upon his breast, he went away.

Margaret stood absolutely still till she could see him no more—could see nothing for all her straining gaze but the swaying blood-red creepers framing in a stretch of emptiness. Then she staggered back up the chancel steps, and threw herself down by the altar, and laid her locked hands upon it, looking up to heaven with a wild, blind prayer on her white face.

There she knelt, till in the end peace came to her again, and the late sunlight, breaking through the clouds, streamed in through the crimson doorway, crowning her with a sunset crown of glory.



THE SHERRODS

By George Barr McCutcheon

CHAPTER XIV.

"MY TRUEST COMRADE."

He looked forward to the meeting with Miss Wood as if it were to be one of the epochs in his life. An odd fear took possession of him—cowardice, inspired by the knowledge that he was not of her world. Once again he felt like the crude, ignorant country boy, and he trembled at the thought of meeting this beautiful "society girl" in her own realm. In the old days he had interested her, as if he were a curiosity; now he was to see her on different grounds. He was to submit to an inspection which he knew he was not yet able to endure. As the night drew near for the visit to her home, as arranged by the glowing Converse, self-consciousness overpowered him. What would she think of him?

Converse rushed in one day and told him that he had just seen Miss Wood on the street—in fact, had ridden several blocks in her carriage—and that a strange coincidence was to be related. She was driving to the Art Institute with his drawing of Proctor's Falls. She had, through some influence of her own, obtained permission to hang it for a few weeks. No sooner had his visitor departed than Jud, throwing aside his work, dashed from the building and off to the Institute. He hoped that he might see her there; at least, he might again look upon that humble sketch as it hung among his aristocratic lordlings of art. She was not there, but he managed to

find his picture. A man was placing it in a rather conspicuous place on the wall.

"New picture, eh?" Jud asked, assuming indifference.

"Yes. It beats the devil how the management lets cranks, just because they're pretty, come in here and hang chromos. Look at that. Wouldn't that jar you? Lead pencil and crayon, and as cheap as mud. Next thing we know, they'll be hanging patent-medicine 'ads' in here."

Jud walked away. He never forgot that half-minute of impersonal criticism. As he was hurrying from the building he saw a carriage drive swiftly from the curb below. For one brief instant he had a glimpse of a face inside—one that he had never forgotten.

She drove toward State Street, in the direction of the big stores to the north. Hoping for another glimpse of her, he followed. From afar he saw her enter her carriage and whirl away toward the river and her north side home. Then he went back to work and to the letter he was writing to Justine. It teemed with references to the fairy of Proctor's Falls.

The next evening but one found him ready for the call, but very nervous. He felt that he was taking a step into a world in which he might not be fit to hold a place; a world which would, perhaps, stare curiously at him as a gifted plebeian, and shut its doors upon him when the novelty had died.

He dressed himself laboriously for the event. It was to be his introduction into select society, and he must not let that

be the occasion for the faintest twinkle of mirth in the eyes of those to the manner born. At the Athletic Club he met Converse, who looked him over admiringly. If Converse had purposed exhibiting him to Miss Wood as a matter of entertainment for one night, the plan was not feasible. Instead of the careless artist or the unsophisticated youth, there appeared a straight, strong figure, a clean-cut face, keen and handsome. Indeed, Converse found himself envying Jud's dignity and ease of manner. He did not know that the apathy of the person who rode beside him in the cab that whirled up the Lake Shore Drive was the composure of extreme dread. Almost before Jud was aware of it he was inside the Wood drawing-room, awaiting the appearance of its mistress. Through the maze he could barely remember passing an august personage who opened the doors to them, and who said that Miss Wood was expecting Mr. Converse. Then he found himself sitting in a gorgeous apartment, blankly listening to the undertones of his friend, and responding with mechanical calmness, so that Converse marvelled again at his conventional bearing. That young man was delighted with the surprise he had in store for the girl he loved.

She came into the room suddenly and unexpectedly, and the two men arose—one with a laugh, the other with serious, questioning eyes. Miss Wood gave Converse her hand, and turned to Jud with the smile which precedes an introduction. He detected the instantaneous gleam of inquiry, strengthened presently into perplexity and wonder.

"Let me present—" began Converse, but she restrained him quickly. There was now an intentness in her gaze that brought the blood to Jud's face.

"I know your face—don't speak, Douglass. Will you let me guess—let me think? Pardon my extraordinary behaviour, but I am so sure I know you. I have seen you often, very often, I know. You are—oh, dear, how embarrassing! Yes, yes, I know now!" Her eyes fairly danced with the joy of discovery, and she impulsively came to him with hand outstretched. "You are the artist—the boy who drew the picture!"

"Yes, you have guessed," said Jud.

"I knew your face. I am so glad to

see you. And you are living out my prophecy, too. Where is the country boy now? What did I tell you?" She stood before him, her eyes looking squarely up into his, her face bright with smiles.

"I am trying to merit the recommendation you gave me, but I am afraid I'll fail," said he.

"Fail?" cried Converse. "You've made a sensational hit, Sherrod, and you owe it to this prophet in petticoats. She made you. If it hadn't been for her you'd be down there in the woods ploughing hay and digging cucumbers, and nobody'd know you were on earth. If I were you I'd jump up and crack my heels together and yell like a cannibal. That's how happy I'd feel."

The boy's excitement was contagious, and Jud began to lose some of his embarrassment.

"I am happy, and I'd like to shout my gratification to Miss Wood," he said. "She fairly drove me to some sort of action. Without her encouragement, I'm sure nothing could have induced me to try my luck here."

"Oh, you would have discovered yourself some day. Genius like yours would, sooner or later, have become a master and compelled you to obey. I merely poked you until you awoke from the dreams and began to see things as they are. And you are really living in Chicago?"

Then she compelled him to tell her all about himself, his work and his plans. She was so deeply interested that his heart glowed. As he sat and talked with her, forgetting that Converse was present, he felt himself gradually lulled into security like that of a traveller who has crept along the edge of a precipice for miles and has reached a haven from which he can look back and laugh at the terrors.

For an hour they conversed, seriously, merrily, about his experiences in the city. He was a true gentleman, therefore modest; the pronoun "I" was used as sparingly as possible, and there was an absence of egotism that charmed his new-found friend. He was beginning to realise the success he had achieved in the city, but one look into his honest grey eyes proved that he was no braggadocio. She saw that she could safely compliment

him on his progress; she compared him as he sat before her with the country boy she had first known, when she told him that she knew then that he was a great diamond that needed little polishing. The magnificence of his surroundings, the beauty of his hostess, the subtle influence of splendour softened his first rough feelings of apprehension into the mellow confidence of ease and urbanity. It was all so strange and sweet that he lived it over and over again in the days that followed, before he could convince himself that he—poor Jud Sherrod—had not really been in fairyland.

There was no questioning the sincerity of her admiration. Converse sat back and jealously watched the light in her eyes, and listened to the new fervour in her voice, as she talked to the man whose demeanour plainly indicated that he considered her his guiding star in the journey from obscurity to light.

"Oh, yes," she cried suddenly, a taunting gleam coming to her eyes, "I have forgotten something quite important. What has become of the beautiful sweetheart? I never saw a prettier girl. Is she still down there?"

For a moment the spell was broken. He caught his breath. He had forgotten Justine—his own Justine! His composure fled, his eyes wavered before the laughing eyes of his inquisitor. His lips parted with the impulse to blurt out that she was his wife, when he remembered Converse. He had led Converse, with the others, to consider him unmarried, unintentionally and innocently he knew down in his heart. His helpless looks from one to the other showed such unmistakable signs of embarrassment that Miss Wood hastily sought to relieve the situation, fearing she had committed a painful blunder.

"I beg your pardon. It is not my affair, and I—" she began, but Converse, obtuse and rejoicing in Jud's discomfiture, interrupted:

"Oh, she's still there, all right, all right. Look at his blushes! I wish I had the luck he has."

"Douglass Converse, I'll send you to the library if you don't keep quiet. I hope you will pardon my natural curiosity, Mr. Sherrod," she said gravely.

Sherrod caught his breath again and battled for an instant with something in

his throat, then allowed a deeper flush to follow the first—the flush that comes with criminal bravery.

"I don't mind telling you about her. She still lives down at my old home and often writes to me about you, wondering whether I have seen you," he said in a hard voice, fully resolved to deceive for the time being.

"Don't forget to let me know what she says when you tell her you have really seen me. I am so interested in her. What is her name?"

Without a moment's hesitation he took the plunge.

"Justine Van."

"What an odd name. Yet she was an odd-looking girl. Her beauty was so different, so fresh, so pure. I hope the gay life of the city is not turning you away from that jewel down there. Oh, I know what the city does for young men who come from the country. It usually spoils them. They forget the best, the truest part of their lives, and they let new faces drive out the old and loving ones.

"I—I don't think you quite understand the situation," floundered Jud, moved to contrition. Had she not interrupted at that instant, he would have told the truth.

"It is easier to understand than you think," she said. "You are up here, she is there. You are a new man with new ideas, new possibilities, new hopes; she is the same sweet, innocent country girl, no farther advanced than she was the day you left her. You have gone forward; she stands still. You are Dudley Sherrod, the most promising of young artists, with popularity ready to leap at you; she is the common lass of the fields, honest and true, unknown except to the people who live near by. You are up here, thrown with bright men, and perhaps with clever women, while she is back there with the farmers and the farmers' wives. You have every opportunity to be somebody; she will always be nobody, unless she is lifted from that mire of inactivity. Don't you see how well I understand the situation? You have every advantage; she has none. Yes, Mr. Sherrod, you are living out the promise I made for you months ago, and you are winning only what is yours by right. But you must not forget that there are few such jewels here as the one you

left behind when you sought treasures in the world."

"That's the neatest lecture I ever heard, Celeste," cried Converse admiringly. "You mustn't forget to go back and polish up the jewel, Sherrod. That's what she means, in few words."

Jud feared that both were laughing at him and resented it.

"I am sure Miss Wood has said nothing that is untrue concerning Justine Van. She is the noblest girl I ever knew," he said deliberately. "She is far above me in every way. She has more reason to stoop to me than I to her. She is my best friend."

"Friend?" echoed Miss Wood.

"My truest comrade," said he. The perspiration started on his forehead.

CHAPTER XV.

ONE HEART FOR TWO.

The passing of two months saw Sherrod a constant, even a privileged, visitor at the Wood home. In that time he visited the cottage in Indiana but once, and on that occasion glowingly related to Justine the story of his first visit to the goddess and of her subsequent interest in his affairs.

Just now he was beginning to realise the consequences of his deception. Affairs had reached the stage where it seemed next to impossible to acknowledge his marriage to Justine, and he certainly could not tell that honest, trusting wife of his unfortunate duplicity. He loved her too deeply to inflict the wound that such a confession would make, and yet he could see that delay would only increase the violence of the shock should she learn of his mistake, innocently conceived but unwisely fostered.

Justine also had a secret. When he was ready to take her to the city she would confess to him that 'Gene Crawley was to farm the place for her that spring and summer, working on the shares. He was to use his own team, for her horses had died of influenza. So little did Jud know of the old home place now that he did not recognise Crawley's horses in the stable, nor could he see that a man's hand had performed wonders in the field. He was

thinking of Chicago and the miserable broil in which his affairs were involved. Justine induced Crawley to remain away from the farm during Jud's stay, an undertaking which required some force of persuasion. Crawley wanted to make peace with Jud and to assure him of his good faith; he begged her to let him apologise to his old adversary and ask him to shake hands and say quits. But she knew that Jud would not understand, and that there could be no forgiveness. Never in her life had she loved Jud as in these days when she was disobeying and deceiving him. While she knew that 'Gene was no longer the brute and the blackguard of old, she saw that her husband could look upon him only as he had known him.

The farm was bound to do well this year, and she was happy to give Jud that assurance. Once he caught her looking wistfully at him when he was telling of expected triumphs in the city. He knew that she was hoping he would say that she could soon go with him to the city, leaving the farm to care for itself. But how could he take her there now? He groaned with the shame of it.

A week of sleepless nights followed this visit to Clay Township. The young artist's work on the paper suffered and his fellows advised him to take a rest. He had had no vacation since taking the position many months before. But it was not overwork that told on him. It was the lying awake of nights striving to find a way out of his predicament without losing the respect of all these friends, especially that of one whom he admired so deeply. He had permitted her to believe him free, and had behaved as a free man behaves to such an extent that explanations were impossible. To tell her the truth concerning the man she had gone to the theatre with, had lunched with in downtown restaurants, had entertained in her own home almost to the exclusion of others, could bring but one end—the scorn and detestation he deserved.

Poor Converse had given up the conflict in despair, but, good fellow that he was, held no grudge against Sherrod, for whom he had genuine admiration. They were lunching together a week or two after his trying trip to Clay Township, and Jud was so moody that Converse took note of it. As they sat at the table Converse mentally observed that his friend

was growing handsomer every day; the moods improved him. After a long silence the artist said:

"I had an offer to-day to do some book illustrating for a publishing house."

"Good! That's the stuff! Book pictures will be your line, old man. Will you accept?"

"I'm afraid I'd be a failure," said Jud gloomily.

"Is that what's the matter with you?"

"What do you mean?" demanded the other quickly.

"Oh, your grumpiness. You've been all out of sorts for a couple of weeks, you know—or maybe you don't. But you have, anyway. I never saw a fellow change as you have in—in, well, ten days."

"I don't understand why you think so. Everything is all right with me," said Jud shortly.

"Maybe you're off your feed a bit."

"Never was better in my life."

"Well, it's darned queer. You act like a man whose liver is turning mongrel. Lord, you ought to be satisfied! You've made a big hit here, and you'll soon be getting the biggest salary of any newspaper artist in town. You have been elected to the Athletic Club, you have been invited to lecture before some of the clubs, you've got plenty of coin to throw at birds, so why don't you rub those wrinkles from between your eyes?"

Jud laughed rather mirthlessly, without taking his eyes from the coffee which he was stirring.

"Wrinkles don't come because you want them, but because you don't."

"Well, old chap, I'm sure something is worrying you. Can I help you in any way?" went on his generous friend.

"Thanks, Doug; you can help me to another lump of sugar."

"The devil take you!" cried Converse, handing him the bowl. "Say," he said a moment later, watching Jud as he calmly buttered his bread, "I believe there's a woman in it."

"A woman!" exclaimed the other, almost dropping his knife. For an instant his grey eyes seemed to look through the other's brain. "What are you driving at, Doug?" he went on, controlling himself.

"I'm next to you at last," old man.

You're in a deuce of a boat. You're in love."

"And if I were, I can't see why I should have to hire a boat."

"It's all right to talk that way, but you are in the boat, just the same. Maybe it's a raft, though, and maybe you're shipwrecked. You are one of these unlucky dogs who find out that they love the second girl after having promised to marry the first one. The size of it is, you've about forgotten the little Indiana girl you were telling me about." For a whole minute Jud stared at him, white to the lips.

"You have no right to talk like that, Converse," he said hoarsely.

"I beg pardon, Jud; I didn't mean to offend. Honestly now, I was talking to hear myself talk," cried the other.

"I have not promised to marry any one in Indiana," said Jud slowly, cruelly, deliberately.

"Then you are free as air?" asked Converse, a chill in his heart.

"Or as foul," said Sherrod.

"Sherrod, is this girl down in the country in love with you?"

"You mean the one I spoke of?" asked Jud, his head swimming.

"Yes, the one you spoke of."

"My dear fellow, the girl I spoke of has been married for three years. I am very sure she loves her husband."

"Thank God for that, Jud! I was afraid you were forgetting her, just as Celeste said you might. It wouldn't be right to break her heart, you know."

"Excellent advice," said Jud.

"Have you seen Celeste since Sunday? I saw you together at St. James's."

Sherrod had already dropped four lumps of sugar into his coffee, and was now adding another.

"I saw her last night. Why?"

"Gad, you're pretty regular, aren't you?" said Converse, bitter in spite of himself.

"It strikes me you are talking rather queerly."

"I presume I am. You'll forgive me, though, when I remind you that I care a great deal for her. It rather hurts to have her forget me entirely," said the poor fellow.

"Come, come, old man, you're losing your nerve," cried Jud, his eye brighten-

ing. "I'm sure you can win if you'll only have heart."

"Win! You know better than that. If you don't know it, I'll tell you something. She's desperately in love with another man at this very minute."

"What?" ejaculated Jud. "Miss Wood in love with—with—another man? Why—why—I've not seen her pay any especial attention to any one."

"You must be blind, then. There's only one man in the world she cares to see any more, or cares to have near her."

"Good heavens, no! I never suspected—by George, Doug! Surely you're dreaming!" He could not understand a certain jealousy that came to him.

"Can't you see that she's in love with you—you!" cried the boy.

The two looked at each other intently for a moment, despair in the eyes of one, incredulous joy in those of the other. Sherrod could feel the blood rushing swifter and swifter to his heart, to his throat, to his face, to his eyes. Something red and hot floated across his vision, turning the whole world into a ruddy hue; something strong and light seemed striving to lift his whole being in the air.

"Well, why don't you say you don't believe it?" said a voice in front of him.

"I—I can't say a word. You paralyse me. My heavens, Converse, I never dreamed of such a thing, and I know you're mistaken. Why, it cannot be—it shouldn't be!" he almost gasped.

"Bah! What's the use? Women don't ask permission to fall in love, do they? They just fall, that's all. I'm not saying it is absolutely true, but I'm making a pretty fine guess. She is more interested in you than in any man she has ever known. I know that much."

"Interested, perhaps. yes; but that is not love. Hang it, Douglass, she cares for you."

"No, she doesn't, Jud; no, she doesn't. No such luck. I don't appeal to her at all and I never can. I step down and out; you've a clear field, so far as I am concerned. If I can't have her, I'd rather see her go to you than to any one in the world. You're good and honest and a man."

"Impossible! Impossible! It can't be

that. You don't understand the real situation," floundered Jud.

"I understand it as well as you do, my boy—better, I think. I know Celeste Wood, and that's all there is to it. You've won something that a hundred men have fought for and lost. You're a damned lucky dog."

Jud Sherrod went to his rooms that night, after a dizzy evening at the theatre and the club, his head whirling with the intoxication coming from a mixture of rejoicing, regret, shame, apprehension, incredulity—a hundred irrepressible thoughts. What if Converse's supposition should be true? Then, good God, what a beast he had been! This night he slept not a wink—in fact, he did not go to bed. He even thought of suicide as he paced the floor or buried his face in the cushions on his couch.

With it all before him, there suddenly came uppermost the thought of his base treatment of Justine. Here he was, earning a handsome salary, living comfortably and cozily, spending his money in the entertainment of another woman, leading that other woman on to what now seemed certain unhappiness, and all the time neglecting the trusting, loving wife even to the point of cruelty. Down there in the bleak, uncouth country she was struggling on, loving him, trusting him, believing in him, and he was keeping himself afar off, looking on with selfish, indifferent eyes. All this grew worse and worse as he realised that of all women he loved none but Justine—loved and revered her deeper and deeper with every hour and day.

As the dawn came, in the eagerness of repentance he seized pen and paper and wrote two letters, one to Justine, one to Celeste. To Justine he poured forth his confession and urged her to save him, to live with him, to go with him to another city where he could begin anew. To Celeste he admitted his shameful behaviour, pleaded for forgiveness and asked her to forget that he had ever come into her sweet, pure life. But he never sent the letters.

His courage failed him. With the temporising weakness of the guilty he destroyed the bits of honesty his heart had inspired and planned anew feverishly, sincerely, almost buoyantly. He would see

Celeste personally the next day or night, tell her all, and face her scorn as best he could. He would see her once more—once more—and then—Justine for ever!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FALL OF THE WEAK.

He had the firmest intention to lay bare before Miss Wood the miserable facts, without the faintest hope for pardon. He knew this frank, pure girl so well by this time that her reception of the humiliating truth was as plain as day to him. The esteem in which she had held him would vanish with the first recovery from the shock his words would bring; all the honours he had won through her instrumentality would turn to the most despised of memories; all that she had done for him would be regretted; the dear companionship, the cheer, the encouragement, all would go.

He had not intended a wrong in the beginning. In his wretched brain there was the persistent cry: "You did not think! You did not know what you were doing! There was no desire to gain by this deception. You did not intend to be dishonest!"

It had begun with the sly desire to surprise the "boys" some happy day when he could show to them the wife who was his pride. Almost unconsciously he had gone deeper into the mire of circumstances from which he could not now flounder except with sullied honour. Without a thought as to the seriousness of the situation, he had allowed his innocent friend to compromise herself by an almost constant association with him. He had intended telling her the secret when first he met her, exacting a promise to keep it from Converse for a little while, at least. She was to be his confidante, his and Justine's, for he meant to tell her that the brave little woman of Proctor's Falls cherished her as ideal, unknown but loved.

Celeste had unconsciously baffled all these good intentions, building a wall about the truth so strong that it could not break through. It went on, this sweet comradeship, until he—a married man—was looked upon by outsiders as the man to whom this unattainable girl had given her love. Converse's blunt assertion had

given him the first inkling of the consequences the intimacy had engendered. Worse than all else, he now realised how dear Celeste Wood had become to him. On one hand, Justine was his ideal; on the other hand, Celeste was an ideal. It seemed to him as he rode in a hansom to the north side the next night after his talk with Converse that he could not bear to lose one more than the other. Both were made for him to adore.

He faltered as he mounted the steps at the Wood home. At the top he turned and looked out over the lake. A wild desire to rush down and throw himself over the sea wall into the dark, splashing waters came upon him. To go inside meant the end of happiness, so far as Celeste Wood was concerned; to turn away would mean the end of his honour and his conscience.

As he stood debating she opened the door and he was trapped. A dazzling light shone in upon his darkness and he staggered forward deeper into its warm radiance, conscious only that a deadly chill had been cast off and that he was in the glow of her smile.

In the dimly lighted hall, red and seductive from the swinging lantern with its antique trappings and scarlet eyes, he removed his overcoat and threw it, with his hat, upon the Flemish chair. Slim, sweet and graceful, she looked up into his sombre face. There was a quizzical smile on hers. And now, for the first time, he saw more than friendship in those violet eyes. Plain, too plain, was the glint that brightened the dark pupils; too plain were the roses in her cheeks.

"I know you appear very distinguished and important when you wear that expression, but I'd much rather see you smile," she said gaily.

"Smiles are too expensive sometimes," he said, without knowing what he uttered.

"I'll buy them at your own price," she laughed, but a shade of anxiety crossed her face.

"No, I'll trade my dull smiles for your bright ones. It will be enough to cheat, without robbing you," he said, pulling himself together and allowing a dead smile to come to life.

Her den was the most seductive of rooms. It was beautiful, quaint, indolent. Before he dropped into his accus-

tomed chair his muscles were drawn taut; an instant later he was aware of a long sigh and conscious of relaxation. His brain cleared, his courage revived, and he was framing the sentences which were to lead up to that final confession. He had an eager desire to have it over with and to hurry away from her wrath.

She, on the other hand, was all excitement over her report that he was at last to do book illustrating. She brought a tingling to his heart by her undisguised gladness. Her face was so bright with joy, so alive with interest, that he could but defer striking the blow.

"But perhaps you'd rather talk about some other subject than yourself," she said finally. "I want to tell you about my brother. He is in Egypt now and he is wild over everything there—perfectly crazy. A letter came to-day, and he gives a wonderful account of a trip to an old town up the Nile. Those boys must be fairly awakening the mummies, if we are to judge by his letters. He has set me wild to go to Egypt. Shall I read his letter to you?"

Patiently he listened to an entertaining letter from the boy who was seeing the world with a party of friends. As she read he watched her face. It was a face to idolise, a face to covet, a face for the memory to subsist upon forever. Stealing into his troubled heart came the realisation that this girl was enthroned there beside that other loved one, both for him to worship and both to worship him. There grew into shape, positive and strong, the delightful certainty that these two women could love each other, and that in so loving could share his honest love; for now he believed that his love was big enough to envelop them both. As she read to him this dream mastered and enslaved him and his heart expanded, letting in the love of this second petitioner, dividing the kingdom fairly that she might reign with the one already there. He convinced himself that he loved two women honestly, purely and with his whole soul. He loved unreservedly and equally Justine, his wife, and Celeste, his friend.

"You're not listening at all," she cried, dropping the letter suddenly. "What are you thinking of?"

"Of—of the very strangest of things," he stammered.

"But not of the letter? I am so sorry I bored you with——"

"Stop! Please stop! Pardon me, I—I—for God's sake, let me think!" he burst out, starting to his feet. He strode to the window and, with his back to her, looked out into the night. The action, sudden and inexplicable, brought flashes of red and white to her face, and then a steady glow—the flush, not of indignation, but of joy. A heart throb sent the blood tingling through her veins and a smile flew to her startled face. Her eyes melted with a sweet, tender joy, and her whole being was suffused with the radiance of understanding. Woman's intuition told her all, and with clasped hands she looked upon the motionless figure. One hand went out toward him, as if to lead him into the light of her love! He loved her!

She went to the piano and gently, with a soft smile on her lips, began to play "La Paloma," the daintiest of waltzes, for her heart was dancing. At last he turned slowly and looked upon the player. Her back was toward him. His eyes took in the picture—the white shoulders and neck, the pretty head, the dark hair and the red rose. All his good resolutions, all his remorse, all his honour fled with the first glance. The dulness left his eyes and in its stead came the flaring spark of passion. He strode impulsively to her side, and when she glanced up in confusion her eyes found the refuge they had sought—the awakened love in his.

"Oh, Jud!" she murmured, faint and happy.

"Celeste!" he whispered hoarsely, his face almost in her hair. "I worship you! I adore you!"

He crushed her in his arms, and she smiled through her tears.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT SEA.

Even at that moment he thought of the wrong he was doing Justine, forgetting that he was blasting the life of the other one. And again, when he asked Celeste to be his wife he thought of the cruel deception he was practising upon Justine. Not till afterward did he fully realise that he had deceived Celeste a thousand-fold more grossly than Justine—for Justine was his lawful wife, Celeste his victim.

And yet that night he gained her promise to be his wife, calmly, remorselessly leading her to the sacrifice of love. It was enough for the moment that he loved her and that she loved him. As he hurried homeward with her kisses tingling on his lips, he whispered joyously to himself that he loved them both and that he could live for them both—worshipping one no more than the other. And he slept that night with a smile of happiness on his lips.

The day for the wedding was set, and it was not until then that his eyes were opened to the wrong he was doing Celeste. She could not be his wife. All the marriage vows in the land could not bind her to him in law. For the first time he realised that reality. But to his rescue came the assurance that he loved her and that she was his in the holy sight of God, if not in the wretched laws of man. He saw the wrong of it all, but he made his own law, and he made his wrong a right. As he made his arrangements for the marriage he was afraid that something like conscience might overthrow him before his desires could be realised.

Blissfully ignorant and deeply in love, she filled him with joy by naming a day just one month from that on which he told her that he loved her. Acceding again to his wishes, for his eager will urged on by fear carried her with it, she agreed to a very quiet wedding.

The power of his love—the love which shrank and trembled with the fear that it might be thwarted—carried everything before it, sweeping honour and dishonour into a heap, which he called the mountain of happiness, and resolved that it should be strong and enduring.

A week before the wedding day he went to Justine, utterly conscienceless, glorying in his love for her, rejoicing in his capacity to share it with another. Happy were the day and night he spent with her. She gave him the fulness of a love long restrained, long pent up. She had not seen him in more than three months. All the unhappiness, all the joylessness, all the lonesomeness, was swept away by the return of this handsome boy, her husband, her Jud.

It must be confessed that she felt some uneasiness lest he meet 'Gene Crawley on the place and lest the long averted

catastrophe might occur. She felt guilty in that she was deceiving Jud in regard to 'Gene. That was her greatest sin! But Crawley went to the village on that day. He had seen Jud enter the gate the evening before while he was doing the work about the barn, and had slunk back to his lodging place in Martin Grimes's barn. An ugly hatred came into the soul Justine had tempered until it was gentler than one could have supposed 'Gene Crawley's soul could be. The little farm looked fairly prosperous. Jud did not know that the season had turned unproductive and that Justine had been forced to observe the utmost frugality in order to make both ends meet.

And so he basked in her love and then went away, loving her more deeply than ever. He told her of his hopes and his desires and of his struggles to go ahead. Some time, he was sure, he could take her to the city and they could be happy for ever.

"Poor Jud," she said, with tears in her eyes. "You are so lonesome, so unhappy! I wish I could be with you. But we are so awfully, awfully poor, aren't we?"

"Cruelly poor, dear, is better. You haven't had a new dress in a year, and look at these clothes of mine."

He was wearing once more the wretched garments in which he was married! Down at the tollgate Jim Hardesty said to the crowd the day after his departure for Chicago:

"He's made a fizzle uv it, boys. Gollined ef I c'n make it out. 'Peared as though he wuz bound to make it go up yander, an' I'd 'a' bet my last chaw tebaccer 'at he'd 'a' got to be president er somethin' two year' ago. But he's fell down somehow. I never did see sich a wreck as him. He don't look 's if he had money 'nough to git a good squar' meal. No wonder he ain't been to see her. It's too dern' fer to walk."

A week afterward Justine received a letter from Jud. With pale face and crushed heart she read and re-read it. It brought grief and joy, terror and gladness, distress and pride. In her solitude she wept piteously, but whether with joy or sadness she could not have told.

And now I must tell you of the great good

luck that has befallen me. It means that poor Jud Sherrod is to have the greatest opportunity that ever came to a man. I am going to Europe, across the ocean, dearest. Can you imagine such a thing? Think of me going to Europe, think of me sailing across the sea. I'll believe it when I find that I am not really dreaming. Truly, it is too wonderful to be true. How I wish I could take you with me. But think of the wonderful things I'll have to tell you when I come back. I can tell you of Paris, London, Rome and all the places we have talked and read about so often together. Am I not fortunate to have such a friend as the one who is to give me this unheard-of chance? I must tell you that I don't think I deserve it at all. Some day my benefactor will learn that kindness can be wasted and that barrenness sometimes follows the best of sowing. This friend, of whom I shall write you more fully when I have obtained consent, is so deeply interested in me and my future that the art schools in Europe are to be made accessible to me—poverty-stricken me—because of that interest. There is so much to be gained by a brief tour of Europe and by a short stay in the big art schools that my benefactor says it would be criminal for me to be deprived of the chance because I have no money. We are to go together and we are to stay several months, possibly six. I am to have the best of instruction and am to have the additional lessons acquired only by travel. When I come back to this country I shall be ready to startle the world. We sail next week and I don't know just where we are to go after first reaching England. Of course I shall write to you every day, dearest, and I shall think of you every moment. It is for you that I am building all my future. When I am rich and famous we will go to Europe together, you and I. I am so rushed now for time, getting ready and everything, that I cannot come to see you before I go, but you must pray for me and you must love me more than ever. At the end of this week I give up my place on the paper, and when I come back I expect to open a studio of my own. The only thing I hate about the affair is that I must leave you, but it won't be so hard for you to bear, will it, dear? You know it is for my own and your good.

When all the misery of losing him for months, when all the dread of losing him for ever, perhaps, in that voyage across the awful sea, had been lost in the joy over *his* good fortune, Justine gloried. Though her voice trembled and grew

faint and her eyes glistened as she read the news to Mrs. Crane and 'Gene, it was from pride and joy. How proud she was of him!

A week later Dudley Sherrod and wife sailed from New York. As the huge ship left the dock, Celeste, clasping his arm and looking up into his face, sombre with thoughts of the future, exclaimed:

"We are at sea! We are at sea!"

"Yes," he said, slowly. "We are at sea."

"I see in a Chicago paper that a feller named Dudley Sherrod wuz married t'other day," remarked Postmaster Hardesty to Parson Marks while the latter was waiting for his mail at the tollgate a few days later. "Cur'os, how derved big this world is, ain't it, parson?"

"Oh, Chicago is a world in itself," said the parson.

"Kinder startled me when I seen that name," Jim went on, pausing in his perusal of a postal card directed to Martin Grimes. "By ginger, Martin's been buyin' hogs up in Grant Township—I mean—er—I sh'd say that this is a derved big world," he stammered, guiltily dropping the card behind the counter. "I reckon there's a hundred Sherrods in Chicago, though."

"Oh, I dare say you'd find three or four Dudley Sherrods there if you looked through the directory."

"Our Jud has just gone to the old country, Harve Crose tells me."

"Is it possible?"

"Goin' to take some drawin' lessons, I believe."

"I am very glad to hear that he has such a remarkable opportunity. But I was under the impression that he had little or no money." Mr. Marks was now deeply interested.

"Harve said somethin' about a friend payin' all the expenses because he took a likin' to Jud."

"And what provision has he made for Justine?"

"Well, now you're askin' somethin' I cain't answer. Harve's such a derved careless fool he didn't ast anythin' about that part of it."

Later in the afternoon Mr. Marks drove back to the tollgate and asked Hardesty if he had kept the paper containing the notice of the wedding in

Chicago. He could not account for the feeling that inspired this act on his part. Something indefinable had formed itself in his brain and he could not rest until he had settled it within himself.

Few Chicago papers found their way into this section of Indiana. Clay Township was peculiarly isolated. Its people were lowly, and comfortable in the indifference of the lowly to the progress of the world, aside from its politics, its wars and its markets. Farm papers, family story papers, and the *Glenville Weekly Sun* provided the reading for these busy, homely people. Jim Hardesty "took" a Chicago paper, but he was usually too busy whittling and telling stories to read much more than the headlines.

"Dinged if I know what I done with it, parson," said Jim, scratching his head thoughtfully. "'Pears to me I wrapped some bacon up in it fer Mrs. Trimmer yesterday. Anythin' pertickler you wanted to see about the weddin'?"

"Do you remember what it said about the wedding?"

"Lemme see, what did it say? Said the groom wuz from northern Indiana, up about Fort Wayne, I think. The girl's name wuz—hold on a minute—what wuz her name? Wood—that's it. Swell people, I guess. This feller wuz an artist, too. Say, that's kinder queer, ain't it?"

"A co-incidence—a rare co-incidence, I must say."

"Course, it couldn't 'a' been our Jud," said Jim conclusively. "He's already married."

"Oh, no, no! Of course not, Mr. Hardesty. He is devoted to Justine and—and—"

"An' a man 'at's got any sense ain't goin' to load hisself down with two when it's so derned hard to git rid of one," grinned Jim, referring to his own connubial condition.

"And bigamy is a very serious crime. I wonder if any one else in the neighbourhood has noticed the similarity of names?"

"I ain't heerd no one mention it, Mr. Marks. By ginger, you ain't got no—er—suspensions, have ye?" asked Jim, suddenly acute. Mr. Marks stammered confusedly and assured him that no such thought had entered his head.

"Would you mind giving me Dudley's Chicago address?" he asked, at last, that

same indefinable something struggling for recognition.

"He's half way to Europe by this time," explained Jim.

"I feel that it would be wise to secure a letter from Jud himself in case rumour confuses him with this other man. It would be just to him and to Justine, Mr. Hardesty. If you'll give me his address I'll write to him and we can have his own word for it in case people got to talking."

"Then you *are* afraid people will think it's Jud?" demanded Jim.

"You cannot tell what people might think and say," said the parson sagely. "And, by the way, did Mrs. Hardesty see that notice in the paper?"

"Naw! She's too busy readin' that continued story in the *Wife's Own Magazine*. Thunder! I wouldn't even hint to her that it might be Jud! She's jest the woman to swear it wuz him anyhow, an' she'd peddle it over the country quicker'n scat. But, course it can't be Jud, so what's the use worryin' about it? This is a thunderin' big world, as I said before, Mr. Marks, an' they do say that up in Indianapolis there is sixty-four fellers named James Hardesty. Gosh, I hope my wife never gits it into her head that I've got sixty-four other wives, just because the name's the same. She'd never git tired askin' me about that trip I took to Indianapolis six year ago with the rest o' the G. A. R. boys from Glenville."

Nevertheless, Mr. Marks wrote to Jud Sherrod, delicately referring to the strange similarity in names and to the embarrassment he might suffer if the community came to regard him as identical with the Chicago bridegroom. The letter was nothing less than a deliberate command for Dudley Sherrod to say "guilty" or "not guilty."

Weeks afterward, from across the sea, came a reply from Jud, in all the cold dignity of a conscience in defence. He closed with these words:

"I have but one wife—the one whom God and the law has given me. You will greatly oblige me, Mr. Marks, by informing any inquiring person in your community that Justine is my wife and that I am not the Sherrod who was married in Chicago. Thank you for your interest in Justine and me."

(To be continued.)



COUNT TOLSTOY AND EDOUARD ROD

Both are moralists, and they think highly of each other. No wonder that the last novel of Tolstoy, *Resurrection*, moved Rod deeply, so much so that the French writer decided to take up the same subject in one of his own books. *L'Inutile Effort*, which appeared serially in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and has just been issued in book form, rests on the same fundamental data as *Resurrection*. As the latter has recently been put on the stage in this country with great success, the discussion of the moral problem involved seems particularly timely. The theme of it is well known. Nekludov finds one day Maslowa, his former mistress, on the bench of infamy of a court of justice, and then decides to expiate the wrong of which he feels himself guilty.

In Rod's novel, Françoise Dessommes, a pretty French modiste, has had a child of Léonard Perreuse, a student of law at the University of Paris. Léonard neglects his duties, but soon becomes a successful lawyer, gets rich, marries, has legitimate children, and is universally considered a very respectable member of society. The deserted Françoise faces her fate courageously; she goes to London, finds remunerative work, and devotes her life to her adored little girl. Everything seems to go fairly well, when, one Sunday evening, passing over a bridge in London, the child falls in the water and is drowned. The mother is arrested and charged with infanticide. Nobody sees any reason for the crime; all the external circumstances are, however, against Françoise. At the trial, a few vague testimonials of witnesses are deemed sufficient to sentence Françoise to death, and she is hanged in the prison of Newgate.

While the trial was following its slow course, a Paris newspaper's "fait-divers" had informed Léonard Perreuse of what was going on; he recognises at once the

name of Françoise, and now begins a terrible struggle in his conscience. If he was to testify that he knows the unfortunate girl, her honesty, her lovable character, the courage she has shown in misfortune, his word would be of great weight as showing her to be incapable of the crime imputed to her, and he might save her life. The crisis becomes more acute every day, and when he finally decides to act, it is too late.

The plot imagined by Rod is, as usual, not particularly striking, but the problem is very clearly stated, and that is the important thing.

Two questions are really involved both in *Resurrection* and *L'Inutile Effort*: the fallibility of human justice and the moral responsibility of the man who refuses to assume the consequences of his actions.

The first is secondary in both novels, though more important in Tolstoy's, who wants to show that if social justice is unknown in Russia, the fault is with men; if the members of the jury were only honest, justice might prevail. Rod is far more pessimistic in this respect: he shows us judges who are very much in earnest, very anxious to know the truth, but the purely external circumstances upon which human justice depends do not reach the heart of the question. Even when pains is taken to find the truth and men are trying to be fair, human efforts may fail. The only tribunal absolutely reliable is the conscience of the accused. To use a popular distinction: nobody *knows* whether Françoise is guilty or not, but the reader *feels* that she is innocent.

The other problem, the truly important one, is the struggle in the conscience of Nekludov and in that of Léonard. And here we cannot help regretting deeply a great technical mistake in the composition of Rod's novel: while the action of the drama takes place in London, where Françoise is

imprisoned, the inner struggle of Léonard, which is the actual *raison d'être* of the novel, takes place in Paris. Tolstoy has been wiser; his heroes are together nearly all the time. But this is, after all, a mere formal matter, and it would be easy enough to detect the motives that induced Rod to adopt his plan.

Another preliminary remark may be in place: both authors accept the harmful deed of Nekludov and of Léonard as *fait accompli*, and do not render themselves ridiculous and mean by a rigid and shallow retrospective morality. It would indeed have been too easy to say: those men ought not to sin and such complications would not arise. Men are weak and must be taken as they are, sinners.

If now we compare the presentation of the problem in the respective books, Rod seems decidedly the more thorough of the two.

In the first place, Tolstoy is a mystic, and he has fashioned his hero accordingly. Nekludov's decision to give an entirely new direction to his life is reached by a sort of moral illumination. He then becomes a fanatic and remains a fanatic, too. A force beyond human forces guides him in all his actions; he is more passive than active; he needs not think any longer; it can hardly be said of him that he faces a problem at all. To us, therefore, he is not a fair representative of the ordinary man.

But even mysticism apart, Nekludov has an altogether too easy task. Tolstoy has reduced his story to a simplicity which pretty nearly causes the moral problem to vanish. Once Nekludov has decided to atone for his sin, the circumstances lay his duty before him as plainly as can be imagined. He is not married, he has no children, he has not started yet definitely on his path of life. He will have to fight some prejudices, it is true, but if he throws them aside nobody will suffer for it; there are no practical consequences to speak of involved in his actions. He will give away his riches, also, and this may be hard; but he alone is affected by it, and moreover this decision is only loosely connected with the subject of the novel; his struggle with the peasants who do not wish to accept his sacrifice because they distrust any nobleman is a striking *tableau de mœurs*, but it is plainly a *hors d'œuvre*. The

great merit of the French writer is that he has discriminated the weak point in Tolstoy's work, and that he has changed the circumstances of the story in such a manner as to force the reader to realise that a complete solution of the problem was not reached in *Resurrection*. Léonard, when the hour of atonement strikes for him, is no longer free. If it were only the question of giving up riches and fame, he might have done it as well as Nekludov; but wife and children would suffer if he did so. His position is therefore much more difficult and by no means less true than that of the Russian gentleman. In sparing wife and children, who are, of course, perfectly innocent, he may cause the death of Françoise; but if he saves Françoise he compromises his family, and in our social organisation the dishonour in a family may be much worse than death.

It is clear, then, that Rod has grasped the problem more fully than the Russian writer. But however meritorious this may be, we remain disappointed because we expected a solution, and none is given. It seems even that the author shrinks before a logical course. When we think of poor Françoise, who dies an infamous death, we rise in indignation against the man who dares not to listen to his conscience's command. But Rod is too honest a writer to allow a merely sentimental disposition to misguide him. Neither does he want his readers to forget that, had Léonard spoken in time, severe consequences might have fallen upon innocent victims. The deferred decision of the hero looks very much like a subterfuge on the part of a hopelessly puzzled writer, who thus avoids the delicate task of declaring that, on account of Léonard's family, it was fortunate if the effort was *inutile*.

The conclusion reached by a thoughtful reader on closing the book will be, therefore, that conscience is a very reliable judge as far as the past is concerned, but it leaves us helpless with regard to the future. It tells us that we have done wrong, but it does not tell us how to mend what we have marred.

Rod was brought up in a Protestant milieu—in French Switzerland—and on this account he becomes particularly interesting for us. Like other Protestant writers of the same origin who have lived

in France, such as Rousseau and Madame de Staël, he advocates the exclusive rights of conscience in ethics. The French were never altogether convinced; they always went back to the old Catholic idea, namely, conscience is not enough; man needs a superhuman guidance in many delicate problems of life. Even lay authors, who do not in the least care about the Church, show a distinct tendency toward ignoring conscience (Rosny's *Nell Horn*). Without attempting to discuss Catholicism and Protestantism, the remark may, however, be made that Rod has, in fact, and very unwillingly, put his finger upon the weak point of Calvinism, which always denied to any-

thing or anybody, Church or priest, the right to stand between man and his conscience. See Léonard Perreux: his conscience does not help him. There is no doubt, also, that frequently, in actual life, men who have done their best to act conscientiously do not feel relieved. The relatively large number of conversions to Catholicism, about which so much has been said recently, may well be due to this same feeling, namely, that conscience, while prompting to action, very often does not teach us *what* to do. It is natural, in such cases, to look for help from the Church and the representatives of God on earth, the priests.

Albert Schinz.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Twenty years ago a medical student was mustering the patients in the consulting room of Professor Joseph Bell. The doctor—a man with sharp, piercing grey eyes, eagle nose and striking features—sat in his chair with fingers together, and “just worked at the men or women before him,” diagnosing not merely their maladies but their lives. “Gentlemen,” he would say to the students standing round, “I am not quite sure whether this man is a cork-cutter or a slater. I observe a slight *callus*, or hardening, on one side of his forefinger, and a little thickening on the outside of his thumb, and that is a sure sign he is either one or the other.” His great faculty of deduction was at times highly dramatic. “Ah!” he would say to another man, “you are a soldier, a non-commissioned officer, and you have served in Bermuda. Now, how did I know that, gentlemen? He came into the room without taking his hat off, as he would go into an orderly’s room. He was a soldier. A slight, authoritative air, combined with his age, shows he was a non-commissioned officer. A slight rash on the forehead tells me he was in Bermuda, and subject to a certain rash known only there.”

And to-day the eagle eyes of Sherlock Holmes, the “literary embodiment” of Dr. Conan Doyle’s memory of the Edin-

burgh professor, glare down from every hoarding, searching the heart and life of the man in the street, while men even forsake their discussions of “clean slates,” “tabernacles” and “lonely furrows” in order to offer their solution of the latest Sherlock Holmes mystery.

Sherlock Holmes has, indeed, entered into the nation’s gallery of types; his exploits are familiar as household words. Every one knows that he keeps his cigars in the coal-scuttle, his tobacco in the toe-end of his Persian slipper, and his letters pinned to the wooden mantelpiece with a jack-knife.

It is given to few authors to see one of the children of their imaginings take his seat among the immortals; of fewer still can it be said that they helped to make history. Whatever may be Dr. Conan Doyle’s personal estimate of the great detective, however he may minimise his achievement—and it is said that at times he has expressed a wish that Dr. Watson had never met Sherlock Holmes—it is not a small thing to create a character who will live in the nation’s language. And whatever may be said or thought of Dr. Conan Doyle’s attitude on the burning questions of the war, it must be admitted by all, independent of party or politics or personal antipathies, that Dr. Conan Doyle has done more than any liv-

ing man to justify the conduct of his county in the eyes of the world and before the bar of an impartial posterity. As the historian of the war, he has helped to make history.

Arthur Conan Doyle was born at Edinburgh on the 22d of May, 1859. He comes of an artistic family. His grandfather, John Doyle, was the political caricaturist, recognised as Gillray's rightful successor, whose pictorial skits appeared for more than thirty years under the initials "H. B." without the disclosure of his identity. John Doyle's four sons were likewise artists, the author's father, Charles Doyle, holding also an appointment in the Civil Service. The first noteworthy event in the life of Conan Doyle was a literary achievement at the early age of six, a story of adventure, of terrible adventure, written in a bold hand on foolscap paper, four words to the line, and accompanied by original pen-and-ink illustrations. "There was a man in it, and there was a tiger," he writes of this youthful production. "I forget which was the hero; but it didn't matter much, for they became blended into one about the time when the tiger met the man. I was a realist in the age of the romantics. I described at some length, both verbally and pictorially, the untimely end of that wayfarer. But when the tiger had absorbed him, I found myself slightly embarrassed as to how my story was to go on. "It is very easy to get people into scrapes, and very hard to get them out again," I remarked; "and I have often had cause to repeat the precocious aphorism of my childhood. On this occasion the situation was beyond me, and my book, like my man, was engulfed in my tiger."

In his tenth year Dr. Conan Doyle was sent to Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, where he developed remarkable powers as a *raconteur*, a gift he turned to profitable account among his schoolfellows. Elevated on a desk before an audience of small comrades, he grew grievously hoarse with much description of blood-curdling adventure. He has humorously remarked that he stipulated for "Tarts down and strict business," and paused suddenly at the most thrilling crisis solely that apples or more pastry should be offered as an inducement to continue. This, too, was the scene of

early editorial effort, in which, as has already been told, he persevered when he left Stonyhurst for Feldkirch, in Germany. At the age of seventeen Doyle entered Edinburgh University as a medical student, and obtained his diploma five years later. But an intense longing to devote his time to literature remained always with him, and the account of his early struggles toward the desired goal is of real interest. In 1878, two years after the commencement of his medical studies, his first accepted work was published in *Chambers's Journal*, a periodical for which he has always retained a kindly feeling. He received three guineas for this story, which was entitled "The Mystery of Sasassa Valley," and was based on an old Kaffir superstition concerning a "gloomy, boulder-studded passage," notoriously haunted by a demon "with glowing eyes under the shadow of the cliff." In the development, the glowing eyes are found to consist of diamonds embedded in rock-salts, and the youthful searchers after demons are rewarded finally by a capture of far greater intrinsic value.

In 1880, Dr. Doyle quitted the university, and paid a seven months' visit to the Arctic Seas in the capacity of unqualified surgeon on board the whaler *Hope*, then under the command of Captain John Gray. The inducement was "two pounds ten a month and three shillings a ton oil money," inclusive of an Arctic kit. "One of the charms of the work," writes Conan Doyle of whaling, "is the gambling element inherent in it. Every man shares in the profits, and woe betide the harpooner or the boat-steerer who by any clumsiness has missed a fish! He has taken a five-pound note out of the pocket of every meanest hand upon the ship. Black is his welcome when he returns to his fellows." "It is brutal work," he adds, speaking of sealing, "though not more brutal than that which goes on to supply every dinner-table in the country. And yet those glaring crimson pools upon the dazzling white of the ice-fields, under the peaceful silence of a blue Arctic sky, did seem a horrible intrusion." There was no great demand for surgery aboard the *Hope*, and Doyle's chief occupations were keeping the captain in cut tobacco, working in the boats after fish and teaching the crew to box. Four

whales and four thousand seals were the fruits of the voyage, and the *Hope* reached nearly the 81st degree of north latitude. From the unexpected occurrence of suddenly shooting off a thin sheet of ice and vanishing into the sea between the two ice-blocks, Conan Doyle earned from the genial captain the nickname of "The Great Northern Diver." Some trace of his varied Arctic experiences may be seen in his story, "The Captain of the Polestar." Originally written for *Temple Bar*, it was published later, together with a number of other short stories, and passed through some four editions.

It was on his return to Edinburgh that he became acquainted with Dr. Joseph Bell, and then commenced the final struggle between his inclination toward literature and his dependence upon medicine. In 1882, after a four months' voyage to the West Coast of Africa, he established himself as medical practitioner at Southsea, where he remained until 1890. During these years, however—years in which he found literature too slender a prop upon which to lean for a livelihood—he came to regard the calls of the profession he had adopted as interruptions in the real work of his life. His apprenticeship in letters was a long and trying one. There is a world of encouragement for the struggling young author in Dr. Conan Doyle's account of his early experiences. "Fifty little cylinders of manuscript," he writes, "did I send out during eight years, which described irregular orbits among publishers, and usually came back, like paper boomerangs, to the place that they had started from." Slowly, by dint of untiring perseverance, he won his way into such magazines as the *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar* and *Belgravia*; but as his contributions to these journals—some fifty or sixty stories in all—were anonymous, he remained as unknown as though he had never penned a line. He has left it on record that, though he worked hard for ten years, he never in any one year earned fifty pounds by his pen.

And yet another literary disappointment lay in store for the much-harassed doctor-author. The long story, entitled "The Narrative of John Smith," was lost in the post, and never afterward discovered. It bore, according to his own as-

sertion, a personal, social-political complexion, and though its disappearance was naturally regarded as a great loss at the time, this was nothing to the horror he would experience if it suddenly appeared again—in print. Dr. Doyle's life at this time was a weary round of clashing interests, medical and literary, of un lucrative patients and of seamed paragraphs; but at length, in 1886, a product from his pen appeared in Beeton's *Christmas Annual* under the title of "A Study in Scarlet," which, published later in book-form, may be described as his first novel. This story he sold outright, receiving for it the small sum of five-and-twenty pounds. To-day it is still one of the most popular of his books, which has appeared in countless editions, and it would be interesting to know how many thousands of pounds the publishers made by their bargain. In this book Sherlock Holmes made his bow to the British public.

And then, under more favourable circumstances, he commenced the writing of *Micah Clarke*, a story of the Monmouth Rebellion. A year's reading and five months' writing completed the book, and the author hoped that here at last he had accomplished something worthy of his ambitions. He despatched it primarily to a friend, a reader for one of the leading publishers, who, having been bitten by the historical novel, naturally distrusted it. "How can you waste your time and your wits writing historical novels?" So ran the letter of rejection. Thence it passed from house to house, refused by all. One asserted that its principal defect was a complete absence of interest; another that people did not talk so in the seventeenth century; while the experiences of a third proved that an historical novel could never achieve a commercial success. "I remember," says the author, "smoking over my dog-eared manuscript when it returned for a whiff of country air after one of its descents upon town, and wondering what I should do if some sporting, reckless kind of publisher were suddenly to stride in and make me a bid of forty shillings or so for the lot." But the path was smoothed from the very day on which the book fell into the hands of Mr. Andrew Lang, then at Messrs. Longmans, and

Micah Clarke attained a remarkable success, passing through five editions in less than twelve months. It still, after twelve years, sells more freely than any of Dr. Conan Doyle's longer books, with the exception of *The White Company*.

The publication of *The Sign of the Four*, in 1889, further enhanced Dr. Doyle's rapidly rising reputation, and Sherlock Holmes was beginning to make his problems of compelling interest to the reading public, when their author, determining to test his own powers to their utmost, delayed the production of detective mysteries in order to devote the better part of two years to the study of the fourteenth century in England. His aim was to reconstruct an heroic age, the most splendid joy of a novelist, as he himself confesses, to represent the life of the century from every point of view, that of the soldier, of the monk, of the artisan, to call back to life the typical archer of the days of Edward III., "the first soldier the world has ever seen, rough, hard-drinking, hard-swearing, but full of pluck and animal spirits." This study resulted, in 1890, in the appearance of *The White Company*. One hundred and fifteen volumes, French and English, dealing with the period he had chosen, were mastered before he wrote a single line of manuscript. Dr. Doyle grudges no labour on his work, nor leaves the veriest trifling detail to chance. Whatever he has done bears the stamp of thoroughness from title-page to colophon.

It was about the time of writing *The White Company* that Dr. Doyle abandoned his practice at Southsea and came to London as an eye specialist, a branch of his profession in which he was particularly interested. He studied at Paris and Vienna, and in the latter city wrote *The Doings of Raffles Haw*, a curious study of political economy in the form of a novelette. On his return to England he took rooms in Wimpole Street, and again commenced to practise. He had a waiting-room, but, in his own phrase, "he soon found out who did the waiting." So strong, however, were literary claims upon his time that, three months later, he gave up medicine entirely, and, removing to Norwood, set to work seriously on *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. Of the marvellous success of his stories, of the way in which they in-

augured a new class of fiction as opposed to the old mysteries, in which the detective obtained results without obvious reasons—"which was not fair and was not art"—it is unnecessary to say anything.

If *Micah Clarke* had proved with certainty that Dr. Conan Doyle was capable of painting history in brilliant colouring and with master strokes on a large canvas, *The White Company*, *The Refugees*, with its striking pictures of the French Court, confirmed his own conviction that in historical romance lay his true power. Dr. Doyle's taste in literature has always inclined toward the romance of history. With his favourite authors he classes Scott, Dumas, Maupassant; but the novel to which he awards the palm of excellence is Charles Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth*. "Some books are great on account of the intellect which is shown in them," he writes, "and some on account of the heart; but I do not know where I can find a book in which the highest qualities of head and of heart go together as they do in this one." *Ivanhoe* he considers the second greatest historical novel ever penned in English. He believes there are many who place *Esmond* first, and though he comprehends their view, it is not his. He recognises fully the beauty of the style, the consistency of the character-drawing, the absolutely perfect Queen Anne atmosphere. Never to his mind was an historical novel written by a man who knew his period so thoroughly. But vital as he holds these virtues, they are not to him the sole essential qualities. The most compelling characteristic of all he sums up in the one word "interest." In his judgment, this is not equally sustained throughout the whole of *Esmond*; to him long passages appear to be heavy reading. His law asserts that, to attain pre-eminence, a novel must advance always, never mark time. *Ivanhoe* marches onward without halt, and on this fact he bases its superiority over *Esmond* as a novel, though as literature he allows the latter is more nearly perfect. But were three votes accorded him, "he would plump them all" for *The Cloister and the Hearth* as being the greatest English historical novel, and, indeed, our greatest novel of any kind.

The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard, in 1896—a clash of arms and boisterous

movement—was followed in the same year by *Rodney Stone*, a realistic depiction of various sporting phases of life and character in England at the commencement of the century, for which the author spared no efforts in gathering together reliable information on the subject of the ring; while, in 1898, some thirty short poems by Dr. Doyle were collected under the expressive title of *Songs of Action*.

At the time of the Soudan campaign Dr. Doyle, who happened to be in Egypt, wrote a series of letters to the *Westminster Gazette*. His newspaper work at this

period excited comment in the nature of a prophecy. "What a war correspondent he may make," declared an acute observer, "some day when there is *real war*." Even beneath the shadow of the Pyramids his reputation of detective-story writer had grown to vaster proportions than he himself had ever contemplated. In Egypt he first was made aware that Sherlock Holmes had been translated into Arabic, and issued to the local police in the form of a reliable and handy text-book!

J. E. Hodder Williams.

BOOK AND MAGAZINE ILLUSTRATIONS

There has been some complaint of late in one of our newspapers of the carelessness of illustrators, especial attention being called to an artist who attired the heroine of a story in three different gowns in the same evening when by no possibility could she have worn but one. Considering how important a part of books and magazine articles illustrations are, it seems remarkable that they are so seldom criticised, or even spoken of intelligently. The average reviewer will cut a book to pieces, sentence by sentence, word by word, but will dismiss the illustrations without any comment, unless it is one that is flattering. Knowing that Blank is highly popular, he thinks himself safe in saying: "The superb drawings by Blank," or: "The illustrations, by Blank, are masterpieces," when the truth may be that they really deserve condemnation, or only moderate praise at best.

The artist is not always at fault. It may chance that he is too poor to hire a model and so turns out wooden figures, with which he himself is not satisfied; or he may never have looked upon the scenery he is required to depict and his landscape even after clever "faking," suggests West Podunk rather than Sorrento. Occasionally the error is naively committed. "Look at that," said a publisher to me, holding up a black and

white drawing of what purported to be a function in the house of a wealthy merchant, "This fellow doesn't know how people in good society act, he has never been in it himself." The drawing-room represented contained a few pieces of furniture of the early Grand Rapids period, and its occupants, stiffly disposed, had the air of figuring in bonbon and camera advertisements.

Often the artist is too lazy to care whether his costumes and other accessories are historically correct; too often, he flies in the face of history, for the sake of making an attractive drawing. Coming across a book entitled *Colonial Ballads of New England*, and finding that the one on *Lovewell's Fight* was embellished with a picture, I examined it with interest, having had an ancestor in that affray. To my surprise the whites were in long trousers, nearly a century ahead of time. The suggestion of a friend that probably these were "Plymouth Rock Pants" seemed to me too flippant to be considered. There has been published recently a novel founded on the persecutions for witchcraft in Salem. It would have been easy for the illustrator to learn that Giles Cory, one of the characters introduced, was pressed to death by weights placed upon his chest; he chose to have the stubborn Puritan meet his end in a cider-press (!),

which of course made the composition more effective. Coming to later times, there are illustrations of the Lexington fight, in which the farmers are dressed as if for a wedding and have on cocked hats and highly ornamented coats. In Bryant and Gay's *History of the United States* the following sentence occurs: "Sumter was warned of the coming of Tarleton by a countrywoman, who watched the approach of the enemy from the edge of a wood and hastened to give warning." Does not this suggest a poor white, possibly a woodman's wife, and stealthy watching on her part? Rinehart, who "interpreted" the passage, made the woman a patrician and placed her, mounted, in full riding habit, outside the wood and in plain view of the enemy.

To careless reading of the manuscript or text is due the greater number of faulty illustrations one sees. In *The Two Vanrevells*, the hero, Tom, captures and returns a truant kitten to the heroine. We read that he wore a white satin cravat, that "he emerged from the lilacs and presented himself before Miss Betty . . . he met her flashing look." It does not matter that Mr. Hutt put a black stock on Tom, who might have made a change while in the bushes, but why does Tom, his hair unruffled, gaze straight in front of him (showing his profile), and not, unless it is out of the corner of his eye, at Miss Betty, who is nearly two feet away at his left?

"Those were the days before Arabi;" thus one of the paragraphs in *Lady Rose's Daughter* begins; that is to say, the action of the story takes place in the '70's, a dozen years before creased and turned-up trousers came into fashion, though the "swells" of Christy's illustrations wear trousers of that description. This, however, as in the case of Tom Vanrevel's cravat, may be hypercriticism, so let us turn to the story "Harry of England" in *Scribner's* for November, 1902. Miss Magruder gives a very striking portrait of her uncrowned hero: "His black hair parted clean in the middle, making a straight line, which his straight nose, the division of his dark moustache, and the cleft in his square chin carried out severely." Mr. Christy has drawn a man who meets the requirements of the tale admirably in every re-

spect but one and that an important one—there is no cleft in his chin. The same number of the magazine contains a story, "The Princess Pourquoi," most artistically illustrated in colour by Miss Stilwell, but the first picture of the series is bewildering. You read: "Her lord and master glowed like a tropical bird in scarlet;" you turn to the representation of the wedding ceremony and wonder where the bridegroom is. Finally you discover a rather "misty, moisty" individual; there is only a faint suggestion of positive colour in his garments, and that is given by two conventionalised roses on his jacket.

An amusing instance of inconsistency is to be found in *Sentimental Tommy*. Barrie says: "Elspeth flopped down on her knees and put up a babyish prayer for Jean Myles." In the accompanying illustration you find Elspeth irreverently sitting on the floor while she prays. (Hoot mon!) Those of us who remember reading *Little Men*, on its first appearance, are amazed at the transformation Birch, who illustrated the new edition, has wrought in "Dan." We associate that lad with rough-and-tumble sports and with pranks that made parents and school-teachers grieve. Is this spruce, pious, Lord Fauntleroyish youth the Dan we used to know? Impossible. Will Mr. Birch tell us how far into the book he had read when he created this paragon of virtue and neatness?

It is difficult for me to believe that any of Thackeray's heroines were attractive, because I have never been able to get rid of the effect his illustrations produced upon me in the days of my youth. Probably many who read these lines would testify that some books have failed to impress them simply because mediocre or inadequate "pictures," inserted by a misguided publisher, could not be disassociated in the mind. Where mere physical beauty is concerned, it may be requiring too much of an artist to expect him to bring his men and women fully up to the author's standard; but the public has a right to demand that they shall at least be comely, if the text demands more than that. Not very long ago a poster announced "The Quiberon Touch." A young lady made her début thereon, and you were filled with misgivings as you gazed upon her. You were willing

to believe that she might be "a superior girl," but you were positive no one ever admired her for her outer qualities, and she so evidently "enjoyed poor health" you fancied the novel would be depressing. The same plain, dyspeptic girl appeared in the full-page illustrations, and you were astonished when the author, Mr. Brady, assured you men were led captive by her beauty. Then you wondered if this could be Mr. Brady's ideal of feminine loveliness; if it could be the artist's; and finally, in case it appeared they were not in co-operation in the matter, which was to be believed?

"Why," asks a friend at my elbow, "do illustrators so commonly pass over really 'pictorial' passages and waste their talent on those that are commonplace?" The same question has been asked, time and again. One is thrilled by an account of the rescue of a woman from drowning, and says: "Here's a fine chance for an illustrator!" The page is turned, and there one beholds a woman in a tailor-made gown, and a man in a golf suit, neither damp nor dishevelled, sitting serenely on the piazza of a summer hotel, and doing nothing in particular. Underneath is some such legend as: "The day was charming." The artist might tell you that he preferred to draw figures in repose, and the folds of a modish gown to the strained muscles of an arm or leg; he might even admit that it took less time to work up a composition of that kind; some of his fellow-artists might tell you—their remarks being interspersed with torrid adjectives—that he was a "pink tea" man, and couldn't draw a wheelbarrow in motion, much less a human being.

Much might be said concerning the great amount of faulty drawing that goes unchallenged even by art editors; so much, indeed, that a young illustrator is almost warranted in saying: "Why should I bother about my drawing? Look at the things X. Y. and Z. do, and look at the prices they get! Dash and go, pretty faces and stylish clothes, are what's wanted." Much might be said, also, in protest against the custom of allowing several illustrators to work on the same book, which has as an almost inevitable result a lack of harmony. Take *In the Fog*, for example. Here in

one drawing you have a slender and beardless man, and in another, with no sufficient lapse of time to warrant the change, a stout man with a beard.

Layard's *Tennyson and his Pre-Raphaelite Illustrators* tells us that whereas Dickens was fussy about the illustrations to his works, and remarked that he would cheerfully have given a hundred pounds to have kept a certain one out, Tennyson contented himself with a few mild protests, such as that against one of Holman Hunt's designs for *The Lady of Shalott*. Spake the poet: "But, my dear Hunt, I never said that the young woman's hair was blowing all over the shop." Hunt replied: "No, but you never said it wasn't." Layard expresses surprise that in spite of the line "heavily the low sky raining." Rossetti and Waterhouse, in their illustrations to the same poem, placed burning candles on top of the canopy over the dead body. Of one of Rossetti's illustrations to *St. Cecilia*, which has not yet been satisfactorily explained, as has not the artist's reason for making the saint uncomely, the angel unkempt and the perspective faulty, he observes: "This is an illustration for the poem; not of any verse therein."

That very free interpretation of the text of a story or poem is defensible, the writer believes; it may simply, by suggestion, make the author's thought more illuminative; it may carry the reader's thought above and beyond the horizon that bounded the author's vision; surely, it is preferable to a literal rendering, unless the text actually demands that. To say this is not to recede from the ground already taken—that there should be more conscientiousness on the part of illustrators, and more critical examination of illustrators' work. If these reforms could be brought about, there would be fewer figures ten feet high; fewer bodies stuffed with sawdust; fewer tenpins serving as legs and arms; fewer claws and paws where hands should be; fewer anachronisms; less reason to wonder what "art editors" are for; less excuse to publish as a companion to *Books That Have Helped Me* a volume entitled *Illustrators Who Have Exasperated Me*; and less occasion for a remark not seldom heard: "I never buy an illustrated book."

THE BOOK MART



READERS' GUIDE TO BOOK RECEIVED.

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

Ainslee Publishing Company:

Purple and Fine Women. By Edgar Saltus.
A collection of short stories by Mr. Saltus in paper covers.

American Printing House:

Trees and Shrubs of Prospect Park. By Louis Harman Peet.

This book should have been dedicated to Brooklynites. The book is illustrated with maps and diagrams, which serve to identify the trees and shrubs in the park.

Appleton:

Love-Letters of Margaret Fuller. By Julia Ward Howe.

These Letters cover the period from 1845 to 1846, to which are added the reminiscences of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Horace Greeley and Charles T. Congdon. A review of this book appears elsewhere in the present number.

The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch. By Mrs. Burton Harrison.

Mrs. Hatch has made a novel of her play of this name, and the publishers have brought it out in their Novelettes de Luxe Series. The play, it will be remembered, was presented by Mrs. Fiske over a year ago.

A History of American Literature. By William P. Trent.

A volume belonging to the series of Literatures of the World. The book is divided into four main parts: The Colonial Period (1607-1764); the Revolutionary Period (1765-1788); the Formative Period (1789-1829), and the Sectional Period (1830-1865). In a brief conclusion, Professor Trent sketches the conditions of literature from the close of the Civil War to the present time.

Sir William Johnson. By Augustus C. Buell.

A new volume in Appleton's Series of Historic Lives. The life of Sir William Johnson covers a period from 1715 to

1774. Mr. Buell is also the author of *Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy.*

'Twixt God and Mammon. By William Edwards Tirebuck.

A posthumous novel by the author of *Miss Grace of All Souls.* Mr. Hall Caine has written quite a lengthy memoir, in which he gives an interesting sketch of Mr. Tirebuck's life.

Selections from Homer's Iliad. By Allen Rogers Benner.

The author of this "twentieth-century text-book" is Professor of Greek in Phillips Academy, Andover. The book contains an introduction, notes, a short Homeric grammar and a vocabulary.

A History of Roman Literature. By Harold N. Fowler, Ph.D.

Professor Fowler has intended that this work should be used primarily as a text-books in schools and colleges. The book belongs to the series of *Twentieth Century Text-Books.*

Broadway Publishing Company:

With the Birds. An Affectionate Study. By Caroline Eliza Hyde.

A small book on birds. There is a frontispiece photograph of the author, and underneath are these words: "Aged 82 Years."

The Country Jake. By Oliver Woodruff Gogin.

In a sub-title the author describes this book as "recollections of a city boy who lived, moved and had his being with the suckers in the backwoods of Illinois in the '40's."

A Girl and the Devil. By Jeannette Llewellyn Edwards.

A story of New York with a sensational title.

Century Company:

The Training of Wild Animals. By Frank C. Bostock.

This is an animal story out of the ordinary. Mr. Bostock writes from a thirty years' experience as a trainer of animals. As a lad, it was his father's hope that he would become a clergyman, but he chose instead the profession of training lions, tigers, elephants and other wild creatures. The volume is illustrated, and is edited by Ellen Velvin.

Civic Press:

Quo Vaditis? A Call to the Old Moralities.
By Bouck White.

A book which might be called a bid for variety. It is dedicated to "Them That Inhabit the Realms of Right and Wrong," and in the chapter entitled "Seen" we quote a few characteristic passages: "I have seen a People crazed with new-got riches, a drunk-headed People, a People giddied with great possessions. . . . I have seen the Land crimeful grown, a spilt of blood in your streets, men-killing in Montana—a frenzy delirium overflowing a continent."

Doubleday, Page and Company:

A Few Remarks. By Simeon Ford.

Mr. Ford is a well-known man about town, and his "few remarks," printed in various periodicals, have been collected and brought out in book form. Some of the chapter headings are: "Boyhood in a New England Hotel," "At a Turkish Bath," "The Landlords in Cuba," "Advice to Beginners in the Hotel Business," "The Troubles of a Hotel Man." A notice of this book is printed elsewhere in the present issue of *THE BOOK-MAN*.

Funk and Wagnalls:

A Reply to Harnack on the Essence of Christianity. By Hermann Cremer, D.D., LL.D. Translated by Bernhard Pick, Ph.D., D.D.

A series of lectures delivered in the summer of 1901 before the students of all faculties in the University of Greifswald by a theological professor in that university. These lectures have attracted considerable attention throughout Germany, and the English translation has been made in response to a demand for it.

Harper and Brothers:

Ethel. By J. J. Bell.

Mr. Bell has sprung into prominence through his Scotch story, *Wee Macgregor*. The present story, which differs from its predecessor, takes the form of a dialogue (quite free from dialect, by the way) between Ethel and her fiancé.

New Conceptions in Science. By Carl Snyder.

A concise exposition of the newest sciences in various fields, with a foreword on the relations of science and progress. The volume is illustrated with portraits and sketches.

Sinful Peck. By Morgan Robertson.

An amusing story of a sailing voyage to Singapore. "Sinful Peck" is evidently a mischievous person. At a dinner which he gives to a number of his friends everybody gets intoxicated, and, under the influence of liquor, they are

taken aboard the sailing ship for Singapore. A further mention of this book will be found under *Chronicle and Comment* in the present issue.

Rejected of Men. By Howard Pyle.

An editorial opinion of this book will be found under *Chronicle and Comment* of the present number of *THE BOOK-MAN*.

Letters to M. G. and H. G. By John Ruskin. With a Preface by the Right Honourable G. Wyndham.

Ruskin's letters to Mary Gladstone form the most important part of this book. The letters, as a whole, give an intimate view of Ruskin, Gladstone and his family.

The Dowager Countess and the American Girl. By Lilian Bell.

A sequel to *Sir John and the American Girl*, in which is told the story of a family duel between a dowager-countess of England and her American daughter-in-law. It is amusing and in the author's most popular vein.

Lane:

Framley Parsonage. By Anthony Trollope.

An imported volume, pocket edition, of one of Trollope's well-known stories.

The Twilight of the Gods: And Other Tales. By Richard Garnett.

A new and augmented edition, dedicated to Horace Howard Furniss and Georg Brandes.

Cecilia Gonzaga. By R. C. Trevelyan.

A drama in three acts, in blank verse.

Stay-At-Homes. By L. B. Walford.

A new novel by one of England's prolific writers. The story originally appeared in the weekly edition of the *London Times*.

Seria Ludo. By A Dilettante.

A collection of poems and essays, many of which appeared long ago in the *St. James's Gazette*. "If their resurrection requires some apology," says the author in a preface, "I can only say that I believe no midge ever fluttered for an hour in the sunlight but he would dance again if he could."

The Studio Library. Representative Art of Our Time. With Original Etchings and Lithographs; also reproductions of oil and water-colour paintings, pastels, etc. Complete in eight parts. Parts VI. and VII.

The reproductions in these volumes are charming and worth having framed. Part VI. has a chapter on "The Development and Practice of Pastel Painting" by A. L. Baldry, and Part VII. chapters on "The Art and Practice of Monotyping in Colour," by Alfred East, and "The Invention and Development of Herkomer-Gravure," also by A. L. Baldry.

Longmans, Green and Company:

All on the Irish Shore. By E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross.

A collection of Irish sketches by the authors of *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.* and other books.

Mors et Victoria.

A dramatic poem in three acts, in the sixteenth century. The author's name is not given.

Lovell and Company:

Tales from Wonderland. By Rudolph Baumbach. Translated by Helen B. Dole. Adapted for American Children by William S. M. Silber.

The stories in this little book for children have been taken from a volume in The Camelot Series. Rudolph Baumbach, the German author, is known chiefly in this country through the use of his stories in the original for reading in secondary schools.

Macmillan Company:

Round Anvil Rock. By Nancy Huston Banks.

We refer the readers of this department to a review of this book which appeared in the July BOOKMAN. It will be remembered that Mrs. Banks's first book, *Oldfield*, met with an unusually cordial reception here and in Europe.

The Mettle of the Pasture. By James Lane Allen.

A new novel by Mr. Allen is a literary event of considerable importance. A review of *The Mettle of the Pasture* will be found in a later number of the BOOKMAN.

The Great Hoggarty Diamond. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Illustrated by C. E. Brock.

A new volume in the Dent edition of the Prose Works of Thackeray. The book contains Biographical Notes, "The History of Samuel Titmarsh" and "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "Men's Wives" and "The Bedford-Row Conspiracy."

Miracles and Supernatural Religion. By James Morris Whiton, Ph.D.

A small book of interest to students of theology. In a prefatory note the author says: "While the present subject of discussion tempts to many an excursion into particulars, its treatment is restricted to general outlines, with an aim simply to clarify current ideas of miracle and the supernatural, so as to find firm holding ground for tenable positions in the present 'drift period' of theology."

Studies in the Evolution of Industrial Society. By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D.

A volume belonging to the Citizens' Library of Economics, Politics and Sociology. Professor Ely has dedicated his book to "Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes."

Thompson's Progress. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne.

A story dealing principally with a young man and his dog. The hero is attractive as a lad, and equally so as he grows to manhood. His adventures are many. A photograph of Mr. Hyne, with some notes about him, appear in the Chronicle of this number.

Idyls of the Gass. By Martha Wolfenstein.

A volume of stories of Jewish life in a German town a generation ago. The author gives her readers an opportunity to realise the common life and the innermost feelings of the people of the Judengasse (Jews street).

Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-Hand. By Gertrude Atherton.

The third book in the Little Novel Series. An excellent summer comedy. The scene is at Newport, and the characters are a flirtatious young widow and four men to whom she has become engaged simultaneously.

Anne Carmel. By Gwendolen Overton.

A strong novel by the author of *The Heritage of Unrest*. The book is noticed elsewhere in his number, and a photograph of the author will be found in the Chronicle and Comment.

Marshall, Beek and Gordon:

Ventures into Verse. By Henry Louis Mencken.

Mr. Mencken, who is connected with the *Baltimore Morning Herald*, has graciously sent us a copy of his verses, which include ballades, rondeaux, trios, quatrains, odes and roundels. Some of these poems have appeared in The BOOKMAN, and others elsewhere.

Putnam's Sons:

German Ambitions as They Affect Britain and the United States of America. By "Vigilans Sed Æquus."

The material in this book first appeared in the *Spectator*. Mr. J. St. L. Strachey has written an introduction to the volume.

Buddhist India. By T. W. Rhys Davids, LL.D., Ph.D.

A new volume in the series entitled *The Story of the Nations*. Professor Davids describes ancient India during the period of Buddhist ascendancy, from the point of view not so much of the Brahmins as of the Rajput. The author is Professor of Pali and Buddhist Literature in the University College, London.

The Anglo-Saxon Century and the Unification of the English-Speaking People. By John R. Dos Passos.

In his Introduction, Mr. Dos Passos says that he believes that the only real obstacle to a possible *entente* between the Anglo-Saxon race may rise from the situation in Canada, and he urges that she incorporate herself with the American Republic. In other words, he advocates the union of all English-speaking people.

Revell Company:

The Master of Millions. By George Lorimer.

A dramatic novel written "after years spent in collecting material, and out of a lifetime crowded with experience," to quote from the publishers. The book contains five hundred and eighty-eight pages. Dr. Lorimer is in charge of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York.

Scribner's Sons:

The Spirit in Man. By Horace Bushnell.

The publishers are bringing out a new and revised edition of Dr. Bushnell's works. The present volume, which is edited by Mary Bushnell Cheney, contains sermons and selections. Dr. Bushnell was born in 1802 and died in 1876.

My Relations with Carlyle. By James Anthony Froude.

A short pamphlet dealing discreetly with an unsavoury subject.

Taylor and Company:

Alton Locke. Tailor and Poet. An Autobiography. By Charles Kingsley. With an Introduction by Maurice Kingsley. Two volumes.

Two new volumes in the Library Edition of Charles Kingsley's *Novels, Poems and Memories*.

Westminster Press:

The Laos of North Siam. By Lilian Johnson Curtis

Mrs. Curtis is especially qualified to write this book, as for some years she was missionary in the Laos states. Mr. Robert E. Speer has written the introduction.

BOSTON, MASS.

Ginn and Company:

Following the Deer. By William J. Long.

The story of a boy's first experience in killing the deer, by the author of a number of animal stories. Mr. Charles Cope-land has made the illustrations.

Lothrop Company:

Mara. By "Pansy."

A new pansy book by Mrs. Alden, in which she tells the story of four girl

friends at an old-fashioned boarding-school. This book is being classed under "adult fiction."

The Lions of the Lord. By Harry Leon Wilson.

A tale of the old West—of the Mormon settlement of Salt Lake City—and the central figures are a religious mystic, his adopted daughter and a cowboy. It is a decided departure from *The Spenders*.

A Japanese Garland. By Florence Peltier.

A story for young people. A Japanese lad, adopted by an American, entertains his little friends by telling them stories of Japan, its customs, superstitions, its social life. The book is illustrated by Genjiro Yeto, the Japanese artist.

Sanborn and Company:

Anthology of English Poetry. By Robert N. Whiteford, Ph.D.

An anthology prepared for secondary schools, colleges and general literature classes. The selections have been arranged according to the various historical periods in the development of English literature from "Beowulf" to Kipling.

A Geography of Commerce. By John N. Tilden, M.A., M.D., and Albert Clarke, M.A.

A text-book for use in academies, high schools and business colleges. A number of maps and diagrams are used in this volume.

Turner and Company:

Bubbles We Buy. By Alice Jones.

The scenes of this novel are laid in Nova Scotia, United States, England and the Continent. It is a love story, and it is founded on the law of heredity.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Coates and Company:

A Victim of Conscience. By Milton Goldsmith.

A novel in which crime figures somewhat conspicuously.

Biddle:

Joliffe. By Maxwell Sommerville

A book of incidents of peculiar beliefs in meridional France, and these incidents are the result of the author's own experiences in his travels.

Ferris and Leach:

In Quest of the Quaint. By Eliza B. Chase.

A book of sketches, romances and gleanings of travel, from the author of *Over the Border*. It is attractively bound and illustrated, and should be of particular interest to summer travellers.

Lippincott Company:

Birds in Their Relation to Man. By Clarence M. Weed and Ned Dearborn.

A manual of economic ornithology for the United States and Canada, which contains numerous illustrations.

An Introduction to the History of Modern Philosophy. By Arthur Stone Dewing.

"This work," says the author in his preface, "is intended as an introduction to the subject, and is not the expression of a critical or reconstructive attitude; it makes no attempt to trace the logico-genetic development of modern thought, nor does it pretend to consider every aspect of historical development." As few technical terms as possible have been used in the book.

The First and Second Books of Esdras. Edited by Archibald Duff, D.D.

A new volume in the "Temple Bible," which Dent and Company are bringing out in London and the Lippincotts in this country.

LONDON.

Duckworth and Company:

Caliban's Guide to Letters. By Hilaire Belloc.

The real title of this book is *The Affermath; or, Gleanings from a Busy Life*, although the other title is used, explains the publisher, "for purposes of sale." There are chapters in "Reviewing," "Political Appeals," "The Short Story," "The Short Lyric," "The Interview" and "Special Prose."

PARIS.

DuMont:

Voltaire. Index to His Works, Genius and Character. With an Appreciation of Voltaire. By Oliver H. G. Leigh.

A brief analysis of each of Voltaire's works, with an alphabetical arrangement of the characters.

LANCASTER, PA.

History of Franklin and Marshall College. By Joseph Henry Dubbs, D.D., LL.D.

This history has been prepared at the request of the Alumni Association of the College. Franklin College was founded in 1787, Marshall College in 1836, and the two colleges were merged in 1853.

Lange:

The Industrial Crisis; or, Giant Labour and Giant Capital Face to Face. By F. C. Lange.

A book without a publisher's imprint, but which the author explains in very black type as a "story of the toiling

masses" and the "thrifty rich." The illustrations are intended to be caricatures; that is, we suppose they are.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cubery and Company:

A Dream of Realms Beyond Us. By Adair Welcker.

This "Dream" is in blank verse, and is in three acts. It is printed in pamphlet form.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Bardeen:

The History of Ancient Education. By Samuel G. Williams, Ph.D.

This book is the result of a course of lectures given by the author in Cornell University, and comprises the first half of his course on the history of education. Professor Williams gives an account of the course of educational opinion and practice from the earliest periods of which we have reliable records to the revival of learning.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Buschart Brothers:

Early Mackinac. By Meade C. Williams.

A cheaply bound and printed book dealing with the legends and characters of Mackinac in the early days.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Robertson:

Flimflam, Society Girl. By Lionel Josephaphare and Beatrice Van Slope.

A paper-covered book belonging to the Flame Series.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between June and July, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. How Paris Amuses Itself. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls.) \$1.50 net.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. People of the Whirlpool. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Wee Macgregor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 25 cents.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. When Patty Went to College. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.00.
6. Children of the Whirlpool. Author of "Garden of a Commuter's Wife." (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Wee Macgregor. Bell. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. The Mystery of Murray Davenport. Stephens. (Page.) \$1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. At the Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. Waddington. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Wee Macgregor. Bell. (Various Editions.) 25 cents to \$1.00.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Captain's Toll-Gate. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Log of a Cowboy. Adams. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
2. Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) \$1.75 net.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. Waddington. (Scribner.) \$2.50 net.
5. The Story of My Life. Keller. (Double-day, Page & Co.) \$1.50 net.
6. The Letters and Diary of John Rowe. Cunningham. (Clark.) \$3.00 net.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. McGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
5. Marjorie. McCarthy. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Eternal Woman. Gerard. (Brentanos.) \$1.50.
2. The Captain's Toll-Gate. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
4. The Power of Truth. Jordan. (Brentanos.) 75 cents net.
5. The Golden Fleece. Phillips. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Log of a Cowboy. Adams. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Trail of the Grand Seigneur. Lyman. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) \$1.50.
5. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
6. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
6. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Grey Cloak. McGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
5. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. Brewster's Millions. Greaves. (Stone & Co.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Better Way. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.00.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.00.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Anne Carmel. Overton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Law of Mental Medicine. Hudson. (McClurg.) \$1.20 net.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Golden Fleece. Phillips. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
4. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
5. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Golden Fleece. Phillips. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Memories of Yale Life and Men. Dwight. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$2.50 net.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. How Paris Amuses Itself. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls.) \$1.50 net.
5. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Wee Macgregor. Bell. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Gayarre's History of Louisiana. (Hansell & Bro.) \$10.00 net.
3. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. John Percyfield. Henderson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Shadow of the Czar. Carling. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Brewster's Millions. Greaves. (Stone.) \$1.50.
6. Barbara: A Woman of the West. Whitson. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. That Printer of Udell's. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Captain's Toll-Gate. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Love of Monsieur. Gibbs. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. At the Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Captain's Toll-Gate. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Life of Bret Harte. Pemberton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.50 net.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. Waddington. (Scribner.) \$2.50 net.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

PORTLAND, ORE.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) \$1.50.
5. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
6. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. When Patty Went to College. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Captain's Toll-Gate. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

1. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Shute. (Everett Press.) \$1.00.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Brewster's Millions. Greaves. (Stone.) \$1.50.
3. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

1. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
6. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
2. Wee Macgregor. Bell. (Various editions.)
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Poole-Stewart Co.) \$1.50.
4. A Garden of Lies. Forman. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and \$1.25.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Briggs.) \$1.00.
6. Journeys End. Forman. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and \$1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Wee Macgregor. Bell. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Eternal Woman. Gerard. (Brentanos.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Captain's Toll-Gate. Stockton. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. How Paris Amuses Itself. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls.) \$1.50 net.
6. Walks in New England. Whiting. (Lahe.) \$1.50 net.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

				POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	8
"	"	3d	"	7
"	"	4th	"	6
"	"	5th	"	5
"	"	6th	"	4

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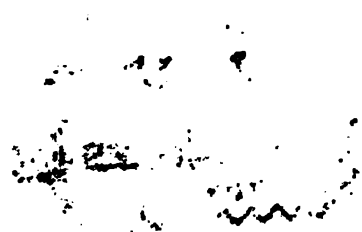
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